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T H E
P L A Y S
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VII.

1011

P L A Y S

151,375

May. 1873

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME SEVENTH

THE
THEATRE
OF
THE
REIGN
OF
ELIZABETH

THE
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OF
THE
REIGN
OF
ELIZABETH

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1873.

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

J. 4020.1
77

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, C. CORBET, H. WOODFALL,
J. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and
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and the Executors of B. DODD.
M,DCC,LXV.

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THE

P L A Y S

OF

THE GREAT BRITISH

VOLUME SEVENTH

REVISED

BY
A. R.

LONDON

LONDON

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J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.

Vol. VII.

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3

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius,

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, a Poet.

Another Poet.

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Porcia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Guards and Attendants.

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

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

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures. Get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

—You, Sir, what trade are you?

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

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

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

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

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

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

* *Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a'cobler, art thou?

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

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

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*.

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

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

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!

Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have fate

* *Mar.* *What mean'st thou by that?]* As the *Cobler*, 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.

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

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

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

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for that
 fault

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

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, wherè their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rd's the Capitol,
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them³ deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

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

Flav. It is no matter. Let no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets?

³—deck'd with ceremonies.] Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them

by *Cæsar's* trophies; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods.

WARBURTON.

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

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

Cæs. *Calphurnia*———

Casca. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*———

Calp. Here, my Lord.

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

Ant. *Cæsar.* My Lord.

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

Ant. I shall remember.

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

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar,*———

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

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

Cæs. Who is it in the Press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
 Cry, *Cæsar.* Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*

Cæs. What man is that?

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

Cæs.

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

Cæsa. Fellow, come from the throng. Look up

Cæsar.

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

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

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

[⁴ *Sennet.* *Exeunt Cæsar and Ti*

S C E N E III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

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

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

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

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

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

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

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

of martial musick.

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

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

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

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

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

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

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

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
 That you would have me seek into myself,
 For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear ;
 And since you know, you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflexion ; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus* :
 Were I a common laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protector ; if you know,
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protector to my affec- tion by the *stale* or allurement of *customary* oaths.

And

And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
People

Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

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

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

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

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

* And I will look on both indifferently,

For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

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

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, Honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

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

And I will look on death indifferently.

What occasion'd the corruption, I presume, was, the transcribers imagining, the adverb *indifferently* must be applied to two things

oppos'd. But the use of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakespeare* always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies *neglectingly*; without fear, or concern: And so *Cæsa* afterwards again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

WARBURTON.

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

I had

I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you ;
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and guffy day,
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, " dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
 " Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 " And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, " Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink."
 I, as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar* ; and this man
 Is now become a God ; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake ; 'tis true, this God did shake ;
 9 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan ;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry'd—" give me some drink, *Titinius*"—

9 His coward lips did from their
 colour fly,] A plain man
 would have said, the colour fled
 from his lips, and not his lips from
 their colour. But the false ex-

pression was for the sake of a
 false a piece of wit : a poor
 quibble, alluding to a coward fly-
 ing from his colours. WARB.

As a sick gril. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So ¹ get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the Palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some times are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?

Why should that name be founded, more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,

That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?

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

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

their dominion *Orbis Romanus*, But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*,

WARB.

When

When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say;
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions; as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

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

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his 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.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*

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

³ —chew upon this;] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this.

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

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

Cæs. *Antonius*,—

Ant. *Cæsar*?

Cæs. [To *Ant.* apart.] Let me have men about me
that are fat,

Sleek headed men, and such as sleep a-nights;
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

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

Cæs. ⁵ '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 fort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

⁴ —ferret,—] A ferret has red eyes.

⁵ 'Would he were fatter;—] *Johnson*, in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjustly sneers at this passage, in

Knockbam's speech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can't scape thy lean moon-calf there.* WARBURTON.

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius : Casca to them.

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too,

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

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it. It was meer foolery; I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the

rabblement

rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cæsca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been ⁶ a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, *If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

Cæsca. Ay.

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

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too. *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good. I will expect you:

Casca. Do so. Farewel Both.

[*Exit.*

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

Cas. So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprife, 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

¹ *Thy honourable Metal may be wrought*
From what it is dispos'd;—]

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

From

From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*;
 * If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
 He should not humour me.— I will, this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That *Rome* holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

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

Cic. Good even, *Casca*. † Brought you *Cæsar* home?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

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

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

* If I were *Brutus* now, and
 he were *Cassius*,

He should not humour me.—]

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

Cæsar should not love me.

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

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

† —Brought you *Cæsar* home?]
 Did you attend *Cæsar* home?

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

Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatenng clouds;
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, I ha' not since put up my sword,
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,

² Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons. They are natural;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

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

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

² *Who glar'd upon me,—*] The
 first edition reads,

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

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

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

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

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

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

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

after the next line.

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why all these things change from their ordinance.

Why old men, fools, * and children calculate;
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That heaven has ins'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WARBURTON.
Shakespeare found the liberty
 established. To calculate a nati-
 vity, is the technical term.

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself
 If I know this; know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

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

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, oh grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know,
 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 flearing tell-tale. ⁶ Hold my hand:
⁷ Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

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

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

⁶ —*Hold my hand:*] Is the

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

Enter Cinna.

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*! if you could
 But win the noble *Brutus* to our party——

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

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

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

[*Exit Cinna.*]

^s *Is feverous, like the work——*

The old edition reads,

It favours, like the work——

I think we should read,

In favour's, like the work we

have in hand;

Most blood, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance.

Come,

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

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

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

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

BRUTUS's Garden.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

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

Enter *Lucius*.*Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord?

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

Luc. I will, my Lord. [Exit.

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

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: Crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
¹ Remorse from Power: and, to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a ' common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the ² base degrees
By which he did ascend. So *Cæsar* may:
Then, 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, ³ as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up: and, I am sure,

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

It

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

[Gives him the letter.

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

* Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March* ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

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

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit,

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

[Opens the letter, and reads.

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

Shall Rome,——speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome——thus must I piece it out,

“ Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? what!

“ *Rome* ?

“ My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*

“ The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.”

Speak, strike, redress,——am I entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus* !

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

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

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. ⁵ Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.

[knocks within.

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

[Exit Lucius.

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

⁶ Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

⁵ In former editions,
*Sir, March is wasted fifteen
days.*

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

THEOBALD.

⁶ *Between the acting of a dread-
ful thing,*

And the first motion, &c.] That
nice critic, *Dionysius of Halicar-
nassus*, complains, that, of all
kind of beauties, those great
strokes, which he calls the *ter-
rible graces*, and which are so fre-
quent in *Homer*, are the rarest to
be found in the following writ-
ters. Amongst our countrymen
it seems to be as much confined
to the *British Homer*. This de-
scription of the condition of con-
spirators, before the execution of
their design, has a pomp and
terror in it that perfectly asto-
nishes. The excellent Mr. *Ad-
dison*, whose modesty made him
sometimes diffident in his own
genius, but whose true judgment
always led him to the safest
guides, (as we may see by those
many fine strokes in his *Cato* bor-
rowed from the *Philippics* of *Ci-*

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

*O think, what anxious moments
pass between*

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

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

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

I shall make two remarks on this
fine imitation. The first is, that
the subjects of the two conspira-
cies 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 proprie-
ty, bring in that magnificent cir-
cumstance which gives one of the
terrible graces of *Shakespeare's*
description;

*The Genius, and the Mortal In-
struments*

Are then in Council——

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan* The-
ology, besides their *good*, had
their *evil Genius's*, likewise, re-
presented here, with the most
daring stretch of fancy, as sitting
in

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream ;
The Genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

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

Bru. Is he alone?

in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that Mr. *Adajson* was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

Ob, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

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

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

———— *All the Int'rim is*

Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream,

———— *the State of Man,*

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The Nature of an insurrection.

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

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

The *δεινον* of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which raise fear, more than wonder, or any other of the tumultuous passions ; τὸ δεινον is that which strikes, which 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.

Luc.

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

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks;

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark ⁷ of favour.

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

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,

When Evils are most free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;

Hide it in Smiles and Affability;

⁸ For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

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

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your Rest.
Good-morrow, *Brutus*. Do we trouble you?

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

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

⁷ ——— of favour.] Any distinction of countenance.

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

Bru,

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

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

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

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

Casca. No.

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

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

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

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

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. ⁹ No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The

⁹ *No. not an oath; if that the*
FACE of men, &c] The
conspirators propose an *oath* as
the sanction of their mutual faith.
'This, *Brutus*, very much in char-
acter, opposes: Because an *oath*
was the usual cement of those
lawless cabals, which have not
virtue enough in themselves to
keep their members together:
On this consideration his argu-
ment against an oath turns: And
the motives he thought sufficient
to preserve faith amongst them,
were these: *The sufferance of*
their souls, i. e. their commise-
ration for expiring liberty: *The*

time's abuse, i. e. the general
corruption of manners which had
reduced publick liberty to this
condition; and which, that liber-
ty restored, would reform. But
now, what is *The FACE of men*?
Did he mean they had honest
looks. This was a poor and low
observation, unworthy *Brutus*,
and the occasion, and the gran-
deur of his speech: Besides, it
is foreign to the turn and argu-
ment of his discourse, which is
to shew the strong cement of the
confederacy, from *the justice of*
their cause. not from the natural
honour of the conspirators. His
argument

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse;
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour.
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen;
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? What other bond,
 Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 ' Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous;
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,

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

If that the FATE of men,
 Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fat* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

WARBURTON.

This elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard; the esteem of the publick; in other terms, *honour and reputation*; or, *the face of men* may mean, the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions,

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

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

Venice preserved.

That

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

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we 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 buried in his gravity.

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

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

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

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*——

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself; ² take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
 And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

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

It

² —take thought,—] That is, turn melancholy.

³ 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

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

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'erſway him; ⁴ for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

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

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

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

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

Cæs. The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you,
Brutus;

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

Calphurnia ſays,

Cæſar, I never ſtood on cere-
monies,

Yet now they fright me:—

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

WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more

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than leading, fixed, predominant
opinion.

⁴ —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 re-
marking on the foible and ridi-
cule of characters.

WARB.

D

Bru.

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

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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord!

Bru. *Porcia*, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
 now?

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stol'n from my bed; and, yesternight at supper,
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross,
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
 Yet I insist'd; yet you answer'd not;
 But with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

5 *Let not our Looks——*] Let not our faces put on, that is, wear
 of show our designs.

Which

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

Bru. Why, so I do. Good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* sick?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow,
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*:
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,

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

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

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

I grant, I am a woman; but withal,

A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:

I grant, I am a woman; but withal,

^o A woman well reputed *Cato*'s daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife.

[*Knock.*

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

^o *A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus,

A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.

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

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

WARB.

All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
 All the charactery of my ſad brows.—
 Leave me with haſte.

[Exit Porcia.]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

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

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpoke of.
 Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not ſick!

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

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

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
 I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome!*

Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an Exorcift, haſt conjur'd up

My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,

And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;

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

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

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

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

Cai. Set on your foot,
 And with a heart new-ſir'd I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord? ———

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

Serv. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

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

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

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

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

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch,
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

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 heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of
 Princes.

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

Enter Servant.

What say the Augurs?

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

[Exit Servant.]

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

⁷ —death, a necessary end, &c.] in the mouth of *Cæsar*.
 This is a sentence derived from ⁸ —in shame of cowardise:]
 the Stoical doctrine of predestination. The ancients did not place cou-
 rage but wisdom in the heart.

No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he;
⁹ We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

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

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

S C E N E V.

Enter Decius.

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

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

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

Cal. Say, he is sick.

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

———*We heare*———

The copies have been all corrupt,
and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration, I have made, restores sense

to the whole; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakespeare*, 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. THEOB.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* fend a lye?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dec. 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; and that Great Men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by *Calpurnia's* Dream is signify'd.

Cæs.

* —and that Great Men shall
press

For tinctures, stains, relicks,
and cognisance.] 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 cognisance, when the spouting
blood was only a symbolical vi-
sion, I am at a loss to apprehend.
Here the circumstances of the
dream, and the interpretation of
it, are confounded with one ano-
ther. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and
cognisance,

must needs be in way of simili-
tude

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

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

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

“ Break up the Senate ’till another time,

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

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

“ Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid !”

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

To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

² And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Cal-*
phurnia ?

I am ashamed, I did yield to them.

Give me my Robe, for I will go. And, look,

tude only ; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding ; which want 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. WARB.

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

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

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

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

Where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

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

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

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same *Ague* which hath made you lean.

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

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

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

Remember, that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

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

[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

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

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

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

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

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

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

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, ³ the fates with Traitors do contrive. [Exit.

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

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

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

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

³ —the fates with Traitors do contrive.] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

Luc.

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

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

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

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou
been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*
Por.

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

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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

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

Flourish. Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Casca*, *Deci-
 cius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepi-
 dus*, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*, *Publius*, and the
Sooth-sayer.

CÆSAR:

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.

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

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

Cas. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

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

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

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

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

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

For I will slay myself.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant.

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

These couchings and these lowly curtesies

† Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

⁴ *Might fire the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we should read,

—*stir the blood*—

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

afterwards in this play he says, *The power of speech to stir mens bloods.* WARB.

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

And

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

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

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

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

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

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament;
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,

5 *And turn pre-ordinance—*] It was, *change pre-ordinance and*
Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. WARB. *decree into the law of children;*

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

And

And men are flesh and blood, and ⁷ apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know ⁸ but one
 That unaffailable ⁹ holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he
 Let me a little shew it, ev'n in this;
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*——

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

Dec. Great *Cæsar*——

Cæs. ¹ Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

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

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

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim. Cry it about the streets.

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

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

Casca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*,

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

Should chance——

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

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

⁷ ——apprehensive;] Suscep-
 tible of fear, or other passions.

⁸ ——but one] One, and on-
 ly one.

⁹ ——holds on his rank,] Per-
 haps, holds on his race; continues

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

¹ Doth not *Brutus* bootless
 kneel?] I would read,

Do not *Brutus* bootless kneel!

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

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

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

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts of 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. ² Stoop, *Romans*, stoop ;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood

² In all the editions this speech is ascribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first published by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

POPE.

—*Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] Mr.

Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Cæsar* : because, he thinks, nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus's* mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. *Brutus* esteem'd the death of *Cæsar* a

sacrifice to liberty : and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprise. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæsar*, says, "*Brutus* and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate-house to the *Capitol*, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance." And, in the life of *Brutus*, — "*Brutus* and his party betook themselves to the *Capitol*, and in their way shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people." THEOB.
Dr. Warburton follows *Pope*.

Up

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth ev'n to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

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

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; [*kneeling.*]
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him;

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death;
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

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

I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place;
 He shall be satisfied; and by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
 I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, ³ who else is rank;
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

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

³ —*who else is rank*;) Who overtopped his equals, and grown
 else may be supposed to have too high for the publick safety.

And

And this the bleeding business they have done ;
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony* ;
 Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appear'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
 Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand ;
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours ; now yours, *Metellus* ;
 Yours, *Cinna* ; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours ;
 Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true ;
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most Noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,

⁴ *Our arms exempt from malice,*—] This is the reading of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has, *Our arms in strength of malice.*

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to 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 ^s 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*,
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

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

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

^s —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 letum. WAR.

Bru.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.——

You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside*.

That *Antony* speak in his funeral:

Know you, how much the People may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,

I will myself into the Pulpit first,

And shew the reason of our *Cæsar's* death.

What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave, and by permission;

And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall

Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:

It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

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

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here. Take you *Cæsar's* body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

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

And say, you do't by our permission,

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral. And you shall speak

In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,

That ever lived⁶ in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!

⁶ —in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips;
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war:
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the Dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

7 —upon the LIMBS of men;]
 We should read,

—— LINE of men.
 i. e. human race.

WARBURTON.

Hanner reads,
 —— kind of men.

I rather think it should be,
 —— the lives of men.

unless we read,
 —— these hymms of men.

That is, these bloodhounds of men.
 The uncommonness of the word
hym easily made the change.

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

In a tract intitled, *The Of-
 fice of the Constable & Marsch-
 ball in the Tyme of Wevre*, con-

tained in the Black Book of
 the Admiralty, there is the fol-
 lowing chapter.

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

“ Item Si quis inventus fue-
 “ rit qui clamorem inceperit qui
 “ vocatur *Havok*.”

“ Also that no man be so har-
 “ dy to crye *Havok* upon peyne
 “ that he that is begynner shall
 “ be deede therefore: & the re-
 “ manent that doo the same or
 “ folow shall lose their horse &
 “ harnes: and the persones of
 “ such as foloweth & escrien
 “ shal be under arrest of the
 “ Constable & Marschall
 “ warde unto tyme that they
 “ have made syn; & founde
 “ suretie no morr to offende: &
 “ his body in prison at the Kyng
 “ wylle—.”

Enter

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Serv. I do, *Mark Antony*.

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

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

O *Cæsar*! [Seeing the Body.]

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

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

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

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

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Forum.

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

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

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

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

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

Those,

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

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

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

When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

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

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

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, ⁹ Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe
me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Cæsar's, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was
no less than his. If then that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not
that I lov'd *Cæsar* less; but that I lov'd *Rome* more.
Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves;
than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As
Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,
I 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.

⁹ *Countrymen, and Lovers!* &c. There is no where, in all *Shake-
speare's* works, a stronger proof
of his not being what we call a
scholar, than this; or of his not
knowing any thing of the genius
of learned antiquity. This speech
of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation
of his famed laconic brevity, and
is very fine in its kind. But no
more like that brevity, than his
times were like *Brutus's*. The
ancient laconic brevity was

simple, natural and easy: this is
quaint, artificial, gingling, and
abounding with forced antithe-
sis's. In a word a brevity, that
for its false eloquence would have
suted 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, WARE.

Who

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

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

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

If any, speak; for him have I offended.

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

If any, speak; for him have I offended,

I pause for a Reply.

All. None; *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

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

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

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

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

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* Glories; which *Mark Antony*

By

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

S C E N E VI.

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public Chair,
 We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.

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

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

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

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

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

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

Ant. You gentle *Romans*—

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your
 ears.

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The Evil, that men do, lives after them,

The Good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

For *Brutus* is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,

Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me,

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did

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

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

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

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

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

* *Cæsar has had great wrong.*]

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

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

Will he be satisfied.——

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

I have inserted this note, be-
 cause it is *Pope's*, for it is other-
 wise of no value. It is strange
 that he should so much forget
 the date of the copy before him,
 as to think it not printed in *John-
 son's* time.

Therefore;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

² And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

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

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

Let but the Commons hear this Testament,

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

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

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their Wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

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

'Tis

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

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

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

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

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

All. The Will ! the Testament !

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

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will ?

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him, that made the Will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

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

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

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

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

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

All. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

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

You all do know this mantle ; I remember,

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

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

That day he overcome the *Nervii*.

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

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

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

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar* !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

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

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

³ *And, in his mantle, &c.]*

Read the lines thus,

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

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

*Ev'n at the Base of Pompey's
 Statue.*

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

then the reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there—
 is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARB.

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

O what a fall was there—
 follows better after

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

1 *Pleb.*

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

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

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny:

They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

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

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is,

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

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That give me publick leave to speak of him;

⁴ For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

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

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

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

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

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

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁴ For I have neither wit,——] words,——
The old copy reads, which may mean, I have no pre-
For I have neither writ, nor ned and premeditated oration.

You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—Let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

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

3 Pleb. O royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
⁵ On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a *Cæsar*. When comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never, never; come, away, away;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses,

Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

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

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

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos, says *Horace*: And both the *Nau-machia* and *Gardens* of *Cæsar* were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out

wide, on a line with Mount *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side *Tiber*; —

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 publick his gardens, and walks, beyond the *Tiber*. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

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

Ant. Where is he?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

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

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

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

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling. Briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

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

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 out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, firebrands.

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* house,

And some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*. Away. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

♫ *A small Island near Mutina.*

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die. Their names are
prickt.

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

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony.*

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

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

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

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

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

* *A small Island*] Mr. *Rowe*,
and Mr. *Pope* after him, have
mark'd the scene here to be at
Rome. The old copies say no-
thing of the place. *Shakespeare*,
I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*,
that these Triumvirs met upon

the proscription, in a little island;
which *Appian*, who is more par-
ticular, says, lay near *Mutina*,
upon the river *Lavinius*. THEOB.

A small island in the little ri-
ver *Rhenus*, near *Bononia*.

HANMER.

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

Ant. *OEtavius*, I have seen more days than you ;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads ;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way ;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in Commons.

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

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

7 In the old editions.

*A barren-spirited fellow, one
one that feeds*

On objects, arts, and imitation,
&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, from 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:

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

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

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's Tent, in the camp near Sardis.

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

Bru. STAND, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

Bru. What now, *Lucilius* ? is *Cassius* near ?

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

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
³ In his own change, or by ill officers,
Has given me some cause to wish
Things done undone ; but if he be at hand,

I shall

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

gard and honour, he replies, he is not doubted. To reconcile this we should read,

In his own CHARGE, or by ill officers,

i. e. *either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abused their trust.* Charge is so usual a word in *Shakespeare*, to signify the forces committed to

I shall be satisfied.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;

the trust of a commander, that
I think it needless to give any
instances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change
proposed are insufficient. *Brutus*
could not but know whether the
wrongs committed were done by
those who were immediately under
the command of *Cassius*, or
those under his officers. The an-
swer of *Brutus* to the servant is

only an act of artful civility; his
question to *Lucilius* proves, that
his suspicion still continued. Yet
I cannot but suspect a corruption,
and would read,

*In his own change, or by ill of-
fices.*

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

March

March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter praying on his side

Because

Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

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

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That 'ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

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

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

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

Cas. Chastisement!

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

Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice; What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?——

¹ I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me,

⁹ —ev'ry nice offence—] *i. e.* small trifling offence. WARB.

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. WARB.

I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,

² To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself

³ To make conditions.

Bru. ⁴ Go to : you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

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

Bru. Away, 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 frighted, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O Gods ! ye Gods ! must I endure all this ?

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

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? by the Gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you : For, from this day forth,

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

³ *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

⁴ *Go to ; you are not Cassius.*] We are not to understand this as if *Brutus* had said, *You are not an able soldier*, which would be wrangling on a childish question beneath the character of *Brutus*. On the contrary, when *Cassius* had made so unbecoming a boast, *Brutus*, in his reply, only re-

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

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

I'll

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.

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 drachma's, ^s than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By

^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 un-
justly, and to use force in getting:
And

By any Indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me. Was that done like *Cassius*?
 Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

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

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

⁶ *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

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

And *hard hands* signify both the
 peasant's great *labour and pains*
 in acquiring, and his *great un-*
willingness to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *Bru.* I do not, TILL you prac-
tise them on me.] But was
 this talking like *Brutus*? *Cassius*
 complained that his friend made
 his infirmities greater than they
 were. To which *Brutus* replies,
 not till those infirmities were in-
 juriouly turned upon me. But
 was this any excuse for aggra-
vating his friend's failings?
Shakespeare knew better what was

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

I do not. STILL you practise
them on me.

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

WARBURTON.

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

For *Cassius* is a weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast within, a heart
 Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold ;
 ' If that thou be'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar* ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better

Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*,

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;

7 *If that thou* BE'ST A RO-
 MAN, *take it forth, &c.*]
 But why is he bid to rip out his
 heart, if he were a *Roman* ?
 There is no other sense but this,
 If you have the courage of a
Roman. But this is so poor, and
 so little to the purpose, that the
 reading may be justly suspected.
 The occasion of this quarrel was
Cassius's refusal to supply the ne-
 cessities of his friend, who charges
 it on him as a dishonour and
 crime, with great asperity of lan-
 guage. *Cassius*, to shew him the
 injustice of accusing him of avarice,
 tells him he was ready to
 expose his life in his service ; but
 at the same time, provoked and
 exasperated at the other's reproaches,
 he upbraids him with
 the severity of his temper, that
 would pardon nothing, but al-
 ways aimed at the life of the of-
 fender ; and delighted in his
 blood, though a *Roman*, and at-

tached to him by the strongest
 bonds of alliance ; hereby o-
 bliquely insinuating the case of
Cæsar. The sense being thus
 explained, it is evident we should
 read,

If that thou NEEDST A RO-
 MAN'S, *take it forth.*

i. e. if nothing but another *Ro-*
man's death can satisfy the unre-
 lenting severity of your temper,
 take my life as you did *Cæsar's*.

WARBURTON.

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

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour,
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And fraight 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 confes so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

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

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

[A noise within.]

Poet within. Let me go in to see the Generals;
 There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter *Poet*.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

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

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

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

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

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

Bru.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time ;

What should the wars do with these jingling fools ?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone. [Exit Poet.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with
you

Immediately to us. [Exit *Lucilius* and *Titinius*.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. *Porcia's* dead.

Cas. Ha! *Porcia!* ———

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?

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

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods !

Enter

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks.]

Caf. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

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

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

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

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

Caf. Oh *Porcia*! are thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.——

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

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

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caf. *Cicero* one?——

Mes. *Cicero* is dead;

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

VOL. VII.

G

Bru.

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

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

Mes. No, my Lord.

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

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

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

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

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

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think

Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.

The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-boat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more. Good night.
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown. Farewel, good *Messala*,
Good night, *Titinius*. Noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

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

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

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

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*

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! —

S C E N E VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

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

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

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I sought 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.

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

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

Bru. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

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

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*
 This is a sleepy tune—O murd'rous slumber!
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays the musick?—Gentle knave, good night.
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 —But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
 [*He sits down to read.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition!
 It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.——

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*. Sirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

⁸ Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

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

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁸ Thou! awake.] The accent was intended to speak to both his is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis other men; who both awake, impossible the poet could begin and answer, at an instant. I read, his verse thus. *Brutus* certainly *Varro!* awake. WARB.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so ; their battles are at hand,
 They mean to ⁹ warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it ; they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage,
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

⁹.—warn us—] To warn to alarm. Hammer reads,
 seems to mean here the same as They mean to wage us.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

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

S C E N E II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

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

Oſta. *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.

Oſta. Stir not until the signal.

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

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

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Oſta-*
vius.

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 honeylefs.

Ant. Not stinglefs too.

Bru. O yes, and foundless too:

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

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar.*
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;
Whilst damned ¹ *Casca,* like a cur behind,

¹ —*Casca,*—] *Casca* struck *Cæsar* on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind *b. m.*

Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Cæs. Flatterers! now *Brutus*, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you, that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæsar's* ² three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

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

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

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldest not die more honourable.

Cæs. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still! ———

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius,*
Cas. Messala.]

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. Messala.

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *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.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their 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 the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

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

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,

The

The Gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
³ The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself; (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life;) ⁴ arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

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

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Ro-*
man,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the Ides of *March* begun,
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.

³ *The very last time we shall speak together.*

What are you then determined to do ?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARB.

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

two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this ; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of *Cato*, arming myself with patience.

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

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

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might
 know
 The end of this day's business ere it come!
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
 And then the end is known. Come, ho. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these
 bills

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
 Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord. Fly further off.

Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord,

Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

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

Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again; that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

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

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill.

My fight was ever thick. Regard *Titinius*,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

—This day I breathed first; time is come round;

And, where I did begin, there shall I end;

My life is run his compass.—Now, what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;

Titinius! now some 'light—oh, he 'lights too—

He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.

Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah.

In *Partbia* did I take thee prisoner,

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine
oath,

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilt ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. Oh, *Cassius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

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

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

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

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala* ;
But *Cassius* is no more ! Oh, setting Sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius'* day is set ;
The Sun of *Rome* is set ! our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
done.

Mistrust

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Who dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mef. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet

The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,

As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie, you *Messala*,

And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit. Mef.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd 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.

[*Stabs himself.*

Come, *Cassius'* sword, and find *Titinius'* heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it,

Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward,

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails, [Low alarms,

Cato. Brave *Titinius!*

Look, if ye have not crown'd dead *Cassius!* —

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans!* fare thee well.

It is impossible, that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, ^s 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 ———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 restor'd the text, *Thassos*. THEOB,

S C E N E VII.

Alarm: Enter Brutus, Meffala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*. Ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend,

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*. Ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

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

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as *Titinius*;

And, may'st be honour'd, ' being *Cato's Son*.

Sold. Yield, or thou die'st.

⁷ *Luc.* Only I yield to die;

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

[*Offering money.*]

Kill

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

⁷ *Luc.* Only I yield to die;

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;] This last line is unintelligible; the reason of which is the loss of the preceding. For by the circumstances I collect, that the reply of the soldier to the words, *Only I yield*

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

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 Sold. ⁸ I'll tell the news. Here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame?
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How ev'ry thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ly demanded, *Whethe^r there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

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

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

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has been much

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

⁸ *I'll tell the news.*—] The old copy reads,

I'll tell thee news.—

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

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

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

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

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

[*Whispering.*]

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

Bru. Peace then, no words,

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh, *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble Vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

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

Vol. What says my Lord?

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

I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

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

[*Alarm.*]

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

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

[*Alarm still.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in't:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face;

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

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

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

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

⁹ *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] reads,

Thus the modern editions, I
 think, rightly. The old folio

*Farewel to thee, to Strato,
 countrymen.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

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

Ota. What man is that ?

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

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala* :

The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him,
For *Brutus* only overcame himself ;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' Saying true.

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

—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

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

Ota. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato* ?

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

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee

That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all :

All the Conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*,

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common Good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world ; *This was a Man !*

Ota. According to his virtue, let us use him ;

With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my Tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a Soldier, order'd honourably.

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

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

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

ANTONY

A N T O N Y

A N D

CLEOPATRA.

H 4

Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

} *Friends of Antony.*

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa.

Dolabella,

} *Friends of Cæsar.*

Proculeius,

Thyreus,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

} *Friends of Pompey.*

Varrius,

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

Taurus, *Lieutenant General to Cæsar.*

Alexas,

Mardian,

} *Servants to Cleopatra.*

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

} *Ladies waiting on Cleopatra.*

Iras,

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

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

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

A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

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

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

P H I L O.

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

—reneges—] Renounces.

POPE.

And

⁵ And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a ³ Gypfy's lust. Look, where they come!

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

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
⁴ The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a ⁵ bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. ⁶ Then must thou needs find out new heav'n,
new earth.

² *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 authour, who might perhaps have written,

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

To kindle and to cool a Gypfy's lust.

³ —*Gypfy's lust*—] *Gypfy* is here used, both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense, for a *bad woman*.

⁴ *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.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd

Into a Strumpet's FOOL.—]

The metaphor is here miserably mangled. We should read,

Into a Strumpet's STOOL.

The *pillar* of the world, says he, is transformed into a strumpet's *Stool*. Alluding to the custom of strumpets sitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax* in *Troilus and Cressida*, calls *Thersites*, *Thou stool for a witch*. *Shakespeare* too, in the use of *pillar* and *stool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from $\Sigma\tau\tilde{\upsilon}\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, *columna*.

WARBURTON.

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

⁵ —*bound*—] Bound or limit.

POPE.

⁶ *Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, &c.*] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

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

Ant. Grates me. ⁷ The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
"Perform't, or else we damn thee.——

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cæsar*'s, I'd say—Both?
—Call in the Messengers—As I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers—

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, ⁸ and the wide arch
Of the rang'd Empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual Pair, [*Embracing*.
And such a Twain can do't; in which, I bind,

⁷ ———*The sum.*] Be brief, *sum*
thy business in a few words.

⁸ ———*and the wide arch*

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

I am in doubt whether *Shake-
spears* had any idea but of a fa-
brick standing on pillars. The
later editions have all printed,

the raised empire, for the ranged
empire, as it was first given. It
is not easy to guess how Dr.
Warburton missed this opportu-
nity of inserting a *French* word,
by reading,

———*and the wide arch*

Of derang'd empire fall!——

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

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On pain of punishment, the world ⁹ to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. [*Aside.*] Excellent fallhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool, I am not. ¹ *Antony*
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure. Now, what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger, but thine—And all alone,
To night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ —to weet,] To know.

POPE.

¹ ————*Antony*
Will be himself.

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

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

S C E N E II.

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

Char. Lord *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this husband, which you say, must² change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

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

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

Alex. Shew him your hand.

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

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iris. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than beloved.

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

WARBURTON.

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

Char.

³ *Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; Let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! Find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

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

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

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

Char. ⁵ Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

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

⁴ *Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakespeare* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those *ominous* speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspicks, by which *Charmi- n* died, and after her mistress, were conveyed in a basket of figs. *Ormens* (a superstition which *Pythagoras* first taught the *Greeks*) were the undesigned consequence of words casually spoken. The words were sometimes taken from the speaker, and applied by the hearers to the speaker's own affairs, as in the case of *Paulus Amilius*, after his conquest of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the

words of the speaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the case of the same *Paulus* before his conquest of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinis que publicè fierent, ut forent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de *Divin.* l. 1.

WARBURTON.

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

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

Pr'ythee,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. III

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

Sooth. ⁶ If every of your wishes had a womb, and foretel every wish, a million.

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

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

Char. Nay, come: Tell *Iras* hers.—

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

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

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

Char. Nay, if any oily palm be not a fruitful pronostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's nose.

⁶ *If every of your wishes had a womb, And foretold every wish, a million.*] This nonsense should be reformed thus,
If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb, And fertil ev'ry wish,——

WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the latter copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation,

which is made with great 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 *f*.

Char.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*;
—Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.—O, let him
marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech
thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and
let worse follow worst, 'till the worst of all follow him
laughing to the Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! Good
Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a
matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the
people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a hand-
some man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to be-
hold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Isis*,
keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make
me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores,
but they'd do't.

