





*J. Watts Russell.*

Given to Dear Martha

18<sup>th</sup> November 1863

J. W. Russell







THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

CONTAINING

CORIOLANUS.  
JULIUS CÆSAR.

---

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Parry, R. Bent, J. Badcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell.

1803.

Shakap

PR

2753

J7

1303

V. 16



CORIOLANUS.\*

Vol. XVI.

B



\* CORIOLANUS.] This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied, from the *Life of Coriolanus* in *Plutarch*. POPE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, }  
Cominius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, }  
Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

*A Roman Herald.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

*A Citizen of Antium.*

*Two Volscian Guards.*

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,  
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants  
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

# CORIOLANUS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *CIT.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*CIT.* Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *CIT.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*CIT.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *CIT.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*CIT.* We know't, we know't.

1 *CIT.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*CIT.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *CIT.* One word, good citizens.

1 *CIT.* We are accounted poor citizens; the

patricians, good :<sup>1</sup> What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear :<sup>2</sup> the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. —Let us revenge this with our pikes,<sup>3</sup> ere we be-

<sup>1</sup> 1. Cit. *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good;*] Good is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone in Eastward Hoe* :

“ — known good men, well monied.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Antonio’s a good man.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *but they think, we are too dear :*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes :*] It was Shakspeare’s design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here fished a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes :* for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So, Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn christians to the pikes*. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author’s time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so : and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk’s* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt’s edit. v. 281 :

“ As lene was his hors as is a rake.”

come rakes : for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *CIT.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

*CIT.* Against him first ;<sup>4</sup> he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *CIT.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

1 *CIT.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *CIT.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *CIT.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude<sup>5</sup> of his virtue.

2 *CIT.* What he cannot help in his nature, you

Spenser introduces it in the second Book of his *Fairy Queen*, Canto II :

“ His body lean and meagre as a rake.”

*As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third Book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achaemenides, says :

“ A meigre leane rake,” &c.

This passage, however, seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition ; as also does the following from Churchyard's *Tragicall Discourse of the Hapless Man's Life*, 1593 :

“ And though as leane as rake in every rib.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Cit.* *Against him first* ; &c.] This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the Citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first Citizen. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— to the altitude ———] So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ He's traitor to the height.” STEEVENS.

account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *CIT.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

*CIT.* Come, come.

1 *CIT.* Soft ; who comes here ?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *CIT.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *CIT.* He's one honest enough ; 'Would, all the rest were so !

*MEN.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand ?  
Where go you  
With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *CIT.* Our business<sup>6</sup> is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

*MEN.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,  
Will you undo yourselves ?

<sup>6</sup> *Our business* &c.] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* Citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* Citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus.



1 *CIT.* We cannot, fir, we are undone already.

*MEN.* I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care  
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well  
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as liſt them  
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs  
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment :<sup>7</sup> For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,  
You are tranſported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander  
The helms o'the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,  
When you curſe them as enemies.

1 *CIT.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They  
ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and  
their ſtore-houſes crammed with grain; make edicts  
for uſury, to ſupport uſurers: repeal daily any  
wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich; and  
provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to chain up  
and refrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,  
they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*MEN.* Either you muſt  
Confefs yourſelves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture  
To ſcale 't a little more.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *cracking ten thouſand curbs*  
*Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever*  
*Appear in your impediment:]* So, in *Othello* :

“ I have made my way through more impediments  
“ Than twenty times your ſtop.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I will venture*  
*To ſcale 't a little more.]* To *ſcale* is to *diſperſe*. The word

1 *CIT.* Well, I'll hear it, fir : yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale :<sup>9</sup> but, an't please you, deliver.

*MEN.* There was a time, when all the body's  
members  
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—" a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. So, in *The Historie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. a play published in 1599 :

" The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,  
" Are *skaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures pas-  
sage find."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, already quoted :

" — Cut off his beard.—"

" Eye, eye ; idle, idle ; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little *scal'd* hair." In the North they say *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it : *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II. says : " — they would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530 : " — whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies." In the learned Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale*, to *scatter*, to *spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparfos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *schevel*, *skail* ; but of a more general signification. See Vol. VI. p. 312, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*stale* it. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — [disgrace with a tale :] *Disgraces* are *hardships*, *injuries*. JOHNSON.

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments<sup>1</sup>

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate,<sup>2</sup> did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *CIT.* Well, fir, what answer made the belly?

*MEN.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs,<sup>3</sup> but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,<sup>4</sup>  
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly<sup>5</sup>  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.<sup>6</sup>

1 *CIT.* Your belly's answer: What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

<sup>1</sup> — where the other instruments —] *Where* for *whereas*.

JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*,  
Vol. IX. p. 267, n. 7:

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The instruments that feel.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — participate,] Here means *participant*, or *participating*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *I may make the belly smile,*] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly, and *fayed*,” &c. North's translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *even so most fitly* —] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *They are not such as you.*] I suppose we should read—*They are not as you.* So, in *St. Luke*, xviii. 11: “God, I thank thee, I am not *as* this publican.” The pronoun—*such*, only disorders the measure. STEEVENS.

The counsellor heart,<sup>7</sup> the arm our foldier,  
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabrick, if that they——

*MEN.* What then?—  
 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what  
 then?

1 *CIT.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-  
 strain'd,  
 Who is the sink o'the body,——

*MEN.* Well, what then?

1 *CIT.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer?

*MEN.* I will tell you ;  
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)   
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *CIT.* You are long about it.

*MEN.* Note me this, good friend ;  
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,*  
*That I receive the general food at first,*  
*Which you do live upon ; and fit it is ;*  
*Because I am the store-house, and the shop*  
*Of the whole body : But if you do remember,*  
*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*  
*Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain ;<sup>8</sup>*

<sup>7</sup> *The counsellor heart,*] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man*. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *understanding*. See the next note. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *to the seat o' the brain ;*] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle :

*And, through the cranks and offices of man,<sup>9</sup>  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,*

*Even to the court, the heart, to the seat, the brain.*

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* Act III. sc. iv :

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy *seat*.”——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterized these principal parts of the human fabric by similar metaphors :

“ The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,

“ The *counsellor heart*,——.” TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: “ Herenpon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There REASON laid open before them,” &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. in which a circumstance is noticed, that shows our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal seat*, the *throne*. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. “ I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the *heart*, in which the *kingly-crowned understanding sits enthroned*.”

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ The rightful heir to England's *royal seat*.”

In like manner in *Twelfth-Night* our author has erected the *throne* of love in the *heart* :

“ It gives a very echo to the *seat*

“ Where love is *throned*.”

*From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark  
me,—*

1 *CIT.* Ay, fir; well, well.

*MEN.* *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1 *CIT.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

*MEN.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things  
rightly,

Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,  
No publick benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 *CIT.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*MEN.* For that being one o'the lowest, basest,  
poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run

Again, in *Othello*:

“Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne.”

See also a passage in *King Henry V.* where *feat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. XII. p. 310, n. 7. MALONE.

9 ——— *the cranks and offices of man,*] *Crank*s are the mean-  
drous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

*Crank*s are windings. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“He *cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles.”

MALONE.

Lead'st first to win some vantage.<sup>1</sup>—  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
 The one side must have bale.<sup>2</sup>—Hail, noble Mar-  
 cius!

<sup>1</sup> *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
 Lead'st first, to win some vantage.*] I think, we may better  
 read, by an easy change:

*Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood, to ruin  
 Lead'st first, to win &c.*

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead  
 thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning,  
 however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running  
 dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to  
 be gotten. JOHNSON.

*Worst in blood* may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI.*  
 P. I:

“If we be English deer, be then *in blood*.”

i. e. high spirits, in vigour.

Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v: “But when  
 they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*,” &c.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these  
 passages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal; and  
 that “*worst in blood*,” is *least in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant  
 a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood*  
 has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest.  
 See Vol. XII. p. 126, n. 7.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer  
 on both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scound-  
 rel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst con-  
 dition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in  
 this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to your-  
 self. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could ob-  
 tain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe,  
 consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary  
 sense. So afterwards—

“From *rasicals* worse than they.”

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the  
 term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphori-  
 cal sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor  
 have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to  
 the canine species. MALONE.

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*MAR.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you diffen-  
tious rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 *CIT.* We have ever your good word.

*MAR.* He that will give good words to thee, will  
flatter  
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you  
curs,  
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud.<sup>3</sup> He that trusts you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;  
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it.<sup>4</sup> Who deserves great-  
ness,

<sup>2</sup> *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word,  
for *mifery* or *calamity* :

“ For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.”

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

Mr. M. Mason observes that “ *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified  
*poison* in Shakspeare's days. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ With *baleful* weeds and precious-juiced flowers.”

STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked  
as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expofitor*, 1616.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,*

*The other makes you proud.*] Coriolanus does not use these  
two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with un-  
steadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Your virtue is,*

*To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,*

*And curse that justice did it.*] i. e. Your virtue is to speak



Deserves your hate : and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust  
 ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-  
 ter,

That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another ?—What's their seek-  
 ing ?<sup>5</sup>

*MEN.* For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they  
 say,  
 The city is well stor'd.

*MAR.* Hang 'em ! They say ?  
 They'll fit by the fire, and presume to know  
 What's done i' the Capitol : who's like to rise,  
 Who thrives, and who declines :<sup>6</sup> fide factions, and  
 give out  
 Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,

well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ;  
 and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was pu-  
 nished. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *What's their seeking ?* *Seeking* is here used substantively.  
 —The answer is, “ Their seeking, or *suit*, (to use the language  
 of the time,) is for corn.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *who's like to rise*,

Who thrives, and *who declines* : ] The words—*who thrives*,  
 which destroy the metre, appear to be an evident and tasteless in-  
 terpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,<sup>7</sup>

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry

With thousands<sup>8</sup> of these quarter'd slaves, as high

As I could pick my lance.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *their ruth,*] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective—*ruthless*, which is still current. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I'd make a quarry*

*With thousands—*] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ And like a quarry cast them on the land.”

See Vol. X. p. 248, n. 4. STEEVENS.

The word *quarry* occurs in *Macbeth*, where Ross says to Macduff:

“ ——— to state the manner,

“ Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer

“ To add the death of you.”

In a note on this last passage, Stevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian*: and from thence I suppose the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, where Fortinbras sees so many lying dead, he says:

“ This quarry cries, on havock!”

and in the last scene of *A Wife for a Month*, Valerio, in describing his own fictitious battle with the Turks, says:

“ I saw the child of honour, for he was young,

“ Deal such an alms among the spiteful Pagans,

“ And round about his reach, invade the Turks,

“ He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries.”

M. MASON.

Bullokar, in his *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, says that “ a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting.” This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *pick my lance.*] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pro-

*MEN.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

*MAR.* They are dissolved: Hang 'em!  
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-  
verbs;—  
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must  
eat;  
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods  
sent not  
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being an-  
swer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,<sup>1</sup>  
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their  
caps

nounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing,  
that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants.

TOLLET.

Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, cap. C.lxiii. fo. lxxxii. b:  
“—and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche  
squyer dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym  
through bothe the thyes.” STEEVENS.

So, in *An Account of auncient Customes and Games*, &c. MSS.  
Harl. 2057, fol. 10, b:

“To wrestle, play at strole-ball, [stool-ball] or to runne,

“To *picke* the barre, or to shoot off a gun.”

The word is again used in *King Henry VIII.* with only a  
slight variation in the spelling: “I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else.”  
See Vol. XV. p. 210, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the  
*nobles. Generosity is high birth.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“The *generous* and gravest citizens—.”

See Vol. VI. p. 381, n. 2. STEEVENS.

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,<sup>2</sup>  
Shouting their emulation.<sup>3</sup>

*MEN.* What is granted them ?

*MAR.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wif-  
doms,

Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,<sup>4</sup>  
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.<sup>5</sup>

*MEN.* This is strange.

*MAR.* Go, get you home, you fragments !

<sup>2</sup> — hang them on the horns o' the moon,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest. MALONE.

*Emulation*, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*.

*Emulation*, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence. Thus, in *King Henry VI. P. I.* :

“ — the trust of England's honour

“ Keep off aloof with worthless *emulation*.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ While *emulation* in the army crept.”

i. e. *faction*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — unroof'd the city,] Old copy—*unroof'd*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon.  
MALONE.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Where's Caius Marcius ?

*MAR.* Here : What's the matter ?

*MESS.* The news is, fir, the Volces are in arms.

*MAR.* I am glad on't ; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 *SEN.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately  
told us ;

The Volces are in arms.<sup>6</sup>

*MAR.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility :

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

*COM.* You have fought together.

*MAR.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him : he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

<sup>6</sup> — 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

*The Volces are in arms.*] Coriolanus had been just told himself that *the Volces were in arms*. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified ; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

1 *SEN.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*COM.* It is your former promise.

*MAR.* Sir, it is ;  
And I am constant.<sup>7</sup>—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :  
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

*TIT.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*MEN.* O, true bred !

1 *SEN.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I  
know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*TIT.* Lead you on :  
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority.<sup>8</sup>

*COM.* Noble Lartius !<sup>9</sup>

1 *SEN.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

*MAR.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Voices have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,

<sup>7</sup> — *constant.*] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ But I am *constant* as the northern star.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Right worthy you priority.*] You being right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read—*your* priority. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Noble Lartius !*] Old copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcus*. MALONE.

Your valour puts well forth :<sup>1</sup> pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and  
MENEN. Citizens *steal away*.

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>2</sup> the gods.

SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Your valour puts well forth :*] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ ——— To-day he *puts forth*

“ The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,” &c.  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to gird —] To *sneer*, to *gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio.”

Many instances of the use of this word, might be added.

STEEVENS.

To *gird*, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “ in some parts of England means to *push vehemently*. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he *girds* at it.” To *gird* likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a *stroke* of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, synonymous. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The present wars devour him : he is grown*

*Too proud to be so valiant.*] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that *the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of*

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
 Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
 His insolence can brook to be commanded  
 Under Cominius.

*BRU.* Fame, at the which he aims,—  
 In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first : for what miscarries

*his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c.* According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick.

WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities*. To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act IV. sc. iv :

“ But thou [the crown] most fine, most honour'd, most  
 renown'd,

“ *Hast eat thy bearer up.*”

To be *eat up with pride*, is still a phrase in common and vulgar use.

*He is grown too proud to be so valiant*, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour.

STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. “ The present wars,” Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess ; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii :

“ — He that's proud, *eats up* himself.”

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, “ he is grown too proud of *being* so valiant, *to be endured.*”

MALONE.



Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*  
*Had borne the business!*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.<sup>4</sup>

*BRU.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his  
faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than in singularity,<sup>5</sup> he goes  
Upon his present action.

*BRU.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *Othello*:

“ — and my *demerits*

“ May speak,” &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, Cardinal Wolfey says to his servants: “ — I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*.” Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Epistle to T. Vespasian*, 1600: “ — his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his story.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69: “ — this noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester, — ”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *More than in singularity, &c.*] We will learn what he is to do, besides going *himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “ Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1 *SEN.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*AUF.* Is it not yours?  
What ever hath been thought on<sup>6</sup> in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,<sup>7</sup>  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*  
*They have pres'd a power,*<sup>8</sup> *but it is not known*

<sup>6</sup> — hath been thought on —] Old copy—*have*. Corrected by the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — 'Tis not four days gone,] i. e. four days *past*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *They have pres'd a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—They have *prest* a power; which may signify, have a power *ready*; from *pret*. Fr. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ And I am *prest* unto it.”

See note on this passage, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were generally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *pres'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impres'd*. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, translated by Sir T. North, 1579: “ — the common people—would not appear when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *pres* them for the warres.” Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ From London by the kingdom was I *pres'd* forth.”

MALONE,

*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;  
The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :  
Consider of it.*

1 SEN. Our army's in the field :  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves ; which in the  
hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,  
To take in many towns,<sup>9</sup> ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

2 SEN. Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :  
Let us alone to guard Corioli :  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army ;<sup>1</sup> but, I think, you'll find

<sup>9</sup> *To take in many towns,]* *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. So, in *The Execution of Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson :

“ — The Globe, the glory of the Bank,  
“ I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,  
“ And raz'd.” MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — cut the Ionian sea,  
“ And *take in* Toryne.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *for the remove*

*Bring up your army ;]* Says the Senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*. If the Romans besiege

They have not prepar'd for us.

*AUF.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;<sup>2</sup>  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike  
Till one can do no more.

*ALL.* The gods assist you!

*AUF.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *SEN.* Farewell.

2 *SEN.* Farewell.

*ALL.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

us, bring up your army *to remove them*. If any change should be made, I would read:

— *for their remove.* JOHNSON.

*The remove and their remove* are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty.  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I speak from certainties. Nay, more,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading:

*I speak from very certainties. &c.* STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

*VOL.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable fort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;<sup>3</sup> when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.<sup>2</sup> I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*VIR.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a Citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

*VOL.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die onbly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*GENT.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*VIR.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.<sup>5</sup>

*VOL.* Indeed, you shall not.  
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping,<sup>6</sup> forth he goes;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*VIR.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*VOL.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

<sup>5</sup> ——— to retire myself.] This verb active (signifying to withdraw) has already occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— I will thence

“ Retire me to my Milan—.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,—.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 67, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *With his mail'd hand then wiping,*] i. e. his hand cover'd or arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

Than gilt his trophy :<sup>7</sup> The breasts of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,<sup>8</sup>  
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

*VIR.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*VOL.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her  
 Usher.*

*VAL.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*VOL.* Sweet madam,——

*VIR.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*VAL.* How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot,<sup>9</sup>  
 in good faith.—How does your little son ?

*VIR.* I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

*VOL.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

<sup>7</sup> *Than gilt his trophy :*] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ Our gayness and our *gilt*, are all besmirch'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the first folio may be ascertained from the manner in which this line is printed :

*At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A fine spot,*] This expression (whatever may be the precise meaning of it,) is still in use among the vulgar : “ You have made a *fine spot* of work of it,” being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape.

STEEVENS.

*VAL.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam<sup>m</sup>, mocked it!<sup>1</sup>

*VOL.* One of his father's moods.

*VAL.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*VIR.* A crack, madam.<sup>2</sup>

*VAL.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*VIR.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*VAL.* Not out of doors!

*VOL.* She shall, she shall.

*VIR.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*VAL.* Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

<sup>1</sup> ——— mammocked it!] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“That he were chopt in *mammocks*, I could eat him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A crack, madam.*] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson:  
“——— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelessly, and capriciously.”

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*.”

*Crack* signifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. XII. p. 129, n. 8.

STEEVENS.



*VIR.* I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*VOL.* Why, I pray you?

*VIR.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*VAL.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*VIR.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*VAL.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*VIR.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*VAL.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*VIR.* Indeed, madam?

*VAL.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*VIR.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*VOL.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*VAL.* In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee,

Virgilia, turn thy solemnés out o'door, and go along with us.

*VIR.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*VAL.* Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*MAR.* Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

*LART.* My horse to yours, no.

*MAR.* 'Tis done.

*LART.* Agreed.

*MAR.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*MESS.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*LART.* So, the good horse is mine.

*MAR.* I'll buy him of you.

*LART.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*MAR.* How far off lie these armies?

*MESS.* Within this mile and half.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Within this mile and half.]* The two last words, which dif-

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they  
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;  
That we with smoking swords may march from  
hence,  
To help our fielded friends !<sup>4</sup>—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some  
Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 SEN. No, nor a man that fears you less than  
he,

That's less than a little.<sup>5</sup> Hark, our drums  
[*Alarums afar off.*

turb the measure, should be omitted ; as we are told in p. 43,  
that—" 'Tis not a mile' between the two armies. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— fielded friends !] i. e. our friends who are in the field  
of battle. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's less than a little.] The sense requires it to be read :  
——— nor a man that fears you more than he ;

Or, more probably :

——— nor a man but fears you less than he,  
That's less than a little.—— JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always  
entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. See Vol. IX.  
p. 293, n. 6. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that pre-  
ceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable  
that he should have written—*but* fears you less, &c. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's note appears to me unnecessary, nor do I think  
with Mr. Malone that Shakspeare has here *entangled* himself ;  
but on the contrary that he could not have expressed himself  
better. The sense is " *however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you,  
there is not a man within the walls that fears you *less*."

DOUCE,

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our  
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with  
ruses;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;  
[*Other Alarums.*

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*MAR.* O, they are at it!

*LART.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,  
ho!

*The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.*

*MAR.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my  
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.*  
*The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches.*  
*Re-enter MARCIUS.*<sup>6</sup>

*MAR.* All the contagion of the south light on  
you,

<sup>6</sup> *Re-enter Marcius.]* The old copy reads—Enter Marcius  
*curfing.* STEEVENS.

You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and  
plagues<sup>7</sup>

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !  
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

<sup>7</sup> *You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues &c.]* This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. VI. p. 140, n. 8 ; Vol. IV. p. 425, n. 4 ; Vol. VII. p. 37, n. 3 ; and p. 272, n. 2. For the present regulation I am answerable. “ You herd of *cowards* !” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt :

“ ——one's Junius Brutus,

“ Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'fdeath,

“ The rabble should have first,” &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression :

“ —— Are these your *herd* ?

“ Must these have voices,” &c.

“ Again : “ More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsmen* of the *beastly* plebeians.”

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed instead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy ; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions :

“ You shames of Rome, you ! *Herds* of boils and plagues

“ Plaster you o'er !” MALONE.

*Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good fellows:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*]

1 *SOL.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *SOL.* Nor I.

3 *SOL.* See, they  
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

*ALL.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*LART.* What is become of Marcius?

*ALL.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *SOL.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*LART.* O noble fellow!  
Who, sensible, outdares<sup>8</sup> his senseless sword,

<sup>8</sup> *Who, sensible, outdares*—] The old editions read:  
*Who sensibly out-dares*—.

Thirlby reads:

*Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

*Sensible* is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus

And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Mar-  
cius :

A carbuncle entire,<sup>9</sup> as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a foldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ;<sup>1</sup> but, with thy grim looks, and

has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senfeless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. MALONE.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293 :

“ Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them : and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse *sensible* of smart than the *senfelesse* armour,” &c..

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A carbuncle entire, &c.*] So, in *Othello* :

“ If heaven had made me such another woman,

“ Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

“ I'd not have ta'en it for her.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Thou wast a foldier*

*Even to Cato's wish : not fierce and terrible*

*Only in strokes ; &c.*] In the old editions it was :

————— *Calvus' wish : ———*

Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great foldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice ; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*Calves* with. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view : “ Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, ronning out of the campe with a fewe men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stayer upon a sodaine ; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a *souldier* and a captaine to be ; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemie asfeard with *the sounde of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance.*” North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder *Cato* “ into the

The thunder-like percuffion of thy founds,  
Thou mad'ft thine enemies fhake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter* MARCIUS, *bleeding, afsaulted by the  
Enemy.*

1 *SOL.*

Look, fir.

*LART.*

'Tis Marcus :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain<sup>3</sup> alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing paffage to make him even *fufpect* that was the cafe,) and in confequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almoft every page of his works fhows that he was totally negligent; a fuppofition which is fo improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the firft A&T of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed inftead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The fubftitution of *Calves*, inftead of *Cato's*, is eafily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wifh; (So, in Beaumont's *Mafque*, 1613 :

" And what will *Juno's* Iris do for her ?")

omitting to draw a line acrofs the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the tranfcriber or printer gave us *Calves*. See a fubfequent paffage in A&T II. *fc. ult.* in which our author has been led by another paffage in Plutarch into a fimilar anachronifm.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— as if the world

*Were feverous, and did tremble.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

" ——— fome fay, the earth

" Was feverous, and did fhake." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— make remain——] is an old manner of fpeaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.



## SCENE V.

*Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.*

1 ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

2 ROM. And I this.

3 ROM. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.*

MAR. See here these movers, that do prize their hours<sup>4</sup>

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them,<sup>5</sup> these base slaves,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *prize their hours* —] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity.

JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other conful and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *doublets that hangmen would*

*Bury with those that wore them,*] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. See Vol. VI. p. 349, n. 8. MALONE.

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with  
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes !—To  
him :—

There is the man of my foul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*LART.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*MAR.* Sir, praise me not :  
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*LART.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,<sup>6</sup>  
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page !

*MAR.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

*LART.* Thou worthiest Marcius !—

[*Exit* MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind : Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.*

*Lart.* *Now the fair goddess, Fortune,]* The metre being here  
violated, I think we might safely read with Sir T. Hanmer (omit-  
ting the words—to me :)

*Than dangerous : To Aufidius thus will I  
Appear, and fight.*

*Now the fair goddess, Fortune—.* STEEVENS.

## SCENE VI.

*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

COM. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;<sup>7</sup>  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
tering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

MESS. The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since ?

MESS. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their  
drums :

<sup>7</sup> ——— The Roman gods,

Lead their successes as we wish our own ;] i. e. May the  
Roman gods, &c. MALONE.

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,<sup>8</sup>  
And bring thy news fo late?

*MESS.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chafe, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, fir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*COM.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*MAR.* Come I too late?

*COM.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the found of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— confound *an hour*,] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterrere tempus.* MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. sc. iii:

“ He did *confound* the best part of an hour,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *From every meaner man's.*] [Old copy—*meaner man.*] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hamner and the subsequent editors who read here—every meaner *man's*, ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we should now write so.

MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many corresponding offences against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age, I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as in the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall

*MAR.* Come I too late?

*COM.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*MAR.* O! let me clip you  
In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.<sup>1</sup>

*COM.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*MAR.* As with a man bufied about decrees:  
Condemning fome to death, and fome to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying,<sup>2</sup> threat'ning the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leafh,  
To let him flip at will.

*COM.* Where is that flave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*MAR.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

forbear to fet nonfense before my readers; especially when it can be avoided by the infertion of a fingle letter, which indeed might have dropped out at the prefs. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ Sweats hourly for a dry brown cruft to *bedward*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: “ Leaping, upon a full ftomach, or to *bedward*, is very dangerous.”

MALONE.

Again, in *The Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, fig. G. 1: “ They donfed alfo, left fofoon as their backs were turned to the courtward, and that they had given over the dealings in the affairs, there would come in infinite complaints.” REED.

<sup>2</sup> *Ransoming him, or pitying,*] i. e. *remitting his ransom*.

JOHNSON.

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
think——

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius,  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on which  
side<sup>3</sup>  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,<sup>4</sup>  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — on which side &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch:

“Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praying his corage.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Antiates*,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove—*Antiates* to be the proper reading:

“Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates*.”

Our author employs—*Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written—*Antiats*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Their very heart of hope.*] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

*MAR.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present ;<sup>6</sup> but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,<sup>7</sup> and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*COM.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*MAR.* Those are they  
That most are willing :—If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report ;<sup>8</sup>

“ ———— thy desperate arm

“ Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope.*”

MALONE.

In *King Henry IV.* P. I. we have :

“ The very bottom and *the soul of hope.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And that you not delay the present ;] Delay,* for let slip.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ———— *swords advanc'd,*] That is, swords lifted high.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *if any fear*

*Lesser his person than an ill report ;] The old copy has less.* If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, *his person* must mean his *personal danger.*—If any one less fears personal danger, than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are less *for* his person, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ If there be one among the fair'ft of Greece,

“ That holds his honour higher than his ease,—.”

If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself;  
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
 Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand.*] to express his dis-  
 position,  
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take  
 him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
 If these shows be not outward, which of you  
 But is four Voices? None of you but is  
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
 Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest  
 Shall bear<sup>9</sup> the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
 Which men are best inclin'd.<sup>1</sup>

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour.”