Char. Our worser thoughts
heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, *his* fortune, *his*
fortune. O; let him marry a wo-
man, &c.] Whose fortune does
Alexas call out to have told? But,
in short, this I dare pronounce to
be so palpable and signal a trans-
position, that I cannot but wonder
it should have slipt the obser-
vation of all the editors; especi-
ally, of the sagacious Mr. *Pope*,
who has made this declaration,
That if, throughout the plays, had
all the speeches been printed with-
out the very names of the persons,
he believes *one might have applied*
them with certainty to every
speaker. But in how many in-
stances has Mr. *Pope's* want of
judgment falsified this opinion?
The fact is evidently this; *Alexas*

brings a fortune-teller to *Iras*
and *Charmian*, and says himself,
We'll know all our fortunes. Well;
the soothsayer begins with the
women; and some jokes pass
upon the subject of husbands and
chastity: After which, the wo-
men hoping for the satisfaction
of having something to laugh at
in *Alexas's* fortune, call him to
hold out his hand, and wish hear-
tily he may have the prognosti-
cation of cuckoldom upon him.
The whole speech, therefore,
must be plac'd to *Charmian.*
There needs no stronger proof of
this being a true correction, than
the observation which *Alexas* im-
mediately subjoins on their wishes
and zeal to hear him abused.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Enter Cleopatra.**Eno.* Hush! here comes *Antony*.*Char.* Not he, the Queen.*Cleo.* Saw you my Lord?*Eno.* No, Lady.*Cleo.* Was he not here?*Char.* No, Madam.*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus*,—*Eno.* Madam.*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas*?*Alex.* Here at your service. My Lord approaches.*Enter Antony with a Messenger, and Attendants.**Cleo.* We will not look upon him. Go with us.[*Exeunt.*]*Mes.* *Fulvia* thy Wife first came into the field.*Ant.* Against my brother *Lucius*?*Mes.* Ay,But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst*Cæsar*,Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?*Mes.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.—On.—
Things, that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Mef. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, ^s extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilft——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say——

Mef. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth
weeds,

⁹ When our quick winds lie still; and our ill, told
us,

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

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

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

[*Exit first Messenger.*]

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,

^s ——extended *Asia* ;] *i. e.*
widened or extended the bounds
of the lesser *Asia*. WARB.

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

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

*weeds instead of flowers and fruits:
But the laying before us our ill con-
dition plainly and honestly is, as it
were, the first culture of the mind,
which gives hopes of a future
harvest.* This he says to encour-
rage the messenger to hide no-
thing from him. WARB.

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

Enter

Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

2 Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicyon.

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

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit second Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; ' the present pleasure,

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back; that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting Queen break off.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

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

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women; we see,
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though be-

¹ — the present pleasure,

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of itself; —]

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

This is an obscure passage.

The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered 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.

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tween them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far² poorer moment; I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, ³ it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented; this grief is crown'd with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new

² poorer moment;] For less reason; upon meaner motives.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

⁴ The cause of our expedience—] *Expedience*, for expedition. WARB.

⁵ ——— more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

⁶ Petition us at home.——] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home.

⁷ ——— 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.

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.——

° I did not send you.——If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in no-
thing.

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

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish for-
bear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and fullen.

Such is this passage in the first
copy. The late editors have all
altered it, or received it altered
in silence thus :

——— *Say, our pleasure,
To such 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.*

° *I did not send you.*—] You
must go as if you came without
my order or knowledge.

Ant.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA. 119

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

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

[*Seeming to faint.*]

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;

'Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no pow'r upon you. Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know,——

Cleo. O never was there Queen

So mightily betray'd; yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*,——

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,

Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness

To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words; no going, then;——

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our Brows' bent, none our parts so poor,

But was ' a race of heav'n. They are so still,

'—a race of heav'n.—] *i. e.* by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir,

WARBURTON. *T. Hanmer*, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*.

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

Ant. How now, lady?

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

There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a-while; but my full heart

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 domestick Pow'rs

I reeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,

Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. ³ My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my
going,

Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo.

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

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 *folio's* read, *safe*:

All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving

several reasons to *Cleopatra*,

which make his departure from

Ægypt necessary; most of them,

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

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

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

Cleo. * O most false love!

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

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus'* slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come.
But let it be. — I'm quickly ill, and well.
— So, *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and say, the tears
Belong^s to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

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

— should save my going.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Upton* reads, I think
rightly,

— save my going.

* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou

shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? —]

Alluding to the lachrymatory
vials, or bottles of tears, which
the *Romans* sometimes put into
the urn of a friend.

^s — to *Egypt*. —] To me,
the queen of *Egypt*.

Ant.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target—Still he mends :

But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part ; (but that's not it,)

Sir, you and I have lov'd ; (but there's not it ;

That you know well ;) something it is, I would :

⁶ Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. ⁷ But that your royalty

Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

For

⁶ *Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony.*

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

I cannot understand the learned critick's explanation. It appears to me, that she should rather have said,

O my remembrance is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like *Antony*, was forgetting and deserting her. I

think a slight change will restore the passage. The Queen, having something to say, which she is not able, or would seem not able to recollect, cries out,

O my oblivion!—'Tis a very Antony.

The thought of which I was in quest is a very *Antony*, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me.

And I am all forgotten.

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

And I am all forgone.

I am all deserted and undone.

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

⁷ *But that your royalty*

Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

For

For Idleness itself.

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

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

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

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

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

To bear such Idleness so near the heart, As Cleopatra, this.——

WARBURTON.

⁸ One great competitor.——] Perhaps, Our great competitor.

More

More womanly than he.

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

Lep. I must not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem⁹ as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than¹ purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

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

⁹ —as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness;]
If by spots are meant stars, as
night has no other fiery spots, the
comparison is forced and harsh,
stars having been always supposed
to beautify the night; nor do I
comprehend what there is in the
counter-part of this simile, which
answers to night's blackness.

Hanmer reads,

——spots on ermine,
Or fires, by night's blackness.
—purchas'd;—] Procured
by his own fault or endeavour.

² —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.

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

Full

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 12

Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
⁴ Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
 As we rate ⁵ boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

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
⁶ 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 ⁷ he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
 Comes

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

⁵ —*boys, who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this *Hammer*, who thought the maturity of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put, —*who, immature in know-*

ledge,
 but the words *experience and judgment* require that we read

mature: though *Dr. Warburton* has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.*

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

⁷ —*he, which is, was wish'd,*
until he were:

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

Com's fear'd, by being lack'd.]
 Let us examine the sense of this

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

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

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

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 reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

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

⁸ *Goes to, and back, lashing the varying tide,*

To rot itself with motion.]

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

—— *Lacquing the varying tide,*

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

⁹ —— *which they ear*—] To ear, is to plow; a common metaphor.

¹ *Lack blood to think on't.*—] Turn pale at the thought of it.

Wert beaten from *Modena*, where thou flew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy Palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on; and all this,
 It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,
 Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
 Did shew ourselves i' th' field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council. *Pompey*
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæsar*,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord.
 What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

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

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. **C***harmian*—

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink 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.

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 unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!

¹ —Mandragora.] A plant, of which the infusion was suppose to procure sleep. *Shakespeare* mentions it in *Otello*:

*Not poppy, nor Mandragora,
Can ever medicine thee to that
sweet sleep.*

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

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

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sov'reign of *Ægypt*, hail!

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

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

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

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

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

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

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

Cleop.

⁴ —arm-gaunt *steed*,] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So *Farfax*,

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

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

—arm-girt steed.

⁵ *Was beastly dumb by him.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *dunb'd*, put to silence. *Alexas* means (says he) the horse made such a neighing that if he had spoke he could not have been heard. A very pretty speech, and agreeable to the po-

liteness of one of *Cleopatra's* courtiers; *Shakspear* wrote,
Was beastly done by him.

i. e. the sense of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho' in inarticulate sounds. The case was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony*, who recommended a message to him to his mistress. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that instant *Antony* mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance (such a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their hero's adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but please *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, says he, *to pay my farewell compliments to Antony, to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, shew'd him to be sensible th' he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest.* But we are not to suppose that *Alexas* after this did not make his speech, but let the hero's horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumstance, he mentions

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 131

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!

Note him, good *Charmian*.—'Tis the man. But note him;

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Mer'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,

When I forget to send to *Antony*,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, *Charmian*.

—Welcome, my good *Alexas*.—Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

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

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

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

WARBURTON.

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

Cleo. ⁶ My fallad days!
 When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
 To say, as I said then,—But come away,
 Get me ink and paper;
 He shall have every day a several greeting,
 Or I'll ⁷ unpeople Ægypt. [Exeunt.]

⁶ *My fallad days:*

*When I was green in judgment,
 cold in blood!*

To say, as I said then,—] This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He says, Cleopatra may speak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood may admit some question: And then employs his learning to prove, that at this cold season of her blood, she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because Plutarch calls Cleopatra at those years, κόρη, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the Greeks de-

signed by κόρη, was the very height of blood. But *Shakespeare's* best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My fallad days;

When I was green in judgment.

Cold in blood!

To say as I said then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, 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.

⁷ ———unpeople Ægypt.] By sending out messengers.

ACT II. SCENE I.

S I C I L Y.

Enter ⁸ Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. ⁹ While we are suitors to their Throne, de-
cays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

⁸ The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why *Menecrates* appears; *Menas* can do all without him.

⁹ *While we are suitors to their Throne,* DECAYS

The thing we sue for.] This nonsense should be read thus,

While we are suitors to their Throne, DELAY'S

The thing we sue for.

Menecrates had said, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e.* the delay of our ene-

mies in making preparation against us; which he explains afterwards, by saying *Mark Antony* was tied up by lust in *Ægypt*; *Cæsar*, by avarice at *Rome*; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both. WARBURTON.

It is not always prudent to be too hasty in exclamation; the reading which *Dr. Warburton* rejects as *nonsense*, is in my opinion right; if *delay* be what they sue for, they have it, and the consolation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.*

Pomp. I shall do well :
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
 My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
 In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make
 No waits without doors. *Cæsar* gets mony, where
 He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pomp. He dreams ; I know, they are in *Rome* together,

Looking for *Antony* ; but all the charms of love,
 Salt *Cleopatra*, soften ² thy wan lip !
 Let witchcraft join with beauty ; lust with both.
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sawce his appetite ;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even 'till a *Letbe'd* dulness——

¹ 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.

² —— *thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is

—— *thy wand lip!*

Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm lip*.

Enter

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.

Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected; since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

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

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

³ ——— But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our
stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's*
widow pluck

The near lust-wearied *Antony*.]
Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing
that *Antony* is every hour expect-
ed in *Rome*, does not much relish
the news. He is twice the sol-
dier, (*says he*) that *Octavius*
and *Lepidus* are; and I did not
think, the petty war, which I
am raising would rouse him
from his amours in *Ægypt*. —
But why should *Pompey* hold a
higher opinion of his own expedi-
tion, because it awak'd *Antony*

to arms, who was near weary, al-
most surfeited, of lascivious plea-
sures? Indolent and stupid edi-
tors, that can dispense with words
without ever weighing the reason
of them! How easy is the change
to the true reading!

The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.
If *Antony*, though never tir'd of
luxury, yet mov'd from that
charm, upon *Pompey's* stirring, it
was a reason for *Pompey* to pride
himself upon being of such con-
sequence. THEOBALD.

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

Pomp. I know not, *Menas*,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant, they should ⁴ square between them-
 selves,
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only stands
⁵ Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, *Menas*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

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

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

⁴ —square—] That is, quarrel.

⁵ *Our lives upon.*] This play
 is not divided into acts by the au-
 thour or first editors, and there-
 fore the present division may be
 altered at pleasure. I think the
 first act may be commodiously
 continued to this place, and the

second act opened with the in-
 terview of the chief persons, and
 a change of the state of action.
 Yet it must be confessed, that it
 is of small importance, where these
 unconnected and desultory scenes
 are interrupted.

Were

⁶ Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* beard,
I would not shav't to-day,

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

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

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.

—Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May it be gently heard. When we debate

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,

The rather, for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sorest points with sweetest terms,

⁷ Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

⁶ Were I the wearer of *Anto-* meet him undressed without show
nio's beard, of respect.

[I would not shav't to-day.] Al-
luding to the phrase, I will beard
him. *WARBURTON.* ⁷ Nor curstness grow to th' mat-
ter.] Let not ill humour be

added to the real subject of our
difference.

I should

I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world ; More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to
you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt* ; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me ; and ^s their contestation
Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant.

^s —*their contestation*

*Was theam for you, you were
the word of war.*] The on-
ly meaning of this can be, that
the war, which *Antony's* wife and
brother made upon *Cæsar*, was
theam for *Antony* too to make
war ; or was the occasion why he
did make war. But this is di-
rectly contrary to the context,
which shews, *Antony* did neither
encourage them to it, nor second

them in it. We cannot doubt
then, but the poet wrote ;

———*and their contestation*

Was theam'd for you.

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

I am neither satisfied with the
reading, nor the emendation ;
theam'd is, I think, a word un-
authorized,

Ant. You do mistake your business: ⁹ my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
¹ Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

² As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

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

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

authorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read,

—————*their contestation*

Had *theme* from you, you were
the word o' th' war,

The dispute derived its subject
from you. It may be corrected
by mere transposition,

—————*their contestation*

You were *theme* for, you were
the word.

⁹ ————*my brother never*

Did urge me in his act:—]i. e.
never did make use of my name
as pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

¹ *Having alike your cause?—*] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, be-

cause he was offended with *Antony*, should he make war upon *Cæsar*? May it not be read thus,

—————*Did he not rather*

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Hating alike our cause?

² *As matter whole you've not to make it worth,]* The original

copy reads,

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have necessarily taken.

Which

Which ³ fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another ;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a Wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such Wives, that the Men
might go to wars with the Women !

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not-wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : For that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters ; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning ; but, next day,
⁴ 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 ;

⁵ The Honour's sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

³ —fronted—] That is, *opposed*.

⁴ I told him of myself ;—] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

WARBURTON.

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

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus ; *The honour which he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated, I never lacked it.* This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I understood it thus : *Lepidus* interrupts *Cæsar*, on the supposition that what he is about

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

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd
them,

The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

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

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

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

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

Eno. Go to then: ⁶ your confederate stone.——

Cæs.

about to say will be too harsh to
be endured by *Antony*; to which
Antony replies, *No*, *Lepidus*, let
him speak, the security of honour
on which he now speaks, on

which this conference is held now,
is sacred, even supposing that I
lacked honour before.

⁶ —your confederate stone.—]

This line is passed by all the edi-
tors,

Cæs. ⁷ I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia*! great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, ⁸ your Reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

tors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read,

Go to then, you considerate ones. You, who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, go to, do your own business.

⁷ *I do not much dislike the matter, but*

The manner of his speech:—] What, not dislike the *matter* of it? when he says presently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Besides, are we to suppose that common civility would suffer him to take the same liberty with *Antony's* lieutenant, that *Antony* himself did? *Shakespeare* wrote,

I do not much dislike the manner, but

The matter of his speech:—
i. e. 'tis not his liberty of speech,

but the mischiefs he speaks of, which I dislike. This agrees with what follows, and is said with much urbanity, and show of friendship. *WARBURTON.*

I think the old reading right. I do not, says *Cæsar*, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; *for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.* The consideration of the ceremony due from *Cæsar* to the Lieutenant of *Antony*, is a criticism of the lowest rate, unworthy of confutation.

⁸ *—your Reproof*
Were well deserv'd—] In the old edition,

—your proof
Were well deserv'd—
Which Mr. *Theobald* with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-proof*, which he explains, *allow-ance*. Dr. *Warburton* inserted *re-proof* very properly into *Hanmer's* edition, but forgot it in his own.

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

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife, whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cæs. The Power of *Cæsar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To his good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey.

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only;
⁹ Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought;
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount *Misenus.*

Ant. What is his strength by Land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by Sea
He is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my Sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*!
My honourable friend, *Agrippa*!—

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*!

⁹ *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] *Lest* I be thought
too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks,
and then I will defy him.

Mec.

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

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

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there——Is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle ; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

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

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

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed ; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you ;
The Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd Throne,
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were love-sick with 'em ; th' oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description ; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
¹ 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,

² And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony* !

¹ O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see, &c.] Mean-
ing the *Venus* of *Protogenes* men-
tioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10.

WARBURTON.

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

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
 So many Mermaids, ³ tended her i' th' eyes,
⁴ And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
 A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The City cast
 Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
 Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; ⁵ which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No Woman* heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

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

⁴ And made their Bends ADORNINGS.—] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus, her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakespeare* would say: *Cleopatra*, in this famous scene, personated *Venus* just rising from the waves: at which time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the goddess to adore, and pay her homage. Agreeably to

this fable *Cleopatra* had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, *Shakespeare* wrote,

And made their Bends ADORNINGS.

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

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

She

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety ; other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

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

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,

Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,

Read not my blemishes in the world's report,
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Soothfayer.

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. ⁶ I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, *Cæsar's* or mine?

Sooth. *Cæsar's*.——

Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side.

Thy *Dæmon*, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where *Cæsar's* is not. But, near him, thy angel

⁷ Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered, therefore Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.——

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,

⁶ *I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue;*] What motion? I can trace no sense in this word here, unless the author were alluding to that agitation of the divinity, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but when, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emo-issn*. I am persuaded, *Shakespeare* meant that the Soothfayer should say, he saw a reason in

his thought or opinion, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. THEOBALD.

I see it in my motion,—] *i. e.* the divinity agitation. WARB.

⁷ *Becomes a Fear.*—] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads,

Becomes afeard,——

The common reading is more poetical.

When

When he shines by. I say again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him.

[*Exit* Soothsayer.

He shall to *Parthia*.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and ⁸ his quails ever
Beat mine, ⁹ inhoop'd, at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter *Ventidius*.

I' th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:

Follow me, and receiv't.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter *Lepidus*, *Mecænas*, and *Agrippa*.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther. Pray you,
hasten

Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*

Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount

Before you, *Lepidus*.

⁸ ———— *his quails*.—] The the old copy, *Inhoop'd* is *in-*
ancients used to match quails as *closed*, *confined*, that they may
we match cocks. fight. The modern editions read,

⁹ —*inhoop'd*, at odds.—] Thus *Beat mine*, in whoop'd at odds.

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, *ah, ha! you're caught.*

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

Cleo. That time!—oh times!—
I laugh him out of patience, and that night
I laugh him into patience; and next morn'
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, ³ whilst
I wore his sword *Philippin*. Oh. From *Italy*—

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mes. Madam! Madam!—

Cleo. *Antony's* dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss? a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

³ ——— whilst

I wore his sword Philippin.]
We are not to suppose, nor is
there any warrant from history,
that *Antony* had any particular
sword so call'd. The dignifying
weapons, in this sort, is a custom
of much more recent date. This
therefore seems a compliment *à*
posteriori. We find *Antony* after-
wards, in this play, boasting of
his own prowess at *Philippi*.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at
Philippi kept

His sword e'en like a dancer,
while I strook

The lean and wrinkled Cas-
sius; &c.

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

L 4

Mes.

Mef. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark,
we use

To say, the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
† Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'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.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thour't an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

† Not like a formal man.] For-
mal, for ordinary. WARB.

Rather decent, regular.
‡ I'll set thee in a shower of
gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.] That is,
I will give thee a kingdom; it
being the eastern ceremony, at
the coronation of their Kings, to
powder them with gold-dust and
seed-pearl: so Milton,

—the gorgeous East with liberal
band

Showers on her Kings barbaric
pearl and gold.

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Monsieur *Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. i. *Les Princes du sang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coûtume.* WARB.

Mef. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*; it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon *but yet*;
But yet is a jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmion*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? [*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Knife.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

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

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

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

Mes. He's married, Madam.

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

Mes. Should I lye, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?—

Mes. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?—

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That

⁶ That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmion*—'tis no matter.——

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly—

⁷ Let him for ever go—Let him not—*Charmion*—

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

Th' other way's a *Mars*—Bid you *Alexas*

Bring word, how tall she is. Pity me, *Charmion*,

But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *That art not what thou'rt
sure of!—*] For this, which
is not easily understood, *Sir Tho.
Hanmer* has given,

*That say't but what thou'rt
sure of!——*

I am not satisfied with the change,
which, though it affords sense,
exhibits little spirit. I fancy the
line consists only of abrupt starts.

*Oh, that his fault should make
a knave of thee,*

That art—not what?—Thou'rt

*sure on't.—Get thee hence.
That his fault should make a
knave of thee that art——but
what shall I say thou art not?—
Thou art then sure of this mar-
riage.—Get thee hence.*

Dr. Warburton has received
Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

⁷ *Let him for ever go.—*] She
is now talking in broken sen-
tences, not of the Messenger, but
Antony.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet; At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. YOUR hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods.—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*.
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what
Made thee, all honour'd, honest *Roman*, *Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whose burden
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant.

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Ant. ⁸ Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou know'st,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's house.
⁹ But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present, how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

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

Pomp. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

⁸ *Thou canst not fear us,——]* Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.

⁹ *But since the cuckow builds not for himself,]* Since like

the cuckow, that feizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

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

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

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

Lep. Well met here.

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

Cæs. That's the next to do.

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

Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.

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

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, Sir,

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——

Eno. No more of that. He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now. How far'ft thou, Soldier.

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

¹ *What counts hard fortune* making marks or lines in casting
casts, &c.] Metaphor from accounts in arithmetick. WARB.

Four Feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee ;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords ?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Eno. and Menas.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy Father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this Treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir,

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. ² 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.

² *I will praise any man that will praise me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none

but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion.

WARBURTON.

Men.

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

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We come hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

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

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

Eno. *Cæsar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

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

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir. We have us'd our throats
in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E VII.

On board Pompey's Galley.

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

1 Serv. **H**ERE they'll be, man: ³ some o' their
plants are ill rooted already, the least
wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 Serv. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 Serv. ⁴ They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. ⁵ As they pinch one another by the dispo-
sition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his
entreaty, and himself to th' Drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him
and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great
men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will
do me no service, as ⁶ a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. ⁷ To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not
to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes
should be, which pitifully disaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets.

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

⁴ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good-fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to *Cæsar* and *Antony's* admitting him into

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the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

WARBURTON.

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

⁶ *a Partizan*] A pike.

⁷ *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be,*

M

which

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th'
Nile

By certain scales i' th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow; the higher *Nilus* swells,
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the Seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

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

Ant. They are so.

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

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

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

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy's* Pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forlake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain.
[*Aside.*

which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.]
This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me, 'till anon.

[*Whispers.*]

—This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very *Epicure*.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say? — Be jolly, Lords.

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

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give me 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*,
What e're the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou will ha't.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

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

Pomp. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow ^s thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.——

[*Pointing to Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
See'st not.

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

^s — *thy pall'd fortunes* —] that has lost its original spriteliness.
Pall'd, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *pall'd* wine, is wine

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ' strike the vessels, ho.
Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæs. I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæs. Possess it,
I will make answer; but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor,
Shall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals,
And celebrate our Drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you; then the Boy shall sing:
' The Holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

The S O N G.

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

' —*strike the vessels,*—] Try whether the casks found as empty.

In old editions,

The Holding ev'ry man shall beat
The company are to join in the burden, which the poet stiles, the Holding. But how were they to beat this with their *sides*? I

am persuaded, the poet wrote:

The Holding ev'ry man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volly.

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can.

THEOBALD.

*In thy vats our cares be drown'd :
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd !
Cup us, 'till the world go round ;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

Cæs. What would you more ? *Pompey*, good night.
Good Brother,

Let me request you off ; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobar-*
bus

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks ; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words ? Good
night.

Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir. Give's your hand.

Pomp. ² Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.
But, what ! we're friends ; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on shore.—No, to my cabin—These
drums !—These trumpets, flutes ! what !

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out. [Sound a flourish, with drums.

Eno. Hoo, says 'a ! There's my cap.

Men. Hoa !—noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.

² *Oh, Antony, you have my father's house.*] The historian *Paterculus* says. *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita : Qui haud absardè cum in navi Casarensque et Antonium cœna 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:*

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

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

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

V E N T I D I U S.

N O W, darting *Parthia*, art thou struck; and
now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our Host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*.
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh, *Silius*, *Silius*,

I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve, 's away.
Cæsar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than person. *Soffius*,
One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his Favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his Captain can,

M 4

Becomes

Becomes his Captain's Captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*,³ that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction :
Thou wilt write to *Antony* ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er yet-beaten Horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out of o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

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

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. **W**HAT, are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey* ;
he is gone.

The other three are fealing. *Octavia* weeps,

³ —that, without the which would both be 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.

To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad: and *Lepidus*,
 Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
 With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*? the God of *Jupiter*.

Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? how? the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou ⁴ *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say,—*Cæsar*; go no
 further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
 praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:
 Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, ⁵ bards, poets,
 cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
 This is to horse. Adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets*.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and ⁶ as my furthest bond

⁴ —— *Arabian bird!*] The
 Phoenix.

⁵ — *bards, poets,*—] Not only
 the tautology of *bards* and *poets*,
 but the want of a correspondent
 action for the *Poet*, whose busi-
 ness in the next line is only to

number, makes me suspect some
 fault in this passage, which I
 know not how to mend.

⁶ —— *as my furthest bond*] As
 I will venture the greatest pledge
 of security on the trial of thy
 conduct.

Shall

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
 The Fortress of it: for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
 In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
 We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
 7 The elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Octavia. 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.

Octavia. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, *Octavia*?

Octavia. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-
 feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
 So is he, being a man.

7 *The elements be kind, &c.*] of the body, or principles of life,
 This is obscure. It seems to maintain such proportion and har-
 mony as many keep you cheerful.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus* ?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd ;

^s Believe't, 'till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy !

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

Cæs. Farewel, farewell !

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel ! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. **W**HERE is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

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

^s *Believe't, till I weep too.*] authority of all the copies. There
I have ventur'd to alter the tense was no sense in it, I think, as it
of the verb here, against the au stood before. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty,——

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. In *Rome*, Madam.

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

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

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

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

Char. Like her? oh *Isis!* 'tis impossible.

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

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

Mes. She creeps;

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

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.

Cleo:

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmion*, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? It's long, or
round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're 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 so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmion;

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Athens.**Enter Antony and Octavia.*

Ant. **N**AY, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands
more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; spoke scantily of me:
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was giv'n him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Ota. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "Oh, bless my Lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

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

⁹ *When the best hint was giv'n him, he o'erlook'd,* *Thirlby* advis'd the emendation which I have inserted in the text.
Or did it from his teeth.] The THEOBALD.
first folio reads, not look'd. Dr.

I lose myself; better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between's; ¹ 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! ² 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

¹ —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 stain 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 oppress'd with grievous exactions.

THEOB.

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

² —wars 'twixt you 'twain would be, &c.] The thought is wonderfully sublime. It is taken from *Curtius's* leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order to close the gap. As that was closed by one *Roman*, so it is insinuated, that if the whole world were to cleave, *Romans* only could solder up the chasm. The expression is exact. For as metal is soldered by metal more pure and noble, so the globe was to be soldered up by men, who are only a more refined earth.

WARBURTON.

This wonderful allusion is, I believe, more in the thought of the commentator than of the poet. The sense is, that war between *Cæsar* and *Antony* would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.

Can

176 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

Can equally move with them. Provide your Going ;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made war upon Pom-
pey.

Eno. This is old ; what is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him ³ rivalry, would
not let him partake in the glory of the action ; and
not resting here, accuses him of letters he had former-
ly wrote to Pompey. ⁴ Upon his own appeal, seizes
him ; so the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his
confine.

Eno. ⁵ Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no
more, and throw between them all the food thou hast,
they'll grind the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Cries, " fool Lepidus !"
And threatens the throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

³ rivalry,] Equal rank.

⁴ Upon his own appeal,] To
appeal, in Shakespeare, is to ac-
cuse ; Cæsar seized Lepidus with-
out any other proof than Cæsar's
accusation.

⁵ Then 'would thou hadst a pair
of chaps, no more, and throw be-
tween them all the food thou hast,
they'll grind the other. Where's
Antony?] This is obscure, I

read it thus,

Then, world, thou hast a pair
of chaps, no more,
And throw between them all the
food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.
Where's Antony ?

Cæsar and Antony will make war
on each other, though they have
the world to prey upon between
them.

Eros.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*. ⁶ More, *Domitius*.
My Lord desires you presently. My news
I might have told hereafter.

Eros. 'Twill be naught; but let it be. Bring me to
Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. **C**ontemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and
more,

In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it :
I' th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd;
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave th' establishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, ⁷ *Lybia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place, where they exer-
cise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*; *Parthia*, and *Armenia*;
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd

⁶ —*More, Domitius.*] I have quires your presence.
I might have told at first, and ⁷ For *Lydia* Mr. *Upton*, from
delayed my news. *Antony* re- *Plutarch*, has restored *Lybia*.

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
 In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
 As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

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

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o' th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me
 Some Shipping unrestor'd: Lastly, he frets,
 That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
 Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
 All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone.
 I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his Change. For what I've con-
 quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
 And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

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

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Octa. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

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

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
 cause.

Cæs.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 179

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? you come
not

Like *Cæsar's* sister; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. * Which soon he granted,
Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister. *Cleopatra*

* Which soon he granted, must read,
Being an Abstract 'tween his lust and him.] *Antony* very 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 *Cleo-*
patra. *WARBURTON.*
soon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her request, says *Cæsar*; and why? Because she was an abstract between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore, who now are levying
 ° The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
 Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphus* King
 Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
 King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Milbridates* King
 Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Anintas*,
 The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
 With a more larger list of scepters.

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

Cæs. Welcome hither;
 Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
 'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to Destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*.
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

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

° *Mr. Upton* remarks, that *Kings*: but it is probable that
 there are some errors in this the author did not much wish to
 enumeration of the auxiliary be accurate.

And gives his ¹ potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Ota. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience, my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast ² forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply; if we should
serve with horse and mares together, the horse were
merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his
horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,

¹ —*potent regiment*—] *Re-*
giment, 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 authour's time, a
term of mere infamy, but a word

of slight contempt, as *wench* is
now.

² —*forespoke my being*—] To
fore-speak, is to contradict, to speak
against, as forbid is to order ne-
gatively.

That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the president of my Kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Torone*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno.

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

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of

Actium

Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my Lord; he is descry'd;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

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

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

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

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*

N 4

Sold.

Sold. ³ By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Junius*,
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 ⁴ distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well; I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth

Each minute some.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. *Taurus*?

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scroul; our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*

³ By *Hercules*, I think, I am
i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but
his whole action grows

Not in the pow'r on't: ———]

That is, his whole conduct be-
comes ungovern'd by the right,
or by reason.

⁴ ——— distractions ———] De-
tachments; separate bodies.

Enter

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

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

S C E N E VII.

Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught. I can behold
no longer;
⁵ Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus,

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

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. ⁶ The greater cantle of the world is loft
With very ignorance; we have kiſſ'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the ⁷ token'd peſtilence,

⁵ *Th' Antonias, &c.*] Which in this play mentions the *three-neck'd world*. Of this triangular world every Triumvir had a corner. POPE.

⁶ *The greater cantle*—] A piece or lump. POPE. ⁷ ———; *oken'd*—] Spotted.

Cantle is rather a corner. *Cæſar*

Where

Where death is sure. Yon ^s ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
 Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' th' midst o' th' fight,
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
 The brieze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

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

Scar. She once being looft,
 The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
 Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
 I never saw an action of such shame;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack,

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
 Oh, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly by his own.

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

Can. Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

^s —ribauld—] A luxurious
 squanderer.

POPE.

The word is in the old edition
ribaudred, which I do not under-
 stand, but mention it, in
 hopes others may raise some hap-
 py conjecture.

⁹ *Whom leprosy o'ertake!* —] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper

of the *Ægyptians*; to which *Ho-*
race probably alludes in the con-
 troverted line,

Contaminatio cum grege turpium
Mo bo virorum.

¹ *The brieze upon her,* —] The
brieze is the gad-fly, which in
 summer stings the cows, and
 drives them violently about.

Can,

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

Eno. I'll yet follow

² The wounded chance of *Antony*, 'though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ³ so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it. Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint,
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side. Straight-
way

² *The wounded chance of Antony,—* I know not whether the authour, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chase of Antony,— The allusion is to a deer wound-

ed and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, says *Enobarbus*, follow *Antony*, though chased and wounded.

The common reading however may very well stand.

³ *—solated in the world,—* Alluding to a benighted traveller.

I will

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——

Nay, do so; for, indeed, ⁴ I've lost command.

Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

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

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him. Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir!

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes.—⁵ He at *Philippi* kept

His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook

The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, ⁶ and 'twas I,

That the mad *Brutus* ended; ⁷ he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

In the brave squares of war; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——

⁴ —I've lost command.] I am not master of my own emotions.

⁵ ——He at *Philippi* kept
His sword e'en like a dancer,—]

In the *Merisco*, and perhaps anciently in the *Pyrrhick* dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.

⁶ ——and 'twas I,
That the MAD *Brutus* ended;—]

Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous de-

bauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. WARB.

⁷ ——he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,—] I know not whether the meaning is, that *Cæsar* only acted as lieutenant at *Philippi*, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the Generals to *Antony*.

Iras.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me ; oh !

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and ^s 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 whether hast thou led me, *Ægypt* ? see,
⁹ How I convey my shame out of thine eyes ;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord ;
Forgive my fearful fails ; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ¹ ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

⁸ —death will seize her, but How, by looking another way,
*Your comfort, &c.] But has I withdraw my ignominy from
here, as once before in this play, your sight.*

⁹ *How I convey my shame—] —ty'd by th' string,] That
is, by the heart string.*

Ant.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me. —

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with
others.*

Cæs. **L**ET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

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

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee fues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth:
A private man in *Atbens*. This for him.

Next,

Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
² The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands:

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*; promise, [*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, when she requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I go.—

Cæs. Observe, ³ how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

² *The circle of the Ptolemies—*
The diadem; the ensign of roy-
alty.

³ ——— how *Antony* becomes
his flaw;] That is, how
Antony conforms himself to this
breach of his fortune.

S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion, and Iras.*

Cleo. **W**HAT shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. ⁴ Think, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several ranges Frighted each other? why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nickt his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, ⁵ he being The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

⁴ *Think, and die.*] Read,
Drink, and die.

This reply of *Enobarbus* seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*, they instituted a society of friends who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, excess and riot, in which they had lived before. HANMER.

This reading offered by Sir T. Hanmer, is received by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton, but I have not advanced it into the page,

not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die*; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world*, is a natural answer.

⁵ ———be being

The meered question.—] The *meered question* is a term which I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except,

The mooted question.—

That is, the *disputed point*, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.

Enter

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should
note

Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay ^o his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit Antony.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sworder.—I see, mens 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.

^o —his gay comparisons apart, comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but
And answer me declin'd,—] I require of *Cæsar* not to depend to answer me man to man, in this
on that superiority which the decline of my age or power.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women! ———

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends. Say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has,
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

7 *The loyalty, well held to
fools, &c.*] After *Enobarbus*
has said, that his honesty and he
begin to quarrel, he immediately
falls into this generous reflection;
“Tho' loyalty, stubbornly
preserv'd to a master in his
declin'd fortunes, seems folly
in the eyes of fools; yet he,
who can be so obitimately loy-
al, will make as great a figure
on record, as the conqueror.”
I therefore read,

Though loyalty, well held, to
fools does make
Our faith meer folly——

THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old 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.

Thyr.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, ⁸ *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on.——Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh! [*Aside*]

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that,
I will ask *Antony*——Sir, Sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* Enobarbus.]

Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? For he partly begs,
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.

But it would warm his spirits, to hear from me
You had left *Antony*, and put yourself
Under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name!

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. ⁹ Most kind messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation

I kiss

⁸ ——*Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case
thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.] i. e.
Cæsar intreats, that at the same
time you consider your desperate
fortunes, you would consider he is

Cæsar: That is, generous and
forgiving, able and willing to
restore them. WARB.

⁹ Most kind messenger;
Say to great *Cæsar* this in DIS-
PUTATION.

I kiss his conqu'ring hand;—]

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I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
' Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of *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. ² Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar's* father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

S C E N E X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.—

[*Seeing Thyreus kiss her hand:*

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite!—Now, Gods
and Devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd,
hoa!

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.

¹ *Tell him that from his all-*

obeying breath, &c.] *Doom*

is declared rather by an *all-com-*
manding, than an *all-obeying*
breath. I suppose we ought to
read,

—*all obeyed breath.*

² —*Give me grace—*] Grant
me the favour,

Like

³ Like boys into a muffs, Kings would start forth,
And cry, *your will?* Have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip
him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! ———

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest Tributa-
ries

That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the hand of *She* here, (what's her
name,

Since she was *Cleopatra?*)—Whip him, fellows
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. *Mark Antony* ———

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar's* shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted, ere I knew you; ha!

Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

⁴ By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord, ———

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't! the wise Gods feel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

³ Like boys unto a muffs,—] *i. e.*
a scramble.

⁴ By one that looks on feeders?]
POPE. One that waits at the table while
others are eating.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts;—O that I were
Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence-
forth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: For he seems

^s *The horned herd,*—] Is it not so often with this low jest, which without pity and indignation that is too much a favourite to be left the reader of this great Poet meets out of either mirth or fury.

Proud

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry ;
 And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, ⁶ to quit me. Urge it thou.
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
 And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.—

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me !

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heav'n ingender hail,
 And poison't in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck ; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! the next *Cæsario* smite !
 'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
 ' By the discarding of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I'm satisfied :

Cæsar sits down in *Alexandria*, where

⁶ —to quit me.—] To repay very faithfully fall'n into it. The old *folios* read, *discandering* :

⁷ *By the discarding of this pelleted storm.*] This reading we owe first, I presume, to *Thi-lby* and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, ⁸ and float, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
 lady?

If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when my hours
⁹ Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;

Lord.

I had thought t' have held it poor: But since my
 Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to night I'll
 force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 Queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me; for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be fu-
 rious,

⁸ —and float,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,
 —and fleet,—

⁹ *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*.

Is to be frighted out of fear ; and, in that mood,
 The dove will peck the estridge ; and, I see still,
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
 Some way to leave him.

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

Cæsar's Camp.

[*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their army. Cæsar reading a Letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger
 He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
 ' He hath many other ways to die : mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

' 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 poinancy, and the very repartee of *Cæ-*

far. Let's hear *Plutarch*. After this, *Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.*

UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. *Upton's* book appeared, been made by Sir. *T. Hanmer*.

Even

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction: never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight. Within our files there are
 Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
 And feast the army; we have store to do't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!*
 [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion,
 Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius*.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "³ take all."

Ant. Well said. Come on.

Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

² *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of.

³ ————*take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death.

Enter

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast Thou;
And Thou; and Thou; and Thou. You've serv'd
me well,

And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis ⁴ one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you shall not see me more; ⁵ or if,
A mangled shadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:

⁴ —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. Hanner changes it to *freaks*,

and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*.

⁵ ———or if,

A mangled shadow.—] Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.

Tend

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods shield you for 't?

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep.
And I, an afs, am ⁶ onion-ey'd. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sence;
I spake t' you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than ⁷ death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Court of Guard before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. **B**Rother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 Sold. It will determine one way. Fare
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to
you.

1 Sold. Well, Sir, good night.

[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you. Good-night, good-night.

[They place themselves on every corner of the stage.]

⁶ — onion-ey'd.—] I have ⁷ — death and honour.—] That
my eyes as full of tears as if they is, an honourable death.
had been fretted by onions.

UPTON.

2 Sold.

2 Sold. Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i' th' air. ———

3 Sold. Under the earth. ———

It signes well, does it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? [Speak together.]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content. 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmion and others.

Ant. **E**ROS, mine armour, *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. *Eros*, come. Mine armour,

Eros.

Enter

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put ^s thine iron on :
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. ⁹ Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for ? ah, let be, let be ; thou art
The armourer of my heart ;—false, false ; this, this ;—

Cleo. Sooth-la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

[*Cleopatra puts the armour on Antony.*

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now ;
Seest thou, my good fellow ? Go, put on thy defences.

Eno. ¹ Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, *Eros* ; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Despatch. O love !
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew't
The royal occupation ; thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome ;
Thou look'st like him, that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,

Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

^s —thine iron—] I think it
should be rather,

—mine iron—

⁹ *Nay, I'll help too.*] These
three little speeches, which in the

other editions are only one, and
given to *Cleopatra*, were happily
disentangled by Sir T. Hanmer.

¹ *Briefly, Sir.*] That is, quick-
ly, Sir.

Enter

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, General!

All. Good-morrow, General!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so.—Come, give me that—This way—Well said.

Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me.

This is a foldier's kifs : rebukeable, [Kisses her.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanick compliment : I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,

Follow me close, I'll bring you to 't. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, *Antony*,—But now.—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Antony*, and *Eros*; a *Soldier* meeting them.

Sold. **T**HE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony*!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

² *Eros.* *The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!* 'Tis evident, as *Dr. Thirlby* likewise conjectur'd, by what *Antony* immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to *Eros*, but to the *Soldier*, who, before the battle of *Actium*, advis'd *Antony* to try his fate at land. THEOB.

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Eros, Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar's* camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after; do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle adieus, and greetings.
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! ³ Dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth; *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
⁴ Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr.

³ —*Dispatch, my Eros.*] The old edition reads,

——*Dispatch Enobarbus.*
Perhaps, it should be,

—*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!*

⁴ *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment *Shakespeare* draws the

Ag. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near.

Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge *Agrippa*,

Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
 That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
 Affairs of *Antony*; there did ⁶ persuade
 Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
 And leave his master *Antony*; for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
 His bounty over-plus. The messenger

the character of *Octavius*. *Antony* was his Hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidst these difficulties *Shakespeare* has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great

strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *Shall bear the olive freely.*]
i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

WARBURTON.

⁶ ————*persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*.

I tell you true. Best, you fared the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [*Exit*.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am so most. O *Antony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! ⁷This blows my
heart;

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do 't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit*.

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. **R**etire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Caesar himself has work, ⁸ and our oppres-
sion

⁷—*This blows my heart;*] All the later editions have,

— *This bows my heart;*
I have given the original word a-
gain the place from which I think
it unjustly excluded. *This genero-*
sity, says *Enobarbus*, swells my

heart, so that it will quickly
break, *if thought break it not, a*
swifter mean.

⁸—*and our oppression*] *Op-*
pression, for *opposition.* *WARB.*
Sir T. Hanmer has received *op-*
position. Perhaps rightly.

Exceeds.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 211

Exceeds what we expected.

[Exit.

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed; Had we done so at first, we had droven them home With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'Tis sport to maul her runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; ' run one before, And let the Queen know of our Guests. To-morrow, Before

9. ——— run one before, And let the Queen know of our Guests; —] What Guests was the Queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet

said a word of marching to Alexandria, and treating his officers in the Palace. We must read, And let the Queen know of our Guests.

i. e. res gestæ; our feats, our glorious

Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shewn all *Hectors*.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
 [To Scarus.]

Enter Cleopatra.

' To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords!

Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale!

We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though
 gray
 Do something mingle with our younger brown,
 Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
 And ² can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this
 man,

glorious actions. A term then in
 common use. *WARBURTON.*

This passage needs neither cor-
 rection nor explanation. *Antony*
 after his success intends to bring
 his officers to sup with *Cleopatra*,
 and orders notice to be given her
 of their *quests*.

¹ *To this great fairy—*] *Mr.*
Upton has well observed, that

fairy, which *Dr. Warburton* and
Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Incub-*
trics, comprises the idea of power
 and beauty.

² —get goal for goal of youth.--]
 At all plays of barriers, the
 boundary is called a *goal*; to *win*
 a *goal*, is to be superiour in a
 contest of activity.

Commend

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car:——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
³ Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carowfes to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together.
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Sent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
I We must return to th' Court of Guard; the
night

Is shiny, and, they say, she shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

¹ *Watch.* This last day was a shrewd one to 's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

² *Watch.* What man is this?

³ *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them*] i. e. *hack'd targets* with spirit and ex-
altation, such as become the
hackt as much as the men are, brave warriors that own them.
WARB.

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1 *Watch.* 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.

Sent. *Enobarbus*?

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign Mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. 4 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 mauler-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [Dies.

1 *Watch.* Let's speak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cesar*.

2 *Watch.* Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Sent. The hand of death has raught him.

[Drums afar off.

5 Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.

4 — [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.

5 Hark, how the drums demurely—] Demurely, for solemnly. WARBURTON.

Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. THEIR preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is giv'n;

⁶ They have put forth the haven.

⁷ Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. ⁸ But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,

⁶ *They have put forth the haven.* Further on,] These words, *further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first.

⁷ *Where their appointment we may best discover,*

And look on their endeavour.] *i. e.* where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARBURTON.

⁸ *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*

Which, as I take't, we shall; *i. e.* unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which as I take't we shall not. WARBURTON.

And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.
 [Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd.
 Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,
 I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built
 In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The Augurs
 Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's lost! this foul *Ægyptian* hath be-
 tray'd me!
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. O Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou
 Hast fold me to this Novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:

o —Triple-turn'd whore! —]
 She was first for *Antony*, then was
 supposed by him to have turned
 to *Cæsar*, when he found his mes-
 senger kissing her hand, then she
 turned again to *Antony*, and now
 has turned to *Cæsar*. Shall I men-
 tion what has dropped into my

imagination, that our author
 might perhaps have written *triple-*
tongued? *Double-tongued* is a
 common term of reproach, which
 rage might improve to *triple-*
tongued. But the present reading
 may stand.

For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone,
 Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
 Do we shake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
¹ That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cæsar* : and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt* ! ² this grave Charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home,
 Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right Gipsy, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me ³ to the very heart of loss.
 What, *Eros*, *Eros* !

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.——

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love!

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians* ;

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 *panter'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the suppression, and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough,

That paged me at heels,—
 in the second edition retracts his

alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a pannel of waincot.

² —*this grave charm,*] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this grave Charm*, which the first, the only original copy, exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay Charm*. By *this grave Charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty.*

³ —*to the very heart of loss.*] To the utmost loss possible.

Follow

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. ⁴ Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
⁵ 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.
⁶ Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
To the young *Roman* boy she had sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dies for 't. *Eros*, ho! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' monument,

⁴—*Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for
DOLTS;—*] As the allusion
here is to monsters carried about
in shews, it is plain, that the
words, *for poorest diminutives*,
must mean for the least piece of
money; we must therefore read

the next word,
for DOITS, i. e. farthings.
which shews what he means by
poorest diminutives. WARB.

⁵ *With her prepared nails.—*]
*i. e. with nails which she suffered
to grow for this purpose.* WARB.

⁶ *Let me lodge Lichas——*]
Sir T. Hanmer reads thus,

—*thy rage*

Led thee lodge *Lichas*—and—
Subdue thy worthiest self.—

This reading, harsh as it is,
Dr. Warburton has received, after
having rejected many better. The
meaning is, Let me do something
in my rage, becoming the suc-
cessor of *Hercules*.

Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the
horns o' th' moon,] This
image our poet seems to have
taken from *Seneca's Hercules*, who
says *Lichas* being launched into
the air, sprinkled the clouds with
his blood. *Sophocles*, on the same
occasion, talks at a much soberer
rate. WARBURTON.

There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument :

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony* ;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Mo-
nument. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Re-enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these signs,
They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, ev'n with a
thought
The Rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Ev'n such a body ; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Ægypt* ; and the Queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;
(Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost !) she, *Eros*, has

Pack'd

7 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves:

Enter Mardian;

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, faucy Eunuch, peace. She hath be-
tray'd me,
And she shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, *Antony!* most noble *Antony!*
Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she rendred life,
Thy name so buried in her,

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,

7 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*,
and false play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph—]
Shakespeare has here, as usual,
taken his metaphor from a low
trivial subject; but has enobled
it with much art, by so contriving
that the principal term in the
subject from whence the meta-
phor was taken, should belong to,
and suit the dignity of the sub-
ject to which the metaphor is

transferred: thereby providing at
once for the integrity of the fi-
gure, and the nobleness of the
thought. And this by the word
TRIUMPH, which either signifies
Octavius's conquests, or what we
now call, contractedly, the *trump*
at cards, then called the *triumph*
or the *triumphing sort*. WARB.

This explanation is very just,
the thought did not deserve so
good an annotation.

Does

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 221

Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [Exit Mardian,
Off, pluck off;—

Then seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
 8 The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
 Crack thy frail case!—apace, *Eros*, apace.
 No more a Soldier—Bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself.

You have been nobly borne.—From me a while—
 [Exit *Eros*.

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
 Weep for my pardon. So 't must be, for now
 All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
 Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour
 Mairs what it does, yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength; 9 seal then, and all is done.

Eros!—I come, my Queen.—*Eros*!—Stay for me,
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the Ghosts gaze;
Dido and her *Aeneas* shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
 I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods

8 *The battery from my heart.*—]
 I would read,

This battery from my heart.—

9 —seal then, and all is done.]

Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to—*sleep then.*— WARB.

I believe the reading is,

—seal then, and all is done.

To seal hawks, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be,

—since the torch is out,

Lie down and stray no further.

Now all labour

Mairs what it does,—seal then, and all is done.

Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet.

Detest

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back,
 With ships, made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
 " *I'm conqueror of myself.*" Thou art sworn, *Eros*;
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
 And horror, that on my command thou then
 Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come!
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the *Partbian* darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
 Thy master thus with ¹ pleacht arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel seat
 Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
² His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then

To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance.

¹ ——— pleacht arms,——]
 Arms folded in each other.

² His baseness that ensued!
 The poor conquer'd wretch that
 followed.

Wherein³ the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.—— [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,

My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis said, man,——and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then—— [Eros kills himself.]

Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of *Antony's* death.

[Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My Queen and *Eros*

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A Nobleness in Record, but I will be

A Bridegroom in my death, and run into 't

As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,

Thy Master dies thy Scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—

The Guard——ho!——oh, dispatch me.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:

O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fall'n.

³ ——the worship of the whole world——] The *worship*, is the dignity, the authority.

1 *Guard.*

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,

My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her Monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*. Call my Guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The
Guard, what, ho!

Come. Your Lord calls.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* 'bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe, woe are we, Sir! you may not live
to wear

All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
Fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it likely. Take me up.

I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends;
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras above.

Cleo. O H *Charmion*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your Monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. ⁴ O thou Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' th' world! O *Antony!*

Antony, Antony!

Help, *Charmion*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'erthrown *Antony*,
But *Antony's* hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
⁵ I here importune death a while, untill
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips,——

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear, my Lord, pardon, I dare not,

Left

⁴ O thou Sun,

BURN the great Sphere thou
mov'st in!—darkling stand

The varying shore o' th' world!]

—The varying shore o' th' world!

i. e. of the Earth, where light
and darkness make an incessant
variation. But then, if the Sun
should set on fire the whole
Sphere, in which he was supposed
to move, how could the Earth
stand darkling? On the contra-
ry it would be in perpetual light.
Therefore, if we will allow *Cleo-*
patra not to be quite mad, we
must believe she said,

TURN FROM th' great Sphere
i. e. forsake it, fly off from it:
and then indeed the consequence
would be, that the varying shore

would become invariably dark.

WARBURTON.

She desires the Sun to burn his
own orb, the vehicle of light,
and then the earth will be dark.

⁵ I here importune death——]
I sollicite death to delay; or, I
trouble death by keeping him
waiting.

I here importune death a while,
untill

Of many thousand kisses the poor
last

I lay upon thy lips.——Come
down.

Cleo. *I dare not,*
Dear, dear my Lord, your par-
don; that I dare not,

Left I be taken!——] What cu-
rious hobbling verification do we
encounter

Left I be taken. Not th' imperious shew
 Of the full fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
 Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
 And ^o still conclusion shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*.
 Help me, my women. We must draw thee up——
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. ⁷ Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs
 my Lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
 The strong'd-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little——
 Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
 [*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*]
 And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou hast liv'd.

encounter here in the last line but one? Besides, how inconsistently is the lady made to reply? *Antony* says, he only holds life, till he can give her one last kiss: and she cries, she dares not: What dares she not do? kiss *Antony*? But how should she? she was above lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outside of it. With a very slight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the bargain.

Now *Plutarch* says, that "*Antony* was 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.

⁶—*still conclusion,*—] Se-
 date determination; silent cool-
 ness of resolution.

⁷ *Here's sport, indeed!*—] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.*

⁸ Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O 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 false ⁹ huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour with your safety—oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more—— [Antony dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O see, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt——my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
¹ The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;

⁸ *Quicken with kissing.*] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*

⁹ *—huswife Fortune—*] This despicable line has occurred before.

¹ *The soldier's pole—*] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.

And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too; our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empress!

Char. ² Peace, Peace, *Iras.*

Cleo.

² The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a meer wo-*
man.——]

Cleopatra is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, *Charmion* says to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herself, and replies to these last words, *No, you are mistaken, I am a mere woman like yourself.* Thus stands this senseless dialogue. But *Shakespeare* never wrote it so: We must observe then, that the two women call her by her several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only men, but Gods too, had some names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Ægypt, Empress.* And now we come to the place in question: *Charmion*, when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flatter-

ing one!

Peace, peace, Isis;

for so it should be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by these titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddess *ISIS*. And now *Cleopatra's* answer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a mere woman;
and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid
that milks.

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself those flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the Poet has followed History exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonis*; who says, that *Cleopatra* assumed the habit and attributes of that Goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the

NEW *ISIS*. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τοῖς καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλήθος ἐξῆῤα, στολήν ἑτέραν ἱερῶν ἸΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ἸΣΙΣ ἰχθυόματις. WARBURTON.

Of this note it may be truly said,

Cleo. No more but in a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares!—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
 Patience is fottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
 What, what. Good cheer! Why, how now, *Charmion*?
 My noble girls?—ah, women, women; look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out—Good Sirs, take heart,
 We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]

said, that it at least deserves to be right, nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed.

Hammer had proposed another emendation, not injudiciously. He reads thus,

Iras. Royal Ægypt! *Empress!*

Cleo. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

No more but a mere woman, &c.
 That is, *no more an Empress, but a meer woman.*

It is somewhat unfortunate that the words, *meer woman*, which so much strengthen the opposition to either *Empress* or *his*, are not in the original edition, which stands thus,

No more but in a woman.

Meer woman was probably the arbitrary reading of *Rowe*. I sup-

pose however that we may justly change the ancient copy thus,

No more, but e'en a woman—
 which will well enough 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.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

³ Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mécænas, Gallus, and Train.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

⁴ *Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.]

³ Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who assisted him to infest the *Italian* coast. We no where learn, expressly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himself to *Octavius's* party. Notwithstanding the old *folios* concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have mark'd in the margin, MEC. so that, as Dr. *Thirlby* sagaciously conjectur'd, we must cashier *Menas*, and substitute *Mécænas* in his room. *Menas*, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferr'd by him. But then we are to consider, *Alexandria* was taken, and *Antony* kill'd

himself, Anno U. C. 723. *Menas* made the second revolt over to *Augustus*, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of *Belgrade* in *Pannonia*, five years before the death of *Antony*.

THEOBALD.

⁴ *Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.] I make no doubt, but it should be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine, he should presently depart, upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches, placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that *Dolabella* should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business.

THEOBALD.

Q 4

Enter

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life

To spend upon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh, *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. ⁵ The round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets, and citizens

Into their dens—The death of *Antony*

Is not a single doom, in that name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,

Not by a publick minister of justice,

Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword,

I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood.

⁵ — *The round world should have shook*

Lions into civil streets, &c.] I think here is a line lost, after which it is vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been

this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends :——
The Gods rebuke me, ⁶ but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most perfixt deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
⁷ Waged equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity ; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony*!
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle ; that our stars,
Unreconcilable, ⁸ should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season,

⁶ —but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings!] That is, May the Gods rebuke me,
if this be not tidings to make
Kings weep:

But, again, for if not.

⁷ Waged equal in him.] For

waged, the modern editions have
weigh'd.

⁸ —should have divided
Our equalness to this.—] That
is, should have made us, in our
equality of fortune, disagree to
a pitch like this, that one of us
must die.

Enter

Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Ægypt. ⁹ A poor Ægyptian yet; the Queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for ¹ her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along.—Where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius*? [*Exit Gallus.*

All. *Dolabella*!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,

⁹ 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*.

¹ —her life in *Rome*

Would be eternal in our triumph.] *Hammer* reads judiciously enough, but without necessity.

Would be eternal in our triumph.

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph at Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.*

How

How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings. Go with me, and see
 What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
 A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
 Not being fortune, he's but ² fortune's knave,
 A minister of her Will, ³ and it is great
 To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dung;
 The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar*'s.—

Enter

² ——— *Fortune's knave,*] The
servant of fortune.

³ ——— *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 descrip-
 tion is intelligible. But when it
 is said, that it sleeps and never pa-
 lates more the Dung, we find nei-
 ther sense nor propriety; which

is occasioned by the loss of a
 whole line between the third and
 fourth, and the corrupt reading
 of the last word in the fourth.
 We should read the passage thus,

————— *and it is great*
To do that thing that ends all
other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and
bolts up change;

[Lulls wearied nature to a sound
 repose]

(Which sleeps, and never palates
more the DUNG:)

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

That this line in hooks was the
 substance of that lost, is evident
 from its making sense of all the
 rest:

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæsar sends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom; if he please.
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer.

You're fall'n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over

rest: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose, (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar.* WARB.

I cannot perceive the loss of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator seems to have entangled his own ideas; his supposition that *suicide* is called *the beggar's nurse*, and *Cæsar's*, and his confession that the position is *intelligible*, shew, I think, a mind not intent upon the business before it. The diffi-

culty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's. Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which *Cæsar* and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.

On

On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqu'ror ⁴ 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 ⁵ fend him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] ⁶ You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.

*Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by
a Ladder, and enter at a Back-Window,
Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.*

Iras.

⁴ —that will pray in aid for
kindness,] *Praying in aid* is a
law term, used for a petition made
in a court of justice for the call-
ing in of help from another that
hath an interest in the cause in
question. *Oxford Editor.*

⁵ —send him
The Greatness he has got. —]
I allow him to be my conqueror;
I own his superiority with com-
plete submission.

⁶ *Char.* You see, how easily she
may be surpriz'd. Here
Charmion, who is so faithful as
to die with her mistress, by the
stupidity of the editors is made to
countenance and give directions
for her being surpriz'd by *Cæ-
sar's* messengers. But this blun-
der is for want of knowing, or
observing, the historical fact.
When *Cæsar* sent *Proculeius* to
the Queen, he sent *Gallus* after

him with new instructions: and
while one amused *Cleopatra* with
propositions from *Cæsar*, through
crannies of the monument; the
other scaled it by a ladder, en-
tered at a window backward, and
made *Cleopatra*, and those with
her, prisoners. I have reform'd
the passage therefore, (as, I am
persuaded, the author design'd
it;) from the authority of *Plu-
tarch*. *THEOBALD.*

This line in the first edition is
given not to *Charmion*, but to
Proculeius; and to him it certain-
ly belongs, though perhaps mis-
placed. I would put it at the
end of his foregoing speech,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

[*Aside to Gallus.*] You see, how
easily she may be surpriz'd.

Then while *Cleopatra* makes a
formal answer, *Gallus*, upon the
hint given, seizes her, and *Pro-
culeius*,

238 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

The Monument is open'd; Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold;

Do not yourself such wrong, ' who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
' languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
' Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
' If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll

Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer,

———*your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.*

Cries out,

Guard her, 'till Cæsar comes.

' ———*who are in this*

RELIEV'D, but not betray'd.] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakespeare* used the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, and not betray'd. But that he used another word the reply shews, *What, of death too:* which will not agree with *reliev'd*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, but not betray'd.

i. e. bereav'd of death, or of the means of destroying yourself, but

not betray'd to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before bereav'd of *Antony*. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARB.

I do not think the emendation necessary, since the sense is not made better by it, and the abruptness of *Cleopatra's* answer is more forcible in the old reading.

' For *languish*, I think we may read *anguish*.

' *Worth many babes and beggars.*] Why death wilt thou not rather seize a Queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars.

' *If idle TALK will once be necessary,*] This nonsense should

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varletry
 Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
 Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in *Cæsar*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,
 And he hath sent for thee; as for the Queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella,*

It shall content me best. Be gentle to her.
 To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,

[*To Cleopatra.*

should be reform'd thus,

If idle TIME will once be necessary.

i. e. if repose be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

WARBURTON.

I do not see that the nonsense is made sense by the change. Sir
T. Hanmer reads,

If idle talk will once be necessary;

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an easy explanation. That is, *I will not eat, and if it will be 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.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculeius.]

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'rour *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein stuck
² A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O o' th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature;——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling thunder. ³ For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't: An Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights

Were

² *A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted*

The little o' th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature!] What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore,

The little O o' th' Earth.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our

poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOB.

³ —— For his bounty,

There was no winter in't: an Antony it was,

That grew the more by reaping.]

There was certainly a contrast, both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite

Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the Gods.
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming; Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with Fancy, + yet t' imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Piece 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol.

exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

—For his bounty,

There was no Winter in't: an Autumn 'twas,

That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book.

THEOBALD.

+ —yet t' imagine

An Antony were Nature's PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.] This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing become unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. *Shakespeare* wrote,

—yet t' imagine

An Antony, were Nature's PRIZE 'gainst Fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

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The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out: [Nature wants matter to vie strange forms with Fancy.] But though this be true in general, that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than fancy, yet it must be owned, that when nature presents an Antony to us, she then gets the better of fancy, and makes even the imagination appear poor and narrow: Or, in our author's phrase, [condemns shadows quite.] The word PRIZE, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between nature and imagination about the larger extent of their powers; and nature gaining the PRIZE by producing Antony.*

WARB.

In this passage I cannot discover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is

R

a term

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great: and you bear it,
As answ'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable——

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will. I know 't:

All. Make way there——*Cæsar.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, 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' th' world,

a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their piece, and the piece done by Nature had the preference. *Antony* was in reality past the size of dreaming; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep.

I cannot

5 I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which tow'rds you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.——

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of; 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Sel.

5 I cannot project mine own
cause so well] *Project* signi-
fies to invent a cause, not to
plead it; which is the sense here
required. It is plain then we
should read,

I cannot PROCTER my own
cause so well.

The technical term, to plead by
an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

I cannot parget my own cause—
meaning, I cannot whitewash,
warnish, or gloss my cause. I
believe the present reading to be
right. To project a cause, is to

represent a cause; to project it well,
is to plan or contrive a scheme of
defence.

6 ———'tis exactly valued.

Not petty things admitted.—]
Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra*
gives in a list of her wealth, says,
'tis exactly valued, but that petty
things are not admitted in this
list: and then she appeals to her
treasurer, that she has reserv'd
nothing to herself. And when
he betrays her, she is reduced to
the shift of exclaiming against the
ingratitude of servants, and of
making apologies for having se-

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather ⁷ feel my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, *Cæsar*! Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, foul-less villain,
dog, [Striking him.

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
⁸ Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,

creted certain trifles. Who does
not see, that we ought to read,

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her
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 af-

terwards, that she is accused of
having reserved more than petty
things. Dr. *Warburton* and Sir
T. Hanmer follow *Theobald*.

⁷ —feel my lips,] Sew up my
mouth.

⁸ Parcel the sum—] The word
parcel, in this place, I suspect of
being wrong, but know not what
to substitute.

That

That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such Dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded
 By one that I have bred? The Gods! it smites me
 Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To Seleucus.]

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through th' ashes of my chance. Wert that a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the Greatest are mis-
 thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our names;
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

⁹ Through th' ashes of my
 chance.] Or fortune. The
 meaning is, Begone, or I shall
 exert that royal spirit which I
 had in my prosperity, in spite of
 the imbecillity of my present weak
 condition. This taught the Ox-
 ford Editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

¹ Be 't known, that we the
 Greatest are mishtought

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 unintel-
 ligible. The lines should be
 pointed thus,

Be 't known, that we, the
 Greatest, are mishtought

For things that others do. And

when we fall

*We answer. Others' merits, in
 our names*

Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. We monarchs, while in
 power, are accused and blamed for
 the misarrriages of our ministers;
 and when any misfortune hath sub-
 jected us to the power of our ene-
 mies, we are sure to be punished
 for these 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 soft-
 ens the word *merit* into *pity*.
 The reason of her making the
 reflexion was this: Her former
 conduct was liable to much cen-
 sure from *Octavius*, which she
 would hereby artfully insinuate
 was owing to her evil ministers.
 And as her present conduct, in
 concealing her treasures, appeared

Cæs. *Cleopatra,*

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of Conquest, still be 't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
² Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
Queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep,
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my Lord!

Cæs. Not so.———adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

to be her own act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery, might likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reasonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus,

——— *and when we fall,*
We pander others' merits with
our names;

And therefore to be pitied.

WARBURTON.

I do not think that either of the criticks, have reached the sense of the authour, which may be very commodiously explained thus;

We suffer at our highest state
of elevation in the thoughts of
mankind for that which others do,

and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure.

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

Be't known, that we at greatest, &c:

² *Make not your thoughts your prisons;——*] I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your
poison;———

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

S C E N E V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to myself.

But hark thee, *Charmion*. [*Whispers Charmion.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady. The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit Charmion.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen. I must attend on *Cæsar*. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*; saucy listors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and ³ scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune. The ⁴ quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* ⁵ boy my Greatness,
I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
⁶ Their most absurd intents. Now, *Charmion*.

Enter Charmion.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah, *Iras*, go—
Now, noble *Charmion*, we'll dispatch indeed—

³ ———scall'd rhimers] Sir
T. Hanmer reads,

—————scall'd rhimers.

Scall'd was a word of contempt,
implying poverty, disease, and
filth.

⁴ ———quick Comedians] The
gay inventive players.

⁵ ———boy my Greatness,] The
parts of women were acted on
the stage by boys. HANMER.

⁶ Their most absurd intents.—]
Why should *Cleopatra* call *Cæsar*'s
designs absurd? She could
not think his intent of carrying
her in triumph, such, with re-

gard to his own glory: and her
finding an expedient to disappoint
him, could not bring it under
that predicament. I much ra-
ther think, the Poet wrote;

Their most assur'd intents.—

i. e. the purposes, which they
make themselves most sure of ac-
complishing. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old read-
ing. The design certainly ap-
peared *absurd* enough to *Cleopatra*,
both as she thought it un-
reasonable in itself, and as she
knew it would fail.

And

And when thou'ft done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. Bring our Crown, and all.
Wherefore this noife? [*A noife within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highnefs' prefence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*]

May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty,
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: ⁷ now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]
Hast thou ⁸ the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him, but I would not be
the party should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or
never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ft thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very ho-
nest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman

⁷ ——— now the fleeting moon
[*No planet is of mine.*] Alluding
to the *Aegyptian* devotion paid to
the moon under the name of
Isis. *WARBURTON.*

⁸ —the pretty worm of *Nilus*—]
[*Worm* is the *Teutonick* word for
serpent: we have the *blind worm*
and *slow worm* still in our lan-
guage, and the *Norwegians* call an
enormous monster, seen some-
times in the Northern ocean, the
Sea-worm.]

should

should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm: ' but he, that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm ' will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think, I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' worm.

[*Exit.*]

' but he, that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do:'] Shakespeare's Clowns, are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all and half* change places. WARBURTON.
' will do his kind.'] The serpent will act according to his nature.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown; I
have

Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
T'excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmion*. *Iras*, long farewel.

[*Applying the asp.*

Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall? [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may
say,

The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——

If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
² He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

[*To the serpent.*

Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,

² *He'll make demand of her,—* ing me, and kiss her for giving
He will enquire of her concern- him intelligence.

That

That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* afs,
Unpolicid!

Char. Oh eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
³ O *Antony*!—Nay, I will take thee too.——

[*Applying another Asp to her arm.*

What should I stay——

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well.

Now, boast thee, Death; in thy possession lies
A lasſ unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! ⁴ Your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

¹ *Guard.* Where is the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

¹ *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Charmion applies the asp.*

Oh, come. Apace, dispatch. I partly feel thee.

¹ *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæsar*'s
beguil'd.

² *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*. Call
him.

³ O *Antony*! nay, I will take thee too.] As there has been hitherto no break in this verse, nor any marginal direction, *thee* necessarily must seem to refer to *Antony*. But *Cleopatra* is here designed to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clap'd

one to her breast. And the last speech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm. THEOP.

⁴ —— *Your Crown's awry;*]

This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,
—— *Your Crown's away.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 253

1 *Guard*. What work is here, *Charmion*? Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess Descended of so many royal Kings.
Ah, soldiers! — [Charmian dies.]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer; That, you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 *Guard*. Oh *Cæsar*!
This *Charmion* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*

In

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and ' something blown ;
The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspick's trail ; and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as th' aspick leaves
Upon the caves of *Nile*.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
And then to *Rome*. Come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

s — something blown ;] The
flesh is somewhat puffed or
swollen.

THIS Play keeps curiosity
always busy, and the passions al-
ways interested. The continual
hurry of the action, the variety of
incidents, and the quick succession
of one personage to another, call
the mind forward without inter-
mission from the first Act to the
last. But the power of delight-
ing is derived principally from
the frequent changes of the
scene ; for, except the feminine
arts, some of which are too low,
which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no

character is very strongly discrim-
inated. *Upton*, who did not
easily miss what he desired to
find, has discovered that the
language of *Antony* is, with great
skill and learning, made pompous
and superb, according to his real
practice. But I think his diction
not distinguishable from that of
others: the most tumid speech in
the Play is that which *Cæsar*
makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the prin-
cipal are described according to
history, are produced without
any art of connection or care of
disposition.