In this play we have already had *lessèr* for *less*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Though thanks to all, I must select: the rest*

*Shall bear &c.*] The old copy—I must select *from all*. I have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer in the omission of words apparently needless and redundant. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *Please you to march;*

*And four shall quickly draw out my command,*

*Which men are best inclin'd,*] I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd*? How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Perhaps we may read:

— *Please you to march;*

*And fear shall quickly draw out my command,*

*Which men are least inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.



Com. March on, my fellows :  
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII.

*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

LART. So, let the ports<sup>2</sup> be guarded : keep your duties,  
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote :

“ And *so* I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of Plutarch only says : “ Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie.” STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command *or party*, those who were best inclined ; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — the ports —] i. e. the gates. So, in *Timon of Athens* :  
 “ Descend, and open your uncharged ports.”

STEEVENS.

Those centuries<sup>3</sup> to our aid ; the rest will serve  
For a short holding : If we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*LIEU.* Fear not our care, sir.

*LART.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the  
Volcian Camps.*

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*MAR.* I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do  
hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*AUF.* We hate alike ;  
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy :<sup>4</sup> Fix thy foot.

*MAR.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,

<sup>3</sup> *Those centuries*—] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply—a *hundred* ; as in *Cymbeline* :

“ And on it said a *century* of prayers.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thy fame and envy* :] *Envy* here, as in many other places, means, *malice*. See Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2. MALONE.

The phrase—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than—*honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean—*detested or odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *hate*. Or the construction may be—*Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame*. STEEVENS.

And the gods doom him after !<sup>5</sup>

*AUF.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Hallow me like a hare.

*MAR.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,<sup>6</sup>  
And made what work I pleas'd ; 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd ; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the higheft.

*AUF.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,<sup>7</sup>  
Thou should'ft not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid  
of AUFIDIUS.*

<sup>5</sup> *Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after !*] So, in *Macbeth* :  
“ And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold, Enough !”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,*] If the name of *Tullus*  
be omitted, the metre will become regular. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*] The Romans  
boasted themselves descended from the Trojans ; how then was  
Hector the *whip of their progeny* ? It must mean the whip with  
which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by  
a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten  
the original of the Romans ; unless *whip* has some meaning  
which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the  
whip-hand, for he has the advantage.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but  
it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes ;  
and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the  
true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the  
words mean, “ the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possessed*  
of.” MALONE.

*Whip* might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any  
thing peculiarly boasted of ; as—the *crack* house in the county—  
the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps,  
has only passed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

### SCENE IX.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.*

COM. If I should tell thee<sup>9</sup> o'er this thy day's  
work,

<sup>8</sup> ——— you have sham'd me  
[*In your condemned seconds.*] For *condemned*, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help which I despise. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*; but the latter is right. So, *King Lear*: “No *seconds*? all myself?” STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: “Now prove good *seconds*!” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *If I should tell thee &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “There the consul Cominius going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddess for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him selfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sorte which he likest best, before any distribution should be made to other. Be-

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,  
 Where fenators shall mingle tears with smiles ;  
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
 I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,  
 And, gladly quak'd,<sup>1</sup> hear more ; where the dull  
     Tribunes,  
 That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
 Shall fay, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,  
 Our Rome hath such a soldier !*—  
 Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
 Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the  
 pursuit.*

*LART.*                                      O general,  
 Here is the steed, we the caparison :<sup>2</sup>  
 Hadst thou beheld——

*MAR.*                      Pray now, no more : my mother,

fides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes above all other, a goodly horse with a *caparison*, and all furniture to him : which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepying forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation : and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

To *quake* is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ We'll *quake* them at that bar

“ Where all souls wait for sentence.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Here is the steed, we the caparison ;*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

Who has a charter to extol<sup>3</sup> her blood,  
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
 As you have done ; that's what I can ; induc'd  
 As you have been ; that's for my country :<sup>4</sup>  
 He, that has but effected his good will,  
 Hath overta'en mine act.<sup>5</sup>

*COM.* You shall not be  
 The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know  
 The value of her own : 'twere a concealment  
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
 To hide your doings ; and to silence that,  
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
 Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,  
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward  
 What you have done,<sup>6</sup>) before our army hear me.

*MAR.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
 smart  
 To hear themselves remember'd.

*COM.* Should they not,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — a charter to extol —] A privilege to praise her own son,  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — that's for my country :] The latter word is used here.  
 as in other places, as a trisyllable. See Vol. IV. p. 201, n. 5.  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> He, that hath but effected his good will,  
 Hath overta'en mine act.] That is, has done as much as I  
 have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that  
 I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
 “ Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — not to reward

*What you have done,)]* So, in *Macbeth* :

“ To herald thee into his fight, not pay thee.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Should they not,]* That is, not be remembered.

JOHNSON.

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of  
 all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
 We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
 Before the common distribution, at  
 Your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general;  
 But cannot make my heart consent to take  
 A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
 And stand upon my common part with those  
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcius!  
 Marcius! cast up their Caps and Lances:  
 COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

MAR. May these same instruments, which you  
 profane,  
 Never sound more! When drums and trumpets  
 shall<sup>8</sup>

- \* — *When drums and trumpets shall &c.*] In the old copy:  
 “ — when drums and trumpets shall  
 “ I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 “ Made all of false-fac'd soothing.  
 “ When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
 “ Let him be made an overture for the wars:” —

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read  
 the whole thus:

— *when drums and trumpets shall  
 I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,  
 Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made  
 An overture for the wars!* —

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a  
 thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which  
 depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove  
 flatterers, let the camp bear the false face of the city.] And if  
 another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too.

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd foothering ! When steel grows

[When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps* ; and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton ; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns* ; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words :

“ ——— when steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars !”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.*

TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter ; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation :

“ *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.*” STEEVENS.

Bullockar, in his *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus : “ An overturning ; a sudden change.” The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *judiciously converted* to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ Shall we go throw away our *coats of steel*,

“ And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns ?”

Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

“ And in my temper *soften'd valour's steel.*”

*Overture*, I have observed since this note was written, was



Soft as the parasite's filk, let him be made  
 An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,  
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;  
 As if I loved my little should be dieted  
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

COM.

Too modest are you ;  
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly : by your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,  
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
 known,  
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,<sup>9</sup>  
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.<sup>1</sup>—

used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *For what he did &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them : but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

*ALL.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

*COR.* I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—  
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.<sup>2</sup>

*COM.*

So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best,<sup>3</sup> with whom we may articulate,<sup>4</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

<sup>2</sup> *To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.*] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. *WARBURTON.*

I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. *To undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest ; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. *HEATH.*

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair* ; *fairness* may therefore be *equality* ; *in proportion equal to my power.*

*JOHNSON.*

“ To the fairness of my power ”—is, as fairly as I can.

*M. MASON.*

<sup>3</sup> *The best,*] *The chief* men of Corioli. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *with whom we may articulate,*] i. e. *enter into articles.* This word occurs again in *King Henry IV.* Act V. sc. i :

“ Indeed these things you have *articulated.*”

i. e. set down *article by article.* So, in Holinshed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163 : “ The earl of Desmond's treasons *articulated.*” *STEEVENS.*

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

COM. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

COR. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house ;<sup>5</sup> he us'd me kindly :  
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

COM. O, well begg'd !  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind.<sup>6</sup> Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcius, his name ?

COR. By Jupiter, forgot :—  
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here ?

COM. Go we to our tent :  
The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.]

<sup>5</sup> *At a poor man's house ;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealthie in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies : and yet notwithstanding all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one daunger : to keepe him from being solde as a slaue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you like it* :

“ ——— I must have liberty,

“ Withal, as large a charter as the wind.” MALONE.

## SCENE X.

*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

*AUF.* The town is ta'en !

1 *SOL.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*AUF.* Condition ?—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volce, be that I am.<sup>7</sup>—Condition !  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat  
me ;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,<sup>8</sup>  
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian*.] I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure :

*Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!* JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *meet him beard to beard,*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ We might have met them dareful, *beard to beard*—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *for where*—] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
 (True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some  
                   way;<sup>1</sup>  
 Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *SOL.*

He's the devil.

*AUF.* Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
                   poison'd,<sup>2</sup>

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
 Shall fly out of itself:<sup>3</sup> nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
 Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,  
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury,<sup>4</sup> shall lift up

<sup>1</sup> ——— *I'll potch at him some way;*] Mr. Heath reads—*poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*.

STEEVENS.

Cole, in his *DICTIONARY*, 1679, renders "to *poche*," *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*.

MALONE.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *My valour's poison'd, &c.*] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

——— *my valour, poison'd*

*With only suffering stain by him, for him*

*Shall fly out of itself.* TYRWHITT.

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:—

——— *my valour's poison'd;*

*Which only suffering stain by him, for him*

*Shall fly out of itself.* M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for him*

*Shall fly out of itself:*] To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.*

*Embarquements all of fury, &c.*] The word, in the old



How the world goes ; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

1 *SOL.*

I shall, fir.

[*Exeunt.*

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

*Coriolanus* speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like a *kuell*; and *drums*, and *Hob*, and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — underneath the *grove of sycamore*,  
“ That *westward* rooteth from the *city's side*.”

Again :

“ It was the *nightingale* and not the *lark*——  
“ — Nightly she sings on *ybn pomegranate tree*.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, “ where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium ? ” may be answered by another question : Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy ?

“ And as I ride upon this *flode*,  
“ On eche fyde many a *mylle flode*,  
“ When nede was their *graine* and *corne* to *grinde*,” &c.  
*Auncyent Historie*, &c. 1555. MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*MEN.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*BRU.* Good, or bad ?

*MEN.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*SIC.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*MEN.* Pray you, who does the wolf love ?<sup>8</sup>

*SIC.* The lamb.

*MEN.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*BRU.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*MEN.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*BOTH TRIB.* Well, sir.

*MEN.* In what enormity is Marcius poor,<sup>9</sup> that you two have not in abundance ?

<sup>8</sup> *Pray you, &c.*] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love ?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *In what enormity is Marcius poor.*] [Old copy—*poor in.*] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology ; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered



*BRU.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*SIC.* Especially, in pride.

*BRU.* And topping all others in boasting.

*MEN.* This is strange now : Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file ? Do you ?

*BOTH TRIB.* Why, how are we censured ?

*MEN.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry ?

*BOTH TRIB.* Well, well, fir, well.

*MEN.* Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

*BRU.* We do it not alone, fir.

*MEN.* I know, you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many ; or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes

him to retain ; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by authority, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspeare should have advanced a phraseology of his own, in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.

As, on the present occasion, the word—*in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. STEEVENS.

of your necks,<sup>1</sup> and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*BRU.* What then, sir?

*MEN.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.<sup>2</sup>

*SIC.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*MEN.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't;<sup>3</sup> said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night,<sup>4</sup> than

<sup>1</sup> ——— *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *a brace of unmeriting,—magistrates,—as any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspere's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading —a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome: and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't;*] Lovelace, in his *Verses to Althea from Prison*, has borrowed this expression:

“ When flowing cups run swiftly round  
“ With no *allaying Thames*,” &c.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques* &c. Vol. II. p. 324, 3d edit.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *one that converses more* &c.] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors of this day*; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.” Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“ ——— Thou art a summer bird,  
“ Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings  
“ The lifting up of day.” MALONE.

with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter ; and spend my malice in my breath : Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say,<sup>5</sup> your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables : and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men ; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,<sup>6</sup> follows it, that I am known well enough too ? What harm can your *biffon* conspectivities<sup>7</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

*BRU.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*MEN.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs ;<sup>8</sup> you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,<sup>9</sup> in hearing a cause between an orange-wife

<sup>5</sup> — *I cannot say,*] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *my microcosm,*] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Strives, in his *little world of men*—.”

*Microcosmos* is the title of a poem by John Davies, of Hereford, 4to. 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *biffon conspectivities,*] *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *beefome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,

“ With *biffon* rheum.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *for poor knaves' caps and legs :*] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. See Vol. XI. p. 302, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *you wear out a good &c.*] It appears from this whole

and a fossét-feller ; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.— When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers ; set up the bloody flag against all patience ;<sup>1</sup> and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves : You are a pair of strange ones.

*BRU.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*MEN.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.<sup>2</sup> When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships ; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the

speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— *set up the bloody flag against all patience ;]* That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> *Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.]* So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* : “ Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.” *STEEVENS.*

herdsmen of the beastly plebeians :<sup>3</sup> I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee :<sup>4</sup>—Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

TWO LADIES. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel to-night :—A letter for me ?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

MEN. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of

<sup>3</sup> ———herdsmen of—plebeians :] As kings are called ποιμένες λαών. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee :] Dr. Warburton proposed to read—Take my cup, Jupiter.— REED.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>5</sup> is but empiricutick,<sup>6</sup> and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*VIR.* O, no, no, no.

*VOL.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*MEN.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*VOL.* On's brows, Menenius:<sup>7</sup> he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*MEN.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*VOL.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

<sup>5</sup> — *in Galen* —] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished Anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

<sup>6</sup> — *empiricutick*,] The old copies—*empirickcutique*. “The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutick*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, Fr.) a quack.” RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *On's brows, Menenius*:] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; *On's brows, Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, “for,” says the commentator, “it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows.” In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

“*Cæs.* No, it is *Cæsca*; one incorporate

“To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

“*Cin.* I am glad on't.”

i. e. I am glad that *Cæsca* is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words, —“The wounds become him.” Menenius had asked—Brings

*MEN.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?<sup>s</sup>

*VOL.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*VAL.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*MEN.* Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*VIR.* The gods grant them true!

*VOL.* True? pow, wow.

*MEN.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

he victory in his pocket? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his brows, for he comes the third time home brow-bound with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

“He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,

“Was brow-bound with the oak.”

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— possessed of this? ] *Possessed*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose—.”

STEEVENS.

*VOL.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*MEN.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.<sup>9</sup>

*VOL.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*MEN.* Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

*VOL.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ; Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie ; Which being advanc'd, declines ;<sup>1</sup> and then men die.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *seven hurts &c.*] Old copy—*seven hurts i' the body.*

*Men.* One *i' the neck, and two i' the thigh ;—there's nine that I know.* Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine ? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder ; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *too*. WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular : *Seven wounds ? let me see ; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more ; there are nine that I know of.*

UPTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Which being advanc'd, declines ;*] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.



*A Sennet. Trumpets found. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*HER.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did  
fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honour follows, Coriolanus:<sup>2</sup>—  
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*

*ALL.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*COR.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
Pray now, no more.

*COM.* Look, fir, your mother,——

*COR.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity. [Kneels.

*VOL.* Nay, my good soldier, up;  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
But O, thy wife——

*COR.* My gracious silence, hail!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> —— *Coriolanus* :] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus*.  
STEEVENS.

The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally transposed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or fullness, but to be the effect of

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
 home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
 And mothers that lack sons.

*MEN.* Now the gods crown thee!

*COR.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.  
 [To VALERIA.

*VOL.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. *WARBURTON.*

By my *gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Craslow:

“ Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

“ Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ A lady's tears are silent orators,

“ Or should be so at least, to move beyond

“ The honey-tongued rhetorician.”

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“ Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!

“ Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

“ More than the words, or wisdom of the wife!”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye.” *STEEVENS.*

I believe, “ *My gracious silence*,” only means “ *My beautiful silence*,” or “ *my silent Grace*.” *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ But being season'd with a *gracious voice*.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ There was not such a *gracious creature* born.”

Again, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:—“ he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, fleeking of skinner, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight.” *MALONE.*

And welcome, general ;—And you are welcome all.

*MEN.* A hundred thousand welcomes : I could  
weep,  
And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy : Wel-  
come :

A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,  
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of  
men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that  
will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :  
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*COM.* Ever right.

*COR.* Menenius, ever, ever.<sup>4</sup>

*HER.* Give way there, and go on.

*COR.* Your hand, and yours :  
[*To his Wife and Mother.*  
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited ;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

<sup>4</sup> *Com. Ever right.*

*Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.]*

Rather, I think :

*Com. Ever right Menenius.*

*Cor. Ever, ever.*

Cominius means to say, that—Menenius is *always the same* ;  
—retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V. sc. i.  
upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says—*Old Cassius still.*

TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, Co-  
riolanus means to say—Menenius is still the same affectionate  
friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar* : “ —for *always* I am  
*Cæsar.*” MALONE.

But with them change of honours.<sup>5</sup>

*VOL.* I have lived  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy : only there  
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but  
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*COR.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*COM.* On, to the Capitol.  
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes remain.*

*BRU.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
fights  
Are spectacted to see him : Your pratling nurse  
Into a rapture<sup>6</sup> lets her baby cry,

<sup>5</sup> *But with them change of honours.*] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) to *substitute* change. For *change*, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated* none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies *variety of honours*; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment*. WARBURTON.

*Change of raiment* is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Into a rapture*—] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.  
WARBURTON,

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture* means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will “cry itself into fits,” is still a common phrase among nurses.

That the words *fit* and *rapture*, were once synonymous, may

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin<sup>7</sup> pins

be inferred from the following passage in *The Hospital for London's Follies*, 1602, where Gossip Luce says : "Your darling will weep itself into a *Rapture*, if you take not good heed.

STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings* :

" — her brainsick *raptures*

" Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel."

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any Dictionary previous to Cole's *Latin Dictionary*, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we all the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged.—Drayton, speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — the kitchen malkin —] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up : thence a dirty wench.

HANMER.

*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens : a scare crow. P.

*Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary) ; as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess* : the scullion. RITSON.

Minshew gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his *Dictionary*—"MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,"—is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, a *scullion* ; another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*. MALONE.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas* :

" Put on the shape of order and humanity,

" Or you must marry *Malkyn*, the *May-Lady*."

Her richest lockram<sup>8</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,<sup>9</sup>  
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks,  
                    windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions ; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens<sup>1</sup>  
Do prefs among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station :<sup>2</sup> our veil'd dames

*Maux*, a corruption of *malkin*, is a low term, still current in several counties, and always indicative of a coarse vulgar wench.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Her richest lockram &c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says :  
“ His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, fitched very faire with Coventry blue.”

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says :

“ I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,  
“ That there be no straight dealings in their linnens.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,  
“ I had no wit.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *her reechy neck,*] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. So, in *Hamlet* : “ — a pair of *reechy* kisses.” Laneham, speaking of “ three pretty puzels” in a morris-dance, says they were “ az bright az a breast of bacon,” that is, bacon hung in the *chimney* : and hence *reechy*, which in its primitive signification is *smoky*, came to imply *greasy*. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *seld-shown flamens* —] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to publick view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607 :

“ O *seld-seen* metamorphosis.”

The same adverb likewise occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo* :

“ Why is not this a strange and *seld-seen* thing ?”

*Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *a vulgar station* :] A station among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ A *vulgar* comment will be made of it.” MALONE.

A *vulgar station*, I believe, signifies only a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience.

STEEVENS.

Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,<sup>3</sup> to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god,<sup>4</sup> who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,

<sup>3</sup> *Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,]* Dr. Warburton, for *war*, ab-  
 surdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with  
 lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek ? The *opposition* of colours,  
 though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

“ The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,  
 “ Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ Such *war* of white and red,” &c.

Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1040 :

“ For with the rose colour *strof* hire hewe.”

Again, in *Damætas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by  
 John Wootton ; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :

“ Amidst her cheekes the rose and lilly *strive*.”

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence* :

“ ————— the lillies

“ *Contending with the roses* in her cheek.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,  
 “ How *white* and *red* each other did destroy.”

MALONE.

*Cleaveland* introduces this, according to his quaint manner :

“ ————— her cheeks,

“ Where roses mix : no civil war

“ Between her York and Lancaster.” FARMER.

<sup>4</sup> *As if that whatsoever god,]* That is, *as if that god who leads  
 him, whatsoever god* he be. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet :

“ Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,

“ Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— he hath fought to-day,

“ As if a god in hate of mankind had

“ Destroy'd in such a shape.” MALONE.

And gave him graceful posture.

*SIC.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him conful.

*BRU.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*SIC.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end;<sup>5</sup> but will  
Lose those that he hath won.

*BRU.* In that there's comfort.

*SIC.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we  
stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make as little ques-  
tion  
As he is proud to do't.<sup>6</sup>

*BRU.* I heard him swear,

<sup>5</sup> *From where he should begin, and end;*] Perhaps it should be read:

*From where he should begin t'an end.* JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentious, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where he should end. I have no doubt that the text is right.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline*, where we find exactly the same phraseology:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ the gap

“ That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*

“ *AND our return, to excuse.*”

where the modern editors read—*Till our return.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As he is proud to do't.*] *Proud to do,* is the same as, *proud of doing.* JOHNSON.

*As* means here, as *that.* MALONE.



Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put  
The naples's vesture<sup>7</sup> of humility ;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*BRU.* It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*BRU.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;  
A sure destruction.<sup>8</sup>

*BRU.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,

<sup>7</sup> *The naples's vesture*—] The players read—the *Naples*,—.

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *naples's* Shakspeare means *thread-bare*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II : “ Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new *nap* upon it. *John.* So he had need ; for 'tis *thread-bare*.”

Plutarch's words are “ with a *poore* gowne on their backes.” See p. 96, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;*

*A sure destruction.*] This should be written *will's*, for *will is*.

TYRWHITT.

It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him ; *deadly*. MALONE.

Neither Malone nor Tyrwhitt have justly explained this passage. The word—*wills* is here a verb ; and as our “ *good will's*” means, “ as our advantage” requires. M. MASON.

We must suggest the people,<sup>9</sup> in what hatred  
 He still hath held them; that, to his power,<sup>1</sup> he  
 would  
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
 Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,  
 In human action and capacity,  
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war;<sup>2</sup> who have their provand<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — suggest the people,] i. e. prompt them. So, in *King Richard II.*:

“ Suggest his soon-believing adversaries.”

The verb—to suggest, has, in our author, many different shades of meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — to his power,] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war;] In what war? Camels are mere beasts of burthen, and are never used in war.—We should certainly read :

*As camels in their way.* M. MASON.

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Brutus means to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*, however, may stand, and signify the war undertaken for the sake of the people.

Mr. M. Mason, however, is not correct in the assertion with which his note begins; for we are told by Aristotle, that shoes were put upon *camels* in the *time of war*. See *Hist. Anim.* II. 6. p. 165, edit. Scaligeri. STEEVENS.

*Their* war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *the* war. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *their* provand —] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: “ — the *provaunte* was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke.” Again: “ The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*.” Again, in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Works*, 1751, Vol. II. p. 229. Again, in

Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his foaring insolence  
Shall teach the people,<sup>4</sup> (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire<sup>5</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*BRU.* What's the matter?

*MESS.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen

Hakewil on the Providence of God, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect 1: "— At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hatchets," &c. Again, in Pasquill's *Nightcap*, &c. 1623:

" Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,  
" Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Shall teach the people,*] Thus the old copy. "When his foaring insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean—When he with the insolence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think, without necessity,—shall *reach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly sense, unless it means—*instruct the people in favour of our purposes*.

I strongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *will be his fire*—] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak : The matrons flung their  
gloves,<sup>6</sup>

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :  
I never saw the like.

*BRU.* Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,<sup>7</sup>  
But hearts for the event.

*SIC.* Have with you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *To hear him speak : The matrons flung their gloves,*] The words—*The* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse.

STEEVENS.

✓*Matrons flung gloves—*

*Ladies—their scarfs—*] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm : and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he pass'd." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *carry with us ears and eyes &c.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter Two Officers,<sup>8</sup> to lay Cushions.*

1 *OFF.* Come, come, they are almost here : How many stand for consulships ?

2 *OFF.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *OFF.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *OFF.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *OFF.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waded<sup>9</sup> indifferently 'twixt doing

<sup>8</sup> *Enter two Officers, &c.]* The old copy reads : " Enter two officers to lay cushions, *as it were*, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capitoll could be given. See *The Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. II. MALONE.

In the same place, the reader will find this position controverted  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *he waded—]* That is, *he would have waded indifferently.* JOHNSON.

them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.<sup>1</sup> Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

1 *OFF.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,<sup>2</sup> who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,<sup>3</sup> without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report :

<sup>1</sup> ——— *their opposite.*] That is, their adversary. See Vol. V. p. 331, n. 7, and p. 352, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *as those,*] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, &c.*] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academick style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

——— *who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report :*] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *heave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have* them, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh ; but to *heave* themselves, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

I continue to read—*heave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII.* (See Vol. XV. p. 74, n. 2.) was likewise printed instead of *heave*, in the first folio, though corrected in the second. The phrase in question occurs in Hayward : “ The Scots *heaved* up into high hope of victory,” &c. Many instances of Shakspeare's attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occasion.

but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *OFF.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*MEN.* Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successès, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank,<sup>4</sup> and to remember  
With honours like himself.

1 *SEN.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,  
Rather our state's defective for requital,

<sup>4</sup> ——— whom

*We meet here, both to thank, &c.]* The construction, I think is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpose of thanking whom) we met or assembled here. MALONE.

Than we to stretch it out.<sup>5</sup> Masters o'the people,  
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
 Your loving motion toward the common body,<sup>6</sup>  
 To yield what passès here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts  
 Inclunable to honour and advance  
 The theme of our assembly.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — and made us think,

*Rather our state's defective for requital,*

*Than we to stretch it out.]* I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the state rather wants inclination or ability to requite his services, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more simple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his services. MALONE.

The plain sense, I believe, is:—Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The theme of our assembly.]* Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge of history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italia Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus,) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now convinced that Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this scene without violence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius being necessary, it would not have been difficult to exhibit both the outside and inside of the Senate-house in a manner sufficiently consonant to theatrical probability. STEEVENS.



*BRU.* Which the rather  
We shall be blest'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*MEN.* That's off, that's off;<sup>8</sup>  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*BRU.* Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*MEN.* He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.  
[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

*1 SEN.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*COR.* Your honours' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*BRU.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*COR.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:<sup>9</sup> But, your  
people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*MEN.* Pray now, sit down.

<sup>8</sup> *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You did not flatter me,  
and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our  
author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd*  
reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun,<sup>1</sup>

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.

MEN.

Masters o'the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,<sup>2</sup>  
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now  
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-  
nius.

COM. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,<sup>3</sup> he fought  
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

<sup>1</sup> ——— have one scratch my head i' the sun,] See Vol. XII.  
p. 103, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— how can he flatter,] The reasoning of Menenius is  
this : How can he be expected to practice flattery to others, who  
abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to  
himself? JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> When Tarquin made a head for Rome,] When Tarquin who  
had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in  
his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when  
Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now,  
A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of  
age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for  
the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as  
subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of  
the republic. MALONE.

When with his Amazonian chin<sup>4</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him : he befri'd  
 An o'er press'd Roman,<sup>5</sup> and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee :<sup>6</sup> in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,<sup>7</sup>  
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed

<sup>4</sup> — his Amazonian chin —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read—*shinne*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — he befri'd

*An o'er-press'd Roman,*] This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies : [See Vol. XI. p. 405, n. 9 ; and Vol. XIII. p. 395, n. 4.] but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words : " The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *befri'd* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been : " Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also, p. 88, n. 7. MALONE.

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable than any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle ? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperajpisis*,) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And struck him on his knee :*] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him *to fall on his knee* :

— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;  
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,<sup>8</sup>  
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.<sup>9</sup> For this  
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem:<sup>1</sup> his sword (death's stamp)

<sup>8</sup> *And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,*] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, shewed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battels." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.*] Ben Jonson has the same expression in *The Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched*."