Dramatis Personæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman married to the Princess.*

Belarius, *a banish'd Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, *a Doctor.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*

Story taken from *Boccace's Decameron*, Day 2. Novel 9. little besides the names being historical.

Of this Play there is no edition before that of 1623. Folio.

POPE.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns : Our
bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers';
Still seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.*

¹ *You do not meet a man, but frowns; our BLOODS*

No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;

But seem, as does the King's.]

The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our Courtiers obey the heavens [God].* By which it appears, that the reading—*our bloods* is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change

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of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the outward not the inward change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore,

——our BROWS

No more obey the heavens, &c. Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

——But not a Courtier,

Altho' they wear their faces to the bent

S

Of

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married, hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.

She's wedded; ———

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
Queen,

That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing

*Of the King's look, but bath a
heart that is*

Glad at the thing they scoul at.

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon
this emendation, and reads,

———our looks

*No more obey the heart ev'n than
our courtiers;*

But by venturing too far, at a second
emendation, he has stript it
of all thought and sentiment.

WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult,
that commentators may differ
concerning it without animosity
or shame. Of the two emenda-
tions proposed, *Hanmer's* is the
more licentious; but he makes
the sense clear, and leaves the reader
an easy passage. *Dr. Warburton*
has corrected with more caution,
but less improvement: His

reasoning upon his own reading
is so obscure and perplexed, that
I suspect some injury of the press.

I am now to tell my opinion,
which is, that the lines stand as
they were originally written, and
that a paraphrase, such as the licentious
and abrupt expression of our
author too frequently require,
will make emendation unnecessary.
We do not meet a man but frowns;
our bloods—our countenances,
which, in popular speech, are
said to be regulated by the temper
of the blood,—*no more obey the
laws of heav'n,*—which direct us
to appear what we really are,—*than
our Courtiers;*—that is, than the
bloods of our Courtiers; but our
bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth
the King's.*

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
 I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
 And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think;
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within
 Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* ² I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : his father
 Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
 Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan* ;
 But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
 So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,

² I DO EXTEND *him, Sir,*
 within *himself*;

Crush him together, —] Thus the late editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the passage, and explained it in this manner, *I extend him within the lists and compass of his merit*: Which is just as proper as to say, *I go out with in doors*. To extend a thing within itself is the most insufferable nonsense: because the very etymology of the word shews, that it signifies the drawing out any thing BEYOND its *lists and compass*. Besides, a common attention was sufficient to perceive that *Shakespeare* in this sentence, used *extend and crush together*, as the direct opposites to one another;

which, in this editor's sense, they are not; but only different degrees of the same thing. We should read and point the passage thus,

I DON'T EXTEND *him, Sir* :
 within *himself*

Crush him together —

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I crush him together.

WARBURTON.

I am not able to perceive that the old reading is *insufferable*. I extend him within himself: My praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. What is there in this which common language and common sense will not admit?

Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in 's spring became a harvest: ³ liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st; to th' more mature,
⁴ A glas that feared them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims, how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

³ — *l'v'd in Court,*

*Which rare it is to do, most
prais'd, most lov'd,]* This
encomium is high and artful. To
be at once in any great degree
loved and praised is truly rare.

⁴ *A glas, that featur'd them;]*

Such is the reading in all the
modern editions, I know not by
whom first substituted, for

A glas that feared them:—

I have displaced *featur'd*, though
it can plead long prescription,
because I am inclined to think
that *feared* has the better title.
Mirror was a favourite word
in that age, for an *example*, or
a *pattern*, by noting which the
manners were to be formed,

as dress is regulated by look-
ing in a glas. When Don *Bel-
liarus* is stiled the mirrour of
knighthood, the idea given is
not that of a glas in which every
knight may behold his own re-
semblance, but an example to be
viewed by knights as often as a
glas is looked upon by girls,
to be viewed, that they may
know, not what they are, but
what they ought to be. Such
a glas may *fear the more ma-
ture*, as displaying excellencies
which they have arrived at matu-
rity without attaining.

To *fear*, is here, as in other
places, to *fright*.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Ev'n out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is the sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it; the eldest of them at three years old,
I th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,

The Queen, and Princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my pris'ner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock'd up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

S 3

Post.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where the wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
⁵ Always reserv'd my holy duty, what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
⁶ Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*]

⁵ *Always reserv'd my holy duty,——*] I say I do not
fear my father, in far as I may
say it without breach of duty.

Shakespeare, even in this poor
conceit, has confounded the ve-
getable *alls* used in ink, with
the animal *gall*, supposed to be
bitter.

⁶ *Though ink be made of gall.*]

To

To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends
Pays dear for my offences

[Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow.—Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little——

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's ; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how, another!

You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.

While sense can keep thee on! and Sweetest, Fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!

When shall we see again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!——

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence! from my
fight!

If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!

S 4

Thou'rt

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [Exit,

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
7 A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your Vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; 8 a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
Queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid 9 a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made
my Throne
A seat for Baseness.

7 *A year's age on me.*] Dr.
Warburton reads,

A yare age on me.

It seems to me, even from *Skinner*, whom he cites, that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. Nor is the authority of *Skinner* sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. *Hammer's* reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy,

—*Thou beapest many*

A year's age on me.

I read,

——*Thou heap'st*

Years, ages on me.

8 ———*a touch more rare*

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is used often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any passage in which it stands for *eminently bad*. May we read,

——*a touch more rear.*

Cura Deam propior luctusque domesticus angit. OVID.
Shall we try again,

——*a touch more rear.*

Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example.

There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean, *a nobler passion.*

9 —*a puttock,*] A kite.

Imo,

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Posthumus*;
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! Would I
were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish Thing.
They were again together, you have done

Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up. [To the Queen.]

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[Exit.]

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fy, you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? What news?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,

And

And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his
part.

—To draw upon an exile! O brave Sir!—

I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in, there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith: Not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if
he [*Aside:*

he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side the town. [*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!——

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, ¹ her beauty and her brain go not together. ² She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

¹ *her beauty and her brain, &c.*] I believe the Lord means to speak a sentence. *Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.*

² *She's a good Sign.*] If *sign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *constellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the answer, that

he wrote *shine*. So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their shine.

WARBURTON.

There is acuteness enough in this note, yet I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. **I** Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o' th'
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spak' with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; ⁴ for so long

³ ———'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.—] i. e.

Should one of his letters miscarry,
the loss would be as great as that
of offer'd mercy. But the Oxford
Editor amends it thus,

—————'twere a paper lost,

With offer'd mercy in it.

WARBURTON.

⁴ ——— for so long

*As he could make me with his
eye, or ear,*

Distinguish him from others.—]

But how could *Posthumus* make
himself distinguish'd by his ear to
Pisanio? By his tongue he might,
to the other's ear: and this was

certainly *Shakespeare's* intention.

We must therefore read,

*As he could make me with this
eye, or ear,*

Distinguish him from others.

The expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as
the Greeks term it: the party
speaking points to that part
spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus,

————— for so long

*As he could mark me with his
eye, or I*

Distinguish—————

The reason of *Hanmer's* read-
ing was, that *Pisanio* describes no
address made to the ear.

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and starts of 's mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
 'em, but

To look upon him; ⁵ 'till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pisano*,
 When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
 With his ⁶ next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him
 swear,

The She's of *Italy* should not betray

⁵ ——— 'till the diminution
 OF SPACE had pointed him
 sharp as my needle;] But the
 increase of distance is the aug-
 mentation, not the *diminution* of
 space between the object and the
 beholder: which augmentation
 occasions the diminution of the
 object. We should read there-
 fore,

———— 'till the diminution

OF 'S SPACE ———

i. e. of his space, or of that space
 which his body occupied; and
 this is the *diminution* of the object
 by the augmentation of space.

WARBURTON.

*The diminution of space, is the
 diminution, of which space is the
 cause. Trees are killed by a
 blast of lightning, that is, by
 blasting, not blasted lightning.*

⁶ ——— next vantage.] Next
 opportunity.

Mine

Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T' encounter me with Orisons; for then
 I am in heaven for him; ⁷ or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, ⁸ comes in my Father;
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

⁷ ——— or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which
 I had set

Between two charming words.]
 There is an inexpressible prettiness in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem set between two others of a different kind. But what were these two *charming words*, between which the *kiss* was set? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we consider *Shakespeare* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are used to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the passage will be lost. Without question by these *two charming words* she would be understood to mean,

ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one *Religion* made so: and the other, *Love*. WARB.

Edwards has justly remarked, that the word of religion here mentioned is seldom used with any religion, and often where no religious idea can be admitted.

⁸ ——— comes in my Father;

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed

this image of the *North wind* shaking the tender buds, to express her father's rage at the discovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have said,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

because by banishing *Posthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance; which were things of duration; and in this case the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing passed, the discovery had been made, and his banishment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Posthumus* was taking his last farewell of her; and while they were going to interchange some tender words to one another, which was a pleasure, had it not been interrupted, but of a short and momentary duration. In this case then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees*, but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if so, the present reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we must conclude that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I suppose that his

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. BELIEVE it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then of a crescent Note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which ⁹ makes him both without and within.

his using the word *blowing* here, was the reason why in the foregoing line he says, BREATHING of the North, instead of blowing of the North; (tho' *breathing* be not very proper to express the rage and bluster of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been used in two different senses, would have had an ill effect.

WARB.

So many words to prove so

little! A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers must be meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits.

⁹ makes him] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you.

French.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own, ' words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce ² under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her Judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let me be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than storry him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

⁸ words him—a great deal from the truth.
the matter.] Makes the de-
scription of him very distant from

² under her colours,] Under her banner; by her influence.

French.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight, and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; ³ rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, if I offend not to say, it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in publick, ⁴ which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I

³ rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, &c.] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

⁴ which may, without contradiction.] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told.

would abate her nothing; ⁵ tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britain*. ⁶ If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you.—

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoll'n too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a

⁵ *tho' I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

⁶ *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could NOT believe she excelled many;*] What? if she did really

excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense, We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, *I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho' I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.*

WARBURTON.

Courtier ⁷ to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.—

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation, and to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal ⁸ abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and, I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' ⁹ approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your

⁷ to convince the honour of my mistress;] Convince, for overcome. WARBURTON.

So in *Macbeth*,

—their malady convinces
The great essay of art.
⁸ abus'd] Deceived.
⁹ approbation] Proof.

ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. ² If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave

¹ *Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser;] I correct it,

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What *Iachimo* says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.

But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

Friend will bear a proper sense. You are a friend to the Lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your re-

ligious fidelity.

² *Iach.* —If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

Post. I embrace these conditions, &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Posthumus* embraces them: as well he

leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation; for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate; if she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant. We will have these things sent down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britain*; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *Posthumus* and *Iachimo*.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt.]

he might; for *Iachimo* mentions only that of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Posthumus*, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus, *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are MINE; so is your dia-*

mond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.

WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that *Shakespeare* intended that *Iachimo*, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter *Posthumus*, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Phial.

Queen. **W**HILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste—Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam.

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in

³ Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

³ *Other conclusions?—] Other ton, an angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art.*

Cor.

Cor. ⁴ Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pifanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him [Aside.
Will I first work; he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, *Pifanio*?
—Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam; [Aside.
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [To *Pifanio*.

Cor. [*Solus*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,

⁴ *Your Highness;*

*Shall from this practice but
make hard your heart;]*

There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our authour lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without

shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

*Cape saxa manu, cape robora,
pastor.*

⁵ *I do not like her.—*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech, to tell himself what himself knows.

More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master, greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: ⁶ to shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing ⁷ that leans?

Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[*Pisanio takes up the Phial.*]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King

Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further Good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself:

Think, what a change thou chancest on; but think;—

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son;

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King

⁶ —to shift his being,] To ⁷ —that leans?] That
change his abode. inclines towards its fall.

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words—A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her Lord.—I've given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
* Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated

* *Of leigers for her sweet;—*] resides at a foreign court, to promote his master's interest.

Vexations of it—Had I been thief-stoll'n,
 As my two brothers, happy! ° but most miserable
 Is the desire, that's glorious. † Bles'd be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
 The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 And greets your Highness dearly. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*]

° —but most miserable

Is the desire, that's glorious.—]
 Her husband, she says, proves
 her supreme grief. She had been
 happy had she been stoln as her
 brothers were, but now she is mi-
 serable, as all those are who have
 a sense of worth and honour su-
 perior to the vulgar, which occa-
 sions them infinite vexations from
 the envious and worthless part of
 mankind. Had she not so refined
 a taste as to be content only with
 the superior merit of *Posthumus*,
 but could have taken up with
Cloten, she might have escaped
 these persecutions. This elegance
 of taste, which always discovers
 an excellence and chuses it, she
 calls with great sublimity of ex-
 pression, *The desire that's glorious*;
 which the *Oxford Editor* not un-
 derstanding alters to, *The degree*
that's glorious. WARE.

† —Bles'd be those,

How mean soe'er, that have
their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort.—] The
 last words are equivocal; but the
 meaning is this. Who are be-
 holden only to the seasons for
 their support and nourishments;
 so that, if those be kindly, such
 have no more to care for or de-
 sire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with
 any meaning that can be extorted
 from the present text, rather than
 change it, yet will propose, but
 with great diffidence, a slight al-
 teration:

—Bles'd be those,

How mean soe'er, that have
their honest wills,

With reason's comfort.—]
 Who gratify their innocent wish-
 es with reasonable enjoyments:

She

She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
 Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight,
 Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
 most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
 value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
 But ev'n the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.
 —You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
 Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady.

—What! are men mad? hath nature given them
 eyes

[*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, ² and the rich cope
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, ³ and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition

² —and the rich COPE
 Of sea and land, —] He is
 here speaking of the covering of
 sea and land, *Shakespeare* there-
 fore wrote,

—and the rich COPE.

WARBURTON.

³ —and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach?—]
 I have no idea, in what sense the
 beach, or shore, should be called
 number'd. I have ventured, against
 all the copies, to substitute,

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?—
i. e. the infinite extensive beach,
 if we are to understand the epi-
 thet as coupled to that word.

But, I rather think, the poet in-
 tended an *hypallage*, like that in
 the beginning of *OVID's* *Meta-*
morphoses;

(*In nova fert animus mutatas
 dicere formas*

Corpora.)

And then we are to understand
 the passage thus; and the infinite
 number of twinn'd stones upon the
 beach.

THEOBALD.

Upon th' UNNUMBER'D beach?]
 Sense and the antithesis obliges us
 to read this nonsense thus,

Upon the HUMBL'D beach?—
i. e. because daily insulted with
 the flow of the tide.

WARB,
 I know

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' th' judgment;
For Ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slut'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
* Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub, both fill'd and running; ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What,

Dear Sir, thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beseech you, Sir,
[To Pisanio.

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
⁵ He's strange, and peevish.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones*, I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd*, we might read, *twinn'd*; that is, *twisted, convolved*: But this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones.

* *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing.

WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. *Iachimo*, in this

counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of *Imogen*, comparing her with the present mistress of *Posthumus*, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approach'd *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allur'd to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfeed, it had nothing to eject.

⁵ *He's strange and peevish.*] He's a foreigner, and easily fretted.

Pis.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home, he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
Your Lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries
Oh!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,

Will 's free hours languish for assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach.

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting, things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or ⁶ timely knowing,
The remedy's then born; discover to me
⁷ What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; ⁸ join gripes with hands

⁶ ——timely knowing,] Rather timely known.

⁷ What both you spur and stop.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it.

⁸ ——join gripes with hand, &c.] The old edition reads,

——join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood,
(falshood as

With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read,

——then lye peeping——

The authour of the present regulation of the text I do not know, but have suffered it to stand, tho' not right. *Hard with falshood*, is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour;
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
 Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of this change; but 'tis your graces,
 That from my muteest conscience to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st King double! to be partner'd
 With tomboys, ⁹ hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield!—with diseas'd ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature! such boy'd stuff,
 As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
 How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets?
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
 In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it!
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;

⁹ —hir'd with that self-exhibition] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the very pension which you allow your husband.

And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio!* ——

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!* ——
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court, to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men, like a descended God;

¹ *As in a Romish stew, ——*] is one of many instances in which
The stews of Rome are deservedly censured by the reformed. This *Shakespeare* has mingled the manners of distant ages in this play.

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
 Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir. Take my pow'r i' th' court
 for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
 Best feather of our wing, have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the Emperor:
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
 My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must a-board to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
 By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,

I crost the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall besech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

C L O T E N.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit
away! I had an hundred pound on't. And then a
whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing,
as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord.

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? would, he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool.— [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* It is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus's* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *No, my Lord, &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus: *lusion* is to a fool's cap, which had a *comb* like a cock's.

1 *Lord. No, my Lord.* [every companion,] The use

2 *Lord. Nor crop the ears of* of *companion* was the same as of *them.* [Aside. *fellow* now. It was a word of

2 *with your comb on.*] The al- contempt.

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship. [*Exit Cloten.*]

That such a crafty devil, as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass!—a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce⁵ he'd make.—The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it,
a large trunk.*

Imogen is discovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. **W**HO's there? my woman *Helen*?
Lady. Please you, Madam——

⁵ —— he'd make.—] In the
old editions,

—he'd make.——

Hanmer.

—hell made——

In which he is followed by Dr.
Warburton.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,

I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, Gods;

From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me, 'beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: ⁶ our *Tarquin* thus

⁷ Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,

But kiss, one kiss—rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing, that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper

Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,

To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd

Under these windows: ⁸ white and azure! lac'd

With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—But my design's

To note the chamber—I will write all down,

Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such

Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—

⁶ —our *Tarquin*—] The *phœmera Britannica*.
speaker is an *Italian*.

⁷ *Did softly press the rushes,—*]

It was the custom in the time of our authour, to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de E-*

⁸ —white and azure, lac'd

WITH blue of heav'n's own tinct.—] We should read,

—white with azure lac'd,

THE blue of heav'n's own tinct.

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

Why, such and such—and the contents o' th' story—
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
 Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
 O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her ;
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet.

As slipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock ; and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end ?
 Why should I write this down, tha's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry ? She hath been reading, late,
 The tale of *Tereus* ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough :—
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night ! ' that
 dawning

9 ——— that dawning

May bear the raven's eye :—]
 Some copies read, *bare*, or make
 bare ; others, *ope*. But the true
 reading is *bear*, a term taken
 from heraldry, and very sublime-
 ly applied. The meaning is,
 that morning may assume the col-
 our of the raven's eye, which is
grey. Hence it is so commonly
 called the *grey-ey'd morning*. And
Romeo and Juliet.

I'll say yon grey is not the morn-
 ing's eye.

Had *Shakespeare* meant to *bare* or

open the eye, that is, to awake,
 he had instanced rather in the lark
 than raven, as the earliest riser.
 Besides, whether the morning
bared or *opened* the raven's eye
 was of no advantage to the
 speaker, but it was of much ad-
 vantage that it should *bear* it,
 that is, become light. Yet the
Oxford Editor judiciously alters it
 to,

May bare its raven-eye.

WARBURTON.

I have received *Hannier's*
 emendation.

May,

May bare its raven eye : I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three : time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk, the scene closes.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. **Y**OUR Lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up
ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship : you are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage. If I
could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold
enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would, this musick would come : I am ad-
vis'd to give her musick o' mornings ; they say, it will
penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on. Tune. If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too ; if none will
do, let her remain : but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good conceited thing ; after, a wonder-
ful sweet air with admirable rich words to it ; and then
let her consider.

U 4

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies:
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that 's pretty bin,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do no^t, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

¹ *His steeds to water at those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies:]
i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

Each *chalic'd* flower supplies:
 To escape a false concord. But
 correctness must not be obtained

by such licentious alterations.

It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*.

² — *pretty bin*] is very properly restored by *Hanmer*; for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads,

With all the things that pretty bin.

Clot.

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly sollicit; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow.

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sencer;
And towards himself, ³ his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our
Queen. [*Exeunt.*

³ —his goodness fore-spent fices done by him to us hereto-
on us.] i. e. the good of fore. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!

[Knocks.

I know, her women are about her. What,
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold,
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man.

What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave. ———

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylor's are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person. Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you; sell me your good re-
port.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The prince's ———

Enter

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—'faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: ⁴ one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot.

⁴ ——— one of your great wrote,

knowing
Should learn (*being TAUGHT*)
forbearance.] But sure, whoever
is taught, necessarily learns.
Learning is not the fit and rea-
sonable consequence of being
taught, but is the thing itself.
As it is superfluous in the expres-
sion, so (which is the common
condition of nonsense) it is defi-
cient in the sentiment. It is no
mark of a *knowing* person that he
has learnt *forbearance* simply.
For *forbearance* becomes a virtue,
or point of civil prudence, only
as it respects a forbidden object.
Shakespear, I am persuaded,

——— one of your great knowing
Should learn (*being TORT*) for-
bearance.

i. e. one of your wisdom should
learn (from a sense of your pur-
suing a forbidden object) *for-
bearance*; which gives us a good
and pertinent meaning in a cor-
rect expression. *Tort*, an old
French word, signifying the *being
in the wrong*, is much in use
amongst our old *English* writers,
which those who have not read
them, may collect, from its
being found in the *Etymologicon*
of the judicious *Skinner*. *WARE*.
Edwards has sufficiently sported
with

Clot. ⁵ To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.

I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
B. being ⁶ so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for

with the emendation. The plain sense is, That a man *who is taught forbearance should learn it.*

⁵ To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin;

I will n t.

Imo. Fools ARE not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:] But does she really call him fool? The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text stands. The reasoning is perplexed by a slight corruption; and we must restore it thus,

Fools CURE not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you o yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay? A fool

never cur'd madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this is easy and natural. And that cure was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately subjoins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both.

i. e. if you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness; so a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my suppos'd frenzy.

WARBURTON.

⁶ —so verbal:—] Is, so verbose, so full of talk.

The

7 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' th' court, it is no contract. none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 Yet who than he, more mean? to knit their souls
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, 8 in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' th' crown; and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
 A pantler; not so eminent. ———

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
 The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
 For being prefer'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer

7 *The contract, &c.*] Here *Shakespeare* has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of *Cloten* is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen.

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil na-

tions: As for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched.

8 —in SELF-FIGUR'D knot;] This is nonsense. We should read,

——SELF-FINGER'D knot;
i. e. a knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations. *WARBURTON,*

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourselves.

In

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. 'How now, *Pisanio!*

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angered worse—Go, bid my woman
Search for 'a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm——it was thy master's. 'Shrew

me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw 't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so. Go, and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me.
His meanest garment?——

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd.
His meanest garment?——well. [Exit.

9 Sir *T. Hanmer* regulates this
line thus;

——all made such men.

Clot. How now?

Imo. *Pisanio!*

1 —a jewel, that too casually
Hath left my arm—] i. e. too
many chances of losing it have
arisen from my carelessness.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. FEAR it not, Sir. I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish,
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now² mingled with their courages, will make known

² — mingled with their courages.—] The old folio has this odd reading:

— Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.

³ To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo*.——

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

³ To their approvers,—] *i. e.* to those who try them.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your loss your sport. I hope, you know, that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,——
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess,
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride.—A piece of work

So

⁴ And *Cydnus* swell'd above
the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride.]
This is an agreeable ridicule on
X
poetical

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More Particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himself writes in the foregoing play on this very subject.

————— *And made*
The water which they beat, to
follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes.

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to persuade him of his wife's falsehood. The very same kind of satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, where the false *Proteus* says to his friend, of his friend's mistress,

—*and she hath offer'd to the*
doom,

Which unrevers'd stands in ef-
fectual force,

A sea of melting pearl, which
 some call tears.

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal breaking out under a satire, by

which he would insinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. *WARBURTON.*

It is easy to sit down, and give our authour meanings which he never had. *Shakespeare* has no great right to censure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written first. The commentator has contented himself to suppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier composition. Nor is the reasoning better than the assertion. If the language of *Iachimo* be such as shews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his business was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language in such a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.

Iach.

Iach. The chimney

Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chast *Dian*, bathing; never saw I figures

⁵ So likely to report themselves; the cutter

⁶ Was as another nature dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,

Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber

With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. ⁷ This is her honour?

Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description

Of

⁵ *So likely to report themselves;*] So near to speech. The *Italians* call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

⁶ *Was as another nature, DUMB;—*] This nonsense should without question be read and pointed thus,

Has as another nature DONE;
out-went her,

Motion and breath left out.

i. e. has worked as exquisitely, nay has exceeded her if you will put motion and breath out of the question. WARBURTON.

This emendation I think needless. The meaning is this, The *Sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

⁷ ——— This is her honour:

Let it be granted you have seen
all this, &c.] *Iachimo* impu-

dently pretends to have carried his point; and in confirmation, is very minute in describing to the husband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bed-chamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a Princess's honour? It is an *apparatus* suitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been call'd her father's honour, that her allotments were proportion'd to her rank and quality. I am persuaded, the poet intended *Posthumus* should say; "This particular description, which you make, can't convince me that I have lost my wager: Your memory is good; and some of these things you may have learned from a third hand, or seen yourself; yet I expect proofs more direct and authentick." I think there is little question but

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wages you have laid.

Iach. Then, ⁸ if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!*

Once more let me behold it. Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that.
She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? Doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here take this
too: [*Gives the Ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. ⁹ The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;

we ought to restore the place as
I have done.

—What's this t' her honour?

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. *Iachimo* relates many particulars, to which *Posthumus* answers with impatience,

—This is her honour.

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour.

⁸ —if you can

Be pale,——] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

⁹ —The vows of women, &c.]

The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue.

It

It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her.

Post. Very true.

And so, I hope, he came by 't;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears:
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; ' I'm sure,
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable. They induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.

² The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus
dearly;

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;

This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

————— *I'm sure*

She could not lose it; her at-
tendants are

All honourable; they induc'd to
steal it!

And, by a stranger!—no,—]

The absurd conclusions of jea-
lousy are here admirably painted
and exposed. *Posthumus*, on
the credit of a bracelet, and an
oath of the party concerned,
judges against all appearances
from the intimate knowledge of
his wife's honour, that she was
false to his bed; and grounds
that judgment, at last, upon
much less appearances of the ho-

nour of her attendants. Now
common sense, from his belief of
the honour of his wife's attend-
ants, should either have made
him conclude in favour of hers;
or if he rejected the much strong-
er appearances of honour in her,
he should, at the same time, have
rejected those much weaker in
her attendants. But *Shakespeare*
knew at what distance *reason* and
love are wont to be, and has,
therefore, made them keep their
distance here. *WARBURTON:*

² *The cognizance—]* The
badge; the token; the visible
proof.

For further satisfying, under her breast,
³ Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
 I kist it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it:

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.
 Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:
 If you will swear you have not done't, you lye.
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'ft made me cuckold.

Iach. Ill deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
 meal!

I will go there, and do 't i' th' Court, before
 Her father——I'll do something—— [Exit,

Phil. Quite besides
 The government of patience! You have won;
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;

³ *Worthy the pressing,*—] Thus folio reads,
 the modern editions. The old *Worthy her pressing,*——

And

And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where,
 When I was stamp't. Some coyner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
 The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——that I thought
 her

As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
 This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was't not?——
 Or less—at first? Perchance, he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,
 Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
 It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.—For
 even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them;——yet 'tis greater skill,
 In a true hate, to pray, they have their Will;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another Caius Lucius and attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelen*, thine uncle,
 Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it, for him,
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is
 A world by 't self; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, Sir, my Lieg's,
 The Kings your ancestors: together with
 The nat'ral Brav'ry of your isle; which stands,
 As *Neptune's* Park, ribbed and paled in
 † With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;

† *With rocks unscalable,*—] old editions have,
 This reading is *Hanmer's*. The *With oaks unscalable,*—

With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of Con-
quest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
The first, that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
5 Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh, giglet fortune! to master *Cæsar's* sword,
Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid.
Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of
them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such strait
arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as *Cassibelan*; I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand. — Why, Tribute? Why should we pay
'Tribute? if *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a
blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay
him Tribute for light; else, Sir, no more Tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambi-
tion,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world, * against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,

5 Poor ignorant baubles,] Ig-
norant, for of no use. WARE.
Rather unacquainted with the

nature of our boisterous seas.
* ——— against all colour,—]
Without any pretence of right.

Becomes

Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry: *Mulmutius* made
 our laws,

Who was the first of *Britain* which did put
 His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*,
Cæsar, that hath more Kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestick Officers, thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then.—War and Confusion
 In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou 'rt welcome, *Caius*;
 Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce
 Behoves me ⁶ keep at utterance. ⁷ I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
 Which, not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day or two, or longer: If you seek us
 afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in our
 salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours;
 if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the
 better for you; and there's an end.

⁶ —keep at utterance.—] *i. e.* position.
 at extreme distance. *WARB.* ⁷ —I am perfect,] I am
 More properly, in a state of well informed.
 hostile defiance, and deadly op-

Luc. So, Sir.—

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse? *Leonatus!*

Oh master, what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear? ⁸ what false *Italian,*

As pois'nous-tongu'd, as banded, hath prevail'd

On thy too ready Hearing!—Disloyal? no,

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes

More Goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults

As would ⁹ take in some virtue. Oh, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows, which I

Have made to thy Command!—I, her!—her blood!

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable.—How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—The letter,*

[Reading.]

That I have sent her, by her own command

Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!

Art thou a foedarie for this act, and look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

⁸ ———what false Italian,

As pois'nous-tongu'd, as banded,]

About *Shakespeare's* time, the
practice of poisoning was very
common in *Italy*, and the suspi-

cion of *Italian* poisons yet more
common.

⁹ —take in some virtue.—]

To take in a town, is to conquer
it.

Enter

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisano*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*.

¹ Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open.—You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content:—yet not,
That we two are asunder;—let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
² For it doth physick love;—of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. ³ Blest be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* tables. Good news, Gods!

¹ *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer, &c.]* This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition.

WARBURTON.

² *For it doth physick love;—]* That is, grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour.

³ ——— *Blest be You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers, And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.*

Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.] Here seems to be some corruption. Opening the letter she gives a benediction to the bees, with whose wax it was sealed, then makes a reflection, the bees have no such grateful remembrance from men who have sealed bonds which put their liberty in danger, and are sent to prison if they forfeit; but wax is not made terrible to lovers, by its effect on debtors. I read therefore,

Though forfeitures them cast in prison, yet

We clasp young Cupid's tables. You and ym. are, in the old angular hand, much alike.

[*Read.*

[Reading.]

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me; as you, ob the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains ⁴ loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love;

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*? He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then, true *Pisanio*, Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st,— O let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'st— But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick; Love's counsellor should fill the bores of Hearing To th' smoth'ring of the Sense—how far it is To this same blessed *Milford*: and, by th' way, Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as T'inherit such a haven. But, first of all, How may we steal from hence? and for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence going 'Till our return, t'excuse—but first, how get hence? Why should excuse be born, or ere begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man, Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wagers,

⁴ loyal to his vow, and your to his vow and you; increasing in increasing in love;] I read, Loyal love.

Where

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 5 That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
 She'll home t' her father: and provide me, presently
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 7 A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. 7 I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

5 *That run i' th' clock's behalf.*—] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. *WARBURTON.*

6 *A Franklin's housewife.*] A *Franklin* is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

7 *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,*

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look thro'.—]

Where is the substantive, to which this relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as well as grammar, is defective. I have ventur'd to restore, against the authority of the printed copies,

— *but have a fog in ken,*

That I cannot look thro'.—

Imogen would say, "Don't talk of considering, man; I neither see present events, nor consequences; but am in a mist of fortune, and resolv'd

"to proceed on the project de-termin'd," *In ken*, means, in prospect, within sight, before my eyes. *THEOBALD.*

I see before me, man: nor here nor there,

Nor what ensues, BUT have a fog in them,

That I cannot look thro'.—]

Shakespeare says she can see before her, yet on which side soever she looks, there is a fog which she cannot see thro'. This nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of, *BUT have a fog*, for, *THAT have a fog*; and then all is plain. I see before me, (says she) for there is no fog on any side of me which I cannot see thro'. *Mr. Theobald* objects to *a fog in them*, and asks for the substantive to which the relative plural [THEM] relates. The substantive is *places*, implied in the words *here, there, and what ensues*: for not to know that *Shakespeare* perpetually takes these liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author.

So

SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus:

Bel. **A** Goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys!
this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
And keep⁸ their impious Turbants on, without
Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill.
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
? This service is not service, so being done,

So that there is no need for his
strange stuff of a *Fog in Ken*.

WARBURTON.

This passage may, in my opinion,
be very easily understood, with-
out any emendation. The lady
says, *I can see neither one way nor
other, before me nor behind me, but
all the ways are covered with an
impenetrable fog*. There are ob-
jections insuperable to all that I
can propose, and since reason can
give me no counsel, I will re-

solve at once to follow my incli-
nation.

⁸ —*their impious Turbants on,*
The idea of a *giant* was, among
the readers of romances, who
were almost all the readers of
those times, always confounded
with that of a *Saracen*.

⁹ *This service is not service,
&c.*] In war it is not sufficient to
do duty well; the advantage rises
not from the act, but the ac-
ceptance of the act.

But

But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see :
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check ;
 Richer, ¹ than doing nothing for a bauble ;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd. . No life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak ; we, poor,
 unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest ; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
 A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares
³ To stride a limit.

Arv. ³ What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark *December* ? how,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,

¹ ——— *than doing nothing for
 a bauble ;] i. e. vain titles
 of honour gained by an idle at-
 tendance at court. But the Ox-
 ford Editor reads, for a bribe.*

WARBURTON.

The *Oxford Editor* knew the
 reason of the alteration, though
 his censurer knew it not. The
 old edition reads,

*Richer, than doing nothing for
 a babe.*

Of *babe*, some corrector made
bauble ; and *Hammer* thought

himself equally authoris'd to
 make *bribe*. I think *babe* can-
 not be right.

² *To stride a limit.] To over-
 pass his bound.*

³ *What should we speak of,]*

This dread of an old age, unsup-
 plied with matter for discourse
 and meditation, is a sentiment
 natural and noble. No state can
 be more destitute than that of
 him who, when the delights of
 sense forsake him, has no plea-
 sures of the mind.