I suspect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "*Gioco marzo*. A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Cole's *Latin Dict.* 1679: "A *lurch*, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria*."

"To *lurch* all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— as waves before

*A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,*

*And fell below his stem:*] [First folio—*weeds*.] The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capri-

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries :<sup>2</sup> alone he enter'd

cious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *sir* Coriolanus, for "*fit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting* : but luckily none of the latter sophistifications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" — there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
 " Fall down before him, like the mower's swath."

MALONE.

*Waves*, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of *falling below* a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submerision of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes* ; but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,  
 " Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 " Like Perceus' horse."

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of Virgil :

" Orontes' bark——  
 " From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — his sword &c.] Old copy :

" — His sword, death's stamp,  
 " Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
 " He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 " Was tim'd with dying cries."

The mortal gate<sup>3</sup> o'the city, which he painted  
 With shunleſſ'ſ deſtiny,<sup>4</sup> aidleſſ came off,  
 And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck  
 Corioli, like a planet :<sup>5</sup> Now all's his :  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready ſenſe : then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he ; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual ſpoil : and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never ſtood  
 To eaſe his breſt with panting.

MEN.

Worthy man !

1 SEN. He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours<sup>6</sup>

This paſſage ſhould be pointed thus :

— His ſword (death's ſtamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

— every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries.] The cries of the ſlaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as muſick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> The mortal gate —] The gate that was made the ſcene of death. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> With ſhunleſſ deſtiny ;] The ſecond folio reads, whether by accident or choice :

With ſhunleſſ deſamy.

Deſamie is an old French word ſignifying *infamy*.

TYRWHITT.

It occurs often in John Bale's *Engliſh Votaries*, 1550.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— ſtruck

Corioli, like a planet :] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

“ Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon

“ In the ſick air.” STEEVENS.

Which we devise him.

COM. Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world : he covets less  
Than misery itself would give ;<sup>7</sup> rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it.<sup>8</sup>

MEN. He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

1 SEN. Call for Coriolanus.<sup>9</sup>

OFF. He doth appear.

*Re-enter* CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

COR. I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

<sup>6</sup> *He cannot but with measure fit the honours —*] That is, no honour will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Than misery itself would give ;*] *Misery* for avarice ; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — and is content

*To spend the time, to end it.*] I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus :

—— he rewards

*His deeds with doing them, and is content*

*To spend his time, to spend it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them ; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Call for Coriolanus.*] I have supplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

*MEN.* It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.<sup>1</sup>

*COR.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please  
you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*SIC.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*MEN.* Put them not to't :—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,

<sup>1</sup> *It then remains,*

*That you do speak to the people.]* Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose both the consuls : And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy ; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance ; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his *Life of Coriolanus*, that “ it was the custome of Rome at that time, that such as dyd sue for any office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election.*” North's translation, p. 244. MALONE.



Your honour with your form.<sup>2</sup>

*COR.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*BRU.* Mark you that ?

*COR.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and  
thus ;—

Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only :—

*MEN.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them ;<sup>3</sup>—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*SEN.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !  
[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.]

*BRU.* You see how he intends to use the people.

<sup>2</sup> *Your honour with your form.*] I believe we should read—  
“Your honour with *the* form.”—That is, the usual form.

M. MASON.

*Your form*, may mean the form which custom prescribes *to you*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*

*Our purpose to them ;*] We entreat you, tribunes of the  
people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we  
propose to them for their approbation ; namely the appointment  
of Coriolanus to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punctu-  
ation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense  
will be clear :

*We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose ;—to them, and to our noble consul,  
Wish we all joy and honour.*

To *them*, means *to the people*, whom Menenius artfully joins  
to the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent ! He that will  
require them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*BRU.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

1 *CIT.* Once,<sup>4</sup> if he do require our voices, we  
ought not to deny him.

2 *CIT.* We may, fir, if we will.

3 *CIT.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but  
it is a power that we have no power to do :<sup>5</sup> for if

<sup>4</sup> *Once,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes*, by Gafcoigne :

“ *Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ *Once* this, your long experience of her wisdom—.”

STEEVENS.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means, “ if he do but *so much as* require our voices ;” as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle* : “ —they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their standards.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do :*] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or

he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *CIT.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn,<sup>6</sup> he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.<sup>7</sup>

3 *CIT.* We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,<sup>8</sup> some bald, but that our wits are so diversly

*force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning :

“ Use all thy *powers* that heavenly *power* to praise,  
“ That gave thee *power* to do.” — JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — [*for once, when we stood up about the corn,*] [Old copy — *once we stood up.*] That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspere wished to allot to the Roman populace : “ *Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed.” Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*for once, when we stood up, &c.* MALONE.

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified—*as soon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgment, is necessary to the speaker’s meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — [*many headed multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — [*some auburn,*] The folio reads, *some Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading ; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,<sup>9</sup> they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way<sup>1</sup> should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *CIT.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *CIT.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *CIT.* Why, that way?

3 *CIT.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *CIT.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.<sup>2</sup>

3 *CIT.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I

<sup>9</sup> ——— *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.*] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant.

WARBURTON.

To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *and their consent of one direct way* —] See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 3; and Vol. XIII. p. 6, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *You may, you may.*] This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—*You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expense*,—has occurred already in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

“*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.” STEEVENS.

say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars : wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*ALL.* Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

*MEN.* O fir, you are not right : have you not known

The worthiest men have done it ?

*COR.* What must I say ?—  
I pray, fir,—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace :—Look, fir ;—my  
wounds ;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*MEN.* O me, the gods !  
You must not speak of that ; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*COR.* Think upon me ? Hang 'em !  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.]* i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines

*MEN.* You'll mar all ;  
I'll leave you : Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner.<sup>4</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Enter Two Citizens.*

*COR.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace,  
You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1 *CIT.* We do, fir ; tell us what hath brought  
you to't.

*COR.* Mine own desert.

2 *CIT.* Your own desert ?

*COR.* Ay, not  
Mine own desire.<sup>5</sup>

1 *CIT.* How ! not your own desire ?

preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *In wholesome manner.*] So, in *Hamlet* : “ If it shall please you to make me a *wholesome* answer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— not

*Mine own desire.*] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without*. STEEVENS.

*But* is only the reading of the first folio : *Not* is the true reading. RITSON.

The answer of the Citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded in these plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 40, n. 1, and Vol. XI. p. 416, n. 5.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 106, n. 7, from the reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered *not* to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand ; but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

*By earth, she is but corporal ; there you lie.* MALONE.

*COR.* No, fir :

'Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *CIT.* You must think, if we give you any  
thing,  
We hope to gain by you.

*COR.* Well then, I pray, your price o'the con-  
fulship ?

1 *CIT.* The price is, fir,<sup>6</sup> to ask it kindly.

*COR.* Kindly ?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to show  
you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
fir ;  
What say you ?

2 *CIT.* You shall have it, worthy fir.

*COR.* A match, fir :—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd :—  
I have your alms ; adieu.

1 *CIT.* But this is something odd.<sup>7</sup>

2 *CIT.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [*Exeunt Two Citizens.*]

<sup>6</sup> *The price is, fir, &c.*] The word—*fir*, has been supplied by one of the modern editors to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> But *this is something odd.*] As this hemistich is too bulky to join with its predecessor, we may suppose our author to have written only—

*This is something odd ;*

and that the compositor's eye had caught—*But*, from the succeeding line. STEEVENS.

*Enter Two other Citizens.*

*COR.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *CIT.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*COR.* Your enigma?

3 *CIT.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*COR.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, fir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, fir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *CIT.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *CIT.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*COR.* I will not seal your knowledge<sup>8</sup> with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

<sup>8</sup> *I will not seal your knowledge —*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON,



*BOTH CIT.* The gods give you joy, fir, heartily !  
[*Exeunt.*

*COR.* Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire<sup>9</sup> which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown<sup>1</sup> should I stand here,

<sup>9</sup> — *the hire* —] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *this woolvish gown* —] Signifies this *rough hirsute gown*. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads—*this wolvish tongue*. *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We might perhaps more distinctly read :

— *with this woolvish tongue.*

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *naples* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in “A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*,” bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a tailor, who “caste unto him a husbände mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*.” By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress of a Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a*

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

*ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the romance of *Howleglas* to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quære if it be called so in this country? it must be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally translated from the *French* where the word "loup" certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The French copy also may be *literally* rendered from the *German*. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to the "wolf in sheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call himself a wolf; but merely to say, "Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature?" RITSON.

*Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,]* I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's clothing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression,—“a wolf in sheep's clothing.” Mr. Mason says, that this is “a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such.” I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's Legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

“O sye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*.”

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; and not in his real and natural character.

*Woolvish* cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *naples*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for

Their needles vouches?<sup>2</sup> Custom calls me to't:—  
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter Three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—  
 Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six<sup>3</sup>

the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find "*tongued consuls*," for *toged consuls*—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,*

*Their needles vouches?*] Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary *voices*? JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs,) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minshew's *DICTIONARY*, 1617, in v. *QUINTAINE*, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time: "A *QUINTAINE* OR *QUINTELLE*, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic*, *Hob*, and Will, strive for the gay garland."

MALONE.

Again, in an old equivocal English prophecy:

"The country gnuffs, *Hob*, *Dick*, and *Hick*,

"With staves and clouted shoon" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *battles thrice six* &c.] Coriolanus seems now, in

I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have  
Done many things, some less, some more: your  
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *CIT.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *CIT.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*ALL.* Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*COR.*

Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*MEN.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,  
That, in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*COR.*

Is this done?

*SIC.* The custom of request you have discharged:  
The people do admit you; and are summoned  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*COR.* Where? at the senate-house?

*SIC.*

There, Coriolanus.

earnest, to petition for the consulship: perhaps we may better read:

— *battles thrice six*

I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices  
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

*Cor.* May I then <sup>4</sup> change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, fir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

*Brv.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Brv.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

*Sic.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this man ?

1 *CIT.* He has our voices, fir. —

*Brv.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *CIT.* Amen, fir : To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *CIT.* Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right.

1 *CIT.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *CIT.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

<sup>4</sup> *May I then &c.] Then, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer.*

He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his coun-  
try.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*CIT.* No ; no man saw 'em.  
[*Several speak.*

3 *CIT.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul, says he : aged custom,*<sup>5</sup>

*But by your voices, will not so permit me ;*

*Your voices therefore : When we granted that,*

*Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

*Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your  
voices,*

*I have no further with you :—Was not this mock-  
ery ?*

*Sic.* Why, either, you were ignorant to see't ?<sup>6</sup>  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices ?

<sup>5</sup> — *aged custom,*] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government : for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 90, n. 3 ; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 96, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *ignorant to see't ?*] *Were you ignorant to see it,* is, did you want knowledge to discern it ? JOHNSON.

*BRU.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving  
A place of potency,<sup>7</sup> and sway o'the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you<sup>8</sup> for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*BRU.* Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in free contempt,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ———— *arriving*

*A place of potency,*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii :

“ ——— those powers that the queen

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Would think upon you* —] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

When he did need your loves ; and do you think,  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,  
On him,<sup>1</sup> that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues ?<sup>2</sup>

3 *CIT.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *CIT.* And will deny him :  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *CIT.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
piece 'em.

*BRU.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those  
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble ;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On *him*,] Old copy—*of* him. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your su'd-for tongues* ?] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make *suit* to you ; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *Enforce his pride*,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

So afterwards :

“ *Enforce him with his envy to the people—*”

STEEVENS.



And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;  
 How in his fuit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which gibingly,<sup>5</sup> ungravely he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*BRU.* *Lay*  
 A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd  
 (No impediment between) but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
 More after our commandment, than as guided  
 By your own true affections : and that, your minds  
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do  
 Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

*BRU.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to  
 you,  
 How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued : and what flock he springs of,  
 The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence  
 came  
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither ;  
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — his present portance,] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello* :  
 “ And portance in my travels' history.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Which gibingly,] The old copy, redundantly :  
 Which most gibingly, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And Censorinus, darling of the people,] This verse I have  
 supplied ; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as  
 will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's

And nobly nam'd so, being cenfor twice,<sup>7</sup>  
Was his great ancestor.<sup>8</sup>

*Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him cenfor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 39.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And nobly nam'd so, being cenfor twice,*] The old copy reads:—being *twice cenfor*; but for the sake of harmony, I have arranged these words as they stand in our author's original,—Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "—the people had chosen him *cenfor twice*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And Censorinus*—

*Was his great ancestor.*] Now the first cenfor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners taken on the plains of Holmedon:

"Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

"To beaten Douglas——"

But the Earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland. He took his account from Holinshed, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst*

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,<sup>9</sup>  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*BRU.* Say, you ne'er had done't,  
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:<sup>1</sup>  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*CIT.* We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*BRU.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.<sup>2</sup>

*Sic.* To the Capitol:

*others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas, &c. And he imagined that the Governor and Earl Douglas were one and the same person.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Scaling his present bearing with his past,]* That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — by our putting on:] i. e. incitation. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ — you protect this course,

“ And put it on by your allowance.” STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — as putter on

“ Of these exactions.”—

See Vol. XV. p. 30, n. 6. MALONE,

<sup>2</sup> — observe and answer

*The vantage of his anger.]* Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

Come ; we'll be there before the stream o'the people ;<sup>3</sup>

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

---

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*COR.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

*LART.* He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*COR.* So then the Volces stand but as at first ;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*COM.* They are worn, lord consul,<sup>4</sup> so,

<sup>3</sup> — the stream of the people ;] So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ — The rich stream

“ Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

“ To a prepar'd place in the choir,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — lord consul,] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers ; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c.

MALONE.

That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

COR. Saw you Aufidius ?

LART. On safe-guard he came to me ;<sup>5</sup> and did  
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me ?

LART. He did, my lord.

COR. How ? what ?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to  
sword :

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he ?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise  
them ;  
For they do prank them in authority,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> On safe-guard he came to me ;] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —prank them in authority,] Plume, deck, dignify themselves. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii :

“ Drest in a little brief authority.” STEEVENS.

Against all noble sufferance.

*SIC.*

Pass no further.

*COR.* Ha! what is that?

*BRU.*

It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

*COR.*

What makes this change?

*MEN.*

The matter?

*COM.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?<sup>7</sup>

*BRU.* Cominius, no.

*COR.*

Have I had children's voices?

1 *SEN.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*BRU.* The people are incens'd against him.

*SIC.*

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*COR.*

Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?<sup>8</sup>

Have you not set them on?

<sup>7</sup> *Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?*] The first folio reads: “—*noble*,” and “*common*.” The second has—*commons*. I have not hesitated to reform this passage on the authority of others in the play before us. Thus:

“ — the nobles bended

“ As to Jove's statue:—”

“ — the commons made

“ A shower and thunder,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one.

MEN.

Be calm, be calm.

COR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

BRU.

Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

COR. Why, this was known before.

BRU.

Not to them all.

COR. Have you inform'd them since?<sup>9</sup>

BRU.

How! I inform them!

COR. You are like to do such business.

BRU.

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.<sup>1</sup>

COR. Why then should I be consul? By you  
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

SIC.

You show too much of that,<sup>2</sup>  
For which the people stir: If you will pass

<sup>9</sup> ——— *since?*] The old copy—*sithence*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Not unlike,*

*Each way, to better yours. &c.*] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:

“Why then should I be consul?” WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> Sic. *You show too much of that, &c.*] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
 way,  
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;  
 Or never be so noble as a consul,  
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*MEN.* Let's be calm.

*COM.* The people are abus'd :—Set on.—This  
 palt'ring  
 Becomes not Rome ;<sup>3</sup> nor has Coriolanus  
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely<sup>4</sup>  
 I' the plain way of his merit.

*COR.* Tell me of corn !  
 This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—

*MEN.* Not now, not now.

*SEN.* Not in this heat, fir, now.

*COR.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
 I crave their pardons :—  
 For the mutable, rank-scented many,<sup>5</sup> let them  
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and

<sup>3</sup> ——— *This palt'ring*  
*Becomes not Rome ;]* That is, this trick of dissimulation ;  
 this shuffling :

“ And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
 “ That *palt'ring* with us in a double sense.” *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.

*Becomes not Rome ;]* I would read :

*Becomes not Romans ;*

Coriolanus being accented on the *first*, and not the second  
 syllable, in former instances. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *rub, laid falsely &c.] Falsely for treacherously.*

JOHNSON.

The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *many,]* i. e. the populace. The Greeks used *οι πολλοι*  
*exactly* in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.



Therein behold themselves :<sup>6</sup> I say again,  
 In foothering them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
 The cockle of rebellion,<sup>7</sup> insolence, sedition,  
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and;  
   scatter'd,  
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
 Which they have given to beggars.

*MEN.*   Well, no more.

*SEN.* No more words, we beseech you.

*COR.*   How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,<sup>8</sup>  
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet fought  
 The very way to catch them.

*BRU.*   You speak o'the people,  
 As if you were a god to punish, not  
 A man of their infirmity.

<sup>6</sup> ——— let them

*Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
 Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror  
 which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and  
 see themselves.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The cockle of rebellion,]* *Cockle* is a weed which grows up  
 with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's trans-  
 lation of Plutarch, where it is given as follows: "Moreover,  
 he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed  
 and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and  
 scattered abroad among the people," &c. STEEVENS.

*The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,]* Here are three  
 syllables too many. We might read, as in North's Plutarch:

"The cockle of insolency and sedition." RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *meazels,]* *Mefell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision*,  
 for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in *The London  
 Prodigal*, 1605. STEEVENS.

SIC. 'Twere well,  
We let the people know't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

COR. Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SIC. It is a mind,  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

COR. Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?<sup>9</sup> mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

COM. 'Twas from the canon.<sup>1</sup>

COR. *Shall!*  
O good, but most unwise patricians,<sup>2</sup> why,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *minnows*?] i.e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “—— that base *minnow* of thy mirth,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> 'Twas from the canon,] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right.

JOHNSON.

These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. Cominius means to say, “that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule,” alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding:—and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> O good, but most unwise patricians, &c.] The old copy has —O God, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, “when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?”—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
 The horn and noise<sup>3</sup> o'the monsters, wants not  
 spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
 And make your channel his? If he have power,  
 Then veil your ignorance:<sup>4</sup> if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but *O God*, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. On a reconsideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "by *God's* lid," the Greek Therfites exclaims—"God-a-mercy;" and that, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God* shield us!" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.—I lately met with a still more glaring instance of the same impropriety in another play of Shakspeare, but cannot, at this moment, ascertain it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The horn and noise*—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARRBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Then veil your ignorance*:] *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him veil or bow down before him.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"Then veil your stomachs—."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——veil your regard

"Upon a wrong'd" &c. STEEVENS.

Be not as common fools ; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators : and they are no less,  
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs.<sup>5</sup> They choose their magistrate ;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece ! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base : and my soul akes,<sup>6</sup>  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

COM. Well—on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel,<sup>7</sup> to give forth

<sup>5</sup> ——— *You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators : and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs.*] These lines may, I think, be made  
 more intelligible by a very slight correction :

——— *they no less [than senators]  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Must palate theirs.*

When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must  
*please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal,  
 when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the  
 lowest.* STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators,  
 when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended to-  
 gether, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of  
 the populace than the senate. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *and my soul akes,*] The mischief and absurdity of what  
 is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.*] So, in the old translation  
 of Plutarch : “ Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell,  
 and persuaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common  
 people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the

The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,——

*MEN.* Well, well, no more of that.

*WOR.* (Though there the people had more absolute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*BRU.* Why, shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*COR.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the  
corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they haue so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue recevued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill disfection and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie." STEEVENS.

They would not thread the gates :<sup>8</sup> this kind of service  
vice

Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native<sup>9</sup>  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?  
How shall this bosom multiplied<sup>1</sup> digest  
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words :—*We did request it ;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands* :—Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears : which will in time break open

<sup>8</sup> *They would not thread the gates :*] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear* :

“ — *threading* dark-ey'd night.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *could never be the native* —] *Native* for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

*Native* is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*. JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in *King Henry V* :

“ A many of our bodies shall no doubt

“ Find *native* graves.” MALONE.

I cannot agree with Johnson that *native* can possibly mean natural parent, or cause of birth ; nor with Warburton in supposing that it means natural birth ; for if the word could bear that meaning, it would not be sense here, as Coriolanus is speaking not of the consequence, but the cause, of their donation. I should therefore read *motive* instead of *native*. Malone's quotation from *King Henry V*. is nothing to the purpose, as in that passage *native graves*, means evidently graves in their native soil. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — *this bosom multiplied* —] This *multitudinous* bosom ; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MALONE.

The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.—

*MEN.* Come, enough.<sup>2</sup>

*BRU.* Enough, with over-measure.

*COR.* No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal !<sup>3</sup>—This double worship,—  
Where one part<sup>4</sup> does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wif-  
dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it fol-  
lows,

Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of't ;<sup>5</sup> that prefer

<sup>2</sup> *Come, enough.*] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of—*enough.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *No, take more :*

*What may be sworn by, both divine and human*

*Seal what I end withal !*] The sense is, No, let me add this further ; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine ; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See Briffon de *formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> *Where one part* —] In the old copy, we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. X. p. 443, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That love the fundamental part of state,*

*More than you doubt the change of't ;*] *To doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors ;

A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump a body<sup>6</sup> with a dangerous physick  
 That's fure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison :<sup>7</sup> your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment,<sup>8</sup> and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it ;<sup>9</sup>

you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *To jump a body*—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read :

*To vamp*——.

To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To *jump a body* may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. Thus, Lucretius, III. 452.—*quassatum est corpus*.

So, in Phil. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219 : " If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that " to *jump a body*," meant to *risk* a body ; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us.

So, in *Macbeth* :

" We'd *jump* the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii :

" —— our fortune lies

" Upon this *jump*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— let them not lick

*The sweet which is their poison* :] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

" Like rats that ravin up their proper bane——."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Mangles true judgment*,] *Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Of that integrity which should become it* ;] *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *become*. JOHNSON.



Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

*BRU.* He has said enough.

*SIC.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

*COR.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,<sup>1</sup>  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*BRU.* Manifest treason.

*SIC.* This a consul? no.

*BRU.* The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*SIC.* Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in  
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*COR.* Hence, old goat!

*SEN. & PAT.* We'll surety him.

*COM.* Aged fir, hands off.

*COR.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
bones

<sup>1</sup> *Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,*] Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

Out of thy garments.<sup>2</sup>

*Sic.*

Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*MEN.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.*

Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*BRU.*

Seize him, Ædiles.

*CIT.* Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

2 *SEN.*

Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*CIT.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

*MEN.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes  
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:<sup>3</sup>—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

<sup>2</sup> —shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.] So, in *King John*:

“ —here's a stay,

“ That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“ Out of his rags!” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:] I would read:

Speak to the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly:

Confusion's near,—I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,  
To the people.

He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was

*SIC.* Hear me, people ;—Peace.

*CIT.* Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak,  
 speak, speak.

*SIC.* You are at point to lose your liberties :  
 Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,  
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*MEN.* Fye, fye, fye !  
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *SEN.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*SIC.* What is the city, but the people ?

*CIT.* True,  
 The people are the city.

*BRU.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
 The people's magistrates.

*CIT.* You so remain.

*MEN.* And so are like to do.

*COR.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;  
 To bring the roof to the foundation ;  
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

*SIC.* This deserves death.

*BRU.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
 Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,  
 Upon the part o'the people, in whose power  
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
 Of present death.

*SIC.* Therefore, lay hold of him ;  
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
 Into destruction cast him.

not able ; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request  
 to Sicinius in particular. M. MASON.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

*BRU.* Ædiles, feize him.

*CIT.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*MEN.* Hear me one word.  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*ÆDI.* Peace, peace.

*MEN.* Be that you seem, truly your country's  
friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*BRU.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous<sup>4</sup>  
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*COR.* No ; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*MEN.* Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, with-  
draw a while.

*BRU.* Lay hands upon him.

*MEN.* Help, Marcius ! help,  
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

*CIT.* Down with him, down with him !

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,  
and the People, are all beat in.*

*MEN.* Go, get you to your house ;<sup>5</sup> be gone,  
away,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *very poisonous* —] I read :  
——— *are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *get you to your house* ;] Old copy—*our house.* Cor-  
rected by Mr. Rowe. So below :

“ I prythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house.”

MALONE.

All will be naught else.

2 SEN.

Get you gone.

COR.

Stand fast;<sup>6</sup>

We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN. Shall it be put to that?

1 SEN.

The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN.

For 'tis a fore upon us,<sup>7</sup>

You cannot tent yourself: Begone, beseech you.

COM. Come, sir, along with us.

COR. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they  
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o'the Capitol,)—

MEN.

Be gone;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Stand fast*; &c.] [Old copy—Com. *Stand fast*; &c.] This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:

“Come, sir, along with us.” WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *For 'tis a fore upon us,*] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Cor. *I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o'the Capitol,)—*

*Be gone*; &c.] The beginning of this speech, [attributed in the old copy to *Menenius*,] I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to *Menenius*:

“Be gone;

“Put not your worthy rage” &c. TYRWHITT.

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction.

STEEVENS.

The word, *begone*, certainly belongs to *Menenius*, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away.—In the preceding page he says:

“Go, get you to your house; begone, away,—”

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;  
One time will owe another.<sup>9</sup>

*COR.* On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

*MEN.* I could myself  
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two  
tribunes.

*COM.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick ;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return ?<sup>1</sup> whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*MEN.* Pray you, be gone :  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request

And, in a few lines after, he repeats the same request :

“ Pray you, be gone ;

“ I'll try whether my old wit be in request

“ With those that have but little.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time* : or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt* : that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

I believe Menenius means, “ This time will owe us one more fortunate.” It is a common expression to say, “ This day is yours, the next may be mine.” M. MASON.

The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter : time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us truit to faturity. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Before the tag return ?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail*. JOHNSON.

With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.

1 *PAT.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*MEN.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*  
Here's goodly work !

2 *PAT.* I would they were a-bed !

*MEN.* I would they were in Tyber !—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair ?

*Re-enter* BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

*SIC.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*MEN.* You worthy tribunes,—

*SIC.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the publick power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *CIT.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

CIT. He shall, sure on't.<sup>2</sup>  
 [Several speak together.  
 MEN. Sir,<sup>3</sup>—  
 SIC. Peace.  
 MEN. Do not cry, havock,<sup>4</sup> where you should  
 but hunt

<sup>2</sup> *He shall, sure on't.*] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *fore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall, sure out; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd, therefore, that the rabble should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned, and which, when he does afterwards mention it, he disapproved of:

“ —— to eject him hence,

“ Were but one danger.”

I have therefore left the old copy undisturbed. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote—with reference to the foregoing speech:

*He shall, be sure on't.*

i. e. be assured that he shall be taught the respect due to both the tribunes and the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir,*] Old copy, redundantly—*Sir, fir.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt*

*With modest warrant.*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. See Vol. X. p. 392, n. 1. STEEVENS.

*To cry havock* was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *King John*:

“ —— *Cry havock, kings.*”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Cry havock,* and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:



With modest warrant.

*SIC.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*MEN.* Hear me speak:—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults:—

*SIC.* Consul!—what consul?

*MEN.* The consul Coriolanus.

*BRU.* He a consul!

*CIT.* No, no, no, no, no.

*MEN.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,  
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to<sup>s</sup> no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*SIC.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir  
la teste coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been  
fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix* of little  
*price*.

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre  
Seigneur, ni le vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre trainez &  
pendu, & le teste avoir coupe.” MS. Cotton. Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.

Again: “ For them that *crye hauoke*. Also that noo man be  
so hardy to *crye hauoke*, vpon payne of hym that so is founde  
begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned,  
and theyr bodyes to be punysshed at the kynges wyll.” *Certayne  
Statutes and Ordenaunces of Warre made &c. by Henry the  
VIII.* bl. l. 4to. empynted by R. Pynson, 1513. TODD.

<sup>s</sup> ——— shall turn you to—] This singular expression has al-  
ready occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— my heart bleeds

“ To think o'the teen that I have *turn'd you to*.”

STEEVENS.

This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*MEN.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children<sup>6</sup> is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*MEN.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o'the world.

*Sic.*

This is clean kam.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Towards her deserved children* —] *Deserved*, for *deserving*.  
So, *delighted for delighting*. So, in *Othello* :

“ If virtue no *delighted beauty* lack,—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is clean kam.*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets,  
*Tout va à contrepoil*. *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *cambrel*  
for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg.

WARBURTON.

The Welsh word for *crooked* is *kam* ; and in Lyly's *Endymion*,  
1591, is the following passage : “ But timely, madam, *crooks*  
that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be  
a thorn.”

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591 :

“ *Camocks* must be bowed with *fleight*, not *strength*.”

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*,  
and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient  
vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1582 :

“ *Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*”

“ The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled.”

STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Merely awry :<sup>8</sup> When he did love his  
country,  
It honour'd him.

*MEN.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was ?<sup>9</sup>

*BRU.* We'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*MEN.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-  
cess ;

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim*, *kam*, occur several times. Amongst others, take the following instance : “ All goes topsie turvy ; all *kim*, *kam* ; all is tricks and devices : all riddles and unknown mysteries.” P. 100.

REED.

<sup>8</sup> *Merely awry* :] i. e. absolutely. See Vol. IV. p. 9, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Being once gangren'd, is not then respected*

*For what before it was ?*] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes ; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.

I have restored it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at the conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect sentence, gives it thus :

*For what before it was ;—* STEEVENS.

You alledge, says *Menenius*, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“ *Is this just ?*” *Menenius* would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him : and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood. MALONE.

Left parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*BRU.*

If it were so,—

*SIC.* What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—

*MEN.* Consider this ;—He has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulted language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him<sup>1</sup>  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

*1 SEN.*

Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.<sup>2</sup>

*SIC.*

Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer :—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*BRU.*

Go not home.

*SIC.* Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend  
you there :  
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *to bring him—*] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the MS. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the end of it*

*Unknown to the beginning.*] So, in *The Tempest*, A& II. sc. i : “ The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.” STEEVENS.

*MEN.* I'll bring him to you :—  
 Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]  
 He must come,  
 Or what is worst will follow.

*1 SEN.* Pray you, let's to him.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*COR.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present  
 me  
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;*] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William Prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses ; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory :

“ Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diversa quadrigæ

“ Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)

“ Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus

“ Per sylvam ; et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres.”

*Æn.* VIII. 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts : (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth :) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

*I PAT.* You do the nobler.

*COR.* I muse,<sup>4</sup> my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance<sup>5</sup> stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;  
[*To VOLUMNIA.*  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance:

“ Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum distentum illigat Metium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæferant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertêre omnes a tantâ fœditate spectaculi oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit: in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse pœnas.” Liv. Lib. I xxviii.

MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found mention of this punishment in our ancient romances. Thus, in *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 55:

“ — Thou venemouse serpente  
“ With *wilde horses* thou shalt be drawe to morowe  
“ And on this hille be brente.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I muse,*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.  
So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Do not *muse* at me, my most noble friends—.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *my ordinance* —] *My rank.* JOHNSON.

False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.<sup>6</sup>

*VOL.* O, fir, fir, fir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*COR.* Let go.<sup>7</sup>

*VOL.* You might have been enough the man you  
are,  
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions,<sup>8</sup> if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*COR.* Let them hang.

*VOL.* Ay, and burn too.

<sup>6</sup> *The man I am.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

Truly *the man I am.*

*Truely* is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Let go.*] Here again, Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads—*Why*, let *it* go.—Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*: —“*Let it go all.*—Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The thwartings of your dispositions,*] The old copies exhibit it:

“*The things of your dispositions.*”

A few letters replaced, that by some carelessness dropped out, restore us the poet's genuine reading:

*The thwartings of your dispositions.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction:

*The things that thwart your dispositions.* MALONE.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*MEN.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

1 *SEN.* There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*VOL.* Pray be counsel'd :  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*MEN.* Well said, noble woman :  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,<sup>9</sup> but that  
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*COR.* What must I do ?

*MEN.* Return to the tribunes.

*COR.* Well,  
What then ? what then ?

*MEN.* Repent what you have spoke.

<sup>9</sup> *Before he should thus stoop to the herd,*] [Old copy—stoop to the heart.] But how did Coriolanus stoop to his heart ? He rather, as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play :

“ Are these your herd ?”

So, in *Julius Cæsar* : “ — when he perceived, the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown,” &c. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people :

“ You flames of Rome ! you herd of——.”

*Herd* was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.



*COR.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*VOL.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak.<sup>1</sup> I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell  
me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*COR.* Tush, tush!

*MEN.* A good demand.

*VOL.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*COR.* Why force you<sup>2</sup> this?

*VOL.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you  
to,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *You are too absolute;*

*Though therein you can never be too noble,*

*But when extremities speak.]* Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Why force you —]* Why urge you. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ If you will now unite in your complaints,

“ And force them with a constancy—.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,]* [Old copy—*prompts you.*] Perhaps the meaning is, which your heart prompts you to. We have many such elliptical expressions in

But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.<sup>4</sup>  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

these plays. See Vol. XV. p. 196, n. 4. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
“ From what it is dispos'd [to].” ■

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests to you ; which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards : “ Come, come, we'll *prompt you*.” The editor of the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—prompts you to, and so all the subsequent copies read. MALONE.

I am content to follow the second folio ; though perhaps we ought to read :

*Nor by the matter which your heart prompts in you.*

So, in *A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross*, &c. 1589 : “ —for often meditatyon *prompteth* in us goode thoughtes, begettingy theron goode workes,” &c.

Without some additional syllable the verse is defective.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *bastards, and syllables*

*Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.*] I read : “ of no alliance ;” therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority*. JOHNSON.

*Allowance* is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, A& II. sc. i :

“ — his pilot

“ Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*.”

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be “ of *no kindred*.” STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because “ of no allowance, i. e. approbation, to your bosom's truth,” appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, “ to your bosom's truth.” The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, “ and syllables of no allowance,” are put in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

Than to take in a town<sup>5</sup> with gentle words,  
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
 The hazard of much blood.—  
 I would dissemble with my nature, where  
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
 I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
 And you<sup>6</sup> will rather show our general lowts<sup>7</sup>  
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
 Of what that want<sup>8</sup> might ruin.

*MEN.* Noble lady!—  
 Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,  
 Not what<sup>9</sup> is dangerous present, but the loss  
 Of what is past.

*VOL.* I pr'ythee now, my son,

<sup>5</sup> *Than to take in a town* —] To subdue or destroy. See p. 27, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *I am in this,*  
*Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;*  
*And you &c.]* Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition,* I am at stake, together with *your wife, your son.* JOHNSON.

*I am in this,* means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, *In this advice,* in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are at stake. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *our general lowts* —] Our common clowns.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *that want* —] The want of their loves. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Not *what* —] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only.*  
 JOHNSON.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;<sup>1</sup>  
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)  
 Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in such business  
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *with this bonnet in thy hand*;] Surely our author wrote—with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia says—" *this* bonnet," she may be supposed to *point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *waving thy head*,

*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart*,] But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often, thus, &c*? These questions are sufficient to show that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

— *waving thy hand*,

*Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action, suiting the occasion; Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper.

WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

— *waving thy head*,

*With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

" And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down."

STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

That humble, as the ripeſt mulberry,<sup>3</sup>  
Now will not hold the handling : Or, ſay to them,

—waving thy head,  
(Which humble thus ;) correcting thy ſtout heart,  
Now ſofter'd as the ripeſt mulberry. TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this paſſage as it ſtands, ſome amendment muſt be made, to make it intelligible ; and that which I now propoſe, is to read *bow* inſtead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. M. MASON.

I am perſuaded theſe lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a ſimilar kind of phraſeology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the abſolute caſe, and is to be underſtood as if he had written—*It* often, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — This your ſon-in-law,  
“ And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)  
“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ — he that wins of all,  
“ Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
“ *Who* having no external thing to loſe,  
“ But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.

In the former of theſe paſſages, “ *whom* heavens directing,” is to be underſtood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing ; (*illum deo ducente* ;) and in the latter, “ *who* having” has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere poſſint, præter nomen virginis, poſſidentibus.* See Vol. X. p. 407, n. 7.

This mode of ſpeech, though not ſuch as we ſhould now uſe, having been uſed by Shakspeare, any emendation of this conteſted paſſage becomes unneceſſary. Nor is this kind of phraſeology peculiar to our author ; for in R. Raignold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5, b. I find the ſame conſtruction : “ — as Pompey was paſſing in a ſmall boate toward the ſhoare, to ſynde the kyng Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement ſlayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla. *who hoping* by killing of him to purchaſe the frie dſhip of Caſar.— Who now being come unto the ſhoare, and entering Alexandria, had ſodainly preſented unto him the head of Pompey the Great,” &c.

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, Signat. M m. ij : “ And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaigned with great ſtrength of Welſhemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire : *whiche*

Thou art their foldier, and being bred in broils,  
 Haft not the foft way,<sup>4</sup> which, thou doft confefs,  
 Were fit for thee to ufe, as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

thyng was in deede the caufe that thei fell from hym and forfoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See alfo Vol. IX. p. 420, n. 5.

Mr. M. Mafon fays, that there is no verb in the fentence, and therefore it muft be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the fentence, not more abrupt than many others in thefe plays. Go to the people, fays Volumnia, and appear before them in a fupplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in fuch cafes action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (fuch as thofe that I now make,) fubduing thy ftout heart, which now fhould be as humble as the ripeft mulberry: or, if thefe filent geftures of fupplication do not move them, add words, and fay to them, &c.

Whoever has feen a player fupplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever caufe, has arifen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy head."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be neceffary in thefe lines. MALONE.

All I fhall obferve refpecting the validity of the instances adduced by Mr. Malone in fupport of his pofition, is, that as ancient prefs-work feldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently ferve to countenance thofe of another, without affording any legitimate decision in matters of phrafeology.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *humble, as the ripeft mulberry,*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æfchylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΠΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preferved by Athenæus, Lib. II.) fays of Hector that he was fofter than *mulberries*:

“ Ἄνῆρ δ’ ἐκείνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μύρων.” MUSGRAVE.

<sup>4</sup> — *and being bred in broils,*

*Haft not the foft way,*] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

“ — Rude am I in my fpeech,

“ And little blefs’d with the *foft* phrafe of peace;

“ And little of this great world can I fpeak,

“ More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.”

MALONE.

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

*MEN.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were  
yours :<sup>5</sup>

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*VOL.* Pr'ythee now,  
Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou had'st  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,<sup>6</sup>  
Than flatter him in a bower.<sup>7</sup> Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* I have been i' the market-place : and, fir,  
'tis fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

*MEN.* Only fair speech.

*COM.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

<sup>5</sup> *Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :*] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes :

*Even as she speaks it, why their hearts were yours.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *in a fiery gulf,*] i. e. *into.* So, in *King Richard III.*  
“ But first, I'll turn you fellow *in* his grave.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Than flatter him in a bower.*] A *bower* is the ancient term for a *chamber.* So Spenser, *Prothalam.* st. 8. speaking of *The Temple :*

“ Where now the studious lawyer's have their *bowers.*”

See also Chaucer &c. *passim.* STEEVENS.

*VOL.* He must, and will :—  
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

*COR.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce ?<sup>8</sup>

Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :  
Yet were there but this single plot<sup>9</sup> to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
it,

<sup>8</sup> — *my unbarb'd sconce ?*] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses.

STEEVENS.

*Unbarbed*, bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

*Unbarbed sconce* is *untrimmed* or *unshaven* head. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

“ *Grim.* — you are so clean a young man.

“ *Row.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball ?

“ *Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

“ *Row.* I know him not, is he a deaft *barber* ?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's *Polyolion*, Song XIII :

“ The labring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds.”

Again, in *The Malcontent*, by Marston :

“ The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.”

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215 :) “ would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus ?” Every one, but the Dean, understands that Shakspeare gives to all countries the fashions of his own.

*Unbarbed* may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy*, speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says :

“ *Barlyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *single plot* —] i. e. piece, portion ; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase.

WARBURTON.



And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
place :—

You have put me now to such a part, which never<sup>1</sup>  
I shall discharge to the life.

*COM.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*VOL.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast  
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.<sup>2</sup>

*COR.* Well, I must do't :

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum,<sup>3</sup> into a pipe

<sup>1</sup> ——— such a part, which never &c.] So, in *King Henry VI.*  
P. III. Vol. XIV. p. 95 :

“ ——— he would avoid *such* bitter taunts

“ *Which* in the time of death he gave our father.”

Again, in the present scene :

“ But with *such* words *that* are but roted,” &c.

Again, in Act V. sc. iv :

“ ——— the benefit

“ Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,

“ *Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses.”

i. e. the repetition of which—.

Again, in Act V. sc. iii :

“ — no, not with *such* friends,

“ *That* thought them sure of you.”

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* was founded, reads—*As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— perform a part

*Thou hast not done before.*] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Which quired with my drum,*] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.



Mother, I am going to the market-place ;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I' the way of flattery, further.

*VOL.* Do your will. [*Exit.*]

*COM.* Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm  
 yourself  
 To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
 Than are upon you yet.

*COR.* The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honour.

*MEN.* Ay, but mildly.

*COR.* Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*BRU.* In this point charge him home, that he  
 affects  
 Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,  
 Enforce him with his envy<sup>s</sup> to the people ;

<sup>s</sup> ——— *envy* —] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“ ——— no black *envy*

“ Shall make my grave.”

See Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2. STEEVENS.

And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come ?

*ÆD.* He's coming.

*BRU.* How accompanied ?

*ÆD.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*SIC.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll ?

*ÆD.* I have ; 'tis ready, here.<sup>9</sup>

*SIC.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*ÆD.* I have.

*SIC.* Assemble presently the people hither :  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons*, be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *'tis ready, here.*] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *i' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read :

— *o'er the truth o' the cause.* JOHNSON.

As I cannot understand this passage as it is pointed, I should suppose that the speeches should be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation :

*Sic. Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power.*

*Æd. In the truth of the cause  
I shall inform them.*

That is, I will explain the matter to them fully. M. MASON.

ÆD. I shall inform them.

BRU. And when such time they have begun to  
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD. Very well.

SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this  
hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

BRU. Go about it.—  
[Exit Ædile.

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction :<sup>2</sup> Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance ;<sup>3</sup> then he speaks  
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — and to have his worth

[Of contradiction :] The modern editors substituted *word* ; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction ; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Be rein'd again to temperance ;*] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “ holding in hyr haund a *bitt* of an horse.”

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> ——— which looks

[With us to break his neck.] To look is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What he has in heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

The tribune rather seems to mean—The sentiments of Coriola-

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an osler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.<sup>5</sup>—The honour'd  
                        gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!<sup>6</sup>

1 SEN.

Amen, amen!

MEN. A noble wish.

nus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *plant love among us!*

*Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,*

*And not our streets with war!*] [The old copy—*Through.*]

We should read:

*Throng our large temples——*

The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the "temples" (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. STEEVENS.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*SIC.* Draw near, ye people.

*ÆDI.* List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

*COR.* First, hear me speak.

*BOTH TRI.* Well, say.—Peace, ho.<sup>7</sup>

*COR.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

*SIC.* I do demand,  
If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*COR.* I am content.

*MEN.* LO, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*COR.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*MEN.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents<sup>8</sup> for malicious sounds,

<sup>7</sup> *Well, say.—Peace, ho.*] As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written:

*Well, fir; say on.—Peace, ho.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *His rougher accents*—] The old copy reads—*actions*. MR. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher *accents* are the harsh *terms* that he uses.

MALONE.

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.<sup>9</sup>

COM. Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

SIC. Answer to us.

COR. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to  
take  
From Rome all season'd office,<sup>1</sup> and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How ! Traitor ?

MEN. Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

COR. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the peo-  
ple !  
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd<sup>2</sup> as many millions, in

<sup>9</sup> *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as a verb, and signifies to *injure*. In this sense it is used by Julietta in *The Pilgrim* :

“ If I make a lie

“ To gain your love, and *envy* my best mistress,

“ Pin me up against a wall,” &c. M. MASON.

*Rather than envy you.*] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 155, n. 8 ; and Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *season'd office,*] All *office established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *clutch'd*—] i. e. grasp'd. So Macbeth, in his address to the “ air-drawn dagger :”

“ Come, let me *clutch* thee.” STEEVENS.



Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock with him; to the rock with  
him!<sup>3</sup>

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*BRU.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,——

*COR.* What do you prate of service?

*BRU.* I talk of that, that know it.

*COR.* You?

*MEN.* Is this  
The promise that you made your mother?

*COM.* Know,  
I pray you,——

*COR.* I'll know no further:  
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy

<sup>3</sup> *To the rock &c.]* The first folio reads:

*To th' rock, to th' rock with him.*—

The second only:

*To th' rock with him.*

The present reading is therefore formed out of the two copies.

STEEVENS,

Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people,<sup>4</sup> seeking means  
To pluck away their power ; as now at last<sup>5</sup>  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence<sup>6</sup>  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it ; In the name o'the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so,  
It shall be so ; let him away : he's banish'd,  
And so it shall be.<sup>7</sup>

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends ;——

<sup>4</sup> *Envied against the people,*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *as now at last* ——] Read rather :  
—— *has now at last*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *not in the presence* ——] *Not* stands again for *not only*.  
JOHNSON.

It is thus used in *The New Testament*, 1 *Thess.* iv. 8 :  
“ He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God,” &c.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And so it shall be.*] Old copy, unmetrically—*And it shall be so*. STEEVENS.

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak :  
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,<sup>8</sup>  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate,<sup>9</sup> her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would  
Speak that——

*Sic.* We know your drift : Speak what ?

*BRU.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people, and his country :  
It shall be so.

*CIT.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*COR.* You common cry of curs !<sup>1</sup> whose breath I hate

<sup>8</sup> —— *show from Rome,*] Read—“ *show for Rome.*”

M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were got *out of Rome*, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for Rome* ; and supports his emendation by these passages :

“ To banish him that struck more blows *for Rome*,” &c.

Again :

“ Good man ! the wounds that he does bear *for Rome.*”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My dear wife's estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *You common cry of curs !*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play :

“ —— You have made good work,

“ You and your *cry.*”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

“ To a deep *cry* of dogs.” MALONE.

As reek o' the rotten fens,<sup>2</sup> whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;<sup>3</sup>  
 And here remain with your uncertainty!  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,<sup>4</sup>)

<sup>2</sup> *As reek o' the rotten fens,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

“*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I banish you;*] So, in Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580:  
 “When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had  
 banished him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them.*”

Our poet has again the same thought in *King Richard II*:

“Think not, the king did banish thee,

“But thou the king.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Have the power still*

*To banish your defenders; till, at length,*

*Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.*] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

“The people (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression.”—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—In-

Making not reservation of yourselves,  
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives,<sup>5</sup> to some nation  
 That won you without blows ! Despising,<sup>6</sup>

stead, however, of " Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, " Making *not* reservation of yourselves," which agrees with the subsequent words—" fill your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech ; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "*fill their own foes*." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 102, n. 4.

MALONE.

Mr. Capell reads :

*Making not reservation of your selves.* STEEVENS.

\* <sup>5</sup> Abated *captives*,] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit.

So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline :

" To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere subjeclis, et debellare superbos.*

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the 7th *Iliad* :

" Th' *abated* mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my pheeres."

Randle Holme, however, informs us that " an *abatement* is a mark added or annexed to a coat [of arms] by reason of some dishonourable act whereby the dignity of the coat is abated," &c. See the *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, p. 71.

*Abated* has the same power as the French *abattu*. See Vol. VIII. p. 254, n. 8. STEEVENS.

For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
There is a world elfewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-  
NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*ÆD.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*CIT.* Our enemy's banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !  
hoo !

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

*SIC.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*CIT.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;  
come :—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *Despising,*] As this line is imperfect, perhaps our author originally gave it—

*Despising* therefore,

*For you, the city, &c.* STEEVENS.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

*COR.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—  
the beast

With many heads<sup>7</sup> butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating:<sup>8</sup> fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

—— *the beast*

*With many heads* —] Thus also, Horace, speaking of the Roman mob:

*Bellua multorum est capitum.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *you were us'd*

*To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm; all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating;* ] Thus the second folio. The

first reads:

“To say, extremitities was the trier of spirits.”

*Extremity*, in the singular number, is used by our author in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c.

The general thought of this passage has already occurred in *Troilus and Cressida*. See Vol. XV. p. 201:

“—— In the reproof of chance

“Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

A noble cunning :<sup>9</sup> you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*VIR.* O heavens ! O heavens !

*COR.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

*VOL.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,  
And occupations perish !

*COR.* What, what, what !  
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not ; adieu :—Farewell, my wife ! my mo-  
ther !

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime ge-  
neral

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

“ How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
“ Upon her patient breast, making their way  
“ With those of nobler bulk ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *fortune's blows,*

*When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning :*] This is the ancient and authentick read-  
ing. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently  
substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained  
*gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words be-  
fore we go to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be  
wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy.  
He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflec-  
tion and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are  
nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power  
of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

“ They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.”

JOHNSON.



Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond<sup>1</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot  
well,

My hazards still have been your solace : and  
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your  
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.<sup>2</sup>

*VOL.*

My first son,<sup>3</sup>

Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while : Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis fond—] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, passim.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

*Cautelous*, in the present instance, signifies—*insidious*. In the sense of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *My first son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath would read :

*My fierce son.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *More than a wild exposure to each chance*

*That starts i' the way before thee.*] I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

We should certainly read—*exposure*. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ And when we have our naked frailties hid

“ That suffer in *exposure*,—.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ To weaken and discredit our *exposure*—.”

*Exposure* is, I believe, no more than a typographical error.

STEEVENS.

COR.

O the gods!

COM. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

COR.

Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch,<sup>5</sup> when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

MEN.

That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

COR.

Give me thy hand:—

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallayed.  
Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*BRU.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*BRU.* Dismiss them home.  
[*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*BRU.* Why ?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*BRU.* They have ta'en note of us :  
Keep on your way.

*VOL.* O, you're well met : The hoarded plague  
o'the gods  
Requite your love !

*MEN.* Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

*VOL.* If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?  
[*To BRUTUS.*]

*VIR.* You shall stay too: [*To SICIN.*] I would,  
I had the power  
To say so to my husband,

*SIC.* Are you mankind?

*VOL.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this  
fool.—

Was not a man my father?<sup>6</sup> Hadst thou foxship?<sup>7</sup>  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*SIC.* O blessed heavens!

*VOL.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise  
words;

<sup>6</sup> *Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

[*Was not a man my father?*] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

— Note but this fool.—

*Was not a man my father?* JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

“ O mankind generation !”

Shakspeare himself, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — a mankind witch.”

Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso:

“ See, see this *mankind* trumpet; see, she cry'd,

“ This shameless whore.”

See Vol. IX. p. 275, n. 1. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Hadst thou foxship*—] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet  
go :—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*SIC.* What then ?

*VIR.* What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*VOL.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

*MEN.* Come, come, peace.

*SIC.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began ; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.<sup>8</sup>

*BRU.* I would he had.

*VOL.* I would he had ? 'Twas you incens'd the  
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*BRU.* Pray, let us go.

*VOL.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone :  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this :

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome : so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*BRU.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

<sup>8</sup> — unknit *himself*

*The noble knot he made.*] So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.* :

“ — will you again *unknit*

“ This churlish *knot*” &c. STEEVENS.

*SIC.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*VOL.* Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.  
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*MEN.* You have told them home,<sup>9</sup>  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with  
me?

*VOL.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.<sup>1</sup>—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*MEN.* Fye, fye, fye! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volve, meeting.*

*ROM.* I know you well, fir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*VOL.* It is, so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

*ROM.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
you are, against them: Know you me yet?

<sup>9</sup> *You have told them home,*] So again, in this play:  
“I cannot speak him home.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And so shall starve with feeding.*] This idea is repeated in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. ii. and in *Pericles*:  
“Who starves the ears she feeds,” &c. STEEVENS.

*VOL.* Nicanor ? . No.

*ROM.* The same, fir.

*VOL.* You had more beard, when I last saw you ; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.<sup>2</sup> What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there : You have well saved me a day's journey.

*ROM.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrection : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read :

————— *is well appealed.*

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I would read :

————— *is well affirmed.*

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author.

“ His title is *affear'd.*” Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be to bring to remembrance, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read :

*Your favour is well approved by your tongue.*

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i :

“ That if again this apparition come,

“ He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it.”

STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appeared by your tongue : but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622, edit. 1575 : “ — which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides.” We have, I think, the same participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uses *dispaired* :

“ Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be

“ That thou *dispaired* art,” &c. MALONE.

*VOL.* Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*ROM.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*VOL.* Coriolanus banished ?

*ROM.* Banished, sir.

*VOL.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*ROM.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*VOL.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*ROM.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

*VOL.* A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the en-



tertainment,<sup>3</sup> and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*ROM.* I am joyful to hear of their readinefs, and am the man, I think, that fhall fet them in prefent action. So, fir, heartily well met, and moft glad of your company.

*VOL.* You take my part from me, fir ; I have the moft caufe to be glad of yours.

*ROM.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before Aufidius's Houfe.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*COR.* A goodly city is this Antium : City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir  
Of thefe fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;  
Left that thy wives with fpits, and boys with ftones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle flay me.—Save you, fir.

*CIT.* And you.

<sup>3</sup> — *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 42, n. 6. MALONE.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

CIT. This, here, before you.

COR. Thank you, sir ; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns !<sup>4</sup> Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love<sup>5</sup>  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissention of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,

<sup>4</sup> *O, world, thy slippery turns ! &c.*] This fine picture of common friendship, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love—*] Our author has again used this verb in *Othello* :

“ And he that is approv'd in this offence,

“ Though he had *twinn'd* with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

“ Have with our needs created both one flower,

“ Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

“ Both warbling of one song, both in one key :

“ As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

“ Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

“ Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;

“ But yet a union in partition,

“ Two lovely berries molded on one stem :

“ So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;

“ Two of the first,” &c. MALONE.

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
 sleep  
 To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:—  
 My birth-place hate I,<sup>6</sup> and my love's upon  
 This enemy town.—I'll enter:<sup>7</sup> if he slay me,  
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
 I'll do his country service. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1 SERV. Wine, wine, wine! What service is  
 here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Servant.*

2 SERV. Where's Cotus! my master calls for  
 him. Cotus! [Exit.

<sup>6</sup> — hate I.] The old copy instead of *hate* reads—*have*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. “I'll enter,” means, I'll enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This enemy town.—I'll enter :*] Here, as in other places, our author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's Plutarch :

“For he disguised him selfe in such arraye and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the persone he was, seeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe : and as Homer sayed of *Vlyffès* :

“So dyd he *enter into the enemies towne.*”

Perhaps, therefore, instead of *enemy*, we should read—*enemy's* or *enemies' town*. STEEVENS.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*COR.* A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *SERV.* What would you have, friend ? Whence  
are you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the  
door.