Like

Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat ;
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o' th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb,
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th'
 search,

And hath so oft a stand'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many time,
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,
 Must curt'sy at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With *Roman* swords ; and my Report was once
 First with the best of note ; *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theam, my name
 Was not far off ; then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit, but in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you
 oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was confed'rate with the *Romans* ; so,
 Follow'd my banishment ; and, these twenty years,
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
 This is not hunters' language; he, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater State.

I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are Sons to th' King;
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they're mine: and tho' train'd up thus
 meanly

4 I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit
 The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,

In

4 *I' th' Cave, &c.*] Mr. Pope reads,

Here in the Cave, wherein their thoughts do hit

The roof of Palaces; —

but the sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read,

I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit, &c.

Mr. Rowe saw this likewise was faulty; and therefore mended it thus:

I' th' Cave, where, on th' Bow their thoughts do hit, &c.

I think, it should be, only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another;

I' th' Cave, there, on the Brow, And so the grammar and syntax of the sentence is compleat. We call the arching of a cavern, or overhanging of a bill, metaphorically, the Brow; and in like manner the Greeks and Latins used ἰσθμὸς, and Supercilium. THEOB.

—tho' trained up thus meanly,

I' th' Cave, THERE ON THE

BROW,—] The old editions read, *I' th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which, tho' very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, which, when rightly pointed, is thus,

—tho' trained up thus meanly.

I' th' Cave WHEREIN THEY BOW—

i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. *Belarius* had spoken before of the lowness of this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep house with such

Whose roof's as low as ours:

see, boys! this gate

Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you

To morning's holy offi. e. WARB.

Hanner reads,

I' th' Cave, here in this brow.

I think the reading is this,

I' th'

In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
 The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The King his father call'd *Guiderius*, *Jove!*
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say, "thus mine enemy fell,
 "And thus I set my foot on 's neck"—even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother *Cadwal*,
 Once, *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.—
 Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conscience know,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three and two years old^s I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou retr'ft me of my lands. *Euripbile*,
 Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mo-
 ther,
 And every day do honour to her Grave;
 Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

Itb' Cave, where in the Bow,
 &c.

That is, they are trained up
 in the *cave*, where their thoughts
 in hitting the *bow*, or arch of their
 habitation, hit the *roofs of pa-*
laces. In other words, though
 their condition is low, their
 thoughts are high. The sentence
 is at last, as *Theobald* remarks,
 abrupt, but perhaps not less suit-
 able to *Shakespeare*. I know not
 whether *Dr. Warburton's* conjec-
 ture be not better than mine.

^s—*I stole these babes;*] *Shake-*
speare seems to intend *Belarius*
 for a good character, yet he
 makes him forget the injury
 which he has done to the young
 princes, whom he has robbed of
 a kingdom only to rob their fa-
 ther of heirs.

The latter part of this solilo-
 quy is very inartificial, there be-
 ing no particular reason why *Be-*
larius should now tell to himself
 what he could not know better
 by telling it.

Y 2

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pifanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. *Pifanio*, Man,
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one, put painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That ⁶ drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, *Pifanio*, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That

⁶ —drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to *Italian* poisons.

part thou, Pifanio, must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ⁷ states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? That's false to 's bed! is't?

Pis. Alas, go d lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,— Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. ⁸ Some Jay of Italy, ⁹ Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,

I must

⁷ ———states,] Persons of highest rank.

⁸ —Some Jay of Italy] There is a prettiness in this expression, *Putta*, in Italian, signifying both a Jay and a Whore. I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

WARBURTON.

⁹ Whose MOTHER was her painting,—] This puzzles Mr. Theobald much: he thinks it may signify whose mother was a bird of the same feather; or that it should be read, whose mother was her painting. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Rowe's

I must be ript. To pieces with me. Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon's* Weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness. ' So thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;

edition the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wolber*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is *MEETHER*, a north country word, signifying *beauty*. So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint.

WARBURTON.

The word *meether* I never read nor heard. The present reading, I think, may stand; *some jay of Italy*, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *moth.r.*

¹ —— So thou, *Posthumus*,

Wilt lay the leven to all proper
men; } When *Posthumus*
thought his wife false, he unjust-

ly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation; but at once eases her *malice* and her *grief*, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet. *WARB.*

Hanner reads,

lay the level ——

without any necessity.

Fear

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his Bidding, strike;
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
² Something's afore 't—soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[*Opening her breast.*

Obedient as the scabbard!—What is here?

The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*

All turn'd to Heresy? away, away,

[*Pulling his letters out of her bosom.*

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
 That set'st my disobedience 'gainst the King,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
³ Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch;
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

² *Something's afore 't—*] The A hawk is said to *tire* upon that
 old copy reads, *Something's afoot.* which he pecks; from *tirer*,

³ *Whom now thou tir'st on,—*] French.

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have no. slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. ⁴ I'll wake mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst under take it? why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,
⁵ To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment, in the which,
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
I've heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But, speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This curst injury.

Imo. Some *Roman Courtezan*——

Pis. No, on my life.

⁴ *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.*] *ab*, wherefore. I read,

Imo. Wherefore then.] This is *I'll wake mine eye-balls out*
the old reading. The modern *first*, or, *blind first*.

editions for *wake* read *break*, and ⁵ *To be unbent,—*] To have thy
supply the deficient syllable by bow unbent, alluding to a hunter.

I'll give him notice you are dead, and fend him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing,
That *Cloten*, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain*? I' th' world's volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. ⁶ Now, if you could wear a mind.

⁶ —Now, if you could wear
a MIND

Dark as your fortune is,——]
What had the *darkness* of her *mind*
to do with the concealment of
person, which is here advised?
On the contrary, her *mind* was to
continue unchanged, in order to
support her change of fortune.
Shakspear wrote,

Now, if you could wear a
MIEN.

Or according to the *French* or-
thography, from whence I pre-
sume arose the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a
MINE. WARB.

I believe that, when this pas-
sage is considered, there will be
found no need of emendation.
To wear a dark mind, is to car-
ry a mind impenetrable to the
search of others. *Darkness* ap-
plied to the *mind* is *secrecy*, ap-
plied to the *fortune* is *obscurity*.
The next lines are obscure. You
must, says *Pisanio*, disguise that
greatness, which, to appear here-
after in its proper form, cannot
yet appear without great danger
to itself.

Dark

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
 That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self danger; you should tread a course
 Pretty, and ⁷ full of view; yea, haply, near
 The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible,
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
⁸ Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
 You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self, to waggish courage;
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel: ⁹ nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
 Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Heart!
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
 Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein

⁷ —full of view;—] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

⁸ *Though peril to my modesty,—*] I read,

Through *peril*——

I would for such means adventure through peril of my modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

⁹ — nay, you must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;

Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,

Alack, no remedy)——] Who

does this *harder Heart* relate to? *Posthumus* is not here talk'd of; besides, he knew nothing of her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had enjoin'd a course, which would have secur'd her from these incidental hardships. I think, common sense obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you must be oblig'd to such shifts. WARBURTON.

I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of *Posthumus*.

You

You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy ; ¹ which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in musick ; doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad ?
You have me rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou 'rt all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd ; but ² we'll even
All that good time will give us. ³ This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the Queen,

¹ ——— which you'll make him
know,] This is *Hanmer's*
reading. The common books
have it,

—— which will make him know.
Mr. Theobald, in one of his long
notes, endeavours to prove, that
it should be,

—— which will make him so.
He is followed by *Dr. Warbur-*
ton.

² ——— we'll even
All that good time will give
us. ———] We'll make our
work *even* with our *time* ; we'll
do what time will allow.

³ ——— *This attempt*
I'm soldier to, ———] *i. e.*
I have inlisted and bound myself
to it. WARBURTON.

What 's in 't is precious : if you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper——To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood ; may the Gods
 Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HUS far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence,
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
 Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
 To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
 Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir : I desire of you
 A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.
 Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you !

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office ;
 The due of Honour in no point omit :
 So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
 I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my
 Lords,

'Till he have cross't the *Severn*. Happiness !

[Exit *Lucius*, &c.
Queen.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readines;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle *Queen*,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
 Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after.

Pisanio, that stands so for *Posthumus*,
 He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes,
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
 Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either. She being down,
 I having the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
 Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
 Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
 This night fore-fall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love, and hate her; — for she's fair and
 royal,
 † And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than

† And that she hath all courtly
 parts more exquisite

Than lady Ladies WOMAN;
 from each one

The

Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 Outfells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
 Shall——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
 Come hither. Ah! you precious pander, villain,
 Where is thy lady? in a word or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Pis. Oh, my good Lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
 How can she be with him? when was she mis'd?

The best she hath,—] The second line is intolerable nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; WINNING from each one——

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies,*] winning from each of them the best of their good qualities, &c. *Lady*

is a plural verb, and *Ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in *Shakespeare's* way, and suiting the folly of the character. WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the second line to be intolerable, or to be nonsense. The speaker only rises in his ideas. *She has all courtly parts,* says he, *more exquisite than any lady,* than all *ladies,* than all *womankind.* Is this nonsense?

He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
No further halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is,—at once,—
—At the next word. No more of *worthy Lord*.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pif. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see 't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus'* throne.

Pif. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humph.

Pif. I'll write to my Lord, she's dead. Oh } [*Aside.*
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus'* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what
villany foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst
neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice
for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

s Or this, or perish—] These
words, I think, belong to *Clot-*
ten, who requiring the paper,
says,

Let's see 't; I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or
this, or perish.
Then *Pisano* giving the paper,
says to himself,

She's far enough, &c.

Clot.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Posthumus*, thou can't not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither. Let it be thy first service; Go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord. [Exit.]

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*?—I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember 't anon—Even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart, that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes. There shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath dined, which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

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Z

Pis.

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! Come and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heav'nly Blessings on her! This fool's speed Be crost with slowness. Labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one: I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*, When from the mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. O *Jove*, I think, Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lye, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness⁶ Is sorer, than to lye for need; and falshood Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord! Thou 'rt one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,

⁶ *Is sorer, —*] Is a greater, or heavier crime.

My

My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*]

Here is a path to it——'tis some savage hold;
It were best, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant,
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is another. Ho! who's here?

'If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend Ho!——No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heav'ns!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast. *Cadwal* and I

7 *If any thing that's civil,—* been blundered into *Take or lend.*
Civil, for human creature.

WARBURTON.

*If any thing that's civil, speak;
if savage,*

Take OR LEND.—] She is in
doubt, whether this cave be the
habitation of a man or beast. If
it be the former, she bids him
speak; if the latter, that is, the
den of a savage beast, what then?
*Take or lend—*We should read,

Take 'OR 'T END.—

i. e. take my life ere famine end
it. Or was commonly used for
ere; this agrees to all that went
before. But the *Oxford Editor*
cuts the knot;

Take, or yield food.

says he. As if it was possible so
plain a sentence should ever have

I suppose the emendation pro-
posed will not easily be received:
it is strained and obscure, and
the objection against *Hanmer's*
reading is likewise very strong.
I question whether, after the
words, *if savage*, a line be not
lost, I can offer nothing better
than to read,

——*Ho! who's here?*

*If any thing that's civil, take
or lend,*

If savage, speak.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*,
take a price for what I want, or
lend it for a future recompence;
if you are *rough inhospitable* in-
habitants of the mountain, *speak*,
that I may know my state.

Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match :
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury ; weariness
 Cap snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll brouze
 on that,

Whilst what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in——— [Looking in,

But that it eats our victuals, I should think,
 Here were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir ?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly Paragon. Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy.———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
 T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took ; good
 troth,
 I have stoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd
 found

Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat ;
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal ; and parted hence
 With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry :

Know,

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*, he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
—Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
⁸ I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my brother,
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends?

Imo. 'Mong'ft friends?
If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! ' then had my prize } [*Aside.*
Been less, and so more equal ballasting }
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress:

Guid. 'Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,

⁸ *I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.*] plausibly, but without necessity,
This is *Hanmer's* reading. The price. for prize, and balancing, for
other copies, ballasting. He is followed by Dr.
I bid for you, as I do buy. *Warburton*. The meaning is, Had
⁹ — then had my prize I been a less prize, I should not
Been less, and so more equal have been too heavy for *Posthu-*
ballasting] *Hanmer* reads *mus*.

What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
' That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come
in;

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
less welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *That nothing-gift of differing multitudes.*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious acorati n which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded, therefore, our poet coined this participle from the *French* verb, and wrote,

That nothing gift of desering multitudes,

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—*Deferer, Ceder par respect a quicunq, obeir, condescendere, &c. Deferent, civil, respectueux, &c. RICHELET. THEOB.*

He is followed by *Sir T. Hanmer* and *Dr. Warburton*; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-beaded* rabble.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common men are now in
action

'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; ² and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

² ——— and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he com-
mands

His absolute commission. ———]
Commands *his commission* is such
a phrase as *Shakespeare* would
hardly have used. I have ven-
tur'd to substitute;

————— he commends

His absolute commission. ———
i. e. he recommends the care of
making this levy to you; and
gives you an absolute commission
for so doing. **WARBURTON.**

The plain meaning is, he com-
mands the commission to be given
to you. So we say, I ordered the
materials to the workmen.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest in Wales.

Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, saving reverence of the word, because, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions? yet this ³ ill-perseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces ⁴ before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my

³ ill-perseverant] *Hanmer*. The former editions have *imperseverant*.

⁴ before THY face,] *Posthumus* was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to

pieces before his face; we should read,—HER face, i. e. *Imogen's*, done to despite her, who had said, she esteem'd *Posthumus's* garment above the person of *Cloten*.

WARBURTON,

commendations,

commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe. Out, sword, and to a fore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. YOU are not well ; remain here in the cave : We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here. [To Imogen.

Are we not brothers ? ———

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;
⁵ Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee, I have spoke it ;
⁶ How much the quantity, the weight as much,

⁵ Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom broken, nothing follows but confusion.
Is breach of all. ———] Keep ⁶ How much the quantity, —]
your daily course uninterrupted ; I read,
if the stated plan of life is once As much the quantity, —

As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault;—I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
“ My father, not this youth.”

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!
—'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all 's savage, but at court:
Experience, oh, thou disprov'ft report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisano,*

T'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

Guid. ⁷ I could not stir him.

He said, he was ⁸ gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field.

—We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away,

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

⁷ *I could not stir him.*] Not
move him to tell his story.

⁸ —gentle, but unfortunate;]
Gentle, is well-born, of birth
above the vulgar.

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen, to the Cave.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From to divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away. Who's
there?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find these runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

⁹ *Mingle their spurs together.*] which grow against walls, and
Spurs, an old word for the fibres therefore may be sometimes en-
of a tree. POPE. tangled with the *Elder*. Perhaps
¹ *—stinking Elder,—*] *Shake-* we should read *untwine from the*
speare had only seen *English vines* vine.

Cloten,

Cloten, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he. We're held as Out-laws. Hence,

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould

'T would move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear, the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death! —

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads.
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; ² the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'T was very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say, he is so fell.

² —the snatches in his voice, multuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. And burst of speaking, —] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tu-

Bel.

Bel. ³ Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Guid. ³ This *Cloten* was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in 't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. ⁴ I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten's*
head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;

³ In the old editions,

Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not ap-
prehension

Of roaring terrors; for defect
of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear.—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a description of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in answer to what *Arviragus* says of *his being so fell*. “Ay, says *Belarius*, he “was so fell, and being scarce “then at man's estate, he had no “apprehension of roaring terrors, *i. e.* of any thing that “could check him with fears.” But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear.* I think, the poet meant to have said the mere con-

trary. *Cloten* was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage.

—for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.

THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads, with equal just-
ness of sentiment,

—for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.—

But, I think, the play of *effect*
and *cause* more resembling the
manner of our authour.

⁴ *I'm perfect, what;*—] I
am well informed, what. So in
this play,

I'm perfect, the Pannonians
are in arms.

Who

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
 With his own single hand he'd take us in;
 Displace our heads, where, thanks ye Gods, they grow,
 And set them on *Lud's* town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
 But what he swore to take, our lives? The law
 Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself
 For we do fear the law? What company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
 He must have some attendants. ' Though his humour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse; not Frenzy,
 Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
 As it is like him, might break out, and swear,
 He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable

⁵ —take us in;] To take in, was the phrase in use for to apprehend an out-law, or, to make him amenable to publick justice.

⁶ ——— Though his honour

Was nothing but mutation, &c.]

What has his honour to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventur'd to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this.
 “ Though he was always fickle
 “ to the last degree, and govern'd by *humour*, not sound
 “ sense; yet not madness itself

“ could make him so hardy to
 “ attempt an enterprize of this
 “ nature alone, and unseconded.”

THEOBALD.

——— Though his honour

Was nothing but mutation,—]

Mr. Theobald, as usual, not understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed: yet the Oxford Editor follows Mr. Theobald.

WARBURTON.

To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day; the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten.*

That 's all I reck.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.

'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done 't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, ⁸ revenges
That possible strength might meet would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock.
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

⁷ Did make my way long forth.] *Fidele's* sickness made my walk
forth from the cave tedious. ⁸ That possible strength might meet] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell
within any possibility of opposi-
tion.

⁸ ——— revenges

' I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as th' rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark!

⁹ *I'd let a PARISH of such
Clotens blood,*] This non-
sense should be corrected thus,

*I'd let a MARISH of such Clo-
tens blood,*
i. e. a marsh or lake. So *Smith*,
in his account of *Virginia*, *Yea*
*Venice, at this time the admira-
tion of the earth, was at first but*
*a marsh, inhabited by poor fisher-
men.* In the first book of *Mac-*

cabeas, chap. ix. ver. 42. the
Translators use the word in the
same sense. *WARBURTON.*

The learned commentator has
dealt the reproach of nonsense
very liberally through this play.
Why this is nonsense, I cannot
discover. I would, says the young
Prince, to recover *Fidèle*, kill as
many *Clotens* as would fill a pa-
rish.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st Mother;

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? —
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

S C E N E V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack

¹ *Oh, melancholy!*
*Who ever yet could sound thy
bottom? find*

*The ooze, to shew what coast
thy sluggish care*

Might eas'liest harbour in?—]

But as plausible as this at first
sight may seem, all those, who
know any thing of good writing,
will agree, that our author must
have wrote,

——— *to shew what coast thy
sluggish carrack*

Might eas'liest barb'ur in?—

¹ *Carrack* is a slow, heavy built
vessel of burden. This restores
the uniformity of the metaphor,
compleats the sense, and is a word
of great propriety and beauty to
design a melancholic person.

WARBURTON.

Might

Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made;
 but I

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
 How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see,
 Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber
 Not as Death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
 Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor.

His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he slept; and put
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
 Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
 With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
 The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose*; nor
 The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of *Eglantine*, which not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. ² The Ruddock would,
 With charitable bill, oh bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a Monument! bring thee all this;

² ————*The Ruddock would,*
With charitable bill, bring thee
all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides.
When flow'rs are none,

To winter-ground thy course.]
 Here again, the metaphor is
 strangely mangled. What sense
 is there in *winter-grounding* a
 scarse with *moss*? A coarse might

indeed be said to be *winter-*
grounded in good thick clay. But
 the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs
 us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy course.—
i. e. the summer habit shall be
 a light gown of flowers, thy win-
 ter habit a good warm *furr'd*
 gown of moss. WARBURTON.

The Ruddock is the Red-breast.

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To winterground thy coarfe.—

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As, once, our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwal*,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests and Fanes that lye.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less. For
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
³ He was paid for that: tho' mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet ⁴ reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither,

³ He was paid for that:—]
Haumer reads,

He has paid for that:
rather plausibly than rightly.
Paid is for punished. So *Johnson*,
Twenty things more, my friend,
which you know due,

For which, or pay me quickly,
or I'll pay you.

⁴ ——— reverence,

That angel of the world, —]
Reverence, or due regard to sub-
ordination, is the power that
keeps peace and order in the
world.

Tberfites?

Iberfites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th'
East;

My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Both golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. ⁵ Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak:
Both the scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. ⁶ Fear not slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
⁷ Consign to thee, and come to dust.

⁵ Fear no more, &c.] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔκετι διψήσεις, ἔκετι πεινήσεις, &c.

WARBURTON.

⁶ Fear not slander, &c.] Perhaps,

Fear not slander's censure rash.

⁷ Consign to thee, —] Perhaps,

Consign to this. —

And in the former stanza, for all follow this, we might read, all follow thee.

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee?*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave! ^s.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Belarius, with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for Graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.

Come on, away. Apart upon our knees.

—The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, Sir, to *Miford-Haven*, which is the way?—

I thank you—by yond bush?—pray, how far thither?—

'Ods pittikins—can it be six miles yet!—

I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow,—Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

^s For the obsequies of *Fidele*, learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end in honour of his memory.
a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. *William Collins* of *Chichester*, a man of uncommon

For so I thought, I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd Gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!——the garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
 His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
 The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *joyial* face——
 Murder in heaven?——how!——'tis gone!——*Pi-*
sanio!——

All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous!——Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Pisanio!*——
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be? *Pisa-*
nio?——

'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it

⁹ 'Twas thou, &c.] The old *divel* *Cloten*.
 copy reads thus, I suppose it should be,
 ——Thou *Conspir'd with th' irreligious*
Conspir'd with that irregular *devil Cloten.*

Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*; with your Ships,
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Un'er the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late, of this war's pur-
 pose?

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vi-
 sion.

(I fast,

Last night, the VERY Gods of other agents or instruments;
shew'd me a vision.] The yet I am persuaded the reading is
very Gods may, indeed, signify corrupt, and that *Shakespeare*
 the Gods themselves immediate- wrote,
 ly, and not by the intervention *Last night, the WAREY Gods—*
Warey

(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
 I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends,
 Unless my sins abuse my divination,
 Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false!—Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
 Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
 For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body: Young
 one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded: who is this.
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? ² who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest

In

Warey here signifying, *animad-*
verting, forewarning, ready to
give notice; not, as in its more
 usual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

WARBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not
 any example, nor do I see any
 need of alteration. It was no
 common dream, but sent from
 the very Gods, or the Gods them-
 selves.

² ——— who was he,

That, otherwise than noble Na-
 ture did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?]

The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils

at this passage. He says, *it is*
far from being strictly grammati-
cal: and yet, what is strange, he
 subjoins a paraphrase of his own,
 which shews it to be *strictly gram-*
matical. For, says he, *the con-*
struction of these words is this,
who hath alter'd that good picture
otherwise than nature alter'd it. I
 suppose then this editor's mean-
 ing was, that the grammatical
 construction would not conform
 to the sense; for a bad writer,
 like a bad man, generally says
 one thing, and means another.
 He subjoining, Shakespeare *de-*
signea

In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very fame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

signed to say, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it. Here again he is mistaken; Shakespear meant, like a plain man, just as he spoke; and as our editor first paraphrased him, who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: The speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much shorten'd in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath alter'd this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly accession of

growth alters it by making it taller. No occasion then for the editor to change DID into BID with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been forbid instead of bid.

WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is not much cleared by either critick. The question is asked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it.

Wilt

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
 Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the
 Gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 As ³ these poor pickaxes can dig; when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
 Grave,

And on it said a century of pray'rs,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
 And rather father thee, than master thee.
 My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
 Find out the prettiest dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A Grave. Come, ⁴ arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
 Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

³ —these poor pickaxes—] ⁴ ——— arm him.—] That
 Meaning her fingers. is, Take him up in your arms.

HANMER.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

^s Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. **A** Gain; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! My Queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! Her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your High-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

^s Changes to Cymbeline's Pa-
lace.] This scene is omitted a-
gainst all authority by Sir T.
Hammer. It is indeed of no great

use in the progress of the fable,
yet it makes a regular prepara-
tion for the next act.

Cym.

Cym. The time is troublesome,
We'll slip you for a season, but ⁶our jealousy [*To Pis.*
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
⁷Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
ready;

The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betid to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n ⁸to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

⁶ —our jealousy
Does not depend.] My suspicion
is yet undetermined; if I do not
condemn you, I likewise have
not acquitted you. We now say,
the cause is depending.

⁷ Your preparation, &c.] Your

forces are able to face such an ar-
my as we hear the enemy will
bring against us.

⁸ —to the note o' th' King,—]
I will so distinguish myself, that
the King shall remark my va-
lour.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands, may drive us to a Render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses nigh,
Behold² their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

¹ ——— a Render

Where we have liv'd;—] An
account of our place of abode.

This dialogue is a just repre-
sentation of the superfluous cau-
tion of an old man.

¹ ——— whose answer—] The
retaliation of the death of *Cloten*
would be death, &c.

² ——— their quarter'd fires,—]
Their fires regularly disposed.

Bel.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison,
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.

Lead, lead. The time seems long: their blood thinks
 scorn [Aside.
 'Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field betwixen the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a³ bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
 Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
 Ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves.

For wrying but a little? Oh, *Pisanio!*

Every good servant does not all Commands;

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er

³ *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of *Imogen's* death, which *Pisanio* in the foregoing act determined to send.

⁴ *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenour, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to

Pisanio; he next sooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of *Imogen*. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

Had

Had liv'd ⁵ to put on this ; so had you sav'd
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
 To have them fall no more ; you some permit
 To second ill with ill, ⁶ each elder worse,
 And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.

⁵ —to put on,—] Is to incite, to instigate.

⁶ —each elder worse,] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

—each worse than other, without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

—each elder worse,
 The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but *Shakespeare* calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed.

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.] The Divinity-schools have not furnish'd juster observations on the conduct of providence, than *Posthumus* gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures ;

You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love ;

To have them fall no more.

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

Here's a relative without an antecedent substantive ; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read,

And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more ; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOB.

This emendation is followed by *Hammer*. Dr. *Warburton* reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them dread, to the doer's thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them deeded, to the doers' thrift.

The word deeded I know not indeed where to find ; but *Shakespeare* has, in another sense, undeeded, in *Macbeth* :

—My sword

I sheath again undeeded.

I will try again, and read thus,

—others you permit

To second ill with ill, each other worse,

And make them trade it to the doer's thrift.

Trade and thrift correspond. Our author plays with trade, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So *Isabella* says,

Thy sins not accidental, but a trade.

But *Imogen's* your own. ^s Do your best wills,
 And make me blest t' obey!—I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's Kingdom. 'Tis enough,
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
 As does a *Britain* pleasant; so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my Habits show;
 Gods, puts the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
 To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
 The fashion. Less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the Britain army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following the British like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom,
 Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,
 The Princess of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knight-hoods and Honours born
 As I wear mine are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before

^s — Do your best wills,
 And make me blest t' obey!—]
 So the copies. It was more in
 the manner of our authour to have

written,
 — Do your best wills,
 And make me blest t' obey.

This

This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enters to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand. We have th' advantage of the
ground;
That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand; stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy-
self;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. CAm'st thou from where they made the
Stand?

Post. I did.

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The King himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britain* seen; all flying
 Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
 More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerly through fear, that the strait Pass was
 damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle; ditch'd, and wall'd with
 turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for 's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, lads, more like to run
 The country Base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those ⁹ for preservation cas'd, or shame,
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
 "Our Britain's Harts die flying, not our men;
 "To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! Stand;
 "Or we are Romans, and will give you That
 "Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 "But to look back in frown. Stand, stand."—These
 three,

Three thousand confident, (in act as many;
 For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, "Stand, stand,"

⁹ —for preservation cas'd, or
 shame,] Shame, for modesty.

WAREBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads the pas-
 sage thus:

Than some for preservation cas'd.

For shame,

Make good the passage, cry'd
 to those that fled,

Our Britain's Harts die flying,
 &c.

The old reading is right.

Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own Noblenefs which could have turn'd
 A diftaff to a lance, gilded pale looks ;
 Part fhame, part fpirit renew'd; that fome, turn'd
 coward

But by example, (oh, a fin in war,
 Damn'd in the firft beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
 A flop i' th' chafers, a retire; anon,
¹ A rout, confufion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they ftoop'd eagles; flaves,
 The ftrides they victors made: and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
 Some flain before, fome dying; fome their friends
 O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the fllaughter man of twenty;
 Thofe, that would die or ere refift, are grown
 The mortal ² bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was ftrange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. ³ Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made

¹ *A rout, confufion thick.* —] This is read as if it was a *thick confufion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confufion-thick* fhould be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakefpear's* fine diction is not a little obfcured throughout by thus diffiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not fee what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a ftory by repetition, as to enlarge

the principal figure in a picture?

² ———bug —] Terrors.

³ *Nay, do not wonder at it;*] Sure, this is mock reasoning with a vengeance. What! becaufe he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually miftaken for one another in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. *Posthumus* firft bids him not wonder. then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
"Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going? This is a Lord! oh noble misery,
To be i' th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? ⁴ I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly mon-
ster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war—Well, I will find
him:

For being now a ⁵ favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I've resum'd again

⁴ —I, in mine own woe charm'd] Alluding to the common superstition of Charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition, which made Erasmus, where, in his *Morie Encomium*, he gives to each nation its pro-

per characteristic, say, *Germani corporum proceritate & magia cognitione sibi placent: and Prior, in his Alma,*

North Britons hence have second sight:

And Germans free from gunshot fight. WARB.

⁵ —favourer to the Roman.]

The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still.

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' *Roman*; ⁶ great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
 'Tis thought, the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
⁷ That gave th' affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman* ———
 Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
 service,
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler. After which, all go out.

⁶ —great the answer be] Answer, as once in this play before, is retaliation.

⁷ That gave th' affront with them.] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.

SCENE III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. ⁸ **Y**OU shall not now be stoll'n, you've
locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way.

I think, to liberty; yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd

By th' sure physician, death; who is the key

T' unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods,
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;

Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry?

So children temp'ral fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd; ⁹ to satisfy,

I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take

No stricter Render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth,

⁸ *You shall not now be stoll'n,*
This wit of the Gaoler alludes
to the custom of putting a lock
on a horse's leg, when he is turned
to pasture.

⁹ *——— to satisfy,*
If of my freedom 'tis the main
part, take
No stricter render of me, than

my all] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire;
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather, mine, being yours: and so, great Powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those ' cold bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in silence. — [He sleeps.]

² *Solemn musick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
 That thy Adulteries
 Rates and revenges. —

have been this,

—————*to satisfy,*
 I d'off my freedom; 'tis the
 main part; take

*No stricter Render of me than
 my all.*

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I voluntarily divest myself of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,

—————*take*

*No stricter Render of me, than
 my all.* WARBURTON.

¹ —cold bonds.—] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches.

² *Solemn musick: &c.*] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for meer show, and apparently not of *Shakespeare*. POPE.

Hath

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's Law.
 Whose father, *Jove!* (as men report
 Thou orphans' father art)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
 But took not me in my throes;
 That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity! ———

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair;
 That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
 As great *Sicilius'* heir.

Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In *Britain* where was he,
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of *Imogen*, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mockt,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From *Leonatus'* feat, and cast
 From her his dearest one?

Sweet *Imogen!* ———

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
 Slight thing of *Italy*,
 To taint his noble heart and brain
 With needless jealousy,

³ That from me my *Posthumus*
 ript] The old copy reads,
 That from me was *Posthumus*
 ript.

Perhaps we should read,
 That from my womb *Posthu-*
 mus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes.

And to become the geek and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

2 *Bro.* From this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest
Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you, Ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.

Be

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[*Jupiter drops a tablet.*]

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away. No farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields, his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,

As when his God is pleas'd,

All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof. Away! and to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*]

Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me, and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!

Gone—they went hence as soon as they were born.

And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend

On Greatness' favour, dream as I have done;

Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!

Be

Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

*WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
vive, be join'd to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie, be what it is;
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd.

*'Tis still a dream; or else such
stuff, as madmen*

*Tongue, and brain not—do ei-
ther both, or nothing—*

*Or senseless speaking, or a
speaking such.*

As sense cannot untie.—] The
obscurity of this passage arises
from part of it being spoke of the
prophecy, and part to it. This
writing on the Tablet (says he)
is still a dream, or else the raving
of madness. Do thou, O Tablet,
either both, or nothing; either let
thy words and sense go together,
or be thy bosom a *rasa tabula*.

As the words now stand they are
nonsense, or at least involve in
them a sense which I cannot de-
velopé.

WARBURTON.

The meaning, which is too
thin to be easily caught, I take
to be this: *This is a dream or
madness, or both—or nothing—but
whether it be a speech without con-
sciousness, as in a dream, or a
speech unintelligible, as in mad-
ness, be it as it is, it is like my
course of life.* We might per-
haps read,

Whether both, or nothing—

Post.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you; Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, ⁵ and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light: the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true ⁶ debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd. You must either be directed by some who take upon them to know; or to take upon yourself that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or ⁷ jump the after-enquiry on your own pe-

⁵ and sorry that you are paid too much;] Tavern bills, says the *Gaoler*, are the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth—you depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and—what? sorry that you are paid too much. Where is the opposition? I read, *And merry that*

you are paid so much. I take the second paid to be 'paid, for unpaid, filled, satiated.

⁶ debtor, and creditor,] For an accounting book.

⁷ jump the after enquiry] That is, venture at it without thought. So *Macbeth*,

I'd jump the life to come.

ril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles. Bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Lords.

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you, whom the Gods
have made
Preservers of my Throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targes of proof; cannot be found;
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in ^s one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*;
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

^s—one that's promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Looks.]
But how can it be said, that one,
whose *poor Looks* promise *beggary*,
promised *poor Looks* too? it was
not the poor look which was prom-
ised: that was visible. We
must read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.
This sets the matter right, and

makes *Belarius* speak sense and
to the purpose. For there was
the extraordinary thing; he prom-
is'd nothing but *poor Luck*, and
yet perform'd all these wonders.

WARBURTON.

To promise *nothing but poor
looks*, may be, to give no promise
of courageous behaviour.

by

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the Time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen ;
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. [*They kneel.*]

Arise my Knights o' th' battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like *Romans* ;
And not o' th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King !

To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead :

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself ;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd, she never lov'd you, only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you.
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place,
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this ;
And, but she spoke it dying, I could not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed :

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her sight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!

Who is 't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew, yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the Crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes, repented,
The ills she hatch'd were not effected, so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners;
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for Tribute; That
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threatned

Our Prisoners with the sword. But, since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.

Augustus lives to think on't. And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your High-
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His ' favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

⁹ So feat, —] So ready; so
dexterous in waiting.