*COR.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.<sup>8</sup>

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *SERV.* Whence are you, fir ? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such  
companions ?<sup>9</sup> Pray, get you out.

*COR.* Away !

2 *SERV.* Away ? Get you away.

*COR.* Now thou art troublesome.

2 *SERV.* Are you so brave ? I'll have you talked  
with anon.

<sup>8</sup> *In being Coriolanus.*] i. e. in having derived that surname  
from the sack of Corioli. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *that he gives entrance to such companions ?*] *Companion*  
was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word  
*fellow*. MALONE.

The same term is employed in *All's well that ends well*, *King  
Henry VI.* P. II. *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, &c. STEEVENS.

See also, *Lord Clarendon's History*, Vol. I. p. 378 : “ —by  
this means that body in great part now consisted of upstart,  
factious, indigent *companions*, who were ready” &c. The same  
term is still or was so lately in use as to be employed by Mr.  
Foote in 1763, in *The Mayor of Garrett*. REED.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *SERV.* What fellow's this?

1 *SERV.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *SERV.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*COR.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.<sup>1</sup>

3 *SERV.* What are you?

*COR.* A gentleman.

3 *SERV.* A marvellous poor one.

*COR.* True, so I am.

3 *SERV.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

*COR.* Follow your function, go!  
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *SERV.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *SERV.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.*] Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of Plutarch. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, did not suit the purposes of the dramatist:

“So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill fauoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maiestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man.” STEEVENS.

3 *SERV.* Where dwellest thou ?

*COR.* Under the canopy.

3 *SERV.* Under the canopy ?

*COR.* Ay.

3 *SERV.* Where's that ?

*COR.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *SERV.* I' the city of kites and crows ?—What an afs it is !—Then thou dwellest with daws too ?

*COR.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *SERV.* How, fir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

*COR.* Ay ; 'tis an honefter service than to meddle with thy mistress :

Thou prat'ft, and prat'ft ; serve with thy trencher,  
hence ! [Beats him away.]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*AUF.* Where is this fellow ?

2 *SERV.* Here, fir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*AUF.* Whence comest thou ? what wouldest thou ?  
Thy name ?

Why speak'ft not ? Speak, man : What's thy name ?

*COR.* If, Tullus,<sup>2</sup> [Unmuffling.]

<sup>2</sup> *If, Tullus, &c.*] These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch :

“ Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius vnmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed vnto him :

“ If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes belecue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*AUF.*

What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*]

*COR.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*AUF.*

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and payneful seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueitie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I begin to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy, than such as haue neuer proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

Thou show'st a noble vessel :<sup>3</sup> What's thy name ?

*COR.* Prepare thy brow to frown : Know'st thou  
me yet ?

*AUF.* I know thee not :—Thy name ?

*COR.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus : The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname ; a good memory,<sup>4</sup>  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me : only that name re-  
mains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee :<sup>5</sup> but in mere spite,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *though thy tackle's torn,*  
*Thou show'st a noble vessel :*] A corresponding idea occurs in  
*Cymbeline :*

“ The ruin speaks, that sometime

“ It was a worthy building.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a good memory,*] The Oxford editor, not knowing that  
*memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

JOHNSON.

See the preceding note. MALONE.

And Vol. VIII. p. 47, n. 9. REED.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *of all the men i' the world*

*I would have 'voided thee :*] So, in *Macbeth :*

“ Of all men else I have avoided thee.” STEEVENS.



To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
 A heart of wreak in thee,<sup>6</sup> that will revenge  
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
 Of shame<sup>7</sup> seen through thy country, speed thee  
                   straight,  
 And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,  
 That my revengeful services may prove  
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends.<sup>8</sup> But if so be

<sup>6</sup> *A heart of wreak in thee,*] A heart of resentment.

JOHNSON.

*Wreak* is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83 :

“ She saith that hir selfe she sholde

“ Do *wreche* with hir own honde.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the 5th *Iliad* :

“ — if he should pursue Sarpedon's life,

“ Or take his friends *wreake* on his men.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *maims*

*Of shame* —] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *with the spleen*

*Of all the under fiends.*] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I :

“ Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

“ Out of the powerful regions *under earth*,” &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
 Longer to live most weary, and present  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Marcius, Marcius,  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and  
 say,

'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scar'd the moon<sup>9</sup> with splinters ! Here I clip

As Shakspeare uses the word *under-skinker*, to express the lowest rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under fiends*. Instances, however, of "too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And scar'd the moon*—] [Old copy—*scarr'd*,] I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened* ; a reading to which the following line in *King Richard III.* certainly adds some support :

"Amaze the weikin with your broken staves."

MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. The verb to *scare* is again written *scarr*, in the old copy of *The Winter's Tale* : "They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep."

STEEVENS.

The anvil of my sword;<sup>1</sup> and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I loved the maid I married; never man  
 Sighed truer breath;<sup>2</sup> but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Beside my threshold.<sup>3</sup> Why, thou Mars! I tell  
 thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out

<sup>1</sup> — Here I clip

The anvil of my sword;] To *clip* is to embrace, So, in  
*Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Enter the city, *clip* your wives—.”

Aufidius styles Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he  
 had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on  
 his *anvil*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

“ On Mars's armour—

“ With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

“ Now falls on Priam.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — never man

*Sigh'd truer breath* ;] The same expression is found in our  
 author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ I'll *sigh* celestial breath, whose gentle wind

“ Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and  
 Fletcher, 1634 :

“ Lover never yet made *sigh*

“ *Truer* than I.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Beside my threshold.] Shakspeare was unaware that a Ro-  
 man bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was pro-  
 hibited from *bespreading* his threshold; and that, lest she should  
 even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus, Lucan,  
 L. II. 359 :

*Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta.* STEEVENS.

Twelve several times,<sup>4</sup> and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead<sup>5</sup> with nothing. Worthy Mar-  
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat.<sup>7</sup> O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

COR.

You bless me, Gods !

\* ——— *Thou hast beat me out*  
*Twelve several times,*] *Out* here means, I believe, *full*,  
*complete.* MALONE.

So, in *The Tempest* :

“ ——— for then thou wast not

“ *Out* three years old.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And wak'd half dead*—] Unless the two preceding lines be  
 considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our au-  
 thor's concluding a sentence, as if the former part had been con-  
 structed differently. “ *We have been down,*” must be considered  
 as if he had written—I have been down *with you*, in my sleep,  
 and *wak'd*, &c. See Vol. XV. p. 115, n. 6 ; and Vol. VIII.  
 p. 208, n. 8, and p. 392, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that*—] The old copy,  
 redundantly, and unnecessarily :

“ *Had we no other quarrel else*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Like a bold flood o'er-beat.*] Though this is intelligible, and  
 the reading of the old copy, perhaps our author wrote—*o'er-bear*.  
 So, in *Othello* :

“ Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature—.”

STEEVENS.

*AUF.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commiffion ; and fet down,—  
As beft thou art experienc'd, fince thou know'ft  
Thy country's ftrength and weaknefs,—thine own  
ways :

Whether to knock againft the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely vifit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere deftroy. But come in :  
Let me commend thee firft to thofe, that fhall  
Say, *yea*, to thy defires. A thoufand welcomes !  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Moft  
welcome !

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and *AUFIDIUS*.]

1 *SERV.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a ftrange alteration !

2 *SERV.* By my hand, I had thought to have  
ftrucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave  
me, his clothes made a falfe report of him.

1 *SERV.* What an arm he has ! He turned me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would  
fet up a top.

2 *SERV.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
fomething in him : He had, fir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *SERV.* He had fo ; looking as it were,—  
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

2 *SERV.* So did I, I'll be fworn : He is fimplly the  
rareft man i' the world.

1 *SERV.* I think, he is : but a greater foldier than  
he, you wot one.

2 *SERV.* Who? my master?

1 *SERV.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *SERV.* Worth fix of him.

1 *SERV.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2 *SERV.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *SERV.* Ay, and for an affault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *SERV.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news; you rascals.

1. 2. *SERV.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *SERV.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *SERV.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *SERV.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *SERV.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *SERV.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *SERV.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *SERV.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *SERV.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *he might have broiled and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boiled.* The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

1 *SERV.* But, more of thy news ?

3 *SERV.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper end o'the table : no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him : Our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with's hand,<sup>9</sup> and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears :<sup>1</sup> He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — [*sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy ; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *He'll*—*fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears :*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *fow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.* So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636 :

“ Venus will *fowle me by the ears* for this.”

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus*. STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *fowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149 : “ A lieutenant *foled him well by the ears,*

2 *SERV.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *SERV.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.<sup>3</sup>

1 *SERV.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *SERV.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up

and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 138: "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called to *ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere*. MALONE.

To *fowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> — [*his passage polled.*] That is, *tared, cleared.*

JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wooton, published in *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd.*"

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floodon Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be *polled.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "—the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove untruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconscionably."—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — [*whilst he's in directitude.*] I suspect the author wrote:—whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense: but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense.

MALONE.



again, and the man in blood,<sup>4</sup> they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *SERV.* But when goes this forward ?

3 *SERV.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *SERV.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.<sup>5</sup>

1 *SERV.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.<sup>6</sup> Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled,<sup>7</sup> deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *in blood,*] See p. 15, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *This peace is nothing, but to rust &c.*] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspere probably wrote :

*This peace is good for nothing but, &c.* MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*is worth nothing, &c.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *full of vent.*] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *mulled,*] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

<sup>8</sup> — *than wars a destroyer of men.*] i. e. *than wars are* a destroyer of men. Our author almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*than war's, &c.* which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. sc. i. where the second Lord says—“ O, 'tis

2 *SERV.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *SERV.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *SERV.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

*ALL.* In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*SIC.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;  
His remedies are tame i' the present peace<sup>9</sup>

brave wars!" as we have here—"wars may be said to be a ravisher."

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the old blundering transcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* instead of *war*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *His remedies are tame i' the present peace*—] The old reading is:

"His remedies are tame, the present peace."

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:

——— *neither need we fear him;*

*His remedies are ta'en, the present peace*

*And quietness o' the people,——*

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.*

JOHNSON.

And quietness o'the people, which before  
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
 Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
 About their functions, friendly.

*Enter* MENENIUS.

*BRU.* We flood to't in good time. Is this Me-  
 nenius?

*SIC.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
 Of late.—Hail, sir!

*MEN.* Hail to you both!<sup>1</sup>

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

*His remedies are tame,*

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame*; but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, designedly opposed to each other.

STEEVENS.

*In*, [i' the present peace] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Hail to you both!*] From this reply of Menenius, it should seem that *both* the tribunes had saluted him; a circumstance also to be inferred from the present deficiency in the metre, which would be restored by reading (according to the proposal of a modern editor:)

*Of late.—Hail, sir!*

*Bru.*

Hail, sir!

*Men.*

*Hail to you both!*

STEEVENS.

*SIC.* Your Coriolanus, fir, is not much mis's'd,<sup>2</sup>  
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth  
stand;  
And so would do, where he more angry at it.

*MEN.* All's well; and might have been much  
better, if  
He could have temporiz'd.

*SIC.* Where is he, hear you?

*MEN.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his  
wife  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*CIT.* The gods preserve you both!

*SIC.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*BRU.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1 CIT.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on  
our knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*SIC.* Live, and thrive!

*BRU.* Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd  
Coriolanus  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*CIT.* Now the gods keep you!

*BOTH TRI.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*SIC.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

<sup>2</sup> *Your Coriolanus, fir, is not much mis's'd,*] I have admitted the word—*fir*, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,——

*SIC.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.<sup>3</sup>

*MEN.* I think not so.

*SIC.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*BRU.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile:*

*ÆD.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*MEN.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;

<sup>3</sup> —— *affecting one sole throne,*  
*Without assistance.*] That is, without *assessors* ; without any  
other suffrage. JOHNSON.

*Without assistance.*] For the sake of measure I should wish to  
read :

*Without assistance in't.*

This hemistich, joined to the following one, would then form  
a regular verse.

It is also not improbable that Shakspeare instead of *assistance*  
wrote *assistants*. Thus in the old copies of our author, we have  
*ingredience* for *ingredients*, *occurrence* for *occurents*, &c.

STEEVENS.

Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for  
 Rome,<sup>4</sup>  
 And durst not once peep out.

*SIC.* Come, what talk you  
 Of Marcius ?

*BRU.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot  
 be,  
 The Volces dare break with us.

*MEN.* Cannot be !  
 We have record, that very well it can ;  
 And three examples of the like have been  
 Within my age. But reason with the fellow,<sup>5</sup>  
 Before you punish him, where he heard this :  
 Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
 And beat the messenger who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

*SIC.* Tell not me :  
 I know, this cannot be.

*BRU.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
 All to the senate house : some news is come,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — stood for *Rome*,] i. e. stood up in its defence. Had the expression in the text been met with in a learned author, it might have passed for a Latinism :

“ — summis stantem pro turribus Idam.”

*Æneid* IX. 575. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — reason *with the fellow*,] That is, have some *talk* with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. Vol. IV. p. 210, n. 8. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *some news is come*,] Old copy—redundantly,—some news is come *in*. The second folio—*coming* ; but I think, erroneously. STEEVENS.

That turns their countenances.<sup>7</sup>

*SIC.* 'Tis this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!  
Nothing but his report!

*MESS.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*SIC.* What more fearful?

*MESS.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*SIC.* This is most likely!

*BRU.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*SIC.* The very trick on't.

*MEN.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *some news is come,*

*That turns their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aspect  
*four.* This allusion to the ascension of milk occurs again in  
*Timon of Athens*:

“Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“It turns in less than two nights?” MALONE.

I believe nothing more is meant than—*changes* their countenances. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Change you, madam?”

“The noble Leonatus is in safety.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *can no more atone,*] To *atone*, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*.

JOHNSON.

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following

Than violentest contrariety.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter another Messenger.*

*MESS.* You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Affociated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* O, you have made good work !

*MEN.* What news ? what news ?

*COM.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
and  
To melt the city leads<sup>1</sup> upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;——

passage in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* : " Necessitie made us see, that a common enemy sets at one a civil warre."

STEEVENS.

*Atone* seems to be derived from *at* and *one* ;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form : " — to reconcile and make them *at one*." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *violentest contrariety.*] I should read—*violentest contrarieties.* M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have supported his conjecture by the following passage in *King Lear* :

" No contraries hold more antipathy

" Than I and such a knave." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the city leads* —] Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 78. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. STEEVENS.



*MEN.* What's the news? what's the news?

*COM.* Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.<sup>2</sup>

*MEN.* Pray now, your news?—  
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——

*COM.* If!  
He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*MEN.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation,<sup>3</sup> and  
The breath of garlick-eaters!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> —— confin'd

Into an augre's bore.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —— our fate hid in an augre-hole.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Upon the voice of occupation,] *Occupation* is here used for  
*mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. So again, in *Julius*  
*Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii: “ An I had been a man of any *occupation*,”  
&c.

So, Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*:

“ Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat *artes*

“ *Infra se positas.*” MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like  
manner, where Menenius says:

“ —— you have made fair hands,

“ You, and your *crafts*!” M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once  
such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to  
an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

JOHNSON.

COM. He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit :<sup>5</sup> You have made fair  
work !

BRU. But is this true, fir ?

COM. Ay ; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt ;<sup>6</sup> and, who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,<sup>7</sup>

So, in *Measure for Measure* : “ — he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelled brown bread and garlick.”

MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii :

“ — quis tecum sectile porrum

“ Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit ?”

And from the following passage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that *garlick* was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion :

“ Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now ; yet she has strong reason to love it : for though *garlick* made her sinell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for *garlick*.”

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *As Hercules &c.*] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Do smilingly revolt ;*] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To *revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* : “ I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a *valiant ignorance*.”

The adverb—*only*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him ?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*MEN.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*COM.* Who shall ask it ?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him<sup>8</sup>  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*MEN.* 'Tis true :  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair  
hands,  
You, and your crafts ! you have crafted fair !

*COM.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*TRI.* Say not, we brought it.

*MEN.* How ! Was it we ? We lov'd him ; but,  
like beasts,  
And cowardly nobles,<sup>9</sup> gave way to your clusters,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *they charg'd him &c.*] Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies*. JOHNSON.

*They charg'd, and therein show'd,* has here the force of *They would charge, and therein show*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And cowardly nobles,*] I suspect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *K. John* :

“ Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win.”

Who did hoot him out o'the city.

*COM.* But, I fear  
They'll roar him in again.<sup>1</sup> Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer :—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*MEN.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip ; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*CIT.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *CIT.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *CIT.* And so did I.

3 *CIT.* And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so  
did very many of us : That we did, we did for the  
best : and though we willingly consented to his  
banishment, yet it was against our will.

*COM.* You are goodly things, you voices !

*MEN.* You have made

<sup>1</sup> *They'll roar him in again.*] As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return ; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

Good work, you and your cry!<sup>2</sup>—Shall us to the Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt* COM. and MEN.]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not difmay'd; These are a fide, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And show no sign of fear.

1 CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

2 CIT. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie!

SIC.

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt*.]

<sup>2</sup> ——— you and your cry!] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. See p 163, n. 1.

This phrase was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. II:

“ A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd.”

STEEVENS.

## SCENE VII.

*A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

*AUF.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*LIEU.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him ;  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;  
And you are darken'd in this action, fir,  
Even by your own.

*AUF.* I cannot help it now ;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier<sup>2</sup>  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him : Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*LIEU.* Yet I wish, fir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him : but either  
Had borne<sup>3</sup> the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

<sup>2</sup> — more proudlier —] We have already had in this play  
—more *worthier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. i. we have  
*more kinder* ; yet the modern editors read here—more *proudly*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Had *borne* —] The old copy reads—*have borne* ; which  
cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am answerable.  
MALONE.

I suppose the word—*had*, or *have*, to be alike superfluous, and  
that the passage should be thus regulated :

*AUF.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*LIEU.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
Rome?

*AUF.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
And the nobility of Rome are his:  
The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey<sup>4</sup> to the fish, who takes it

— but either borne

The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As is the osprey —] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *osifraga*.

POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XXV. a full account of the *osprey*, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile:

“ The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
“ Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,  
“ But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
“ Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
“ They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

LANGTON.

So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

“ I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
“ That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
“ The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
“ And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.”

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The*

By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether <sup>5</sup> defect of judgment,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
 peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,<sup>6</sup>  
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance.<sup>7</sup> So our virtues

*Battle of Floddon, that the osprey is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed."* STEEVENS.

The *osprey* is a different bird from the sea eagle, to which the above quotations allude, but its prey is the same. See Pennant's *British Zoology*, 46, Linn. *Syst. Nat.* 129. HARRIS.

<sup>5</sup> — whether 'twas pride,

*Which out of daily fortune ever taints*

*The happy man; whether &c.]* Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *As he hath spices of them all, not all,]* i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ————— for all

" Thy by-gone fooleries were but *spices* of it."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — he has a merit,

*To choke it in the utterance,]* He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.



Lie in the interpretation of the time :  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.<sup>8</sup>  
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;  
 Rights by rights fouler,<sup>9</sup> strengths by strengths do  
 fail.

<sup>8</sup> *And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.*] This is a common thought,  
 but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which de-  
 lights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair*  
 wherein it holds forth its own commendations :

“ — unto itself most commendable.”

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear “ his nothings monster’d.” But I rather believe, “ in the utterance” alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the *high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends* ; and then the lines of Horace, quoted in p. 201, may serve as a comment on the passage before us.

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, however, may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton’s interpretation :

“ The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

“ If that the prais’d himself bring the praise forth.”

Yet I still think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. MALONE.

A sentiment of a similar nature is expressed by Adam, in the second scene of the second Act of *As you like it*, where he says to Orlando :

“ Your praise is come too swiftly home before you,

“ Know you not, master, to some kind of men

“ Their graces serve them but as enemies ?

“ No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,

“ Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.” M. MASON.

The passage before us, and the comments upon it are, to me at least, equally unintelligible. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Rights by rights fouler,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity—Right’s by right fouler, &c. i. e. What

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor't of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. There is undoubtedly such a word in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441; but it is not easily applicable to our present subject:

“Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight.”

The same word likewise occurs in the following proverb—*York doth foul Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor.* STEEVENS.

*Right's by right fouler*, may well mean, “That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair.” All the short sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them nonsensical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense; and would read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies:

*Rights by rights foul are, strengths &c.* RITSON.

[*Rights by rights fouler, &c.*] These words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, to the rivalry subsisting between Aufidius and Coriolanus not to the preceding observation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums. As one nail, says Aufidius, drives out another, so the strength of Coriolanus shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less fair perhaps, but more powerful. Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him.

I suspect that the words, “Come let's away,” originally completed the preceding hemistich, “To extol what it hath done;” and that Shakspeare in the course of composition, regardless of his original train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come let's away*, to their present situation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the scene concludes. Were these words replaced in what perhaps was their original situation, the passage would at once exhibit the meaning already given. MALONE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,  
*and Others.*

*MEN.* No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath  
said,

Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :  
But what o'that ? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd<sup>1</sup>  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*COM.* He would not seem to know me.

*MEN.* Do you hear ?

*COM.* Yet one time he did call me by my name :  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*MEN.* Why, so ; you have made good work :  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — coy'd—] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — that have rack'd for Rome,] To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places :

“ The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's bags

“ Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

To make coals cheap : A noble memory !<sup>3</sup>

COM. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected : He replied,  
It was a bare petition<sup>4</sup> of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

MEN. Very well :  
Could he say less ?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends : His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

MEN. For one poor grain  
Or two ? I am one of those ; his mother, wife,  
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the  
grains :

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *memory* !] for memorial. See p. 184, n. 4.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *It was a bare petition* —] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. See Vol. IV. p. 251, n. 5. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but we should read :

*It was a base petition* &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished. M. MASON.

In *King Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *bare* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through ; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, the editor of the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps *base* was the author's word. MALONE.

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your  
aid

In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*MEN.* No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* I pray you,<sup>5</sup> go to him.

*MEN.* What should I do?

*BRU.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*MEN.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the  
measure  
As you intended well.

*MEN.* I'll undertake it:  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *I pray you, &c.*] The pronoun personal—*I*, is wanting in the old copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He was not taken well; he had not din'd: &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings.

WARBURTON.

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
 To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
 These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
 Than in our priest-like fasts :<sup>7</sup> therefore I'll watch  
 him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
 And then I'll set upon him.

*BRU.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
 And cannot lose your way.

*MEN.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
 Of my success.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit.*

*COM.* He'll never hear him.

*SIC.* Not?

Mr. Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See Epist. I. ver.  
 127 :

“ Perhaps was sick, in love, or *had not din'd.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *our priest-like fasts :*] I am afraid, that when Shak-  
 speare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of  
 modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. STEEVENS.

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to  
 break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take  
 place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. C.

<sup>8</sup> *Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
 Of my success.*] There could be no doubt but Menenius  
 himself would soon have knowledge of his own success. The  
 sense therefore requires that we should read :

*Speed how it will, you shall ere long have knowledge  
 Of my success.* M. MASON.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his  
 success is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere  
 long* gain that knowledge. MALONE.

All Menenius designs to say, may be—*I shall not be kept long  
 in suspense* as to the result of my embassy. STEEVENS.

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold,<sup>9</sup> his eye  
 Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me  
 Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would  
 do,  
 He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *I tell you, he does sit in gold,*] He is enthroned in all the  
 pomp and pride of imperial splendour:

“ ——— χρυσόθρονος. ” Ηγη. ” HOM. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “ —he was set in his  
 chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestic.”  
 Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *King Henry VIII.*  
 Act I. sc. i:

“ All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*”

The idea expressed by Cominius occurs also in the 8th *Iliad*,  
 442:

“ Ἀντὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύσσομα Ζεὺς  
 “ Ἐξέτρο.” ———

In the translation of which passage Mr. Pope was perhaps in-  
 debted to Shakspeare:

“ Th' eternal Thunderer *sat thron'd in gold.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:*] This is ap-  
 parently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him,  
 read:

*Bound with an oath not yield to new conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly:

——— *to yield no new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something  
 left out. I should read:

——— *What he would do,*

*He sent in writing after; what he would not,*

*Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.* —

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be  
 this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be ob-  
 tained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way  
 to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had  
 forced him. FARMER.

So, that all hope is vain,  
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text—the reading, “*in his conditions,*” instead of “*to his conditions.*”—To *yield*, in this place, means to *relax*, and is used in the same sense, in the next scene but one, by Coriolanus himself, where, speaking of Menenius, he says :

“ ——— to grace him only,  
 “ That thought he could do more, a very little  
 “ I have *yielded* too :”—

What Cominius means to say, is, “ That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them.”

The additional negative which Hanmer and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense ; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions*. M. MASON.

*What he would do*, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome's mechanicks*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows :

Cor. “ ——— if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
 “ The things I have foresworn to grant, may never  
 “ Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
 “ *Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*  
 “ Again with Rome's mechanicks.”— HENLEY.

I believe, two half lines have been lost ; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. See Vol. X. p. 319, n. 9. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions ; referring to these words to *oath* : that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.



For mercy to his country.<sup>2</sup> Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *So, that all hope is vain,*

*Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;*

*Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country.—] Unless his mother and wife,*  
—do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read :

*Force mercy to his country.—*

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus :

*—mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country—Therefore, &c.*

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Cominius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read :

*So that all hope is vain,*

*Unless in his noble mother and his wife, &c.*

*In his,* abbreviated *in's,* might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of the passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation,—You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—instead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. M. MASON.

That this passage has been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present ; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted ; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.<sup>3</sup>

MEN. You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by  
your leave,  
I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?<sup>4</sup>

MEN. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our  
general  
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Stand, and go back.*] This defective measure might be completed by reading—Stand, and go back *again*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *From whence ?*] As the word—*from* is not only needless, but injures the measure, it might be fairly omitted, being probably caught by the compositor's eye from the speech immediately following. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — lots to blanks,] A *lot* here is a *prize*. JOHNSON.

*Lot*, in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. S. W.

My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your  
name

Is not here passable.

MEN.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover :<sup>6</sup> I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read<sup>7</sup>

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;

For I have ever verified my friends,

(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity<sup>8</sup>

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touched their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. So, in the Continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, p. 1002 : " Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away three-score thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The *lots* were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small ; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

*Lots to blanks* is a phrase equivalent to another in *King Richard III* :

" All the world to nothing." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy general is my lover :*] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. VII. p. 331, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The book of his good acts, whence men have read &c.]* So, in *Pericles* :

" Her face the book of praises, where is read" &c.

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

" May read" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *For I have ever verified my friends,*

— *with all the size that verity &c.]* To *verify*, is to *establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony than*

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,  
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,<sup>9</sup>  
 I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise  
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing :<sup>1</sup> Therefore,  
 fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

*truth*, and only meant to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer.*

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished* ; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary :

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in possession of the late Duchess of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 279, 3d edit :

“ In hys scheld did schyne a mone *verifying* her light.”  
 STEEVENS.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is : “ I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth : I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — upon a subtle ground,] *Subtle* means *smooth*, *level*. So, Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques :

“ Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus.”

*Subtle*, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptance, *deceitful* ?