'—favour is familiar—] I am
acquainted with his countenance.

And art mine own, I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master, live;
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing
 Bitter to me, as death; your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
 Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more: think more and more,
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
 speak,
 Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
 Than I to your Highness; who, being born your
 vassal,
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my hearr,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
 I'll be thy master. Walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. ² One sand another

Not more resembles. That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not; forbear,

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I'm sure,
He would have spoke t' us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress.

[*Afide.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*Cymb and Imog. come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth.

[*To Iachimo.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatness and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—One speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what

² One sand another

Not more resembles THAT sweet
rosy lad,] A slight corruption
has made nonsense of this pas-
sage. One grain might resemble
another, but none a human form.
We should read,

Not more resembles, THAN HE

TH' sweet rosy lad. WARB.

There was no great difficulty
in the line, which, when pro-
perly pointed, needs no altera-
tion.

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus*' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and, which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twi'x sky and ground. Will you hear more, my
Lords?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.—

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy
strength;

I'd rather thou shouldst live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time; unhappy was the clock,
That struck the hour; it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The mansion where; 'twas at a feast, oh, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least,
Those which I heav'd to head; the good *Posthumus*—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'ft of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best could speak, ³ for Feature, laming
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures,

³ —for feature, laming] *Feat-*
ure, for proportion of parts,
which Mr. *Theo'* a'd not under-
standing, would alter to *stature*.

—for feature, laming
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-
pight *Minerva*,

Postures beyond brief nature;—]
i. e. The ancient statues of *Venus*
and *Minerva*, which exceeded,

in beauty of exact proportion,
any living bodies, the work of
brief nature, i. e. of hasty, un-
elaborate nature. He gives the
same character of the beauty of
the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleo-*
patra:

O'er picturing that *Venus* where
we see

The fancy out-work nature.

It

Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities, that man
 Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire.
 Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This *Posthumus*,
 Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover, took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
 He was as calm as virtue, he began

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A passage in *De Piles' Cours de peinture par principes* will give great light to the beauty of the text.—*Peu de sentimens ont été partagez sur la beauté de l'antique.* Les gens d'esprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont estimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens Auteurs quantité de passages ou pour louer les beautés vivantes on les comparoit aux statués.* Ne vous imaginez (dit Maxime de Tyr) de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le dispute aux statués. Ovid, ou il fait la description de Cyllare, le plus beau de Centaures, dit Qu'il avoit une si grande vivacité dans le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'estomac en étoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit assurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit de l'homme c'étoit la même beauté que l'on remarque dans les statués les plus parfaites. Et *Philstrate*, parlant de la beauté

de *Neoptoleme*, & de la ressemblance qu'il avoit avec son père *Achille*, dit, Qu'en beauté son père avoit autant d'avantage sur lui que les statués en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de l'Antique. *Je reporterai seulement celui de Scaliger.* Le *Moyen*, dit il, que nous puissions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles statués, puisqu'il est permis à l'art de choisir, de retrancher, d'ajouter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'est toujours altérée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence. This last quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakespear* meant by

Brief Nature;

i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of art, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

WARBURTON.

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspouting fops.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins—
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise: and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's Car. Away to *Britain*
Post I in this design. Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Most vilely, for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble *Lecnatu*s mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; ⁴ averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
Oh, cunning! how I got it; nay, some marks
Of secret on her person; that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

⁴ —*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as
averr'd or confirm'd my report.

I having ta'en the forfeit ; whereupon——
Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward,
Italian fiend!—ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in Being,
To come—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, King, fend out
For torturers ingenious ; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*
That kill'd thy daughter ;—villain-like, I lie ;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of Virtue was she, yea, ^s and She herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me ; every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy less than 'twas !—Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife ! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this ?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.

Pis. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my lord *Posthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——Help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come ⁶ these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

^s —and She herself.] That is,
She was not only the temple of
Virtue, but Virtue herself.

⁶ —these staggers—] This wild
and delirious perturbation. Stag-
gers is the horse's apoplexy.

Imo.

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile; as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.——

Guid. This is, sure, *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

7 Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

7 *Think, that you are upon a rock,*—] In this speech, or
in the answer, there is little
meaning. I suppose, she would
say, Consider such another act as
equally fatal to me with precipi-
tation from a rock, and now let
me see whether you will repeat it.

Post.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for 't. [To Guiderius, Arviragus.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for 't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. *Lord Cloten,*
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford;*
Where, in a frensy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't,

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on 's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,

^s *By TASTING of our wrath?*
But how did *Belarius* undo or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the King's wrath? We should read,

By HASTING of our wrath?
i. e. by hastening, provoking; and as such a provocation is un-

dutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretensions to reward.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; the consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is by *forcing us to make thee taste.*

For my own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arw. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave :

Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.

First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee.

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,

Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's. I, old *Morgan*,

Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd;

Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,

For such and so they are, these twenty years

*Your pleasure was my near of-
fence,—] I think this pas-
sage may better be read thus,*

*Your pleasure was my dear of-
fence, my punishment*

Itself was all my treason; that

I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did.—

The offence which cost me so
dear was only your caprice. My
sufferings have been all my crime.

Have

Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
 Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir, as
 Your Highness knows. Their nurse, *Euriphile*,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children.
 Upon my banishment I mov'd her to 't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heav'ns
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. 'Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done, is more
 Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while—
 This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
 Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

[*Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] *done within my knowledge are more*
Thy tears give testimony to the sin- *incredible than the story which you*
cerity of thy relation, and I have *relate. The King reasons very*
the less reason to be incredulous, *justly.*
because the actions which you have

Who

Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. Oh *Imogen*,
Thou 'st lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by 't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I, you brothers;
² When ye were so, indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? this ³ fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
⁴ Why fled you from the court? and whither?—

These,
And your three motives to the battle, with

² *When ye were so, indeed.*] be rectified thus;
The folio gives, *Why fled you from the court?*
When we were so, indeed. and whither? *These, &c.*
If this be right, we must read, The King is asking his daughter,
Imo. I, you brothers. how she has lived; why she fled
Arv. When we were so, indeed. from the court, and to what
³ —fierce abridgment] *Fierce* place: And having enumerated
is vehement, rapid. so many particulars, he stops
⁴ *Why fled you from the court,* short. THEOBALD.
and whether these?] It must

I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by dependances
 From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
 Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy. The counter-change
 Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
 Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To *Belarius*.]

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me;
 To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well become this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
 The soldier, that did company these three,
 In poor Beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels*.
 As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe; but, your ring first;
 And here the bracelet of the truest Princess,
 That ev'r swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The pow'r, that I have on you, is to spare you,

The

The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my Lord of
Rome,

Call forth your *Soothsayer*. As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then
shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, *Britain* be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cymbeline.]

Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*

We term it *Mulier*, which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by *Belarius* stoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin; and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire, promising,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice both on her, and hers,
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked smokes climb to their Nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward. Let

s My peace we will begin—] I think it better to read,
By peace we will begin.————

A Roman

A Roman and a British Ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through Lud's town-march,
 And in the Temple of great Jupiter
 Our Peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
 Set on, there. Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THIS Play has many just and manners of different times, sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names

and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

A S O N G, *sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids, and village kins shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rise all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew:
 The female Fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

D d 2

The

4.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly bend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the Sylvan cell:
 Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed:
 Below'd, 'till life could charm no more;
 And mourn'd 'till pity's self be dead.*

T R O I L U S

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

D d 3

P R O L O G U E.

*I*N Troy, there lies the scene: from Isles of Greece
 The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that were
 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong Immures,
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and That's the Quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come——

*And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plain,
 The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch
 Their brave Pavillions. * Priam's six Gates i' th' City,
 Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples
 And corresponfive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperre up the sons of Troy.——*

Now

* —Priam's six-gated city
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias,
 Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy
 staples
 And corresponfive and fulfilling
 bolts

Stir up the sons of Troy.] This
 has been a most miserably man-
 gled passage, through all the edi-
 tions; corrupted at once into
 false concord and false reasoning.

Priam's six-gated City stirre up
 the sons of Troy? —Here's a verb
 plural governed of a Nominative
 singular. But that is easily reme-
 died. The next question to be
 ask'd, is, in what sence a city
 having six strong gates, and those
 well barr'd and bolted, can be
 said to *stir up* its inhabitants?
 unless they may be supposed to
 derive some spirit from the
 strength of their fortifications,
 But

P R O L O G U E.

*Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
 † A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our Argument;
 To tell you, fair Beholders, that our Play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 °Ginning i' th' middle: starting thence away,
 To what may be digested in a Play.
 Like, or find fault,—do, as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitched their tents upon the plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word, (*SPERREN*) sig-

nifies, to *shut up*, defend by *barrs.*
 &c.

THEOBALD.

† *A prologue arm'd*,—] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not desying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM, Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, Æneas, Pandarus, Antenor,	}	TROJANS.
--	---	----------

A bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Patroclus, Therfites, Calchas,	}	GREEKS.
---	---	---------

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Alexander, *Cressida's Servant.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian Camp, before it.

The Editions of this Play are, for R. Boniand and H. Whalley.
 1. Quarto. 1609. G. Eld. for * * * I have the Folio and first
 R. Boniand and H. Whalley. Quarto. The Folio is the cor-
 2. Quarto. No date. G. Eld. rected and complete copy.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I, SCENE I.

The Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet. I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

¹ The story was originally written by *Lollius*, an old *Lombard* authour, and since by *Chaucer*.

POPE.

It is also found in an old story-book of the three destructions of *Troy*, from which many of the circumstances of this play are borrowed, they being to be found no where else.

THEOBALD.

[*Troilus and Cressida*.] Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play

had been acted, and that it was published without *Shakespear's* knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands.

Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations both moral and politic, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion.

POPE.

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep, ² fonder than ignorance;

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

³ And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle or make any further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what Goddesses ere she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit,

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

So, traitor!—when she comes! When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

² —fonder than ignorance;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

WARBURTON.

³ And skill less, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play,

has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*.

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me,
 I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
 Buried the sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's—well, go to, there were no more comparison
 between the women.—But, for my part, she is my
 kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her.
 But I would, somebody had heard her talk yester-
 day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister *Cassan-
 dra's* wit, but,——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus!*
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair; her cheek, her gait, her voice
 Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
 In whose comparison, all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
 The cignet's down is harsh, ⁴ and spirit of sense

⁴ — and SPIRIT of sense

Hard as the palm of plough-
 man.—] Read, and (SPIRIT
 of sense) in a parenthesis. The
 meaning is, though our senses
 contradict it never so much, yet
 the cignet's down is not only harsh,
 when compar'd to the softness of
Cressid's hand, but hard as the
 hand of ploughman. Spite, I sup-
 pose, was first corrupted to sprite,
 and from thence arose spirit.

WARBURTON.

I think this passage more for-
 cible and elegant without an al-
 teration. In comparison with

Cressid's hand, says he, the spirit
 of sense, the utmost degree, the
 most exquisite power of sensibility,
 which implies a soft hand, since
 the sense of touching, as *Scaliger*
 says in his *Exercitations*, resides
 chiefly in the fingers, is hard as
 the callous and insensible palm of
 the ploughman. *Hanmer* reads,
 ——to th' spirit of sense.

It is not proper to make a
 lover profess to praise his mistress
 in spite of sense, for tho' he often
 does it in spite of the sense of
 others, his own senses are sub-
 dued to his desires.

Hard

Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her;
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, ⁵ she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as *Helen*; and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the *Greeks*. And so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me. I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound Alarm.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

⁵ *She has the mends.*] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 413

Fools on both sides.—*Helen* must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument,
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
 But *Pandarus*—O Gods! how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
 And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all sute.
 Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
 What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we.
 Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a pearl;
 Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself the merchant; and this sailing *Pandar*,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

S C E N E II.

[*Alarm.*] Enter *Æneas*.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not a field?

Troi. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is return'd home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [Alarm.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander, her Servant.

Cre. **W**HO were those went by ?

Serv. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Serv. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the fight. ⁶ *Hector*, whose patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd,
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer ;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
⁷ Before the Sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And

⁶ —*Hector*, whose patience
Is, as A VIRTUE, fix'd,—]
Patience sure was a virtue, and
therefore cannot, in propriety of
expression, be said to be like one.
We should read,

Is as THE VIRTUE fix'd,—
i. e. his patience is as fixed as
the Goddess's Patience itself. So
we find *Troilus* a little before say-
ing,

Patience herself what Goddess
ere she be,
Doth less'r blech at sufferance
than I do.

It is remarkable that *Dryden*,
when he alter'd this play, and
found this false reading, alter'd
it with judgment to,

—whose patience
Is fix'd like that of *Henry's*.
Which he would not have done

had he seen the right reading
here given, where his thought is
so much better and nobler ex-
pressed. WARBURTON.

I think the present text may
stand. *Hector's* patience was as
a virtue not variable and acciden-
tal, but fixed and constant. If I
would alter it, it should be thus,

—*Hector*, whose patience
Is all a virtue fix'd,——
All, in old *English*, is the inten-
sive or enforcing particle.

⁷ Before the Sun rose, he was
harnest light,] Why harnest
light? Does the poet mean, that
Hector had put on light armour?
Or that he was sprightly in his
arms, even before sun-rise? Or
is a conundrum aim'd at, in *Sun*
rose, and harnest light? A very
slight alteration makes all these
con-

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes thus; There is among the
Greeks

A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Serv. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of

constructions unnecessary, and gives us the poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginable.

Before the Sun rose, he was harness-dight,
i. e. compleatly drest, accoutred, in arms. It is frequent with our poet, from his masters *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, to say *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight*, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uses *harness* for armour. THEOBALD.

Before the Sun rose, he was harness-light,] Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that *Hector* had put on light armour? mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose. So *Fairfax* in *Tasso's Jerusalem*,

The other Princes put on harness

LIGHT

As footmen use—————

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, Or does he mean that *Hector* was

sprightly in his arms even before sun-rise? or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun rose and harness light?

Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense thro' the critic's fingers: And the Oxford Editor very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, To make all construction unnecessary. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that *Hector* was to fight on foot rather to-day than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot.

their

their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion; churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours,⁸ that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make *Heſtor* angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Heſtor* in the battle and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Heſtor* fasting and waking.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

⁸ *that his valour is CRUSHT into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:]* Valour crusht into folly is nonsense; but it is of the first editor's making; who seeing crowded go before, concluded that *crusht* (which is oft indeed the consequence) must needs follow. He did not observe that the poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, *His valour is CRUSTED into folly, his folly sauced with discretion*. Thus is *Ajax* dished up by the poet. The expression is humorous. His

temper is represented as so hot that his valour becomes overbaked, and so is *crusted* or hardened *into folly* or temerity: yet the hardness of his folly is *sauced* or softened with discretion, and so made palatable. WARB.

This emendation does not want ingenuity or humour; but I cannot see so clearly that the present reading is nonsense. To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together.

Cre.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. ° Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; what do you talk of? Good morrow, *Alexander*——How do you, cousin? when were you at ' *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

° Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; What do you talk of? Good morrow, ALEXANDER;——How do you, cousin?] Good morrow, Alexander——is added in all the editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, *Paris* not being on the stage.——Wonderful acuteness: But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though *Paris* is, for the generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the fact is this, *Pandarus* is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character; and 'tis

natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *év 7, 9, 11*; as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of *Pandarus's* character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of *Cressid's* man? *Paris* had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late Editor, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander the Great*, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common valet. THEOBALD.
' *Ilium*] Was the palace of *Troy*.

418 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them. He is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? No, he's not himself. 'Would, he were himself! Well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to 't; *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'T would not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Niece. *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, for so 'tis, I must confess—Not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much, if she prais'd him above; his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure, she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass-window; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed; a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*; have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.—

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confes.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing: Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus*' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that. ² One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him. But there was such laughing, and

² Two and fifty hairs,] I have ventured to substitute *one* and *ffty*. I think, with some certainty.

How else can the number make out *Prian*, and his fifty sons?

THEOBALD.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 421

Helen so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf'd, and all the rest
so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while
going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday.
Think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an
'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a
nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall
we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards
Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we
may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their
names as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the
rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's
one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark
Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can
tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th'
foundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever; and a proper
man of person. When comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you
Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at
me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, ³ the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, niece. O brave *Hector*! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good. Look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not. An the devil come to him, it's all one. By godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Pa-*

³—*the RICH shall have more.*] To give one the nod, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense alluding to the expression give, and should be read thus,

The RICH shall have more.
i. e. much. He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The rest shall have none.

WARBURTON.

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation

necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. *Hanmer* appears not to have understood the passage. That to give the nod signifies to set a mark of folly, I do not know; the allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify, a silly fellow, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise full of nods. *Cressida* means, that a Noddy shall have more nods.

Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 423

ris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? 'Would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

*Helenu*s *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenu*s. I marvel, where *Troilus* is. That's *Helenu*s—I think, he went not forth to day.—That's *Helenu*s.

Cre. Can *Helenu*s fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenu*s, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenu*s is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, niece—Hem!—Brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him. O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*?—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give ⁴ money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

⁴ money to boot.] So the folio. The old quarto, with more force. Give an eye to boot.

Pan. Affes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran : porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a mind'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; ⁵ upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these. At all these wards I lie, and at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

⁵ upon my wit, to defend my wiles;] So read both the copies; yet perhaps the authour wrote, Upon my wit, to defend my will.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition.

Enter

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 425

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. ⁶ At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprize;
 But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
 Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
 Things won are done; ⁷ joy's soul lies in the doing:
 That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
 Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
⁸ That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got, so sweet, as when Desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beseech.
⁹ Then though ¹ my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.]

⁶ *At your own house, there he unarms him.*] These necessary words added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.*

⁷ —*joy's soul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given,

—*the soul's joy lies in doing.*

⁸ *That she—*] Means, that woman.

⁹ *Then though—*] The quarto reads, *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*.

¹ —*my heart's content—*] *Content*, for capacity.

WARBURTON.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. **P** RINCES,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our Suppose so far,
That after sev'n years' siege, yet *Troy*-walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't furnished shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our Works?
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a ^a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

^a *Broad*, quarto; the folio reads *lend*.

And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. ³ With due observance of thy godlike Seat,
Great Agamemnon, ⁴ Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being smooth,

How

³ *With due observance of thy goodly Seat.*] *Goodly* is an epithet carries no very great compliment with it; and *Nestor* seems here to be paying deference to *Agamemnon's* state and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—to thy godly Seat; *godlike*, as I have reform'd the text, seems to me the epithet design'd; and is very conformable to what *Aeneas* afterwards says of *Agamemnon*;

*Which is that God in office,
guiding men!*

So *godlike Seat* is here, State supreme above other commanders.

THEOBALD.

This emendation *Theobald* might have found in the quarto, which has,

—the godlike seat.

⁴ —Nestor shall APPLY

Thy latest words.—] What were these latest words? A common-place observation, illustrated by a particular image, *that opposition and adversity were useful to try and distinguish between the valiant man and the coward, the wise man and the fool.* The application of this was to the Greeks, who had remained long unsuccessful before *Troy*, but might make a good use of their misfortunes by learning patience and perseverance. Now *Nestor* pro-

mises that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats *Agamemnon's* general observation, and illustrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—Nestor shall SUPPLY

Thy latest words.—

And it must be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Nestor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common-place, as it would furnish him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to *supply* the topic with some diversified flourishes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the repetition of the same thought, a *supplial*. We may observe further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due observance of thy goodly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of insinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon's* facundity, that *Nestor* was forced to *supply* his speech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in such a case we must have supposed, this

How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
 Upon her ⁵ patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ?
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
 The strong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Perseus'* horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd Greatness ? or to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune ; for in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger ; but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies get under shade ; why then ⁶ the thing of
 courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize ;
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
⁷ Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon,*

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
 Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear, what *Ulysses* speaks.
 Besides th' applause and approbation
 The which, most mighty for thy place and sway,
 [To *Agamemnon*.

this was a preconcerted division
 of the argument between the two
 orators. WARBURTON.

I suppose the reader is long
 since contented rather to take ei-
 ther word than read the argu-
 ment. *Nestor* applies the words
 to another instance.

⁵ —patient breast,—] The
 quarto, not so well,

—ancient breast.

⁶ —the thing of courage,] It
 is said of the tiger, that in storms
 and high winds he rages and
 roars most furiously. HANMER.

⁷ Returns to chiding fortune.]
 For returns, *Hanmer* reads *replies*,
 unnecessarily, the sense being the
 same. The folio and quarto have
retires, corruptly.

And

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life,
 [To Nestor.]

I give to both your ⁸ speeches; which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

⁹ Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca, and be't of less
 expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opens his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear musick, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

‡ The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;

⁸ —speeches; which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand
 of Greece

Should hold up high in brass;
 and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd
 in silver,

Should—knit all Greeks ears
 To his experienc'd tongue:—]

Ulysses begins his oration with
 praising those who had spoken be-
 fore him, and marks the charac-
 teristick excellencies of their dif-
 ferent eloquence, strength and
 sweetness, which he expresses by
 the different metals on which he
 recommends them to be engraven
 for the instruction of posterity.
 The speech of Agamemnon is such
 that it ought to be engraven in
 brass, and the tablet held up by

him on the one side, and Greece
 on the other, to shew the union
 of their opinion. And Nestor
 ought to be exhibited in silver,
 uniting all his audience in one
 mind by his soft and gentle elo-
 cution. Brass is the common
 emblem of strength, and silver
 of gentleness. We call a soft
 voice a silver voice, and a persua-
 sive tongue a silver tongue.

I once read for hand, the band
 of Greece, but I think the text right.

To hatch, is a term of art for
 a particular method of engraving.
 Hacher, to cut, French.

⁹ Agam. Speak, &c.] This
 speech is not in the quarto.

¹ The speciality of Rule—] The
 particular rights of supreme au-
 thority.

And

And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions.

² When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? *Degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

³ The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

² *When that the General is*
NOT LIKE *the hive,*] The
image is taken from the govern-
ment of bees. But what are we
to understand by this line? either
it has no meaning, or a meaning
contrary to the drift of the
speaker. For either it signifies,
that *the General and the hive are*
not of the same degree or species,
when as the speaker's complaint
is, that the hive acts so perverse-
ly as to destroy all difference of
degree between them and the
General: or it must signify, *that*
the General has private ends and
interests distinct from that of the
hive; which defeats the very end
of the speaker; whose purpose
is to justify the General, and ex-
pose the disobedience of the hive.
We should certainly then read,

When that the General NOT
LIKES *the hive:*

i. e. when the soldiers like not,
and refuse to pay due obedience
to their General: This being the
very case he would describe, and
shew the mischiefs of. WARB.

No interpretation was ever
more perverse than those of the
commentator. The meaning is;
When the General is not to the ar-
my like the hive to the bees, the
repository of the stock of every
individual, that to which each
particular resorts with whatever
he had collected for the good of
the whole, *what honey is expect-*
ed? what hope of advantage?
The sense is clear, the expression
is confused.

³ *The heav'ns themselves, —*]
This illustration was probably
derived from a passage in *Hooker*:
If celestial spheres should forget
their wonted motion; if the Prince
of the lights of heaven should be-
gin to stand; if the moon should
wander from her beaten way, and
the seasons of the year blend them-
selves, what would become of man?

The heav'ns themselves, the
planets, and this center,] *i. e.*
the center of the earth; which,
according to the *Ptolemaic* system
then in vogue, is the center of
the Solar System. WARB.

Corrects

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the commandment of a King,
 Sans check, to good and bad. ⁴ But when the pla-
 nets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the Sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? ⁵ Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
⁶ The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and ⁷ brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
 Strength should be Lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:

⁴—*But when the Planets*
In evil mixture to disorder
wander, &c.] By *Planets*
Shakespeare here means *Comets*,
 which by some were supposed to
 be excentrical planets. The evil
 effects here recapitulated were
 those which superstition gave to
 the appearance of *Comets*.

WARBURTON.

I believe the poet, according
 to astrological opinions, means,
 when the planets form malignant

configurations, when their aspects
 are evil towards one another.

This he terms *evil mixture*.

⁵—*Oh, when degree is shaken,*
 I would read,

—So *when degree is shaken.*

⁶ *The enterprize*—] Perhaps
 we should read,

Then *enterprize is sick*.—

⁷—*brotherhoods in cities,*]
 Corporations; companies; con-
fraternities.

Force should be Right; or rather, ^s Right and Wrong,
 Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
 Should lose their names, and so should Justice too;
 Then every thing include itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,

^s ———— *Right and Wrong,*
Between whose endless jar Jus-
tice RESIDES,

Would lose their names,] The editor, Mr. Theobald, thinks that the second line is no bad comment upon what Horace has said on this subject;

— *sunt certi denique fines,*

Quos ultra citraque nequit con-
sistere rectum.

But if it be a comment on the Latin poet, it is certainly the worst that ever was made. Horace says, with extreme good sense, that there are certain bounds beyond which, and short of which, Justice or Right cannot exist. The meaning is, because if it be short of those bounds, Wrong prevails; if it goes beyond, Justice tyrannises; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus summa injuria*. Shakespear says, that Justice resides between the endless jar of right and wrong. Here the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are right and wrong; in Horace the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are both wrong. A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon us; and instead of explaining a good thought of Horace, gives us a

nonsensical one of its own. For to say the truth, this is not only no comment on Horace, but no true reading of Shakespear. Justice is here represented as moderating between Right and Wrong, and acting the over-complaisant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

A man of Compliments, whom
 Right and Wrong
 Have chose as Umpire of their
 Mutiny.

This is the exact office of Justice in the present reading: But we are not to think that Shakespear in a serious speech would dress her up in the garb of his fantastick *Spantard*. We must rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whose endless jar Jus-
tice PRESIDES;

i. e. always determines the controversy in favour of Right; and thus Justice is properly characterised without the author's ever dreaming of commenting Horace.

WARBURTON.

Surely all this is needless. If Justice presides between them, she must reside between them; if she sits with authority, she must sit.

And

And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon*!
This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choaking :

And this neglect of degree is it,
° That by a pace goes backward, ° with a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and ° bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our Host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
* Thy topless Deputation he puts on;

° That by a pace—] That goes
backward step by step.

° —with a purpose

It hath to climb.—] With a
design in each man to aggrandise
himself, by slighting his immedi-
ate superiour.

° —bloodless emulation] An
emulation not vigorous and ac-
tive, but malignant and sluggish.

* Thy TOPLESS Deputation—]
I don't know what can be meant
by *topless*, but the contrary to
what the speaker would insinuate.
I suspect the poet wrote STOP-
LESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was
the case. WARBURTON.

Topless is that has nothing *top-
ping* or *overtopping* it; supreme;
sovereign.

And, like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and found
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested Seeming
He acts thy Greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unquat'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From this deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries—*excellent!*—'tis *Agamemnon* just——
Now play me *Nestor*—*hum*, and stroke thy beard;
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done——³ as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries, *excellent!*

'Tis *Nestor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And, then forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries “*O!—enough, Patroclus——*
“*Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all*
“*In pleaſure of my ſpleen.*” And, in this faſhion,

⁴ All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,

Atchieve-

³ ——*as near as the extremeſt ends, &c.*] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made are the parallels on a map. As like as Eaſt to Weſt.

⁴ *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes, Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT, Atchievements, plots, &c.*] The meaning is this, All our good

qualities, *severals and generals of grace*: i. e. whether they be *several* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulyſſes*, experience to *Nestor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general* and belonging to the *Greek* nations in general, as valour, poliſhed manners, &c. all theſe good qualities, together with our
atchieve-

Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two⁵ to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and⁶ bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and sets *Thersites*,
A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
⁷ How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall our prescience, and esteem no Act

atchievements, plots, orders, &c. are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is the sense; but what then is the meaning of *grace exact*? no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus* exactly mimick all our qualities and actions. But the speaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he says, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan* to his wife. The fault lies here; *exact* should be *exacts*; and belongs to the second division, namely, the enumeration of the actions; and should be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures,
shapes

Severals and generals of grace;

EXACTS,

Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. exactments, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *though* of grace exact. I see no great need of emendation; the meaning is plain; of *grace exact*, of excellence irreprehensible.

⁵ —to make paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given,

——to make parodies,

⁶ ——bears his head

In such a reign, ——] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she* bridle.

⁷ *How rank soever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read,

How hard soever ——

But that of hand: The still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness call them on,⁸ and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work, Mapp'ry, closet war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
 Makes many *Tbetis'* sons. [*Tucket sounds.*]

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
 Do a fair message to his⁹ kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than¹ *Achilles'* arm,
 'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
 Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,

⁸ —and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the ene-
 mies' weight;] I think it
 were better to read,

——and know the measure,
 By their observant toil, of th'

enemies' weight.

⁹ —kingly ears?] The quarto,
 —kingly eyes.

¹ —*Achilles' arm,*] So the co-
 pies. Perhaps the authour wrote,
 ——*Alcides' arm.*

And

And ² bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
 The youthful *Phœbus* :

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, *Jove's*
 Accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
 Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
 But what th' repining enemy commends,
 That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure tran-
 scends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
 I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
 It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
 That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;

² —bid the cheek—] So the folio. The quarto has,
 —on the cheek—

438 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
 What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
 A Prince call'd *Heſtor*, *Priam* is his father,
 Who in this dull and ³ long continu'd truce
 Is ⁴ rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet
 And to this purpose ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
 If there be one amongst the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
 That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
 That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
 That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
 That loves his miſtreſs ⁵ more than in confeſſion,
 With truant vows ⁶ to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
Heſtor, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
 Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
 He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
 Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
 To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
 If any come, *Heſtor* ſhall honour him:
 If none, he'll ſay in *Troy*, when he retires,
 The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
 The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*,
 If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
 We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
 And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

³ — long continu'd truce] Of this long truce there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is ſaid, that *Ajax* coped *Heſtor* yeſterday in the battle.

⁴ — rusty—] Quarto *reſty*.

⁵ — more than in confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for profeſſion. *WARB.*

⁶ — to her own lips he loves,] That is, confeſſion made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Heſtor*; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*; one, that was a man
When *Heſtor*'s Grandfire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as challe
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:

Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Ulyſſes and Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. *Neſtor*,——

Nest. What ſays *Ulyſſes*?

Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyſſ. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,

⁷ *And in my vantbrace—*] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*.

Or, shedding breed a⁸ nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This Challenge that the gallant *Heetor* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up.

' And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Heetor's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else op-
pose,

That can from *Heetor* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st Repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,

⁸ —nursery—] Alluding to a plantation, called a nursery.

⁹ The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up.] That is, the purpose is as plain as body or substance; and tho' I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, tho' a little obscured in

the conciseness of the expression.

WARBURTON.

¹ And, in the publication, make no strain.] *Nestor* goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, *Ulysses* says,

I do not strain at the position,
i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOB.

Although

Although particular, shall give a ² scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general,
 And in such indexes, although ³ small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant-mass
 Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Heſtor* iſſues from our Choice ;
 And Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
 Out of our virtues ; who miſcarrying,
 What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
 To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves !
⁴ Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my Speech ;
 Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Heſtor*.
 Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll ſell ; if not,
 The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
 Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
 That ever *Heſtor* and *Achilles* meet :
 For both our honour and our ſhame in this
 Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes : what are
 they ?

Ulyſſ. What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Heſtor*,
 Were he not proud, we all ſhould ⁵ ſhare with him :
 But he already is too inſolent ;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
 Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'ſcape *Heſtor* fair. If he were foil'd,

² —scantling] That is a mea-
 ſure, proportion. The carpenter
 cuts his wood to a certain ſcant-
 ling.

³ —small pricks] Small

points compared with the volumes.

⁴ Which entertain'd—] Theſe
 two lines are not in the quarto.

⁵ —share—] So the quarto.
 The folio, wear.

Why,

Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry;
 And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The Sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes,
Nest. Ulysses, now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*; go we to him straight;
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*The Grecian Camp.**Enter Ajax and Therites.*

A J A X.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—
 full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. Therites.——

⁶ *Must tar the mastiffs on.*——]
Tarre, an old English word signi-
 fying to provoke or urge on.
See King John, Act 4. Scene 1.
 ——like a Dog

*Snatch at his Master that doth
 tar him on.* POPE.
⁷ *Act II.*] This play is not di-
 vided into Acts in any of the ori-
 ginal editions.

Ther:

Ther. And those boiles did run——say so——did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then.

[*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. ⁹ Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-foot, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

⁸ *The plague of Greece*] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by *Apollo* on the Grecian army.

⁹ *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak;*] The reading obtruded upon us by *Mr. Pope*, was *unsalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'st* leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what *Ajax* would say, *unwinnow'dst leaven*. —“Thou lump of four dough, kneaded up out of a flower, unpurg'd and unsifted, with all the dross and bran in it.”—

THEOBALD.

Speak then, thou WHINID'ST leaven,] This is the reading of the old copies; It should be WINDYEST, *i. e.* most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Thersites's* character.

WARBURTON,

Hammer preserves *whinid'st*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *winew'd*, that is *mouldy leaven*. Thou composition of *mustiness* and *sourness*.

Theobald's assertion, however confident, is false. *Unsalted leaven* is in the old quarto. It means, *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. *Shakespeare* wrote first *unsalted*, but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *winew'd*.

Ther.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not. My fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab ¹ in *Greece*.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* Beauty: ay, ² that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistrefs *Thersites!*——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whore-son cur!—— [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an *Assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

¹ in *Greece*] The quarto adds *slow as another*.

these words, *when thou art forth*
in the incursions, thou strik'st as

² that thou bark'st at him.] I
read, O that thou bark'dst at him.

S C E N E II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?

How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his gurs in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so——a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses* and old ³ *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, *Achilles!* to *Ajax!* to——

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, *Thersites*. Peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace, ⁴ when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

³ *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails] This is one of these editors wise riddles. What! Was *Nestor's* wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun

for another, sets all right and clear.

THEOBALD.

⁴ when *Achilles'* brach bids me,] The folio and quarto read, *Achilles'* BROOCH. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of *Achilles's* bangers on.

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Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Host,

That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*, To morrow morning call some Knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dare Maintain I know not what. 'Tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lot'try, otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. **A**FTER so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks* :

Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else,

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,

Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I, As far as touches my particular, yet, dread Priam,

There

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There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the Sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
 Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
 Surety secure; but modest Doubt is call'd
 Thy beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
 To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
 Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours
 To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fy, fy, my brother:

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
 So great as our dread father in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
^s The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? Fy, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 Priest,
 You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your
 reasons.

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous;

^s *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give, *The vast proportion—*

And

And reason flies the object of all harm.
 Who marvels then, when *Heleneus* beholds
 A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels,
⁶ And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
 Or like a star disorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
 Should have hare-hearts, would they but sat their
 thoughts.

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Heſt. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Heſt. But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds its estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself;
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the God;
⁷ And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectionly itself affects,

⁸ Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

⁶ And fly like chidden Mercury
 from Jove,

that first causes excellence, and
 then admires it.

Or like a star disorb'd!—]
 These two lines are misplaced in
 all the folio editions. POPE.

⁸ Without some image of th'
 AFFECTED merit.] We
 should read,

⁷ And the Will dotes, that is
 inclinable] Old edition, not
 so well, has it, *attributive*. POPE.

—th' AFFECTED's merit.
i. e. without some mark of merit
 in the thing affected. WARB.

By the old edition Mr. Pope
 means the old quarto. The folio
 has, as it stands, *inclinable*.

The present reading is right.
 The will *affects* an object for some
 supposed merit, which *Hector* says,
 is unexcusable, unless the merit
 so affected be really there.

I think the first reading better;
 the will dotes that attributes or
 gives the qualities which it affects;

Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid,
 Although my Will distaste what is elected,
 The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have ⁹ soil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in ¹ unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks?
 Your breath of full consent bell'd his sails,
 The seas and winds old wranglers took a truce,
 And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 Hebrought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes ² pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships;
 And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, go, go)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd, *inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
³ And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd

⁹ — *soil'd them*; —] So reads the quarto. The folio,

— *spoil'd them*:

¹ — *unrespective sieve*,] That is, into a common vorder. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,

— *unrespective fame*, for which the modern editions have silently printed.

— *unrespective place*.

² — *pale the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

— *stale the morning*.

³ *And do a deed that fortune never did*.] If I understand this passage, the meaning is, *Why do you by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, downgrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less.* This is very harsh, and much strained.

Richer

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 That we have stoll'n what we do fear to keep!
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoll'n,
 Who in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice;

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled Elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,

Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, Trojans, cry; practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand:

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of Divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

4 But thieves, —] Hammer reads, Base thieves, —

Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because *Cassandra's* mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot ^s distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons ;
 And, *Jove* forbid ! there should be done amongst us
 Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the Gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he had done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights ;
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it :
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What reason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain, as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?

^s — distaste. —] Corrupt; change to a worse taste.

There's

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd; but superficially, not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their ⁶benumbed wills, resist the same;
⁷ There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws
 Of Nature, and of Nations, speak aloud
 To have their back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion

⁶ —benumbed wills,—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superiour direction.

⁷ *There is a law*—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.

⁸ Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design;
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than ⁹ the performance of our having spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Heſtor*,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I presume, brave *Heſtor* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Heſt. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*.——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General slept.
Whilst ' emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ *Is this in way of truth; —*]
Though considering *truth* and
justice in this question, this is my
opinion; yet as a question of ho-
nour, I think on it as you.

⁹ *—the performance of our beav-
ing spleens,]* The execution
of spite and resentment.

¹ *—emulation—]* That is,
envy, factious contention.

S C E N E V.

*Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.**Enter Therites solus.*

HOW now, *Therites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods, and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, ² without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the ³ bon-each, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say *Amen*. What ho! my Lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*? Good *Therites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contempla-

² without drawing the massy violence.
irons] That is, without drawing ³ the bon-each,] In the quarto,
 ing their swords to cut the web. the Neapolitan bon-each.
 They use no means but those of

tion; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself up to my table, so many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*!

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*. Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Thersites*. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*. Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll ⁴ decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and ⁵ *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

⁴ decline the whole question.] ⁵ *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the first case to the last. quarto.

Achil.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I fool?

Ther. Make that demand ⁶ of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art.

S C E N E VI.

Enter *Agamemnon*, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, *Diomedes*, *Ajax*,
and *Calchas*.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body. Come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery. All the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. ⁷ Now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

⁸ He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him;
Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulyf. We saw him at the op'ning of his tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;

⁶ of the prover.] So the quarto.

⁷ Now the dry, &c.] This is added in the folio.

⁸ He SENT our messengers,—]

This nonsense should be read,
He SHENT our messengers,—
i. e. rebuked, rated. WARB.

but,

but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Uly. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Uly. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Uly. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong⁹ composure, that a fool could disunite.

Uly. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this¹ noble State, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake; An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

⁹ *composure*,] So reads the quarto very properly, but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong*

COUNSEL.

¹ *noble State*,] Person of high dignity; spoken of *Agamemnon*.

Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
 Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
 Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
 Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
 Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
 Yea like fair fruit in an unwholsome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 We come to speak with him; and you shall not find
 If you do say, we think him over-proud,
 And under honest, in self-assumption greater
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than
 himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And ² under-write in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance; yea, watch
³ His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 That if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report,

“ Bring action hither, this can't go to war:

“ A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,

“ Before a sleeping giant;” tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

² —under-write—] To sub-
 scribe, in *Shakespeare*, is to obey.

³ His pettish lunes,—] This is
Hanmer's emendation of his pet-

tish lines. The old quarto reads,
 His course and time.

This speech is unfaithfully printed
 in modern editions.

Aga.

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, *be is?*

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyf. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyf. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyf. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important; possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, *no recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent ;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself,) shall he be worshipp'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valorious Lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,
By going to *Achilles* :
That were t' inlard his fat already pride,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him ? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles*, go to him !

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll ⁴phese his
pride ; let me go to him.

Ulys. ⁵Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

⁴ phese his pride ;] To phese
is to comb or curry.

⁵ Not for the worth—] Not
for the value of all for which we
are fighting.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,—

Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that palter thus with us——
'Would he were a *Trojan*!

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self affected.

⁶ *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet through warm.

Nest. Force him with praises; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax's* speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assign'd to *Nestor*, as I have ventur'd to transpose it. *Ajax* is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he'll

do to *Achilles*; he'll pass him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords; he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. *Nestor* and *Ulyses* slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end *Nestor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but must be cram'd with more flattery. THEOBALD.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 463

Ulys. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet
composure ;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck :
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition ;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half ; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To finewy *Ajax* ; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the Antiquary times ;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :
But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here ; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket ; please it our great General
To call together all his State of war ;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy* ; to-morrow,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast ;
And here's a Lord. Come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep ;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Nest. Ay, my good son.*] In of father to *Ulysses* ; in the quarto,
the folio and in the modern edi- more naturally, to *Nestor*.
tions *Ajax* desires to give the title

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's Apartments in the Palace, in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! Pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman. I must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace? not so, friend. Honour, and Lordship, are my titles.

What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. You know the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir. Marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, ^s love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Serv. No, Sir, *Helen*. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*; I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

S C E N E II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. Fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

^s love's visible soul.] So *Hamer*. The other edit ons have *invisible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord.—My dear Lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*—

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to—

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody, if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. * And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, ⁹ with my disposer *Cressida*.

* *And, my Lord, he desires you,*] Here I think the speech of *Pandarus* should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of *Helen*, but I have followed the copies.

⁹ — *with my DISPOSER Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should, in

these places, be read DISPOUSER; the that would separate *Helen* from him. *WARBURTON.*

I do not understand the word *disposer*, nor know what to substitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies.

Pan.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ah, good my Lord, why should you say, *Cressida*? No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ' sweet Lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now. Love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. Love, love, nothing but love; still love, still more.

*For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry,
Ob! Ob! they die,*

¹ *sweet Lord,*] In the quarto, *sweet lad.*

² Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,
 Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
 So dying love lives still.
 O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
 O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, Love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet *Queen*. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet *Queen*.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, swet *Queen*. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field. Let us to *Priam's* Hall,

² Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,] To kill the wound, is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read,

These lovers cry,
 Oh! oh! they die:

But that which seems to kill,
 Doth turn, &c.

So dying love lives still.

Yet as the wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal, I alter nothing.

To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you
To help unarm our *Hector* ; his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of *Greekish* sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector* .

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Paris. Sweet. Above thought I love her. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. **N**OW, where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*, I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for wastage. O, be thou my *Charon* ,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

H h 3

Pan.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard. I will bring her
straight. [Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, ³ tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight.
You must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were afraid with a
sprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain. She
fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of Majesty.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's
a baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to

³ —and too sharp in sweetness.] curately,
So the folio and all modern editions —tun'd too sharp in sweetness.

her,

her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, ⁴ we'll put you i' th' files.—Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. [*Snatching her mask.*] Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. ⁵ The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my Lord! the Gods grant—O my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, find safer

⁴ we'll, put you i' th' files.] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places. HANMER.

⁵ The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river:] Pan-

darus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the female.

THEOBALD.

footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: ⁶ our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, ⁷ his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

⁶ our head shall go bare, till merit crown it;] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit lower part no affection, in reversion, &c.* Had there been

no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio.

⁷ his addition shall be humble] We will give him no high or pompous titles.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won. They are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my Lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me——
If I confess much; you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not till now, so much
But I might master it——in faith, I lye——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wisht myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege,
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet masick issues thence.

[*Kissing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.

I am ashamed;—O heavens, what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than
love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: ⁸ but you are wise,
Or else you love not; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with Gods above.

⁸ —but you are wise,

Or else you love not; To be wise
and love,

Exceeds man's might, &c.] I
read,

—but we're not wise,

Or else we love not; to be wise
and love,

Exceeds man's might,——

Cressida, in return to the phrase
given by *Troilus* to her wisdom,
replies, That lovers are never
wise; that it is beyond the power
of man to bring love and wisdom to
a union.

Troi.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 As, if it can, I will presume in you,
 To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth
 Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
 That my integrity and truth to you
⁹ Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
 I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
¹ And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you,

Troi. O virtuous fight!
 When Right with Right wars who shall be most right.
 True swains in love shall in the world to come
 Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes: truth, tir'd with iteration,
 As true as steel, as ² Plantage to the Moon,

⁹ *Might be affronted with the match—*] I wish my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.

¹ *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learn'd worldly policy.*

WARBURTON:

² —Plantage to the Moon.] I formerly made a silly conjecture, that the true reading was,

—Planets to their Moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galileo* had disco-

vered the Satellites of *Jupiter*. So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is planted or sown, which was therefore done in the increase.

*Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
 Rite crescentum face noctilucam,
 Prosperam frugum—*

Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.

WARBURTON:

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plaintain*, in *Latin*, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the Moon.

As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center,
 Yet after all comparifons of truth,
³ As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verfe,
 And fanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
 And mighty States characterless are grated
 To dusty Nothing; yet let Memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falshood! when they've said, as false
 As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falshood,
 As false as *Cressid*.——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it, I'll be
 the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here my cou-
 sin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I
 have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
 pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after
 my name; call them all *Pandars*. Let all ⁴ inconstant
 men be *Troilus's*, all false women *Cressida's*, and all
 brokers between *Pandars*. Say, Amen.

³ *As TRUTH'S AUTHENTICK
 AUTHOR to be cited.*] This
 line is absolute nonsense. We
 should read,

*As TRUTH AUTHENTICK,
 EVER to be cited,*

i. e. when all comparifons of
 truth are exhausted, they shall be
 then all summed up in this great
 one, this *authentick truth ever* to

be cited, *as true as Troilus*.

WARBURTON.

Here again the commentator
 finds nonsense, where I cannot
 find it. *Troilus*, says he, shall
 crown the verfe, as a man to be
 cited as the authentick author of
 truth; as one whose protestations
 were true to a proverb.

⁴ *inconstant men*] So *Hanmer*.
 In the copies it is *constant*.

Troi.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, pres it to death. Away. And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here, Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. **N**OW, Princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompence. ⁵ Appear it to your mind
That,

⁵ ——— appear it to you,

That, through the sight I bear in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy. —]

This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald, He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of, says the Editor. I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Chalcas act the part of a TRUE PRIEST, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service. The Editor did not

know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by the motives of his oratory, or, from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit. But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakespeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a knave, in order to make him talk like a fool. Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakespeare was no such; and confe-

That, ° through the fight I bear in things, to *Jove*
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,

Incurr'd

consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverse-ness* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

—*through the fight I have in things to come*

I have abandoned Troy—

To signify, *by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you; whereas the true sense is, Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native Country.* That he could not mean what the Editor supposes, appears from these considerations, First, If he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said,

I have—expos'd myself,

From certain and possess'd conveniencies,

To doubtful fortunes—

Secondly, The absolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a secret hid from the inferior Gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingences whose existence *they* did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened *Troy* would fall. And this secret they communicated to *Cassandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Se-

veral others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that *Troy*, could not be taken unless *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.

The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongst the *Greeks*. So that this *Calchas*, like a true priest, if it must needs be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the *Greeks* than the *Asiatics*, there would be there a greater demand for it. *WARBURTON.*

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of *Calchas*, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave *Troy*, yet that he joined himself to *Agamemnon* and his army by unconstrain'd good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit.

⁶ —*through the fight I bear in things, to Jove*] This passage

Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
 Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore,
 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange,
 Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd; but this *Antenor*,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage, and they will almost
 Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter, and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 ? In most accepted pain.

sage in all the modern editions is
 silently depraved, and printed
 thus:

—through the sight I bear in
 things to come,

The word is so printed that no-
 thing but the sense can determine
 whether it be *love* or *fove*. I
 believe that the editors read it as
love, and therefore made the al-
 teration to obtain some meaning.

? In most accepted pain.] Sir
T. Hanmer, and *Dr. Warburton*
 after him, read,

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand
 the construction of the passage.
Her presence, says *Calchas*, shall
 strike off, or recompence the ser-
 vice I have done, even in these
 labours which were most accepted.

Aga.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
 And bring us *Cressid* hither; *Calchas* shall have
 What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
 Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i' th' entrance of his Tent,
 Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
 I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
 him;

If so, I have ^s derision medicinable
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
 It may do good; Pride hath no other glass
 To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along;
 So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall make him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
 You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'against *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles*? Would he aught with us?

^s —*derision medicinable*] All agrees with the quarto, so that the modern editions have *decision*. The old copies are apparently accidental.
 The old copies are apparently accidental. The folio in this place

Nest. Would you, my Lord, aught give the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good-morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too; what the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own Fall; for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour, but honour by those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit,

Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)

The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,

Doth one pluck down another, and together

Die in the Fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks! who do, methink, find out.

Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.
I'll interrupt his reading. — How now, *Ulysses*?

Ulyf. Now, great *Thetis*' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyf. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, ⁹ how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
¹ To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself
Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
² Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self. This is not strange at all.

Ulyf. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but the author's drift;
Who, ² in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
Tho' in, and of, him there be much consisting,

⁹ —how dearly ever parted,] *i. e.* how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Stauf*, as they say with honourable parts, proportioned as one's though his would wish a man.

WARBURTON.

I do not think, that in the word *parted* is included any idea of division; it means, however

excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned.

¹ To others' eyes, &c.

That most pure spirit, &c.]

These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto.

POPE.

² —in his circumstance,—] In the detail or circumduction of his argument.

'Till

'Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in their applause
 Where they're extended, who, like an arch, reverb'rate
 The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately

³ The unknown *Ajax*;
 Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
 That has he knows not what. Nature! what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use?
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth? Now shall we see to-morrow
 An act, that very Chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!

⁴ How some men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is ⁵ feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these *Grecian* Lords! why ev'n already

³ *The unknown Ajax*—] *Ajax*,
 who has abilities which were never
 brought into view or use.

⁴ *How some men CREEP in skittish Fortune's hall,*] This
 is said with design that *Achilles*
 should apply it to himself and
Ajax. But as *creep* is to be ap-
 plied to *Achilles*, it conveys a
 wrong idea, as representing one
 who is timorous and afraid to
 achieve great acts: whereas it
 should represent one entirely ne-
 gligent in achieving them. For
 this was then *Achilles's* case. So
 that we should read,

How some men SLEEP in skittish

Fortune's hall.

For he was the first favourite of
 fortune; yet when he got into
 her presence instead of pushing
 his way, he became entirely ne-
 gligent and unconcerned for her
 favours. WARBURTON.

To *creep* is to *keep out of sight*
 from whatever motive. Some
 men *keep out of notice in the hall*
of Fortune, while others, though
they but play the ideot, are always
in her eye, in the way of distinc-
tion.

⁵ —*feasting*—] Folio. The
 quarto has *fasting*. Either word
 may bear a good sense.

They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it;
For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot!

Ulys. ⁶ Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion.
A great siz'd monster, of ingratitude,
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: ⁷ Perseverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty nail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast? keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; ⁸ and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement ⁹ to the abject rear, ¹ o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.

⁶ *Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor.

⁷ In the old copy,
—*Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: To have
done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty
nail
In monumental mockery.* Take
the instant way,
For honour, &c.

⁸ —*and there you lie,*] These words are not in the folio.

⁹ —*to the abject rear,*—] So *Hammer.* All the editors before him read,

—*to the abject, near.*

¹ *o'er-run, &c.*] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

*And leave you hindmost, then
what they do in present.*

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,
Or like a gallant horse —

For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms out stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. For Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;

² For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawks,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;

³ And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The Cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

² For beauty, wit, &c] The folio and quarto,

—For beauty, wit,

High birth, virtue of bone, desert in service,

Love, charity—

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of *Shakespeare*.

³ And go to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.]

In this mingled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted in the old folio's. *Mr. Pope* saw it was corrupt, and

therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not indulge his private sense in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious *Dr. Thirlby*. I read,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than they will give to gold o'er dusted.

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been received by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy.

4 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?

The providence, that's in a watchful state,
5 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
6 Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, 7 with which relation
Durst never meddle, in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expresseure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord;
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it must grieve young *Pyrhus* now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister d.d Achilles win;

4 Made emulous missions—] Missions, for divisions, *i. e.* goings out, on one side and the other.

WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods from *heaven*, about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of *Troy*.

5 Knows almost, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only, Knows almost every thing.

6 Keeps place with thought:—] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

WARBURTON.

7 —with which relation Durst never meddle,—] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover.

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewel, my Lord. I, as your lover, speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice, that you should break;

[Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.—I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlose his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook⁸ to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by
him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.

⁹ Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a Commission to a Blank of Danger,
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then, when we sit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*;
I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combat,
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,

⁸ —to air.] So the quarto.
The folio.

—to airy air.

⁹ Omission to do, &c.] By ne-

glecting our duty we commission or
enable that danger of dishonour,
which could not reach us before,
to lay hold upon us.

To see great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

S C E N E IX.

Enter Therites.

Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour sav'd !

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand ; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning ; bites his lip ' with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, if 'twou'd out ; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for if *Hector* break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me. I said, Good-morrow, *Ajax* ; and he replies, Thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General ? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Therites*.

Ther. Who, I ?—why, he'll answer no body ; he

with a politick regard] *With a fly lock.*

professes not answering; speaking is for beggars. He wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*. Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain-general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*!

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!——

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain firr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exit.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes, the Grecian, with Torches.

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord

Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand.
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomed* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,

During

² During all question of the gentle Truce :
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, Health ;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. ³ And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy*. Now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome, indeed ! ⁴ by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live

² *During all question of the gentle Truce :*] *Question*, for force, virtue. WARBURTON.

How *question* should mean *force* or *virtue*, I cannot find. If such latitude of exposition be allowed, what can be difficult ? I once thought to read,

During all quiet of the gentle Truce :

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation.

³ *And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly*

With his face back in humane gentleness.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great sagacity pointed this passage in his first edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himself of a lion *flying in humane gentleness*, I wont pretend to affirm : I suppose, he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or as what our vulgar call an *Essex* lion,

a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turn'd backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats : and in this manner it is, *Æneas* professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the symptoms of *humane gentleness* ? My correction of the pointing restores good sense, and a proper behaviour in *Æneas*. As soon as ever he has return'd *Diomedes'* Bráve, he stops short and corrects himself for expressing so much fury in a time of truce ; from the fierce soldier becomes the courtier at once ; and, remembering his enemy to be a guest and an ambassador, welcomes him as such to the *Trojan* camp.—

THEOBALD.

⁴ —*by Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand.

WARBURTON.

If to my sword his Fate be not the Glory,
A thousand complete courses of the Sun;
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
not.

Par. ' His purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this
Greek

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before. I constantly do think,
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good-morrow all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomedes*, tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
Myself, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

His purpose meets you;—] I bring you his meaning and his
orders.

He

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 493

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.

He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of⁶ a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed our your inheritors.

⁷ Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country. Hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A *Grecian's* life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well;

⁸ We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

⁶ —a flat tamed piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARB.

⁷ Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,

But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read,

But he as he, each heavier for a whore.

Heavy is taken both for weighty, and for sad or miserable. The quarto reads,

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

I know not whether the thought

is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus,

But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?

That is, for a whore staked down, which is the heavier?

⁸ We'll not commend what we intend to sell.] But this is not talking like a chapman: for if it be the custom for the buyer to dispraise, it is the custom too for the seller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to sell *Helen*, he should, by this rule, have commended her. But she

she

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Pandarus's House.**Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

Troi. **D**EAR, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down; He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed. ⁹ Sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy senses, As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,

† As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary-swift than thought: You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry.

the truth was, he had no such intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which shews *Shakespear* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT sell.

i. e. what we intend not to sell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphrase by making it the text. WARB.

I believe the meaning is only

this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell *Helen*-dear, yet will not commend her.

⁹ —*Sleep kill*—] So the old copies. The moderns have,

—*sleep* seal—

† *As tediously*—] The folio has,

As hideously as hell.

O foolish

O foolish *Cressida*! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one
up.

Pan. [within.] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking.
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, now now? How go maiden-heads?
Hear you! Maid! Where's my cousin *Cressida*?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her say, what.
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capoc-*
chia,——hast not slept to-night? Would he not a
naughty man let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[One knocks.

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd
o'th' head!—Who's that at the door?—Good uncle,
go and see!—My Lord, come you again into my
chamber.—You smile and mock me, as if I meant
naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.

[A poor Chipochia,] This word, I am afraid, has suffer'd under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. *Pandarus* says it to his niece, in a jeering sort of tenderness. He would say, I think, in *English*—Poor innocent! Poor fool! ha'st not slept to night? These appellations are very well answer'd by the *Italian* word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

How

How earnestly they knock—Pray you, come in,

[*Knock.*

I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas*? By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Whoo!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware; you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go.

[*As Pandarus is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My² matter is so rash. There is at hand *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphobus*, The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor*³ Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

² *Matter is so rash.*—] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt.

³ *Deliver'd to us, &c.*] So the folio. The quarto thus, *Delivered to him, and forthwith.*

We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; † the secrets of
neighbour *Pandar*
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The De-
vil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad. A
plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
Lord? gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

† — the secrets of nature
*Have not more gift in taciturni-
ty.*] This is the reading of
both the elder folio's; but the first
verse manifestly halts, and betrays
its being defective. Mr. Pope
substitutes

*The secrets of neighbour Pan-
dar.*

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum*
(as he professes all his various
readings to be) it is founded on
the credit of such copies, as it has
not been my fortune to meet

with. I have ventur'd to make
out the verse thus;

*The secret'st things of nature,
&c.*

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the my-
steries of nature, of occult philo-
sophy, or of religious ceremo-
nies. Our poet has allusions of
this sort in several other passages.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the
old quarto. So great is the ne-
cessity of collation.

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er been born. I knew, thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*!—

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone, thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle. I've forgot my father, I know no touch of Consanguinity: No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine! Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of falsehood, If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong Base and Building of my Love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart
With founding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Before Pandarus's House.

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.*

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us; good my brother *Troilus*;
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house.

I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help.

—Please you, walk in, my Lords. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Pandarus's House.**Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

^s The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that

^s the grief, &c.] The folio
reads,

*The grief is fine, full perfect,
that I taste,*

And no less in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it.—

The quarto otherwise,

The grief is fine, full, perfect,

that I taste,

*And violenteth in a sense as
strong*

As that which causeth it.—

Violenteth is a word with which I
am not acquainted, yet perhaps
it may be right. The reading of
the text is without authority.

500 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—ah sweet duck!—

Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:

Ob heart, (as the goodly saying is!)

O heart, *O heavy heart*,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,

By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme: Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse:

We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. *Cressid*, I love thee in so⁶ strain'd a purity,
 That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
 Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

⁶ —strain'd—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *range*.

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
 Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
 As many farewels as be stars in heaven
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas within.] My Lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the Genius so
 Cries, *come!* to him that instantly must die.

—Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
 or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pan.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid*'mongst the merry *Greeks*!
 When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of
 heart——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:——

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;

But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation. Be thou true,

⁷ For I will throw my glove to challenge Death himself in de-
 Death—] That is, I will fence of thy fidelity.

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent. But, I'll be true:

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I speak it, love.

The *Grecian* youths are full of subtle quality,
They're loving, well compos'd; with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heaven's, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas within.] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*,——

Troi.

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault.
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I with great truth, ⁸ catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; ⁹ the moral of my wit
Is *plain and true*, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomede.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way ¹ possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Fair Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*.
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,

⁸ —catch meer simplicity.] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation.

⁹ —the moral of my wit
Is plain and true,—] That is, the governing principle of my un-

derstanding; but I rather think we should read,

—the motto of my wit
Is plain and true.—

¹ possess thee what she is.] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authour.

² To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
 In praising her. I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge :
 For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
 Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
 Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
 To be a Speaker free, when I am hence,
 I'll answer to ³ my list; and know, my Lord,
 I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say, be't so;
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come—To the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomedes*,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
 Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
 To our own selves we bend our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Ane. How have we spent this morning?
 The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault. Come, come, to field
 with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

² To shame the SEAL of my petition towards thee,

By praising her.—] To shame the seal of a petition is nonsense. *Shakespeare* wrote,

To shame the ZEAL—

and the sense is this: *Grecian*, you use me discourteously; you see, I am a passionate lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the

zeal of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her beauty: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a lover's delicacy, you would have promised to do it, in compassion to his pangs and sufferings.

WARBURTON.
³ —my list;—] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*.

⁴ *Aene.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
 Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels :
 The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
 Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. **H**ERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
 Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my purse ;
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered⁵ bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood :
 Thou blow'ft for *Hector*.

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calchas's* daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
 He rises on his toe ; that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida* ?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

⁴ *Aeneas.*] These four lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. ⁵ — bias cheek] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

Ulyf. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,

[*Stepping between Men. and Cress.*

And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyf. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns !

Patr. The first was *Menalaus'* kiss—this mine—
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir. Lady, by your leave,—

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. ⁶ I'll make my match to live.

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.——

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not ; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyf. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulyf. I do desire it.

⁶ *I'll make my match to live.*] *me profit*, therefore will not take
I will make such bargains as I a worse kiss than I give.

Cre.

Cre. ⁷ Why, beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for *Venus*' sake, give me a kiss,
When *Helen* is a maid again; and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. ⁸ Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Ulys. Fy, fy, upon her!

There's language in her eyes, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint, and ⁹ motive of her body.

Oh, these Encounterers! So glib of tongue,

They give ¹ a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader; set them down

For ² fluttish Spoils of Opportunity,

And Daughters of the Game. [Trumpet within.]

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

⁷ *Why, beg then.*] For the sake
of rhyme, we should read,

Why, beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging,
beg more than one.

⁸ *Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave
both these lines to *Cressida*.
She bids *Ulysses* beg a kiss; he
asks that he may have it.

When Helen is a maid again.—

She tells him that then he shall
have it.

When Helen is a maid again.—

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it

when 'tis due.

*Never's my day, and then a kiss
for you.*

But I rather think that *Ulysses*
means to slight her, and that the
present reading is right.

⁹ —*motive of her body:*] *Motive,*
for part that contributes to
motion.

¹ —*a Coasting*—] An
amorous address; courtship.

² —*fluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches,
of whose chastity every opportunity
may make a prey.

Æne.

Æne. Hail, all the State of Greece! what shall be done

To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Ag. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Ag. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Ach. l. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little

‡ Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;

The

³ 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

WARBURTON.

Agam. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;] It seems absurd to me, that *Agamemnon* should make a remark to the disparagement of *Hector* for pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say, *If not Achilles, Sir what is your name? To Achilles* I have ventur'd to place it; and consulting Mr. *Dryden's* alteration of this play, I was not a little pleas'd to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that

Great Man in this point. THEO. As the old copies agree, I have made no change.

‡ Valour and pride EXCELL themselves in *Hector*;] It is an high absurdity to say, that any thing can excell in the extremity of little; which little too, is as blank as nothing. Without doubt *Shakespear* wrote.

Valour and pride PARCELL themselves in *Hector*;

i. e. divide themselves in *Hector* in such a manner, that the one is almost infinite; the other almost nothing. For the use of this word we may see *Richard III.*

—their wots are PARCELLED.

WARBURTON.

I would not petulantly object, that

The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood,
 In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
 This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomedes*. Go, gentle Knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*
 Consent upon the order of the fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

that excellence may as well be little as absurdity be high, but to direct the reader's attention rather to sense than words. *Shakespeare's* thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain, *Valour*, says *Aeneas*, is in *Hector* greater, than *valour* in other men, and *pride* in *Hector* is less than *pride* in other men. So

that *Hector* is distinguished by the excellence of having *pride* less than other *pride*, and *valour* more than other *valour*.

—an impair thought—] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies.

Manly

510 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath,⁶ subscribes
 To tender objects; but he in heat of action
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.
 They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
 Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth
 Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
 Did in great *Ilium*⁷ thus translate him to me.

[*Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

S C E N E IX.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd.—There, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hec. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son;

A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,

That thou couldst say, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan*; the sinews of this leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's: by *Jove* multipotent,

⁶ —*Hector*—*subscribes*
 To tender objects; —] That
 is; yields, gives way.

⁷ —*thus translate him to me.*]
 Thus explain his character.

Thou

Thou shouldst not bear from me a *Greekish* member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—
 Cousin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. ³ Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
 Cries,

³ Not Neoptolemus so MIR-
 ABLE,

(On whose bright crest, Fame,
 with her loud'st O yes,

Cries, this is he;) could promise
 to himself, &c.] That is to
 say, You, an old veteran warrior,
 threaten to kill me, when not the
 young son of Achilles (who is yet
 to serve his apprenticeship in war,
 under the Grecian generals, and on
 that account called *Neoptóλεμος*)
 dare himself entertain such a
 thought. But *Shakespeare* meant
 another sort of man, as is evi-
 dent from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

Which characterises one who goes
 foremost and alone: and can
 therefore suit only *one*, which *one*
 was *Achilles*; as *Shakespeare* him-
 self has drawn him,

The great Achilles, whom opi-
 nion crowns

The finew and the forehead of
 our Host.

And again,

Whose glorious deeds but in these
 fields of late

Made en'lous missions 'mongst
 the Gods themselves,

And drove great Mars to fac-
 tion.

And indeed the sense and spirit
 of *Hector's* speech requires that
 the most celebrated of his adver-
 saries should be picked out to be
 defied; and this was *Achilles*,
 with whom *Hector* had his final
 affair. We must conclude then
 that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRA-
 SCIBLE

On whose bright crest——

Irascible is an old school term,
 and is an epithet suiting his cha-
 racter, and the circumstances he
 was then in.

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabi-
 lis, acer.*

But our editor Mr. *Theobald*, by
 his obscure diligence, had found
 out

Cries, *this is he*; could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*!

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. ' We'll answer it.

The issue is embracement. *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As feld I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me,

out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three destructions of Troy*, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakespeare* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, *Wynken's Neoptolemus* is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, *Wynken's Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* side, and slain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* must needs mean by one *who could promise a thought of added honour torn from him*, a warrior amongst his enemies on the *Grecian* side.

WARBURTON.

After all this contention it is difficult to imagine that the cri-

tick believes *mirable* to have been changed to *irascible*. I should sooner read,

Not *Neoptolemus* th' *admirable*;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place.

The correction which the learned commentator gave to *Hanmer*,

Not *Neoptolemus's* fire so *mirable*,

as it was *modest* than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from justness of sentiment, than for *Hector* to characterise *Achilles* as the father of *Neoptolemus*, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whose name was therefore much less known than his father's. My opinion is, that by *Neoptolemus* the authour meant *Achilles* himself, and remembering that the son was *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*, considered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomer gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise *Achilles Neoptolemus*.

?' *We'll answer it.*] That is, answer the *expectance*.

And

And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin,
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Ag. ¹Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion,
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome:

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Ag. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
[To *Troilus*.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting.
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O—you, my Lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet,
thanks.

²Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

¹ *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio.

Worthy all' arms!—

Quarto. The quarto has only the
two first and the last line of this
salutation; the intermediate verses

seem added on a revision.

² *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto
has here a strange corruption,

*Mock not thy affect, the untrad-
ed earth.*

Heñ. O, pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
³ And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This I've seen:
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Heñ. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

⁴ As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Heñ. I would, they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time——

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Heñ. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw yourself and *Diomedè*

³ And seen thee scorning forfeits—] Folio. The quar-
to has,

—despising many forfeits——
⁴ This line is not in the quar-
to:

In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassy.

Ulyf. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue;
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you;
There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyf. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord *Ulysses*;—thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have set mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou understandst.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again.

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Heſt. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that fithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin ;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Heſtor*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Heſt. I pray you, let us ſee you in the fields :
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Heſtor* ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To night, all friends.

Heſt. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive we ; afterwards,
As *Heſtor's* leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.

⁵ Beat loud the tabourins ; let the trumpets blow ;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Beat loud the tabourins.*—] The reading which I have given
For this the quarto and the latter editions have, from the folio ſeems choſen at the
reviſion, to avoid the repetition
of the word *bounties*.

To taſte your bounties.——

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyf. At *Menelaus'* Tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so
much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyf. You shall command me, Sir.
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter *Thersites*.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

⁶ Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. ⁷ The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what needs these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy
talk. Thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-varlet.

Patr. ⁸ Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

⁶ *Thou crusty batch of Nature*,—] *Batch* is changed
by *Theobald* to *botch*, and the
change is justified by a pompous
note, which discovers that he did
not know the word *batch*. What
is more strange, *Hanmer* has fol-
lowed him. *Batch* is any thing
baked.

⁷ *The surgeon's box*,] In this
answer *Thersites* only quibbles
upon the word *tent*. *HANMER*.

⁸ *Male-varlet*,] *Hanmer* reads
male-barlot, plausibly enough, ex-
cept that it seems too plain to re-
quire the explanation which *Pa-
troclus* demands.