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and in his praise

*Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing* :] i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2 *Guard* :

“ Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have—.”  
*Leasing* occurs in our translation of the Bible. See *Psalms* iv. 2.

HENLEY.

*Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing* :] I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

1 G. 'Faith, fir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafily. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans<sup>2</sup> of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,<sup>3</sup> or with the passied intercession of such a decayed do-

<sup>2</sup> — easy groans —] i. e. flight, inconsiderable. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ — these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the virginal palms of your daughters,] The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

“ She to them made with mildness *virginal*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ — tears *virginal*

“ Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.” MALONE.

tant<sup>4</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*MEN.* Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*MEN.* I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, —that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*MEN.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*COR.* What's the matter?

*MEN.* Now, you companion,<sup>5</sup> I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant<sup>6</sup> cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him,<sup>7</sup> if thou stand'st

<sup>4</sup> — a decayed dotant —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read—dotard. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — companion,] See p. 180, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — a Jack guardant —] This term is equivalent to one still in use—a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 359, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — guess but by my entertainment with him,] [Old copy —but.] I read: Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had proposed the same emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod<sup>8</sup> about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*COR.* Away!

*MEN.* How! away?

*COR.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly,<sup>9</sup> my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than

The same correction had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The glorious gods sit in hourly synod &c.*] So, in *Pericles*:  
“The senate house of planets all did sit” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Though I owe My revenge properly,*] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.  
JOHNSON.

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,<sup>1</sup>  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st——

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFID.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You  
know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent<sup>2</sup> for keeping  
your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world, nor your ge-  
neral: for such things as you, I can scarce think  
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will  
to die by himself,<sup>3</sup> fears it not from another. Let

<sup>1</sup> —— for *I lov'd thee*,] i. e. because. So, in *Othello* :

“ —— Haply, for I am black——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *how we are shent*——] *Shent* is brought to destruction

JOHNSON.

*Shent* does not mean brought to destruction, but shamed, dis-  
graced, made ashamed of himself. See the old ballad of *The*  
*Heir of Linne*, in the second volume of *Reliques of ancient*  
*English Poetry* :

“ Sorely *shent* with this rebuke

“ Sorely *shent* was the heir of Linne ;

“ His heart, I wis, was near-to braft

“ With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.” PERCY.

See Vol. V. p. 51, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, ren-  
ders to *shent*, *increpo*. It is so used by many of our old writers.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *by himself*,] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.



your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

*COR.* We will before the walls of Rome to-mor-  
row

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.<sup>4</sup>

*AUF.* Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*COR.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love,<sup>5</sup> I have

<sup>4</sup> — *how plainly*

*I have borne this business.]* That is, *how openly, how re-*  
*motely from artifice or concealment.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *for whose old love,]* We have a corresponding expression  
in *King Lear* :

“ — to whose young love

“ The vines of France,” &c. STEEVENS.

(Though I shov'd fourly to him,) once more offer'd  
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
 That thought he could do more; a very little  
 I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
 leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and At-  
 tendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
 The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
 All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
 Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
 What is that curt'fy worth? or those doves' eyes,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not  
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;  
 As if Olympus to a molehill<sup>7</sup> should  
 In supplication nod: and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces

<sup>6</sup> ——— *those doves' eyes,*] So, in the Canticles, v. 12: “—his eyes are as the eyes of doves.” Again, in *The Interpretacion of the Names of Goddess and Goddesses, &c.* Printed by Wynkyn de Worde: He speaks of Venus:

“Cryspe was her skyn, her eyen columbyne.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Olympus to a molehill —] This idea might have been caught from a line in the first Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:

“What judge you doth a *hillocke* shew, by the lofty  
*Olympus?*” STEEVENS.

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*VIR.* My lord and husband !

*COR.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

*VIR.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.<sup>8</sup>

*COR.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.<sup>9</sup> Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,<sup>1</sup> that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,<sup>2</sup>  
And the most noble mother of the world

<sup>8</sup> *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you think so.*] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace.*] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet :  
“ As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,  
“ Who with his fear is *put beside his part*,—.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I prate,*] The old copy—*I pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Othello* : “ I *prattle* out of fashion.”

STEEVENS.

Leave unſaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhow  
Than that of common ſons.

*VOL.*

O, ſtand up bleſſ'd!  
Whiſt, with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
Show duty, as miſtaken all the while  
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

*COR.*

What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach<sup>3</sup>  
Fillip the ſtars; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedar's 'gainſt the fiery ſun;  
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make  
What cannot be, flight work.

*VOL.*

Thou art my warrior;  
I help to frame thee.<sup>4</sup> Do you know this lady?

*COR.* The noble ſiſter of Publicola,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — on the hungry beach —] I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. MALONE.

The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolifick* beach. Every writer on husbandry ſpeaks of *hungry* ſoil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the ſands on the ſea ſhore? If it be neceſſary to ſeek for a more recondite meaning,—the ſhore, on which veſſels are ſtranded, is as *hungry* for ſhipwrecks, as the waves that caſt them on the ſhore. *Littus avarum*. Shakſpeare, on this occaſion, meant to repreſent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object*. STEEVENS.

The beach hungry, or eager, for ſhipwrecks. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ — mine is all as *hungry* as the ſea.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> I help to frame thee.] Old copy—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many inſtances, in which corruptions have ariſen from the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The noble ſiſter of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, ſhould

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,<sup>6</sup>  
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *chaste as the icicle, &c.*] I cannot forbear to cite the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

“ — thou art chaste

“ As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

“ Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

“ Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.”

Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria*, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in *The Dialogues of Creatures moralised*, bl. 1. no date: “The secounde was called *Valeria*: and when inquiry was made of her for what cause she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde” &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*curdled*; but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All's well that ends well*: “I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood.” We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed*, *polluted with mud*.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him.”

MALONE.

I believe, both *curdied*, *muddied*, &c. are mere false spellings of *curded*, *mudded*, &c. *Mudded* is spelt, as at present, in *The Tempest*, first folio, p. 13, col. 2, three lines from the bottom; and so is *craftied*, in *Coriolanus*, first fol. p. 24, col. 2.

STEEVENS.

*VOL.* This is a poor epitome of yours,<sup>7</sup>  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May shew like all yourself.

*COR.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove,<sup>8</sup> inform  
Thy thoughts with noblenefs; that thou may'ft  
prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,<sup>9</sup>  
And saving those that eye thee!

*VOL.* Your knee, firrah,

*COR.* That's my brave boy.

*VOL.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*COR.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Disinifs my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks :—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not

<sup>7</sup> ——— epitome of yours,] I read :

——— epitome of you.

*An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.*

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *With the consent of supreme Jove,]* This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,]* That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet :

“ O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,

“ That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.”

MALONE.

To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*VOL.* O, no more, no more!  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request,<sup>1</sup> the blame  
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

*COR.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

*VOL.* Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-  
ment,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That, if you fail in our request,*] That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.*] “The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

“If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natie countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddess, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither : since that thy fight, which  
                   should  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
                   comforts,  
 Constrains them weep, and shake<sup>3</sup> with fear and  
                   forrow ;  
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we,  
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou

a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemye can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two : either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres ; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> *Constrains them weep, and shake—*] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.



Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles thorough our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
 These wars determine :<sup>4</sup> if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*VIR.* Ay, and on mine,<sup>5</sup>  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

*BOY.* He shall not tread on me ;  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*COR.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
 I have fat too long. [*Rising.*]

*VOL.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
 As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit  
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces  
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd* ; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd* ; and each in either side  
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*

<sup>4</sup> *These wars determine :*] i. e. conclude, end. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Till thy friend sickness have *determin'd* me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *and on mine,*] *On* was supplied by some former editor, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.



Like one i' the stocks.<sup>8</sup> Thou hast never in thy life  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :  
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition<sup>9</sup> with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

COR.

O mother, mother !<sup>1</sup>

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,

<sup>8</sup> *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Does reason our petition* —] Does argue for us and our petition. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *O mother, mother !*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ Oh mother, what have you done to me ? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your ionne : for I see myself vanquished by you alone.”

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard<sup>2</sup>  
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*AUF.* I was mov'd withal.

*COR.* I dare be sworn, you were:  
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

*AUF.* I am glad, thou has set thy mercy and thy  
 honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
 Myself a former fortunē.<sup>3</sup> [*Aside,*  
 [*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*COR.* Ay, by and by;  
 [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *heard* —] is here used as a disyllable. The modern editors read—*say*, would you have heard—. MALONE.

As my ears are wholly unreconciled to the disyllabifications—*e-arl*, *he-ard*, &c. I continue to read with the modern editors. *Say*, in other passages of our author, is prefatory to a question. So, in *Macbeth*:

“*Say*, if thou hadst rather hear it from our mouths,

“*Or from our masters'?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I'll work*

[*Myself a former fortune.*] I will take advantage of this confession to restore myself to my former credit and power.

JOHNSON.

But we will drink together ;<sup>4</sup> and you shall bear  
 A better witness back than words, which we,  
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
 To have a temple built you :<sup>5</sup> all the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
 Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*MEN.* See you yond' coign o'the Capitol ; yond'  
 corner-stone ?

*SIC.* Why, what of that ?

*MEN.* If it be possible for you to displace it with  
 your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of  
 Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.  
 But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are  
 sentenced, and stay upon execution.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— drink together ;] Perhaps we should read—*think*.

FARMER.

Our author, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. having introduced  
*drinking* as a mark of confederation :

“ Let's *drink together* friendly, and embrace— ;”

the text may be allowed to stand ; though at the expence of  
 female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been  
 sufficiently consulted. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To have a temple built you :*] Plutarch informs us, that a  
 temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this  
 occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *stay upon execution.*] i. e. stay but for it. So, in *Mac-*  
*beth* :

“ Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.”

STEEVENS.

*SIC.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*MEN.* There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*SIC.* He loved his mother dearly.

*MEN.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.<sup>7</sup> The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,<sup>8</sup> as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*SIC.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*MEN.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*SIC.* The gods be good unto us!

*MEN.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we re-

<sup>7</sup> ——— *than an eight year old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *He sits in his state, &c.*] In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold.* The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander,* means, *as one made to resemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

His *state* means his *chair of state.* See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 215, n. 9; and Vol. X. p. 173, n. 5.

spected not them : and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news ?

*MESS.* Good news, good news ;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

*MESS.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire :  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.<sup>9</sup> Why, hark  
you ;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

<sup>9</sup> *Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.]* So, in our author's  
*Rape of Lucrece :*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*]

*MEN.* This is good news :  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and Musick.*]

*SIC.* First, the gods bless you for their tidings :  
next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*MESS.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*SIC.* They are near the city ?

*MESS.* Almost at point to enter.

“ As through an arch the violent roaring tide

“ Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste.”

*Blown* in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — here on her breast

“ There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*.”

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swollen, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays :

“ My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide.”

STEEVENS.



*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

*I SEN.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before  
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

*ALL.* Welcome, ladies !  
Welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Antium. A publick Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*AUF.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :  
Deliver them this paper : having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— Him I accuse, &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*He I accuse*—  
MALONE.

The city ports<sup>2</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *CON.* How is it with our general?

*AUF.*

Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *CON.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*AUF.*

Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *CON.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*AUF.*

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heigh-  
ten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *CON.* Sir, his stoutness,

<sup>2</sup> — ports —] See p. 49, n. 2. STEEVENS.

When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,——

*Ant.* That I would have spoke of :  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;  
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;  
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his ;<sup>3</sup> and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,<sup>4</sup> as if

<sup>3</sup> *Which he did end all his ;*] In Johnson's edition it was :  
“ Which he did *make* all his,” which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

*End* is the reading of the old copy, and was chang'd into *make* by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He wag'd me with his countenance,*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for my wages ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638 :

“ —— I receive thee gladly to my house,

“ And *wage* thy stay.” ——

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593 : “ ——by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price.”

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for wages. So, in George Withers's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,

“ That better censures, and rewards doth ask.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vii :

“ —— must *wage*

“ Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168 : “ —— the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men.”

I had been mercenary.

1 *CON.* So he did, my lord :  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,——

*AUF.* There was it ;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd <sup>5</sup> upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts  
of the People.*]

1 *CON.* Your native town you enter'd like a  
post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *CON.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear,  
With giving him glory.

3 *CON.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury.

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Baby-  
loyne*, p. 15 :

“ Therefore Gy of Burgoyne

“ Myne owen newewe so trewe,

“ Take a thousande pound of franks fyne

“ To wage wyth the pepul newe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> For which my sinews shall be stretch'd —] This is the point  
on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

JOHNSON.

His reasons with his body.

*AUF.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*LORDS.* You are most welcome home.

*AUF.* I have not deserv'd it,  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?<sup>6</sup>

*LORDS.* We have.

*1 LORD.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,  
Where he was to begin ; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge ;<sup>7</sup> making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

*AUF.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a  
Croud of Citizens with him.*

*COR.* Hail, lords ! I am returned your foldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love,

<sup>6</sup> *What I have written to you ?*] If the unnecessary words—  
*to you*, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the  
metre will become sufficiently regular :

*What I have written ?*

*Lords.*

*We have.*

*1 Lord.*

*And grieve to hear it.*

STEEVEN§.

<sup>7</sup> — *answering us*

*With our own charge ;*] That is, *rewarding us with our  
own expences ; making the cost of war its recompence.*

JOHNSON.

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
 Under your great command. You are to know,  
 That prosperously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
 home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the Antiates,  
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,  
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

*AUF.* Read it not noble lords;  
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

*COR.* Traitor!—How now?—

*AUF.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*COR.* Marcius!

*AUF.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou  
 think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
 Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
 For certain drops of salt,<sup>8</sup> your city Rome  
 (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:  
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
 Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears  
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;

<sup>8</sup> For certain drops of salt,] For certain tears. So, in *King Lear*:

“ Why this would make a man, a man of salt.”

MALONE.

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'ft thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

COR. Ha!

AUF. No more.⁹

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave  
lords,  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must  
bear  
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

1 LORD. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

COR. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

AUF. Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

CON. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

⁹ Auf. *No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first Lord*.  
It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation.

TYRWHITT.

It appears to me that by these words *Aufidius* does not mean  
to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell *Coriolanus* that he was  
*no more than a "boy of tears."* M. MASON.

CIT. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 LORD. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace. The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o'the earth.<sup>1</sup> His last offence to us Shall have judicious hearing.<sup>2</sup>—Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

COR. O, that I had him, With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!

AUF. Infolent villain!

CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]

LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 LORD. O Tullus,—

2 LORD. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 LORD. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;  
Put up your swords.

<sup>1</sup> — his fame folds in  
This orb o'the earth.] His fame overspreads the world.

JOHNSON.

So, before:

“The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — judicious hearing.] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial*; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus *imperious* is used by our author for *imperial*. STEEVENS.



*AUF.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *LORD.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded  
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.<sup>3</sup>

2 *LORD.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*AUF.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o'the chiefest foldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.<sup>4</sup>—  
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLA-  
NUS. A dead March sounded.*]<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that ever herald*

*Did follow to his urn.*] This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a noble memory.*] *Memory for memorial.* See p. 184, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the

plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-  
nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the  
various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with  
anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first  
A&, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.\*

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

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

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

A passage in *The Tempest*, (p. 136,) seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh, in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our author was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II.* the two parts of *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and, I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline, than that Lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have ap-

peared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

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

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

Julius Cæsar.

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

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena ; *Senators.*

Marcus Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, and Volum-  
nius ; *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

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

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

*SCENE, during a great Part of the Play, at Rome :  
afterwards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,<sup>1</sup> and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*FLAV.* 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 ?

1 *CIT.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

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

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

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

3 *CIT.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with

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

a safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soals.<sup>2</sup>

*MAR.* What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?<sup>3</sup>

*2 CIT.* Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

*MAR.* What meanest thou by that?<sup>4</sup> Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*2 CIT.* Why, fir, cobble you:

*FLAV.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2 CIT.* Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor

<sup>2</sup> ——— a mender of bad soals.] Fletcher has the same quibble in his *Woman Pleas'd*:

“ ——— mark me, thou serious fowler,

“ If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;

“ Every man shall have a special care of his own soul,

“ And carry in his pocket his two confessors.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Mar.* *What trade, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to *Flavius*. The next speech but one shows that it belongs to *Marullus*, to whom it was attributed, I think, properly, by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Mar.* *What meanest thou by that?*] As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*, 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

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

I would give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*. RITSON.

Perhaps this, like all the other speeches of the Tribunes, (to whichever of them it belongs) was designed to be metrical, and originally stood thus:

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

STEEVENS.



women's matters, but with awl.<sup>5</sup> I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover 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?

*CIT.* Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, 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,

<sup>5</sup> *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.*] This should be: "I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." *FARMER.*

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

"We have *awle* at our command,

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

I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 81, n. 7, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, *bad foals*, instead of—*bad souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v:—"3 *Serv.* How, fir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honest service than to *meddle with thy mistress.*" *MALONE.*

Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,<sup>6</sup>  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her concave shores ?  
 And do you now put on your best attire ?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
 And do you now firew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
 Be gone ;  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*FLAV.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this  
 fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream

<sup>6</sup> — her *banks*,] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that—

“ — the river of bliss

“ Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber stream.”

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

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. MALONE.

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina* &c. STEEVENS.

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, wher<sup>7</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.<sup>8</sup>

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.<sup>9</sup> I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in fervile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> See, wher —] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

“Who shall doubt, Donne, *wher* I a poet be,

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

See Vol. X. p. 379, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

*Ceremonies* are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.*] *Cæsar's trophies*, 'are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation: “—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down.” STEEVENS.

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Casca informs Cælius, that “Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.” M. MASON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter, in Proceſſion, with Muſick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the courſe; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,<sup>1</sup> CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Croud following; among them a Soothſayer.*

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

CASCA.

Peace, ho ! Cæſar ſpeaks.

[*Muſick ceafes.*

CÆS.

Calphurnia,—

<sup>1</sup> This perſon was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done ſince) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the moſt cheriſhed by *Cæſar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined ſo large a ſhare of his favours and honours, as the other had conſtantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, ſpeaking of *Decimus Brutus*, ſays :—“ ab iis, quos miſerat *Antonius*, jugulatus eſt ; juſtiſſimalque optimè de ſe merito viro C. Cæſari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuiſſet, interfectore fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, cenſebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæſare retinere : Cæſarem, quia illa dederat, periſſe.” Lib. II. c. lxiv :

“ Jungitur his *Decimus*, notiſſimus inter amicos

“ Cæſaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuiſſet

“ Gallia Cæſareo nuper commiſſa favore.

“ Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“ Deterrere poteſt.—

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

“ Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

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

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

Lord Sterline has committed the ſame miſtake in his *Julius Cæſar* : and in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius*, 1606, which I believe Shakſpeare had read, this perſon is likewise called *Decius Brutus*. MALONE.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

*From a Coin of him in D'Hunters Museum.*



CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,<sup>2</sup>  
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 fieril curse.

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

CÆS. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick.*]

SOOTH. Cæsar.

CÆS. Ha ! Who calls ?

<sup>2</sup> — in Antonius' way,] The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramattick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—“ At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie ; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparellled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy course.” North's translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani*; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. MALONE.

CASCA. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.  
[*Musick ceases.*]

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 soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of  
March.

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

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

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

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.  
[*Sennet.*<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

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

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamefome : I do lack some part

<sup>3</sup> *Sennet.*] I have been informed that *fennet* is derived from *fenneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army ; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

In Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ Trumpets found a flourish, and then a *fennet*.”

In *The Dumb Show*, preceding the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605, is—

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

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *synnet* is called a *flourish of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *King Henry VIII.* Act II. sc. iv. Vol. XV. p. 87, n. 4. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital.



Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :<sup>4</sup>  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand<sup>5</sup>  
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  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,<sup>6</sup>  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

<sup>4</sup> *Brutus, I do observe you now of late :*] Will the reader sustain any loss by the omission of the words—*you now*, without which the measure would become regular ?

*I'll leave you.*

Cas. *Brutus, I do observe of late,*  
*I have not &c.* STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

“ At *difference* in thee.” STEEVENS.

A following line may prove the best comment on this :

“ Than that poor Brutus, *with himself at war*,—.”

MALONE.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion ;<sup>7</sup>

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,<sup>8</sup>  
But by reflection, by some other things,

CAS. 'Tis just :

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

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

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your passion* ;] i. e. the nature of the feelings from which you are now *suffering*. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ I feel my master's *passion*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the eye sees not itself* ;] So, Sir John Davies in his poem entitled *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599 :

“ Is it because the mind is like the *eye*,

“ 'Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees ;

“ Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;

“ Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?”

Again, in Marston's *Parasitaster*, 1606 :

“ Thus few strike fail until they run on shelf ;

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

STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir John Davies's Poem :

“ ——— the lights which in my tower do shine,

“ Mine eyes which see all objects nigh and far,

“ Look not into this little world of mine ;

“ *Nor see my face*, wherein they fixed are.”

MALONE.

*CAS.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
 Were I a common laugher,<sup>9</sup> or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love<sup>1</sup>  
 To every new protefter ; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them ; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*

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

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

*BRU.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
 What is it that you would impart to me ?  
 If it be aught toward the general good,  
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — a common laugher,] Old copy—laughter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> To stale with ordinary oaths my love &c.] To invite every new protefter to my affection by the stale or allurements of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> And I will look on both indifferently :] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent* ; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural ? JOHNSON.

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,<sup>3</sup>  
And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,  
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his *Commentaries* in his left hand. Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24 : “ Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second Book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii :

Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius; or I sink.*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man  
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;<sup>5</sup>  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper<sup>6</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,<sup>7</sup>  
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

“ — those powers, that the queen  
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *His coward lips did from their colour fly;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lip from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — feeble temper —] i. e. temperament, constitution.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — get the start of the majestic world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympick games. *The majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexan-

*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,<sup>8</sup> and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be founded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;<sup>9</sup>  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.<sup>1</sup> [*Shout.*

der, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the  
Olympick games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings.*

WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the fore-  
most in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend,  
only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and we petty men

*Walk under his huge legs,*] So, as an anonymous writer has  
observed, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. x :

“ But I the meanest man of many more,

“ Yet much disdain'd unto him to lout,

“ Or creep between his legs.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;*] A similar  
thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

“ What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,

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

“ More in the found, than should become the name

“ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.*] Dr. Young, in  
his *Busiris*, appears to have imitated this passage :





MARCUS BRUTUS.

*Julius Caesar.*

*From a Coin in D. Hunters Museum.*

*Pub. March, 26. 1793. by E. S. Harding Del. & Sculp.*



Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once,<sup>2</sup> that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil<sup>3</sup> 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;<sup>4</sup>  
 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 entreat 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

“Nay, stamp not, tyrant; I can stamp as loud,  
 And raise as many dæmons with the sound.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *eternal devil* —] I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil.* JOHNSON.

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *aim* :] i. e. *guess.* So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err,—”

STEEVENS.

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

*CAS.* I am glad, that my weak words<sup>7</sup>  
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Re-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:  
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret<sup>8</sup> and such fiery eyes,  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

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

<sup>5</sup> — *chew upon this* ;] Consider this at leisure ; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Under these hard conditions as this time*  
*Is like to lay upon us.*] *As*, in our author's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that*. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "—inasmuch as they that saw it, thought he had been burnt." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *I am glad, that my weak words* —] For the sake of regular measure, Mr. Ritson would read :

*Cas.* *I am glad, my words*

*Have struck* &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *ferret* —] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

CÆS. Antonius.

ANT. Cæfar.

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men,<sup>9</sup> and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

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

CÆS. 'Would he were fatter : <sup>1</sup>—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 :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, 1579 : " When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him ; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again :

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

<sup>1</sup> *'Would he were fatter :*] Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman : " Come, there's no malice in fat folks ; I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean moon-calf there."

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — *he hears no musick :*] Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that—

" The man that hath no musick in himself,

" Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." MALONE.

See Vol. VII. p. 377, n. 7. STEEVENS.

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

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*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 hath chanc'd.

*CASCA.* Why, there was a crown offered him :  
 and being offered 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 offered him the crown ?

*CASCA.* Why, Antony.

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

*CASCA.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was mere 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 ;<sup>3</sup>—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 offered 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 offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

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

*CASCA.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*BRU.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

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

*CASCA.* I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people

<sup>3</sup> — *one of these coronets ;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ — he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.” STEEVENS.

did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.<sup>4</sup>

*BRU.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*CASCA.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>5</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stab'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

*CASCA.* Ay.

*CAS.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*CASCA.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*CAS.* To what effect?

*CASCA.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I

<sup>4</sup> ——— *no true man.*] No honest man. See Vol. VI. p. 347, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi:

“ ——— You that have stood so much

“ Upon the voice of *occupation.*” MALONE.

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 promised forth.

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

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

*CAS.* Good ; I will expect you.

*CASCA.* Do so : Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*

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

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

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

*CAS.* I will do so :—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd :<sup>6</sup> Therefore 'tis meet

<sup>6</sup> *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

*From that it is dispos'd :*] The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

That noble minds keep ever with their likes :  
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?  
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ;<sup>7</sup> but he loves Brutus :  
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
 He should not humour me.<sup>8</sup> 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 feat him sure ;  
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure

[Exit.

From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. *dispos'd to*. See Vol. XV. p. 196, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *doth bear me hard* ;] i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act III.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me.*] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude ; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus, (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. WARBURTON.

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







*J. Horning fecit Sculp.*

CICERO.

*Julius Caesar.*

*From an Antique Bust.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?<sup>9</sup>

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

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

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

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*CASCA.* A common slave<sup>2</sup> (you know him well  
by fight,)

<sup>9</sup> — Brought you Cæsar home? ] Did you attend Cæsar home? JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ That we may bring you something on the way.”

See Vol. VI. p. 196, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — sway of earth — ] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *A common slave* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch:  
“ — a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
 Who glar'd upon me,<sup>3</sup> and went furly by,

flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Who glar'd upon me,*] The first [and second] edition reads:  
*Who glaz'd upon me,*—

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

*Glar'd* is certainly right. So, in *King Lear*:

"Look where he stands and glares!"

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Look you, how pale he glares!"

Again, Skelton in his *Crowne of Lawrell*, describing "a lybbard:"

"As gastyly that *glaris*, as grimly that grones."

Again, in the Ashridge MS. of Milton's *Comus*, as published by the ingenious and learned Mr. Todd, verse 416:

"And yawning dennis, where *glaringe* monsters house."

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

The old copy reads—*glaz'd*, for which Mr. Pope substituted *glar'd*, and this reading has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to our ears a more forcible expression; I have however adopted a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, *gaz'd*; induced by the following passage in Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, from which the word *gaze* seems in our author's time to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion, and therefore may be presumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is describing a *trial of valour* (as he calls it,) between a *lion*, a bear, a stone-horse, and a mastiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, diverse great lords, and many others: "—Then was the great *lyon* put forth, who *gazed* awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the bear." Again: "—the above mentioned young lusty lyon and lyoness were put together, to see

Without annoying me : And there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural ;*  
 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<sup>4</sup> of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

if they would rescue the third, but they would not, but *fearfully* [that is, dreadfully] *gazed* upon the dogs." Again : " The lion having fought long, and his tongue being torne, lay flaring and panting a pretty while, so as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoyled and spent ; and upon a sodaine *gazed* upon that dog which remained, and so soon as he had *spoyled* and *worried*, almost *destroyed* him."

In this last instance *gaz'd* seems to be used as exactly synonymous to the modern word *glar'd*, for the lion immediately afterwards proceeds to worry and destroy the dog. MALONE.

That *glar'd* is no modern word, is sufficiently ascertained by the following passage in *Macbeth*, and two others already quoted from *King Lear* and *Hamlet*—

" Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

" That thou dost *glare* with."

I therefore continue to repair the poet with his own animated phraseology, rather than with the cold expression suggested by the narrative of Stowe ; who, having been a tailor, was undoubtedly equal to the task of mending Shakspeare's hose ; but, on *poetical* emergencies, must not be allowed to patch his dialogue. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Clean from the purpose —] Clean is altogether, entirely. See Vol. XI. p. 84, n. 9. MALONE.

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

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

*CASCA.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*CAS.* Who's there ?

*CASCA.* A Roman.

*CAS.* Casca, by your voice.

*CASCA.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night  
is this ?

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

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

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

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :<sup>5</sup>  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*CASCA.* But wherefore did you so much tempt  
the heavens ?

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

<sup>5</sup> ——— *thunder-stone* :] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Fear no more the lightning-flash,

“ Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone*.” STEEVENS.

*Cæs.* You are dull, Cæsa; 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 heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;<sup>6</sup>  
Why old men fools, and children calculate;<sup>7</sup>  
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

<sup>6</sup> *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; &c.*] That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

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

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *and children calculate;*] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophecy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel]. WARBURTON.

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

So, in *The Paradise of Daintie Denises*, edit. 1576, Art. 54, signed, M. Bev:

“Thei *calculate*, thei chaunt, thei charme,

“To conquere us that meane no harme.”

This author is speaking of women. STEEVENS.

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

*Why old men fools, and children calculate.*

BLACKSTONE.

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,<sup>8</sup>  
 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<sup>9</sup> like to their ancestors ;  
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

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

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

<sup>8</sup> — prodigious grown,] *Prodigious* is portentous. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ It is *prodigious*, there will be some change.”

See Vol. IV. p. 496, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Have thewes and limbs* —] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet* :

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“ In *thewes* and bulk.”

The two last folios, [1664 and 1685,] in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read—*finews*. STEEVENS.



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

CASCA.

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.<sup>1</sup>

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?  
 Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
 For the base matter to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !  
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman : then I know  
 My answer must be made :<sup>2</sup> But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,  
 That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand :<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — every bondman—bears

*The power to cancel his captivity.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, A&T V. Posthumus speaking of his *chains* :

“ — take this life,

“ And cancel these cold *bonds*.” HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *My answer must be made :*] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* : “ Sweet prince, let me go no further to *mine answer* ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Hold my hand :*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand*.

JOHNSON.

Be factious for redrefs<sup>4</sup> of all these griefs ;  
 And I will fet this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*CAS.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;  
 And the complexion of the element,  
 Is favour'd, like the work<sup>5</sup> we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

<sup>4</sup> *Be factious for redrefs—*] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*. JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, says : " I have been always *factious* on the part of your general ;" and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Is favour'd, like the work—*] The old edition reads :  
 — *Is favors, like the work.*

I think we should read :

*In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.*

*Favour* is *look, countenance, appearance*. JOHNSON.

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

" With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes."

We may read *It favors*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or countenance like, &c. See Vol. VI. p. 346, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *sev'rous* is the true reading. So, in *Macbeth* :

" Some say the earth

" Was *severous*, and did shake." REED.

*Enter CINNA.*

*CASCA.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one  
in haste.

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

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

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

*CIN.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is  
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

*CAS.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? 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: fet this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

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

*CAS.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*

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

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

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

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

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. Brutus's Orchard.*<sup>6</sup>

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*BRU.* What, Lucius ! ho !—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Brutus's orchard.*] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

So also, in Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580 : “ A garden or an *orchard*, hortus.”—The truth is, that few of our ancestors had in the age

Give guefs how near to day.—Lucius, I fay!—  
 I would it were my fault to fleep fo foundly.—  
 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I fay: What Lu-  
 cius!

*Enter* LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

BRU. It muft be by his death: and, for my part,

of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was confidered as fynonymous to the former.

MALONE.

The number of treatifes written on the fubject of horticulture, even at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, very ftrongly controvert Mr. Malone's fuppofition relative to the unfrequency of gardens at fo early a period. STEEVENS.

*Orchard* was anciently written *hort-yard*; hence its original meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that thefe words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a diftinct meaning. "It fhall be good to have underftanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard* or *garden* with fruite." *A Booke of the Arte and Maner howe to plant and graffe all Sortes of Trees*, &c. 1574, 4to. And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to fee his *orchard*, where they are to eat a *laft year's pippin of his own graffing*, he certainly uſes the word in its preſent acceptation.

Leland alfo, in his Itinerary diftinguiſhes them: "At Morle in Derbyfhire (ſays he) there is as much pleaſure of *orchards* of great variety of fruite, and fair made walks, and *gardens*, as in any place of Lancaſhire." HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> When, *Lucius*, when?] This exclamation, indicating impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II*:

"*When, Harry, when?*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 12, n. 5. MALONE.

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

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

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
 Remorse from power :<sup>8</sup> And, to speak truth of  
 Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,<sup>9</sup>  
 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,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Remorse from power :] Remorse, for mercy.

WARBURTON.

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

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

*Remorse* is pity, tenderness ; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. VI. p. 250, n. 7 ; and p. 388, n. 5. The same word occurs in *Othello*, and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — common proof,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

*Common proof* means a matter proved by common *experience*. With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> *But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602 :

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>2</sup>  
 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, as his kind,<sup>3</sup> grow mis-  
 chievous;  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

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

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

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

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *base degrees* —] Low steps. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“ Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *as his kind*,] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: “ You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind*.” STEEVENS.

*As his kind* does not mean, according to his nature, as Johnson asserts, but like the rest of his species. M. MASON.

Perhaps rather, as all those of his kind, that is, nature.

MALONE.

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

*LUC.* I know not, fir.

*BRU.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*LUC.* I will, fir. [*Exit.*

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

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

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

*Shall Rome &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome &c.* 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 then <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?* [Old copy—the *first* of March.] We should read *ides*: for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the Soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow* was the *ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month.

WARBURTON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordancie of Yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Am I entreated then* —] The adverb *then*, which enforces the question, and is necessary to the metre, was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in *King Richard III*:

“—— wilt thou *then*

“Spurn at his edict?—” STEEVENS.



To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,  
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*LUC.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.<sup>6</sup>

[*Knock within.*

*BRU.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody  
 knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
 I have not slept.  
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion,<sup>7</sup> all the interim is

<sup>6</sup> — *March is wasted fourteen days.*] In former editions :  
*Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.*

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

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

“ O think, what anxious moments pass between

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

“ Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

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

Like a phantasma,<sup>8</sup> or a hideous dream :  
The genius, and the mortal instruments,

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one ; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other,) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description :

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council ;——.”

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

“ Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

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

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

“ —— All the interim 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 *interim* or interval, to an *hideous vision*, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. WARBURTON.

The δεινον of the Greek criticks 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

Are then in council ; and the fate of man,

the *instruments, conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind ; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate ; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

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

There is a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears some resemblance to this :

“ — Imagin'd worth  
 “ Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
 “ That, 'twixt his mortal, and his active parts,  
 “ Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
 “ And batters down himself.”

Johnson is right in asserting that by the *Genius* is meant, not the Genius of a Kingdom, but the power that watches over an individual for his protection.—So, in the same play, Troilus says to Cressida :

“ Hark ! you are call'd. Some say, the *Genius* so  
 “ Cries, *Come*, to him that instantly must die.”

Johnson's explanation of the word *instruments* is also confirmed by the following passage in *Macbeth*, whose mind was, at the time, in the very state which Brutus is here describing :

“ — I am settled, and bend up  
 “ Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat.”

M. MASON.

The word *genius*, in our author's time, meant either “ a good angel or a familiar evil spirit,” and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 1616. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — and, under him,  
 “ My *genius* is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,  
 “ Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is,” &c.

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

The more usual signification now affixed to this word was not known till several years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern sense in any book earlier than the *Dictionary* published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

*Mortal* is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*. So, in *Othello*:

“ And you, ye mortal engines,” &c.

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly passions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the “ *mortal thoughts*,” which excite each “ corporal agent” to the performance of some arduous deed.

“ The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare seems to have been fond of. So, *K. Richard II.* speaking of himself:

“ And these same thoughts people this *little world*.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ Strives in *his little world of man* to outcorn

“ The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ — in the body of this fleshly land,

“ This kingdom,—”

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the state of a man. Shakspeare is here speaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The passage above, quoted from *King Lear*, does not militate against the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and “ *the little world of man*” is thus circumscribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit*, &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here.

The reading of the old authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*: “ — What a piece of work is a man.”

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ Lose not so *noble* a friend on vain suppose.”

MALONE.

Influenced by the conduct of our great predecessors, Rowe, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson; and for reasons similar to those

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*LUC.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius<sup>9</sup> at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*BRU.* Is he alone?

*LUC.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*BRU.* Do you know them?

*LUC.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their  
ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them

advanced in the next note, I persist in following the second folio, as our author, on this occasion, meant to write verse instead of prose.—The instance from *Hamlet* can have little weight; the article—*a*, which is injurious to the metre in question, being quite innocent in a speech decidedly prosaick: and as for the line adduced from *Titus Andronicus*, the second syllable of the word—*noble*, may be melted down into the succeeding vowel, an advantage which cannot be obtained in favour of the present restoration offered from the first folio. STEEVENS.

Neither our author, nor any other author in the world, ever used such words as *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, &c. as monosyllables; and though *whether* is sometimes so contracted, the old copies on that occasion usually print—*where*. It is, in short, morally impossible that *two* syllables should be no more than *one*.

RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Like a phantasma,*] “Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sights whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds.” *Lavaterus*, 1572. HENDERSON.

“A *phantasme*,” says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, “is a vision, or imagined appearance.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*your brother Cassius*—] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus sister. STEEVENS.

By any mark of favour.<sup>1</sup>

*BRU.*

Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
 Sham'ft thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
 When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-  
 racy;  
 Hide in it smiles, and affability:  
 For if thou path thy native semblance on,<sup>2</sup>  
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
 To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

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

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

*CAS.* Yes, every man of them; and no man  
 here,  
 But honours you: and every one doth wish,

<sup>1</sup> — any mark of favour.] Any distinction of countenance.  
 JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 346, n. 6. STEEVENS,

<sup>2</sup> For if thou path, thy native semblance on,] If thou walk  
 in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:  
 "Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey  
 doth path."  
 Again, in his Epistle from *Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham*:  
 "Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways."  
 STEEVENS.

You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*BRU.* He is welcome hither.

*CAS.* This Decius Brutus.

*BRU.* He is welcome too.

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

*BRU.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves<sup>3</sup>  
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.

<sup>3</sup> — do interpose themselves &c.] For the sake of measure I am willing to think our author wrote as follows, and that the word—*themselves*, is an interpolation :

*What watchful cares do interpose betwixt  
Your eyes and night ?*

*Cas.*

*Shall I entreat a word ?*

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *No, not an oath: If not the face of men, &c.*] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

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

Shakspeare formed this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch:—"The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c.

STEEVENS.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read:

— *If not the faith of men, &c.*

which is supported by the following passage in this very speech:

"—What other bond

"Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

"And will not palter.—

"—when every drop of blood

"That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

"Is guilty of a several bastardy,

"If he do break the smallest particle

"Of any promise that hath pass'd from him."

Both of which prove, that Brutus considered the faith of men as their firmest security in each other. M. MASON.

In this sentence, [i. e. the two first lines of the speech,] as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. If these be not *sufficient*; if these be motives weak," &c. So, in *The Tempest*:

"I have with such provision in mine art,

"So safely order'd, that there is *no soul*—

"No, not so much perdition," &c.

Mr. M. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faiths* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:



The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>5</sup> 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 ?<sup>6</sup> and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests,<sup>7</sup> and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>8</sup>

“ — the manner of their deaths ?

“ I do not see them bleed.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ And with their *helps* only defend ourselves.”

Again, more appositely, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ You, fair lords, quoth she, —

“ Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus* :

“ By decimation, and a tithed death,

“ Take thou thy fate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And will not palter ?*] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiversor*. In *Macbeth* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions : and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle* ; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Swear priests, &c.*] This is imitated by Otway :

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

<sup>8</sup> — *cautelous,*] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

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,<sup>9</sup>  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd 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,<sup>1</sup>

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

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

"Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young."

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610: "— a fallacious policy and *cautelous wyle*."

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

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: "Warie, circumspect;" in which sense it is certainly used here. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The even virtue of our enterprize,*] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

Thus in Mr. Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*:

"Desires compos'd, affections ever *even*,—."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *opinnton*,] i. e. character. So, in *King Henry IV.*  
 P. I:

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 outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him  
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,  
 If he improves 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 :<sup>2</sup>

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood :

“ Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*.”

The quotation is Mr. Reed's. See Vol. XI. p. 422, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — and envy afterwards :] *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. See Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2 ; and p. 106, n. 8. MALONE.

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,<sup>3</sup>  
 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,<sup>4</sup>  
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:<sup>5</sup>  
 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:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.]* Lord Sterling has the same thought: Brutus remonstrating against the taking off Antony, says:

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

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

“ — Gradive, dedisti,  
 “ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello  
 “ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti  
 “ Funus erat.” *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:]* Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: “ — Cæsar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Yet I do fear him:]* For the sake of metre I have supplied the auxiliary verb. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — there is none but him  
 “ Whose being I do fear.” STEEVENS.

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

*BRU.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take thought,<sup>7</sup> and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.<sup>8</sup>

*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.

<sup>7</sup> —— *take thought,*] That is, *turn melancholy.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

“ *Think and die.*”

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

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in *St. Matthew*, where the verb *μεριμναω*, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forbode evil*, is so rendered : “ *Take no thought* for the morrow : for the morrow shall *take thought* for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”—Cassius not only refers to, but thus explains, the phrase in question, when, in answer to the assertion of Brutus concerning Antony, Act III :

“ I know that we shall have him well to friend.”

he replies :

“ I wish we may : but yet I have a mind

“ That fears him much; and my *misgiving still*

“ Falls shrewdly to the purpose.”

To *take thought* then, in this instance, is not to *turn melancholy*, whatever *think* may be in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

HENLEY.

See Vol. V. p. 313, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *company.*] *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *companion*, Act IV. HENLEY.

*CÆS.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 Whe'r Cæsar<sup>9</sup> will come forth to-day, or no :  
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :<sup>1</sup>  
 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.

<sup>9</sup> Whe'r *Cæsar* &c.] *Whe'r* is the ancient abbreviation of *whether*, which likewise is sometimes written—*where*. Thus in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Penelope to Ulysses :

“ But Sparta cannot make account  
 “ *Where* thou do live or die.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :*] *Main opinion*,  
 is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*.

JOHNSON.

*Main opinion*, according to Johnson's explanation, is *sense* ; but *mean opinion* would be a more natural expression, and is, I believe, what Shakspeare wrote. M. MASON.

The words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Cressida*, where (as here) they signify *general estimation* :

“ Why then we should our *main opinion* crush  
 “ In taint of our best man.”

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text. MALONE.

*Fantasy* was in our author's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ Raise up the organs of her *fantasy*.”

In the latter, in the present play :

“ Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*.”

*Ceremonies* means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other *ceremonial* rites. So, afterwards :

“ Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,  
 “ Yet now they fright me.” MALONE.

DEC. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,  
 I can o'erſway him : for he loves to hear,  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,<sup>2</sup>  
 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 :<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*

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

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. v :

“ Like as a lyon whoſe imperiall powre

“ A proud rebellious *unicorne* defies ;

“ T' avoid the raſh aſſault and wrathfull ſtowre

“ Of his fiers foe, him to a *tree* applies :

“ And when him running in full courſe he ſpies,

“ He ſlips aſide ; the whiles the furious beaſt

“ His precious horne, fought of his enemies,

“ Strikes in the ſtocke, ne thence can be releaſt,

“ But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feaſt.”

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career

“ Charge with too fwift a foot a jeweller

“ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

“ And e'er he could get ſhelter of a *tree*,

“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Let me work :*] Theſe words, as they ſtand, being quite unmetrical, I ſuppoſe our author to have originally written :

*Let me to work.*

i. e. go to work. STEEVENS.

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

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

*BRU.* By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

*CIN.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*MET.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,<sup>4</sup>  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*BRU.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him :<sup>5</sup>  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

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

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-  
mans.

*BRU.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks<sup>6</sup> put on our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

<sup>4</sup> — *bear Cæsar hard,*] Thus the old copy, but Messieurs Rowe, Pope, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, on the authority of the second and latter folios, read—*hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following Act : “ —I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard* ;” and has already occurred in a former one :

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

STEEVENS.

*Hatred* was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *by him :*] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Let not our looks* —] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. JOHNSON.



With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures,<sup>7</sup> nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*POR.* Brutus, my lord !

*BRU.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise  
you now ?

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

*POR.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hast no figures &c.*] *Figures* occurs in the same sense in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* Act I. sc. iii :

“ He apprehends a world of *figures*.” HENLEY.

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,<sup>8</sup>  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

*POR.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you,<sup>9</sup> 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.

<sup>8</sup> ——— on your condition,] On your temper ; the disposition of your mind. See Vol. XII. p. 521, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I charm you,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— tis your graces

“ That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*POR.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals,<sup>1</sup> comfort your bed,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To keep with you at meals, &c.]* “I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot; but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and cuill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I shoue my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a woman’s wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I haue found by experience, that no paine nor grife whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With these wordes she showed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.” *Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch.*

STEEVENS.

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

“I was not, Brutus, match’d with thee, to be  
“A partner only of thy board and bed;  
“Each servile whore in those might equal me,  
“That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.  
“No;—Portia spous’d thee with a mind t’abide  
“Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;  
“With chains of mutual love together ty’d,  
“As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,  
“one will.” *Julius Cæsar, 1607. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— comfort *your bed,*] “is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea,” says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs<sup>3</sup>

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

*BRU.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.<sup>4</sup>

*POR.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.  
I grant, I am a woman;<sup>5</sup> but, withal,

*comfort.* But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of Queen Katharine, in publick said: "She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish."

UPTON.

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

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to solace, to make pastime." COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> — in the suburbs —] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:

"Get a new mistress,  
"Some *suburb* faint, that sixpence, and some oaths,  
"Will draw to parley." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *As dear to me, &c.*] These glowing words have been adopted by Mr. Gray in his celebrated *Ode*:

"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart—"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I grant, I am a woman; &c.*] So, Lord Sterling:

"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd,  
"As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,  
"For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,  
"Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;

A woman that lord Brutus took too wife :  
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.<sup>6</sup>  
 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 !

[Knocking within.

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the character<sup>7</sup> of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.

“ Good education may reform defects,  
 “ And I this vantage have to a virtuous life,  
 “ Which others' minds do want and mine respects,  
 “ I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.*] By the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus* ; whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father*. It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks :

“ Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 “ Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?” HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *All the character* —] i. e. *all that is character'd on*, &c. The word has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.  
 STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 385, n. 8. MALONE.

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that, knocks?<sup>8</sup>

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

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

*LIG.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*BRU.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief?<sup>9</sup> 'Would you were not sick!

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

<sup>8</sup> ——— *who is that, knocks?*] i. e. who is that, *who* knocks? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however; have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—who's *there* that knocks? and a fifth has, *who's that, that* knocks? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief?*] So, in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, translated by North: "—Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) if thou hast any great enterprife in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole." Lord Sterling also has introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar*:

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

MALONE.

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

*LIG.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit.<sup>1</sup> Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

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

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

*BRU.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up*

*My mortified spirit.*] Here, and in all other places where  
the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits,  
not to lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptation  
of it. M. MASON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 407, n. 3. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

CÆS. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace  
to-night :  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried 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 threat-  
en'd me,  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

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



Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.  
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their  
 dead :<sup>3</sup>

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,<sup>5</sup>

“ The devil hath provided in his covenant,  
 “ I should not cross myself at any time :  
 “ I never was so ceremonious.”

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

<sup>3</sup> *And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead : &c.]*  
 So, in a funeral Song in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ Graves yawn, and yield your dead.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 “ The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 “ Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right forms of war,]* So, in  
 Tacitus, *Hist. B. V* : “ *Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, ruti-  
 lantia arma, & subito nubium igne collucere*” &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ I will persist a terror to the world ;  
 “ Making the meteors that like armed men  
 “ Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,  
 “ Run tilting round about the firmament,  
 “ And break their burning launces in the ayre,  
 “ For honour of my wondrous victories.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The noise of battle hurtled in the air,]* To hurtle is, I sup-  
 pose, to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus*,  
*Emperor of the Turks*, 1594 :

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

Horfes did neigh,<sup>6</sup> and dying men did groan ;  
 And ghofths did fhriek, and fqueal about the ftreets.<sup>7</sup>  
 O Cæfar ! thefe things are beyond all ufe,  
 And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided,  
 Whofe end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
 Yet Cæfar fhall go forth : for thefe predictions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæfar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets  
 feen ;  
 The heavens themfelves blaze forth the death of  
 princes.<sup>8</sup>

Again, *ibid* :

“ To tofs the fpear, and in a warlike gyre  
 “ To *hurtle* my fharp fword about my head.”

Shakfpeare ufes the word again in *As you like it* :

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

Again, in *The History of Arthur*, P. I. c. xiv : “ They made  
 both the Northumberland battailes to *hurtle* together.”

BOWLE.

To *hurtle* originally fignified to *puſh* violently ; and, as in fuch  
 an action a loud noife was frequently made, it afterwards feems  
 to have been ufed in the fense of *to clafh*. So, in Chaucer's  
*Canterbury Tales*, v. 2618 :

“ And he him *hurtleth* with his hors adoun.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Horfes did neigh,*] Thus the fecond folio. Its blundering  
 predeceſſor reads :

*Horfes do neigh.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And ghofths did fhriek, and fqueal about the ftreets.*] So, in  
 Lodge's *Looking Glaſſe for London and England*, 1598 :

“ The ghofths of dead men howling walke about,  
 “ Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this citie, woe.” TODD.

<sup>8</sup> *When beggars die, there are no comets feen ;*

*The heavens themfelves blaze forth the death of princes.*] “ Next to the fhadows and pretences of experience, (which have  
 been met withall at large,) they feem to brag moſt of the ftrange  
 events which follow (for the moſt part,) after *blazing ftarres* ;

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;<sup>9</sup>

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,<sup>1</sup>

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,<sup>2</sup>

Will come, when it will come.

as if *they were the summoners of God to call princes to the seat of judgment.* The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] when princes dye." *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, *ibid* : " Let us look into the nature of a comet, by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, warre, or the death of potentates." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Cowards die many times before their deaths ;*] So, in the ancient translation of Plutarch, so often quoted :

" When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person ; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

" Fear is my vassal ; when I frown, he flies,

" *A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

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

<sup>1</sup> — *that I yet have heard,*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris, King of Egypt* :

" — Didst thou e'er fear ?

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

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

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

" Thy master is immortal." — STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *death, a necessary end, &c.*] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*SERV.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*CÆS.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :<sup>3</sup>  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We were<sup>4</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible ;

<sup>3</sup> — in *shame of cowardice* :] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *We were* —] In old editions :  
*We heare*—

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

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton recommends us to read :

*We are*—.

This resembles the boast of Otho :

*Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna.* Tacitus.

STEEVENS.

It is not easy to determine, which of the two readings has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shakspearian. It may mean the same as if he had written—We two lions *were* litter'd in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. MALONE.

And Cæsar shall go forth.<sup>5</sup>

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

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

*Enter DECIVS.*

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.

<sup>5</sup> — *Cæsar shall go forth,*] Any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh Book of his *Supplement to Lucan*:

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

CAL. Say, he is fick.

CÆS. Shall Cæſar fend a lie?  
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,  
To be afeard 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,  
Be cauſe I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my ſtatua,<sup>6</sup>  
Which like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans  
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, portents,<sup>7</sup>  
And evils imminent;<sup>8</sup> 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

<sup>6</sup> — *my ſtatua,*] See Vol. IV. p. 274, n. 8; and Vol. XIV. p. 413, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *warnings, portents,*] Old copy, unmetrically—*warnings and portents.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And *evils imminent* ;] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read :

Of *evils imminent.* STEEVENS.

The alteration propoſed by Mr. Edwards is needleſs, and tends to weaken the force of the expreſſions, which form, as they now ſtand, a regular climax. HENLEY.

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.<sup>9</sup>  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

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.*<sup>3</sup>  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

<sup>9</sup> — and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it "a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing." So, in Act III. sc. ii :

"And dip their napkins," &c. MALONE.

I concur in opinion with Mr. Malone. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were tintured with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607?

"How can we satisfy the world's conceit,

"Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?

"Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,

"Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?"

MALONE.

*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason<sup>2</sup> 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:—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*PUB.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

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

*BRU.* Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

*CÆS.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*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:—

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



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 yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

ART. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of  
Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cin-  
na ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus  
Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast  
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind  
in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If  
thou be'st not immortal, look about you : Security  
gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend  
thee ! Thy lover,<sup>3</sup>

Artemidorus.

<sup>3</sup> *Thy lover,*] See p. 219, n. 6. MALONE.

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.<sup>4</sup>  
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Part of the same Street, before  
 the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*POR.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
 Why dost thou stay?<sup>6</sup>

*LUC.* To know my errand, madam.

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

<sup>4</sup> — *emulation,*] Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like—factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Whilst *emulation* in the army crept.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Why dost thou stay? &c.*] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:

“ — Dull, unmindful villain!

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

O constancy, be strong upon my side !  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—  
 Art thou here yet ?

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

*POR.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look  
 well,  
 For he went sickly forth : And take good note,  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
 Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*LUC.* I hear none, madam.

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

*LUC.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothfayer.*<sup>7</sup>

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

*SOOTH.* At mine own house, good lady.

*POR.* What is't o'clock ?

*SOOTH.* About the ninth hour, lady.

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

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Soothfayer.*] The introduction of the Soothfayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus ; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand, p. 323, to one more convenient, p. 326. TYRWHITT.

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

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

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

*POR.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
towards him ?

*SOOTH.* None that I know will be, much that I  
fear may chance.<sup>8</sup>

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

*POR.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !  
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,<sup>9</sup>  
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.*

<sup>8</sup> *None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, omits—*may chance*, which I regard as interpolated words ; for they render the line too long by a foot, and the sense is complete without them. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Brutus hath a suit, &c.*] These words Portia addresses to *Lucius*, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A Croud of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*CÆS.* The ides of March are come.

*SOOTH.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*ART.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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

*ART.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a  
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

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

*ART.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*CÆS.* What, is the fellow mad?

*PUB.* Sirrah, give place.

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

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.  
All the Senators rise.

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

CAS. What enterprize, Popilius?

POP,

Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

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,<sup>1</sup>

CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— [Mark him.] The metre being here imperfect, I think, we should be at liberty to read:—Mark him *well*. So, in the paper read by Artemidorus, p. 323:—“Mark *well* Metellus Cimber.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> [Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

*Cassius on Cæsar never shall turn back.*

The next line strongly supports this conjecture. If the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by “*prevention*,” which is the case supposed, Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from “turning back” (allowing “*turn back*” to be used for *return back*;) and in all events this conspirator’s “*slaying himself*” could not produce that effect.

Cassius had originally come with a design to assassinate Cæsar, or die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no question *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The question now stated is, if the plot was discovered, and their scheme could not be effected, how each conspirator should act; and Cassius declares, that, if this should prove the case, he will not endeavour

For I will flay myself.