Ther.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, ⁹ cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, ¹ you ruinous butt, you whorison indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, ² thou idle immaterial skein of slei'd silk, thou green sarcenet flat for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou. Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. ³ Out, gall !

Ther. ⁴ Finch egg !

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

⁹ cold palsies,] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at cold palsies. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto; the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious.

It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by *Milton* in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases.

¹ you ruinous, &c.] *Patroclus* reproaches *Thersites* with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

² thou idle immaterial skein of slei'd silk,] All the terms used by *Thersites* of *Patroclus*, are em-

blematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

³ Out, gall!] *Hanmer* reads *Nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our Authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!*

⁴ Finch-egg!] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed.

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
 5 A token from her daughter, my fair love,
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
 Fall *Greeks*, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
 My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
 Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,
 This night in banquetting must all be spent.
 Away, *Patroclus*. [Exeunt.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
 these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
 and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-
 men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough,
 and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much
 brain as ear-wax; 6 and the goodly transformation of
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive sta-
 tue,

5 *A token from her daughter,*
 &c.] This is a circumstance
 taken from the story book of the
 three destructions of *Troy*.

OXFORD EDITOR.

6 *And the goodly transformation*
of Jupiter there, his brother, the
bull, the primitive statue, and OB-
LIQUE memorial of cuckoldis;] He
 calls *Menelaus* the transformation
 of *Jupiter*, that is, as himself ex-
 plains it, the bull, on account of
 his horns, which he had as a
 cuckold. This cuckold he calls
 the primitive statue of cuckolds;
 i. e. his story had made him so
 famous, that he stood as the great
 archetype of this character. But
 how was he an oblique memorial
 of cuckolds? can any thing be a
 more direct memorial of cuck-
 olds, than a cuckold? and so the
 foregoing character of his being
 the primitive statue of them plain-

ly implies. To reconcile these
 two contradictory epithets there-
 fore we should read,

—and OBELISQUE memorial
 of cuckolds.

He is represented as one who
 would remain an eternal monu-
 ment of his wife's infidelity. And
 how could this be better done
 than by calling him an obelisque
 memorial? of all human edifices
 the most durable. And the sen-
 tence rises gradually, and pro-
 perly from a statue to an obe-
 lisque. To this the editor Mr.
Theobald replies, that the bull is
 called the primitive statue: by
 which he only giveth us to un-
 derstand, that he knoweth not
 the difference between the En-
 glish articles *a* and *the*. But by
 the bull is meant *Menelaus*; which
 title *Thersites* gives him again af-
 terwards—*I be cuckold and the*
cuckold.

tue, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice ⁷ forced with wit, turn him? To an afs were nothing, he is both afs and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizzard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be a *Menelaus*—I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the louse of a lazar, fo I were not *Menelaus*.

Hey-day, ⁸ spirits and fires!

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyffes, Nestor, and Diomedes, *with lights*.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Heſt. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyf. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Heſtor*. Welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

cuckold-maker are at it—THE BULL *has the game*—But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty's evaded.

⁷ forced with wit,] Stuffed

with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *lowing quails*.

⁸ —[*spirits and fires*!] This *Thersites* speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

Heſt.

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Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet drought. Sweet, quoth a. Sweet sink, Sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* carries, and you too, *Diomedes*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent.

I'll keep you company.

[To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me,

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

Ther. That same *Diomedes* a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomedes* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not dog him; they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. **W**HAT are you up here? ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed.*—*Calchas* I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus and Ulysses, [undiscovered by Diomedes,]
after them Therites, [unseen by Troilus and Ulysses.]*

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian? Hark, a word with you. *[Whispers.]*

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take
her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. Lift.——

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

⁹ *her cliff.*] That is, her key. *Clef*, French.

Dio.

Dio. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't. What would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience.

Ulyf. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomede*.——

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madness!

Ulyf. You are mov'd, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulyf. Good my Lord, go off.

¹ You flew to great distraction. Come, my Lord.

Troi. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulyf. You have not patience. Come.

Troi. I pray you, stay. By hell, and by hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyf. Why, how now, Lord?

¹ You flew to great distraction.—] So the moderns. The folio has, You flew to great destruction.—
The quarto, I read, You show too great distraction.

Troi.

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Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian. Why, *Greek*.

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something. Will you go?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay. By *Jove*, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, lo; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel. I am all patience.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My Lord,——

Troi. I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve. Behold it well.—
He lov'd me.—O false wench!—Giv't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.

I will

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I pry'thee, *Diomede*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:

² As I kiss thee.— [*Diomede snatches the sleeve.*
Nay, do not snatch it from me:

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomede*; faith, you
shall not,

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. ³ By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

² In old editions.

As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from
me:

Cre. He that takes that, must
take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be
all plac'd to *Cressida*. She had the

sleeve, and was kissing it raptu-
rously: and *Diomede* snatches it
back from her.

THEOBALD:

² By all *Diana's* waiting wo-
men yonder,] i. e. the stars
which she points to.

WARBURTON.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not.
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock *Diomedé* again.

Cre. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Thér. Nor I, by *Pluto*. But that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove!*—Do. Come,—
I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pry'thee, come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,

⁴ But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Thér. ⁵ A proof of strength she could not publish
more;

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?

⁴ But with my heart, &c.] I think it should be read thus,

But my heart with the other eye doth see.

⁵ A proof of strength she could not publish more;] She could

not publish a stronger proof.

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Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
⁶ That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. ⁷ I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord. *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
 For depravation, to square the general sex
 By *Cressid's* rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can foil our
 mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes's* *Cressida*.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
 If sanctimony be the God's delight,
⁸ If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That

⁶ *That doth invert that test of eyes and ears.*] *What test?* *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words are to be thus split;

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears.

i. e. That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing

against themselves. THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto.

⁷ *I cannot conjure Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of *Cressida*.

⁸ *If there be rule in unity itself.*] I do not well understand what is meant by *rule in unity*. By *rule* our authour, in this place as in others, intends

virtuous

That cause set'ft up with and against thyself!
² Bi-fold authority! ³ where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Cressid*.
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As slight *Arachne's* broken woof to enter.
 Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto's* gates!
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n's;
 Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!
 The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd:
 And with another ⁴ knot five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

virtuous restraint, regularity of manners, command of passions and appetites. In *Mackbeth*,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause,

Within the belt of rule.

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to unity. I read,

If there be rule in purity itself,

Or,

If there be rule in verity itself.

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who saw the state of the old editions, in which, for instance, a few lines lower, *the Almighty Sun* is called *the Almighty Fenne*.

Yet the words may at last mean, *If there be certainty in unity, if it be a rule that one is one.*

² *Bi-fold authority! ———]*

This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us,

By foul authority! ———

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid. The quarto is right.

³ —where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt. ———]

A miserable expression of a quaint thought, *That to be unreasonable in love is reasonable; and to be reasonable, unreasonable.* *Perdition* and *loss* are both used in the very same sense, and that an odd one, to signify *unreasonableness*.

WARBURTON.

The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*.

⁴ —*knot five-finger-tied,*]

A knot tied by giving her hand to *Diomedes*.

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques,
Of her ⁵ o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

Ulys. ⁶ May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth exprefs?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*. Ne'er did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout,
Which ship-men do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince. My courteous Lord,
adieu.

Farewel, revolted Fair. And, *Diomede*,

⁵ O'er eaten faith,—] Vows which she has already swallowed once over. We still say of a faithless man, that he has eaten his words.

⁶ May worthy *Troilus*—] Can *Troilus* really feel on this occasion half of what he says? A question answerable to *Ulysses*.

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.

Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, lechery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. **W**HEN was my Lord so much ungently temper'd

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you. Get you gone.

By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day!

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Confort with me in loud and dear petition;

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt

Of bloody turbulence and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound,

Caf. No notes of fally for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Caf. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish yows; They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded, do not count it holy To hurt by being just; it were as lawful⁷ For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Caf.*⁸ It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold. Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say. Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate; Life every man holds dear, but the⁹ dear man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness, youth;

⁷ For us to count—] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness,

—Do not count it holy,

To hurt by being just; it were as lawful

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

⁸ It is the purpose—] The mad Prophetess speaks here with

all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. *The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent.*

⁹ —dear man] Valuable man. The modern editions read, —brave man.

The repetition of the word is in our authour's manner.

I am

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou shouldst have my Office,

Ere that correction. *Troilus*, I say, what! *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede*! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, ² you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud *Trojan*.

Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My Rest and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shall hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

² — you cogging *Greeks*,—] authour had heard of *Gracia Mendax*.
This epithem has no particular propriety in this place, but the

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Æneas*. Shall it be?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
 He shall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
 Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say;
 I reckon not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit*]

Enter One in armour.

Heñ. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly
 mark:
 Now? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
³ I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit*].

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 And when I have the bloody *Heñor* found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.
 Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
 It is decreed, *Heñor* the great must die. [*Exeunt*].

³ *I'll frush it,—*] The word nor understand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*,
frush I never found elsewhere,

S C E N E

I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.
 Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
 And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
 Unarm thee; go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
 I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
¹ Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Heñ. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me
 for it.

Troi. ² When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
 Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
 You bid them rise, and live.

Heñ. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Heñtor*.

Heñ. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
 Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers,
 And when we have our armour buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
 Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Heñ. Fy, savage, fy!

Troi. *Heñtor*, thus 'tis in wars.

Heñ. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

No fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

¹ Which better fits a lion,—] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, *Troilus* reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

² When many times the CAPTIVE *Grecians* fall,] This reading supposes *Heñtor* insulting

over his captives, which is not *Troilus's* meaning: who is here speaking of *Heñtor's* actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

When many times the captiff
Grecians fall,
i. e. dastardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the speaker to give them, and justified by his account of them. *WARBURTON*.

I see no hint of insult in the present reading.

Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
 Their eyes o'er-galled³ with recourse of tears;
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
 But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast,
 He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
 Fall all together.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back;
 Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
 Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
 To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
 Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
 And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
 Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
 This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
 You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
 To take that course by your consent and voice,
 Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.

³ ——— with recourse of tears;] i. e. tears that continue to course
 one another down the face.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Caf. O farewell, dear *Heñor*,
Look, how thou dy'st; look, how thy eyes turn
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;

How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry, *Heñor*, *Heñor's* dead! O *Heñor*!

Troi. Away! — Away! —

Caf. Farewel. Yes. Soft. *Heñor*, I take my leave;
Thou do'st thyself and all our *Troy* deceive. [Exit.

Heñ. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel. The Gods with safety stand about
thee. [Alarm.

Troi. They're at it; hark. Proud *Diomede*, be-
lieve—

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson pifick, a whoreson rascally pifick
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl,
and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave
you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine

eyes too, and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she; there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart.

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. ⁴ Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarm.*] Enter Therites.

Ther. **N**OW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that, that

⁴ Hence, *brothel*, lacquey!—] *phen* betwixt the two words.

In this, and the repetition of it, towards the close of the play, *Troilus* is made absurdly to call *Pandarus*——*bawdy-house*; for *brothel* signifies nothing else that I know of; but he meant to call him an attendant on a bawdy-house, a messenger of obscene errands: a sense which I have retriev'd only by clapping an *hy-*

THEOBALD.

I have retained the note, but believe the emendation wholly unnecessary. For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneously for *broker*, as it stands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of *brother* the following editors made *brothel*.

fame

same young *Trojan* ass, that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly villain with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. ⁵ O th' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.—They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin ⁶ to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft—here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river
Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire!

I do not fly; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee!

[*They go off, fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*. Now for thy
whore, *Trojan*. Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

⁵ O th' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &c.] But in what sense are *Nestor* and *Ulysses* accus'd of being swearing rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive, that sneering is the true reading. They had colloqued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with insincere praises, only in order to have

stir'd *Achilles's* emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.

THEOBALD.

⁶ to proclaim barbarism.] To set up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector's* match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no. I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God a' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.**Enter Diomedes and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse, Present the fair Steed to my lady *Cressid*:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:

Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,

And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my Lord.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew. The fierce *Polydamas* Hath beat down *Menon*; 't' bastard *Margarelon*

⁷ — *bastard Margarelon*] ces taken from the story book of
The introducing a bastard son of *The three destructions of Troy.*
Priam, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumstan-
THEOBALD.

Hat!

Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
 And stands *Colossus* wise, waving his beam
 Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Tboas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruis'd; ⁸ the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers. Haste we, *Diomedes*,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
 There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
 Now, here he fights ⁹ on *Galatbe* his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
 And there they fly or die, like scaled shoals
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there ¹ the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

⁸ —the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—] “ Be-
 “ yonde the Royallme of Ama-
 “ sonne came an auncyent
 “ Kynge, wyse and dyscreete,
 “ named *Epystrophus*, and brought
 “ a M. Knyghtes, and a mer-
 “ vayllouffe Beste that was cal-
 “ led SAGITTARYE, that be-
 “ hynde the myddes was an
 “ horse, and to fore, a Man:
 “ This Beste was heery lyke an
 “ horse, and had his Eyen rede
 “ as a Cole, and shotte well with

“ a bowe: *This Beste made the*
 “ *Grekes sore aserde, and slewe*
 “ *many of them with his Bowe.*”
The three Destructions of Troy,
 printed by *Caxton*.

Mr. THEOBALD.

⁹ —on *Galatbe his horse,*]
 From the same book is taken this
 name given to *Hector*'s horse.

Mr. THEOBALD.

¹ —the strawy *Greeks,*—] In
 the folio it is,

—the straying *Greeks.*

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyf. Oh, courage, courage, 'Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curling, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drousy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Heſtor*. *Ajax* has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring from *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*? [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Heſtor*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew me thy face:

Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Heſtor! Where's *Heſtor*? I will none but *Heſtor*.

[Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now bull, now dog. 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo. My double-hen'd sparrow. 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo. The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewel, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without! —

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:

Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*He puts up his sword.*

Enter.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
* Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. ⁵ Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.

[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*]

So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain.

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my
Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth;

And, flickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail:

Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt:*]

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*]

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain! *Achilles!*

* *Ev'n with the veil*—] The *veil* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*.

⁵ *Strike fellows, strike,*—] This particular of *Achilles* over-

powering *Hector* by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book.

OXFORD EDITOR.

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles*.

Ajax. If it is so, yet brags let it be:

Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Ag. March hastily along; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.

If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!*—the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and smile at *Troy!*
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on,

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a scritch owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

² This line is in the quarto given to *Troilus*.

Scare *Troy* out of itself. But march away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet.—You vile abominable Tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,
 Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth Goblins swift as *Frenzy's* thoughts.
 —Strike a free March to *Troy*! With comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, ³ broker lacquey; ignominy, shame
 [Strikes him.

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [Exeunt.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh
 world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd:
 Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a
 work, and how ill requited? why should our endea-
 vour be so ⁴ lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?
 what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see—
 Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 cloths——

As many as be here of *Pandar's* Hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.

³ So the quarto. The folio has *Brother*.

⁴ *Lo-ved*, quarto; *desired*, folio.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :

It should be now ; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss :

'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.]

⁵ Some galled goose of Winchester—] The public fews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of *Winchester*.

POPE.

The *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. Dr: GRAY.

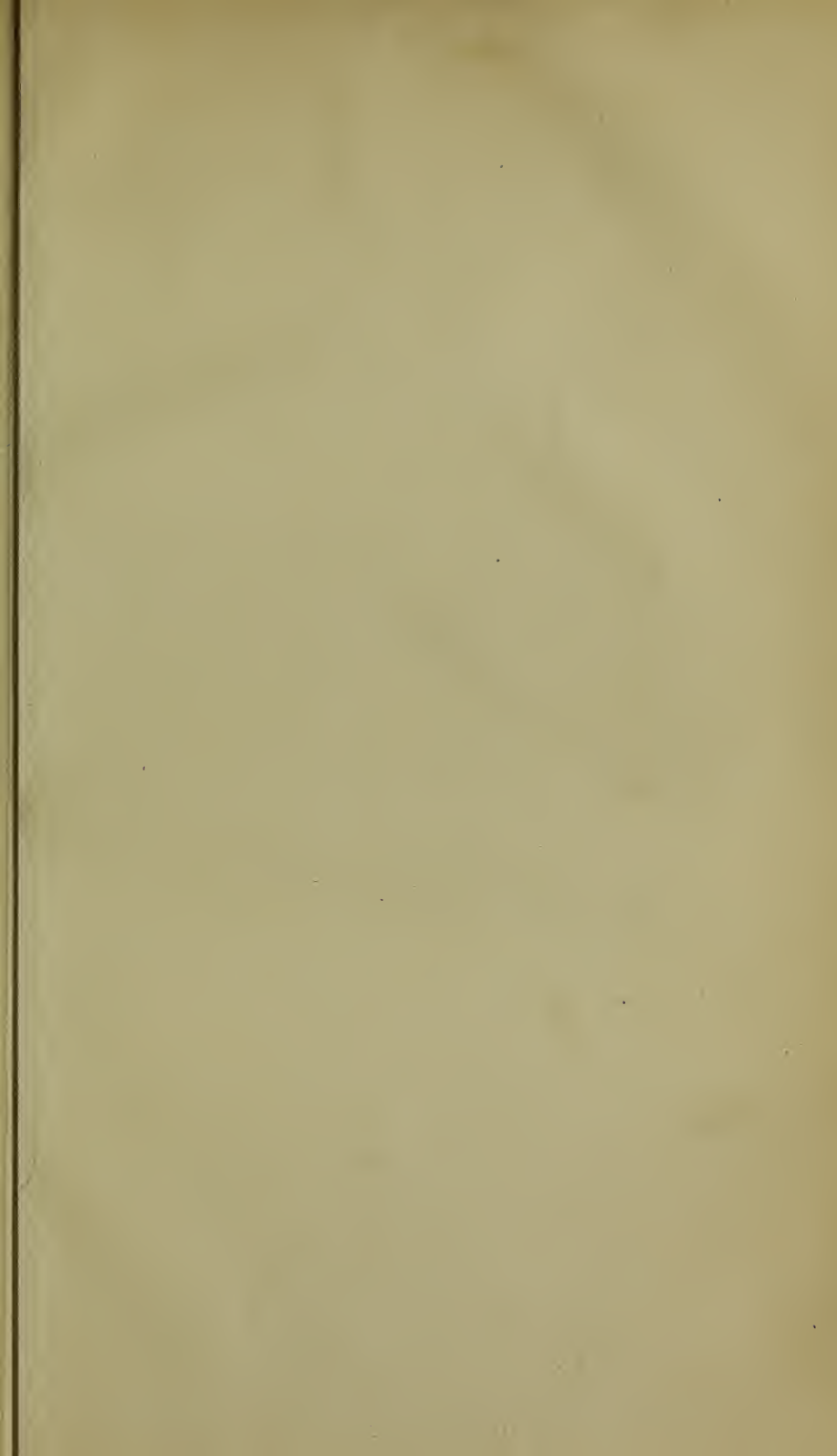
⁶ —sweat,] Quarto ; *swear*, folio.

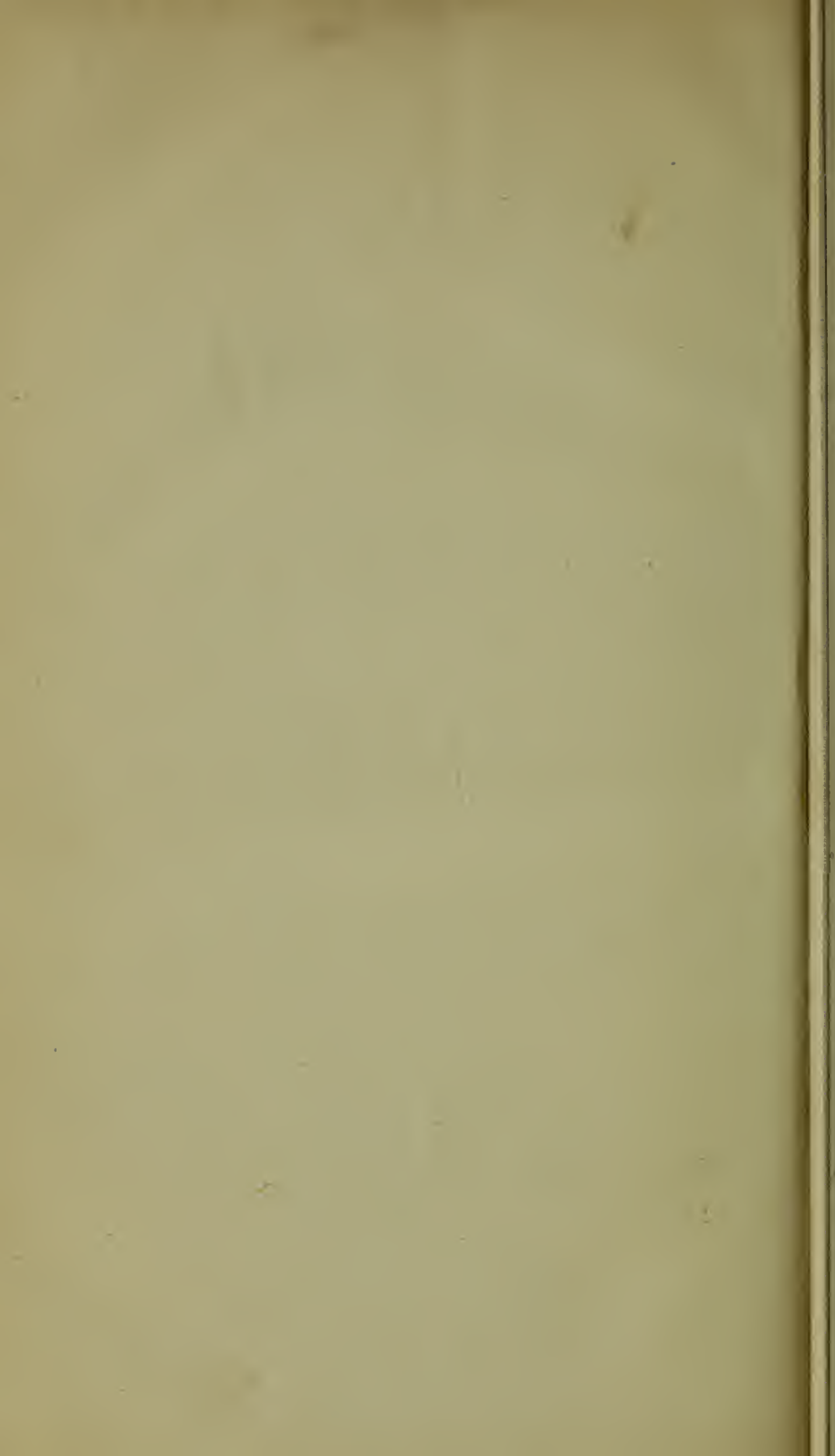
THIS play is more correctly written than most of *Shakespeare's* compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exact-

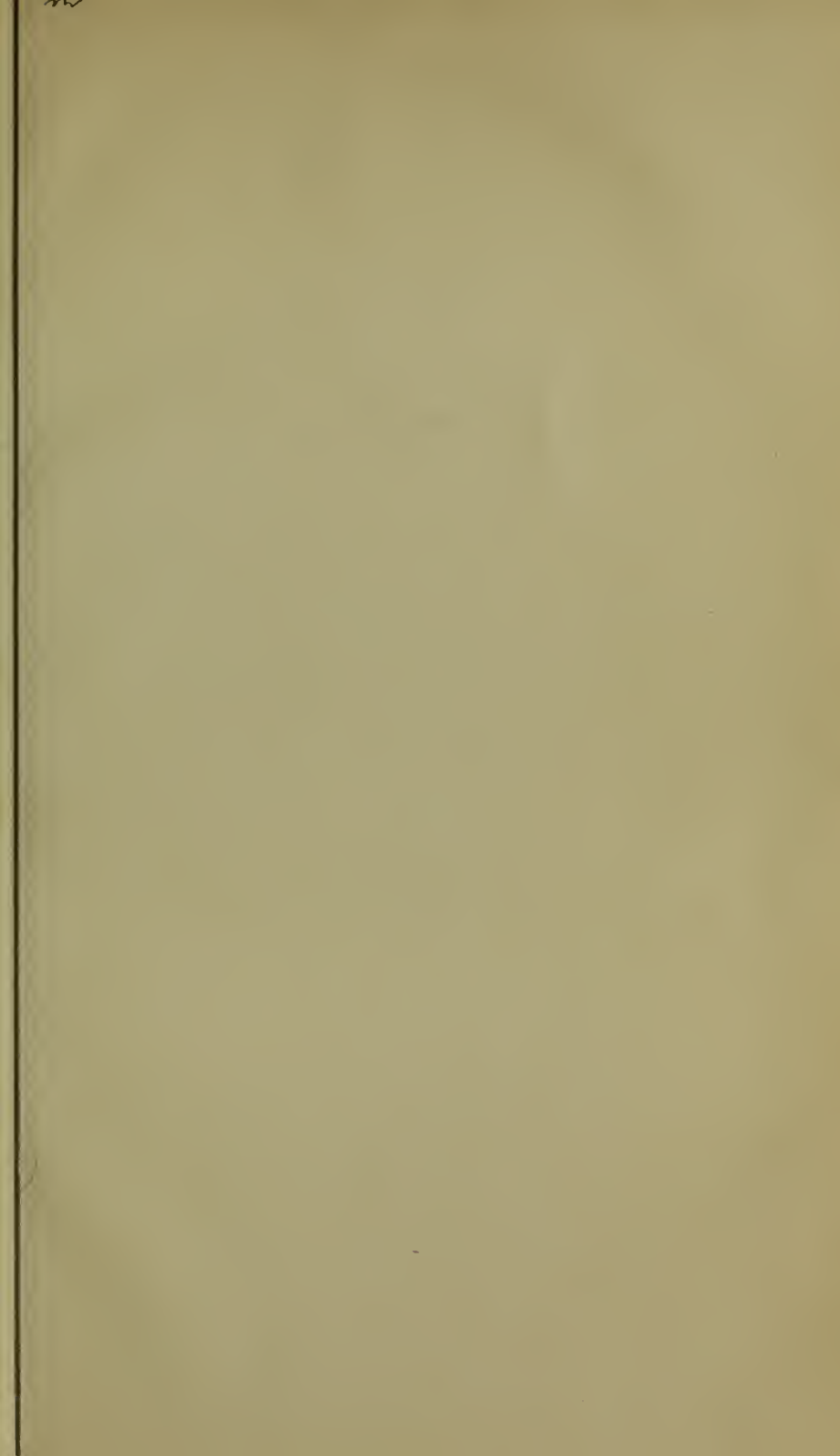
ness; His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both *Cressida* and *Pandarus* are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer, they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature, but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed.

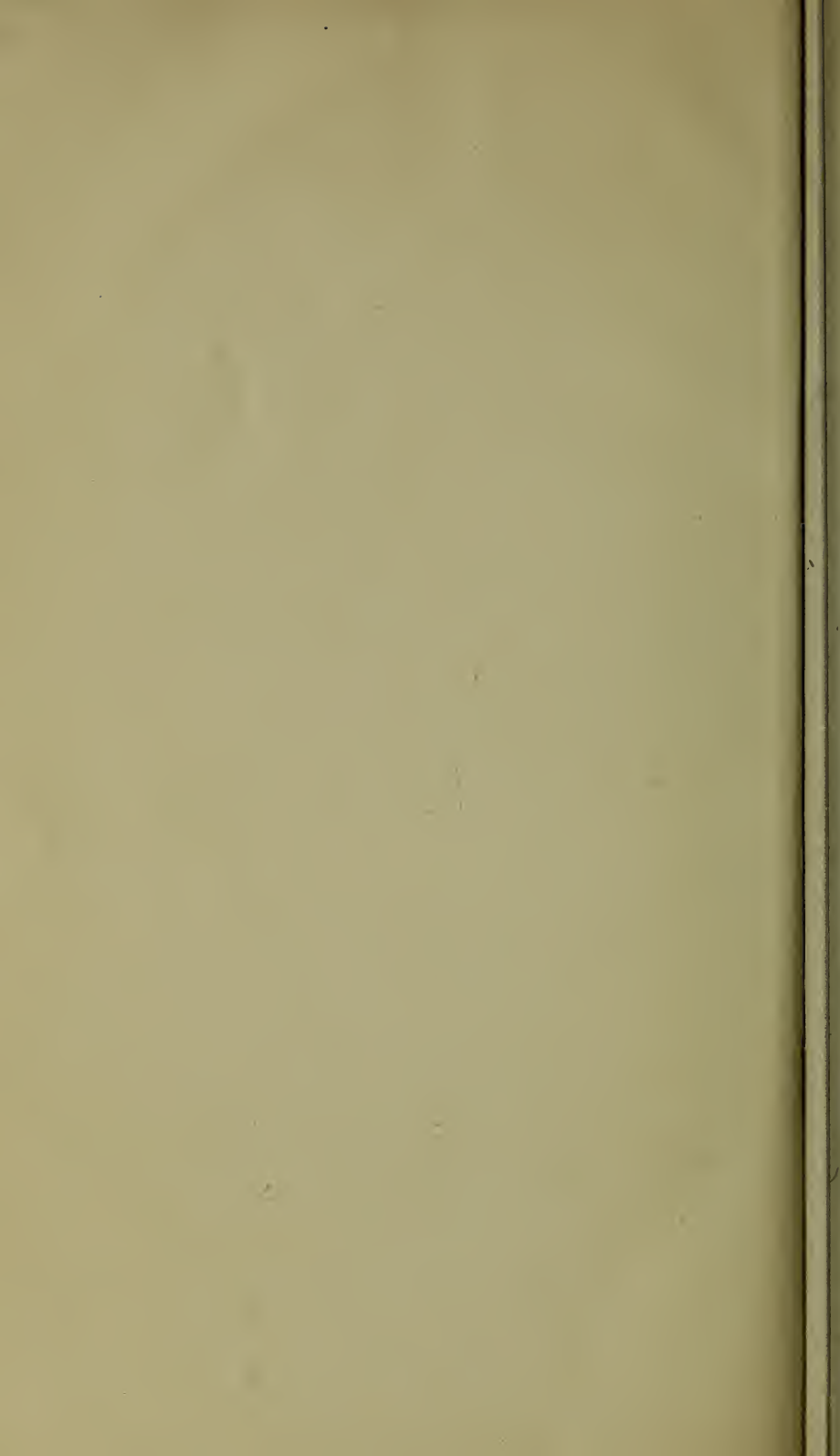
Shakespeare has in his story followed for the greater part the old book of *Caxton*; which was then very popular ; but the character of *Iberites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had published his version of *Homer*.

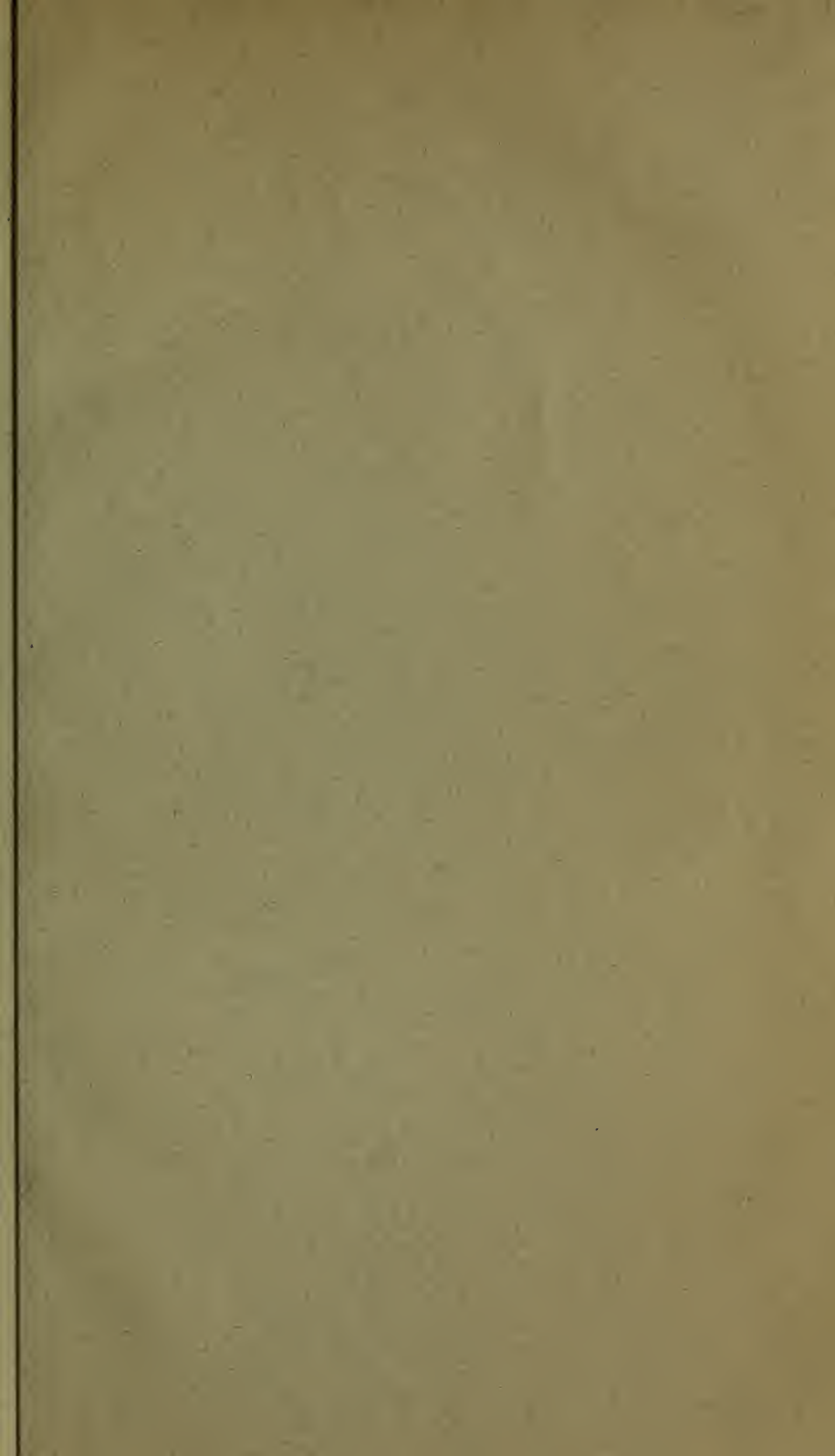
The END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.













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