*BRU.* Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR  
and the Senators take their Seats.*]

to save himself by flight from the Dictator and his partizans, but instantly put an end to his own life.

The passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his thoughts, adds such strength to this emendation, that if it had been proposed by any former editor, I should have given it a place in the text : “ Popilius Læna, that had talked before with *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and had prayed the gods *they might bring this enterprize to pass*, went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke.—Wherefore the conspirators—conjecturing by that he had tolde them a little before, that his talke was none other but the verie discoverie of their conspiracie, they were affrayed euerie man of them, and one looking in another's face, it was easie to see that they were all of a minde, that *it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own handes*. And when *Cassius* and certain others clapped their handes on their swordes under their gownes to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, &c. with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius,” &c.

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to *kill themselves*, if they were discovered. Shakspeare was induced to give this sentiment to *Cassius*, as being exactly agreeable to his character, and to that spirit which has appeared in a former scene :

“ I know where I will wear this dagger then ;

“ Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.” MALONE.

The disjunctive is right, and the sense apparent. Cassius says, If our purpose is discovered, either Cæsar or I shall never return alive ; for, if we cannot kill him, I will certainly flay myself. The conspirators were numerous and resolute, and had they been betrayed, the confusion that must have arisen might have afforded desperate men an opportunity to despatch the tyrant. RITSON.

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

*BRU.* He is address'd :<sup>3</sup> press near, and second  
him.

*CIN.* Casca, you are the first that rears your  
hand.<sup>4</sup>

*CÆS.* Are we all ready? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?<sup>5</sup>

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

<sup>3</sup> *He is address'd;*] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. XII. p. 380, n. 7. STEEVENS.

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

TYRWHITT.

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his hand*; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last Act of this play. Cassius says of himself—

“ ——— Cassius is aweary of the world;—

“ ——— all his faults observ'd,

“ Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

“ To cast into *my teeth*.”

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written  
“ —into *his teeth*.” MALONE.

As this and similar offences against grammar, might have originated only from the ignorance of the players or their printers, I cannot concur in representing such mistakes as the positive inaccuracies of Shakspeare. According to this mode of reasoning, the false spellings of the first folio, as often as they are exemplified by corresponding false spellings in the same book, may also be charged upon our author. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.*

*Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,*

*That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?*] The words—*Are we all ready*—seem to belong more properly to Cinna's speech, than to Cæsar's. RITSON.



Metellus Cimber throws before thy feat  
An humble heart :— [Kneeling.

CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;  
And turn pre-ordinance,<sup>6</sup> and first decree,  
Into the law of children.<sup>7</sup> Be not fond,

<sup>6</sup> And turn pre-ordinance,] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WAREBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> Into the law of children.] [Old copy—*lane*.] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children* ; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

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

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

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

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

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

“ — in all *line* of order.”

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

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

The *w* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *n* only by a small curl at the bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated



*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!

*CAS.* 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-fix'd, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;<sup>9</sup>

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Time's glory is——

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

MALONE.

Thus also, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. where Justice Shallow assures Davy that his friend (an arrant knave) “shall have no *wrong*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *apprehensive* ;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.

JOHNSON.

*Apprehensive* does not mean, as Johnson explains it, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent*, capable of *apprehending*.

M. MASON.

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

Yet, in the number, I do know but one<sup>1</sup>  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,<sup>2</sup>  
 Unshak'd of motion :<sup>3</sup> and, that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this ;  
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O Cæsar,——

CÆS. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DEC. Great Cæsar,——

CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> —— *but one* —] One and only one. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— *holds on his rank,*] Perhaps, *holds on his race* ; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course or way*. JOHNSON.

To “ *hold on his rank*,” is to *continue to hold it* ; and I take *rank* to be the right reading. The word *race*, which Johnson proposes, would but ill agree with the following words, *unshak'd of motion*, or with the comparison to the polar star :—

“ Of whose true *fix'd*, and *resting* quality,

“ There is no fellow in the firmament.”

*Hold on his rank*, in one part of the comparison, has precisely the same import with *hold his place*, in the other. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Unshak'd of motion* :] i. e. *Unshak'd by suit or solicitation*, of which the object is to *move* the person addressed. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?*] I would read :

*Do not Brutus bootless kneel !* JOHNSON.

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

The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By *Brutus* here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute?*<sup>5</sup>—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

he has confounded him with Decimus, (or Decius as he calls him); and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him “*his well-beloved*;” whereas in fact it was *Decimus* Brutus that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

See p. 260, n. 1. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Et tu, Brute?*] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, “he caught hold of Cæsar’s gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.” Being then assailed on all sides, “with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word uttered*,) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον*, and thou, my sonne.” Holland’s translation, 1607.

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our author has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from *Casca*, “he caught hold of Casca’s sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou?* and Casca in Greek to his brother, *Brother help me.*”—The conspirators then “compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swordes in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities.—Men report

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

CAS. 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.<sup>6</sup>

DEC.

And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius ?

also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance."

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled, *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, &c.* printed in 1600, on which he formed his *Third Part of King Henry VI* :

" *Et tu, Brute ? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too ?*"

This line Shakspeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned, (See Vol. XIV. p. 177, n. 5.) but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolasius his After-witte*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600 :

" *Et tu, Brute ? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too ?*

" *Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd.*"

So, in Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :

" O this, quoth I, is violence ; then Cassius pierc'd my breast ;

" *And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.*"

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's play on this subject. See p. 252, n. \*. MALONE.

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

*CIN.* Herè, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

Should chance——

*BRU.* Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good  
cheer ;

There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else :<sup>7</sup> so tell them, Publius.

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

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

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

*CAS.* Where's Antony ?

*TRE.* Fled to his house amaz'd :  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*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.*<sup>8</sup> Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*BRU.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit :  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Cas.]* Both the folios give this speech to Casca. REED.

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,<sup>9</sup>  
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;  
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

CAS. Stoop then, and wash.<sup>1</sup>—How many ages  
 hence,  
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
 In states unborn,<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— Stoop, Romans, stoop,] Plutarch, in *The Life of Cæsar*, says, “ Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their *drawn swords*, with an air of confidence and assurance.” And in *The Life of Brutus* :—“ Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaimed liberty* to the people.” THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> Stoop then, and wash.] To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *washed with gold* ; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> In states unborn,] The first folio has—*state* ; very properly corrected in the second folio—*states*. Mr. Malone admits the first of these readings, which he thus explains—In theatrick pomp yet undisplayed.

But, surely, by *unborn states*, our author must have meant—*communities which as yet have no existence*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> So oft as that shall be,] The words—*shall be*, which render this verse too long by a foot, may be justly considered as interpolations, the sense of the passage being obvious without a supplement. *As oft as that*, in elliptical phrase, will signify—as oft



So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave our 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 An-  
tony's.

*SERV.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me  
kneel ;

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

*BRU.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

as that *shall happen*. There are too many instances of similar  
ellipses destroyed by the player editors, at the expence of metre.

· STEEVENS.

He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

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

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

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

*Re-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, who else is rank :<sup>4</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

<sup>4</sup> ——— *who else is rank :*] Who else may be supposed to have  
*overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the publick safety.  
JOHNSON.

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with  
blood ? So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Rain added to a river that is *rank*,

“ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.”

See Vol. X. p. 517, n. 1. MALONE.

In *The Tempest* we have—

“ ——— whom to trash

“ For overtopping.”

I conceive Dr. Johnson's explanation therefore to be the true  
one. The epithet *rank* is employed, on a similar occasion in *King  
Henry VIII* :

“ Ha ! what, so *rank* ?”

and without allusion to a plethora. STEEVENS.

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

BRU. O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
 And this the bleeding business they have done:  
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
 (As fire drives out fire,<sup>5</sup> so pity, pity,)  
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-  
 tony:  
 Our arms, in strength of malice,<sup>6</sup> and our hearts,

<sup>5</sup> *As fire drives out fire, &c.]* So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

MALONE.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Even as one heat another heat expels,

“ Or as one nail by strength drives out another.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Our arms in strength of malice,]* Thus the old copies:

*To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard. The supposition that Brutus meant, their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. For—in strength of, Mr. Pope substituted*

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

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

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

*ANT.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Me-  
tellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love,<sup>7</sup> yours, good Trebo-  
nius.

Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

—*exempt from* ; and was too hastily followed by other editors.  
If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read :

*Our arms no strength of malice,——.* STEEVENS.

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

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

Again, *ibid* :

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

The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play :

“ I'll wrestle with you in my *strength of love*.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Though last, not least in love,*] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Although the last, not least in our dear love.”

The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited  
before the time of Shakspere. MALONE.

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>8</sup>

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 compáct mean you to have with us ?

<sup>8</sup> ——— *crimson'd in thy lethe.*] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death* ; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, P. II. 1632 :

“ The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,

“ Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

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

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

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

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*ANT.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all,<sup>9</sup> and love you all ;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

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

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

*BRU.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*CAS.* Brutus, a word with you.<sup>1</sup>—  
You know not what you do ; Do not consent,  
[*Afide.*

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 ;—

<sup>9</sup> Friends *am I with you all*, &c.] This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. HENLEY.

<sup>1</sup> *Brutus, a word with you.*] *With you* is an apparent interpolation of the players. In Act IV. sc. ii they have retained the elliptical phrase which they have here destroyed at the expence of metre :

“ He is not doubted.—*A word, Lucilius ;—.*”

STEEVENS.

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

*CAS.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*BRU.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
 body.

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

*ANT.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*BRU.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
 [*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*ANT.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding  
 earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.<sup>2</sup>  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths,<sup>3</sup> do ope their ruby lips,

<sup>2</sup> — in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in *A Warning for  
 faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599 :

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;<sup>4</sup>  
 Domestick 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 chok'd with custom of fell deeds:

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

MALONE.

\* *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men*;] We should read:  
 ——— line of men;  
 i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

' Sir Thomas Haumer reads:  
 ——— kind of men;  
 I rather think it should be:  
 ——— the lives of men;  
 unless we read:  
 ——— these lymms of men;

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

Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over Italy. So, in Phaer's version of the third *Æneid*:

“ The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed  
 to nought,  
 “ And *limmes of men* consuming rottes,” &c.

Sign. E. 1. edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

By *men* the speaker means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to *wounds* in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—“ the parts of Italy,” and “ in *these* confines.” MALONE.



And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,<sup>5</sup>  
 With Até by his fide, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*,<sup>6</sup> and let slip<sup>7</sup> the dogs of war ;

<sup>5</sup> *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.*]

“ — umbraque erraret Crassus inulta.” Lucan, L. I.

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admoveret atra dies ; Stygiisque emissâ tenebris

“ Mors fruter cælo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

*Stat. Theb.* VIII.

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Cry, Havock,*] A learned correspondent [Sir William Blackstone] has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given. In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Mareſhall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter :

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

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

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

See p. 136, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *let slip* —] This is a term belonging to the chase. Manwood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. xx. f. 9, says : “ — that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beaſts of the forest in his pourallee, that is in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let flippe his dogges* after the wild beaſtes, and hunt and chase them there,” &c. REED.

*Slips* were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismissal. See *King Henry V.* Vol. XII. p. 369, n. 9. STEEVENS.

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*SERV.* I do, Mark Antony.

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

*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,<sup>8</sup>  
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,

To *let slip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of  
Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
“ To let him *slip* at will.”

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed,  
Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. So, in  
*King Henry V* :

“ Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
“ Assume the port of *Mars* ; and, at his heels,  
“ *Leash'd* in like hounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*  
“ Crouch for employment.”

The same observation is made by Steele, in the *TATLER*, No.  
137. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— for *mine eyes*,] Old copy—*from mine eyes*. Corrected  
by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

No Rome of safety<sup>9</sup> for Octavius yet ;  
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;  
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.*

*CIT.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*BRU.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
 friends.—

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

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;  
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
 And publick reasons shall be rendered

<sup>9</sup> *No Rome of safety &c.*] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors.

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

“ ——— You shall have my *room*,

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

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

STEEVENS.

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *CIT.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *CIT.* I will hear Cæffius; and compare their reasons,

When feverally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*  
*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

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

*BRU.* Be patient till the laft.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my caufe; and be filent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have refpect to mine honour, that you may believe: cenfure me in your wifdom; and awake your fenfes that you may the

' — *countrymen, and lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakſpeare's works, a ftronger 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 laconick brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconick brevity was fimple, natural, and eaſy; this is quaint, artificial, jingling, and abounding with forced antithefes. In a word, a brevity, that for its falſe eloquence would have ſuited any character, and for its good ſenſe would have become the greateſt of our author's time; but yet, in a ſtyle of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowfers or collar-band would have done. *WARBURTON.*

I cannot agree with Warburton that this ſpeech is very fine in its kind. I can ſee no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry ſpeech for ſo great a man, on ſo great an occaſion. Yet Shakſpeare has judiciously adopted in it the ſtyle of Brutus — the pointed ſentences and laboured brevity which he is ſaid to have affected. *M. MASON.*

This artificial jingle of ſhort ſentences was affected by moſt of the orators in Shakſpeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The ſpeech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the falſe eloquence then in vogue, than as a ſpecimen of laconick brevity. *STEEVENS.*

better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved 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 is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*CIT.* None, Brutus, none.

*[Several speaking at once.]*

*BRU.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR's Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this

I depart ; That, as I flew my best lover <sup>2</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*CIT.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

2 *CIT.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *CIT.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *CIT.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — as I flew my best lover —] See p. 323, n. 3.

MALONE.

This term, which cannot but sound disgustingly to modern ears, as here applied, Mr. Malone considers (see p. 219, n. 6,) as the language of Shakspeare's time; but this opinion, from the want of contemporary examples to confirm it, may admit of a doubt. It is true it occurs several times in our author, who probably found it in North's Plutarch's *Lives*, and transferred a practice sanctioned by Lycurgus, and peculiar to Sparta, to Rome, and to other nations. It was customary in the former country for both males and females to select and attach themselves to one of their own sex, under the appellation of *lovers* and *favourers*. These, on one part, were objects to imitate, and on the other, to watch with constant solicitude, in order to make them wise, gentle, and well conditioned. "To the *lovers*" (says Mr. Dyer, in his revision of Dryden's Plutarch, Vol. I. p. 131,) "they (the elders of Lacedemon) imputed the virtues or the vices which were observed in those they *loved*; they commended them if the lads were virtuous, and fined them if they were otherwise. They likewise fined those who had not made choice of any favourite. And here we may observe *Lycurgus* did not copy this instruction from the practice observed in Crete, thinking without doubt such an example of too dangerous a tendency." See Strabo, L. X.

REED.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.*] As the present hemistich, without some additional syllable, is offensively unmetrical, the adverb—*now*, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, is here admitted. STEEVENS.

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

*BRU.* My countrymen,—

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

1 *CIT.* Peace, ho!

*BRU.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

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

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

*ANT.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.<sup>4</sup>

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

3 *CIT.* He says, for Brutus' sake,<sup>5</sup>  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

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

1 *CIT.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *CIT.* Nay, that's certain:  
We are blest'd, that Rome is rid of him.

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

<sup>4</sup> — beholden to you.] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> He says, for Brutus' sake,] Here we have another line rendered irregular, by the interpolated and needless words—*He says*—. STEEVENS.

*ANT.* You gentle Romans,—

*CIT.* Peace, 'ho ! let us hear him.

*ANT.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it,  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men ;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, 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 withholds 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.<sup>6</sup>

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

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

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

4 *CIT.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.*] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

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

MALONE.

The passage from Daniel is little more than an imitation of part of Dido's speech in the second *Æneid*, v. 28 & seq:

“Ille meos——amores  
“Abstulit, ille habeat secum, ferveque sepulchro.”

STEEVENS.

And none so poor<sup>7</sup> to do him reverence.  
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins<sup>8</sup> 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 *CIT.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

*CIT.* 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,

<sup>7</sup> *And none so poor* —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *their napkins* —] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

*Napkin* is the Northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our author frequently uses the word. See Vol. VIII. p. 155, n. 2; and Vol. X. p. 121, n. 6. MALONE.

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

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

*CIT.* The will ! the testament !

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

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

*CIT.* Come down.

2 *CIT.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *CIT.* You shall have leave.

4 *CIT.* A ring ; stand round.

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

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

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

*CIT.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*ANT.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he pluck'd his curfed 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 :<sup>9</sup>  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which all the while ran blood,<sup>2</sup> great Cæsar fell.

<sup>9</sup> *For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :*] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Even at the base of Pompey's statua,*] [Old copy—statue.] It is not our author's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—at Pompey's *statua*. The word was not yet completely denized in his time. Beaumont, in his *Masque*, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 290, n. 6 ; and Vol. XIV. p. 413, n. 4.

I could bring a multitude of instances in which *statua* is used for *statue*. Thus, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 540 : “—and Callistratus by the helpe of Dædalus about Cupid's *statua*, made” &c. Again, 574 : “—his *statua* was to be seene in the temple of Venus Elusina.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Which all the while ran blood,*] The image seems to be,

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd<sup>3</sup> over us.  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity:<sup>4</sup> these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.<sup>5</sup>

1 *CIT.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *CIT.* O noble Cæsar!

that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took these words from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "— against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, *which ran all a gore of blood*, till he was slain."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *treason flourish'd* —] i. e. flourished the sword. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And *flourishes* his blade in spite of me." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The dint of pity*:] is the impression of pity.

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

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with other for  
 your parte,

"The *dent* of death," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or else by choking rope."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.*] *To mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

"This point will *mar* her skin." MALONE.

*To mar* sometimes signified to *deface*, as in *Othello*:

"Nor *mar* that whiter skin of hers than snow."

and sometimes to *destroy*, as in *Timon of Athens*:

"And *mar* men's spurring."

Ancient alliteration always produces *mar* as the opposite of *make*. STEEVENS.

3 *CIT.* O woful day !

4 *CIT.* O traitors, villains !

1 *CIT.* O most bloody fight !

2 *CIT.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—  
feek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—flay !—let not a traitor  
live.

*ANT.* Stay, countrymen.

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

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

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;

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

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

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

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

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit,<sup>6</sup> nor words, nor worth,

<sup>6</sup> *For I have neither wit,]* [Old copy—*writ.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ Now, my good lord, let's see the devil's *writ.*”

i. e. *writing.* Again, in *Hamlet* : “ — the law of *writ* and the liberty.”—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ.* *Wit* in our author's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding.* Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence? MALONE.

The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press,) has—*writ.* which in the second folio was properly changed into—*wit.* Dr. Johnson, however, supposes that by *writ* was meant a “ panned and premeditated oration.”



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

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

*ANT.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>7</sup>

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

3 *CIT.* O royal Cæsar !

*ANT.* Hear me with patience.

*CIT.* Peace, ho !

*ANT.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tyber ;<sup>8</sup> he hath left them you,

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

<sup>8</sup> *On this side Tyber ;*] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city ; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter :

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

*On that side Tyber ;——*

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare 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 Tyber. THEOBALD.

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



And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1 *CIT.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.<sup>9</sup>  
Take up the body.

2 *CIT.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *CIT.* Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

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

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*ANT.* Where is he ?

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> ——— fire the traitors' houses.] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire all the traitor's houses ; but fire was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, fier. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams :

“ Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.<sup>1</sup>

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*CIN.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with  
Cæsar,<sup>2</sup>  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:<sup>3</sup>  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,<sup>4</sup>  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *CIT.* What is your name ?

2 *CIN.* Whither are you going ?

3 *CIT.* Where do you dwell ?

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

<sup>1</sup> *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I dreamt to-night, that I did feast &c.*] I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling &c. that to dream "of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *things unluckily charge my fantasy :*] i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omened weight.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I have no will to wander forth of doors, &c.*] Thus, Shylock :

" I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :

" But I will go." STEEVENS.

2 *CIT.* Answer every man directly.

1 *CIT.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *CIT.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *CIT.* 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 *CIT.* 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 *CIT.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*CIN.* As a friend.

2 *CIT.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *CIT.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

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

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

*CIN.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

*CIN.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

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

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

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

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Antony's House.*<sup>5</sup>

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

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

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

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

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

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

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

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

LEP. I do consent.

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,<sup>6</sup>  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I  
damn him.<sup>7</sup>

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

LEP. What, shall I find you here ?

OCT. Or here, or at  
The Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand

The passage quoted by Steevens, clearly proves that the scene should be laid in Rome. M. MASON.

It is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon condition Publius shall not live,] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus ; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony : and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote ;

*You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.*

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

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

“ Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 1747, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit :

“ — by your confession

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

STEEVENS.

One of the three to share it ?

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

*ANT.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,<sup>8</sup>  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*OCT.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a tried and valiant foldier.

*ANT.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :  
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — as the ass bears gold,] This image had occurred before  
in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i :

“ — like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
“ Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
“ Till death unloads thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations ; &c] 'Tis hard to conceive  
why he should be call'd a *barren-spirited* fellow that could feed  
either on *objects* or *arts* : that is, as I presume, form his ideas  
and judgment upon them : *fiale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed,

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion :<sup>1</sup> Do not talk of him,

fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text :

On object orts,————

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

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

*Objects*, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object*, in *King Henry V.* P. II. where I have given an instance of its being employed by Chapman on the same occasion. It is also used by him, in his version of the seventh *Iliad* :

“ At Jove's broad beech these godheads met ; and first  
Jove's son *objects*

“ Why, burning in contention thus” &c.

A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

*Objects* means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens* : “ Swear against *objects*,” which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet :

“ And made them swear against *the thing they see.*”

MALONE.

<sup>x</sup> ——— and stal'd by other men,

*Begin his fashion* :] Shakspeare has already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow : “ — He came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle.” STEEVENS.

But as a property.<sup>2</sup> And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 out;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — a property.] i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“They have here *propertied* me, kept me in darkness,” &c.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;*] In the old copy, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

“Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;”

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

“Our best friends made, *and* our best means stretch'd out.”

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *stretch'd out*, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does *means*, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable that the omission was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays,) and that the author wrote, as I have printed:

*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.*  
 So, in a former scene:

“— and, you know, his *means*,

“If he improve them, may well *stretch so far*,—.”

Again, in the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which, I trust, will justify the emendation now made;

“————— for thy revenge

“Wrench up your *power* to the *highest*.” MALONE.

I am satisfied with the reading of the second folio, in which I perceive neither awkwardness nor want of perspicuity. *Best* is a



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

*OCT.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,<sup>4</sup>  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting  
them.

*BRU.* Stand here.

*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.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*BRU.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

word of mere enforcement, and is frequently introduced by Shakspeare. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ My life itself and the *best* heart of it—.”

Why does *best*, in this instance, seem more significant than when it is applied to *means*? STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— at the stake,] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, Act V:

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

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

In his own change, or by ill officers,<sup>5</sup>  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,  
 I shall be satisfied.

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *In his own change, or by ill officers,]* The sense of which is this : Either your master, by the *change* of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone. This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's saying, *His master was full of regard 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 Shakspere, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. *WARBURTON.*

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

*In his own change, or by ill offices,—.*

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

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

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius :

“ Thou hast describ'd

“ *A hot friend cooling.*”

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. *M. MASON.*

*LUC.* With courtesy, and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used 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 show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

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

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

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*CAS.* Stand, ho !

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

*WITHIN.* Stand.

*WITHIN.* Stand.

*WITHIN.* Stand.

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

*BRU.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine ene-  
mies ?

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.* Cæffius, be content,  
 Speak your griefs<sup>6</sup> 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, Cæffius, 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 ;<sup>7</sup> and let no man  
 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> —— *your* griefs ——] i. e. your grieyances. See Vol. V. p. 314, n. 8 ; and Vol. XI. p. 392, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —— *do the like* ;] Old copy—“ do *you* the like ;” but without regard to metre. STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

*Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

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

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were 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 every nice offence<sup>s</sup> should bear his comment.

*BRU.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To fell 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.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *every nice offence* —] i. e. small trifling offence.

WARBURTON.

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

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

“ Of dear import.” STEEVENS.

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

*CAS.* Chastisement!

*BRU.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did 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?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*CAS.* Brutus, bay not me,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,*

*And not for justice?*] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Cas. Brutus, bay not me,*] The old copy—*bait* not me. Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our author having in *Troilus and Cressida* used the word *bay* in the same sense:

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

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. “I will not yield,” says Macbeth:

“To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

“And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“— why stay we to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?”

So also, in a comedy intitled, *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in ;<sup>2</sup> I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice,<sup>3</sup> abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.<sup>4</sup>

BRU. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say, you are not.<sup>5</sup>

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

“ Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom

“ Am I thus *baited* ?”

The reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is likewise supported by a passage in *King Richard III* :

“ To be so *baited*, scorn'd, and scorn'd at.”

MALONE.

The second folio, on both occasions, has—*bait* ; and the spirit of the reply will, in my judgment, be diminished, unless a repetition of the one or the other word be admitted. I therefore continue to read with Mr. Theobald. *Bay*, in our author, may be as frequently exemplified as *bait*. It occurs again in the play before us, as well as in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Cymbeline*, *King Henry IV*. P. II. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

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

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I am a soldier, I,*

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

“ And I am Brutus ; Marcus Brutus *I*.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 85, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Cas. I am.*

*Bru. I say, you are not.*] This passage may easily be restored to metre, if we read :

*Brutus, I am.*

*Cassius, I say, you are not.* STEEVENS.

*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 ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all  
this ?

*BRU.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud  
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth,<sup>6</sup> 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.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll use you for my mirth,*] Mr. Rowe has transplanted this insult into the mouth of Lothario :

“ And use his sacred friendship for our mirth.”



*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 denied me;— For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,<sup>7</sup> By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions,

<sup>7</sup> ——— than to wring

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

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he wrote *hard hands* in this place, had any deeper meaning than in the following line in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ *Hard-handed men that work in Athens here.*”

HOLT WHITE.

Mr. H. White might have supported his opinion, (with which I perfectly concur) by another instance, from *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— hands

“ *Made hourly hard with falsehood as with labour.*”

STEEVENS.

Which you denied 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 denied you not.

*BRU.* You did.

*CAS.* I did not :—he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.<sup>8</sup>—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart :

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

*BRU.* I do not, till you practise them on me.<sup>9</sup>

*CAS.* You love me not.

*BRU.* I do not like your faults.

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

*BRU.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*CAS.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary 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

<sup>8</sup> ——— *my answer back.*] The word *back* is unnecessary to the sense, and spoils the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.*] The meaning is this : I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* JOHNSON.



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, henceforth,<sup>2</sup>  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides,<sup>3</sup> and leave you so.  
[Noise within.]

POET. [Within.] Let me go in to see the gene-  
rals ;  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

LUC. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

POET. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay  
me.

*Enter Poet.*<sup>4</sup>

CAS. How now ? What's the matter ?

POET. For shame, you generals ; What do you  
mean ?

<sup>2</sup> — and, henceforth,] Old copy, redundantly in respect both of sense and measure :—“ and from henceforth.” But the present omission is countenanced by many passages in our author, besides the following in *Macbeth* :

“ — Thanes and kinsmen,  
“ Henceforth be earls.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — chides,] i. e. is clamorous, scolds. So, in *As you like it* :

“ For what had he to do to chide at me ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato ; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynick philosopher. STEEVENS.

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.<sup>5</sup>

*CAS.* Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme !

*BRU.* Get you hence, firrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

*CAS.* Bear with him ; Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*BRU.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his  
time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;*

*For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.*] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first Book of Homer :

“ Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ' . ” ἀμφοῖω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὶν ἐμειό.”

which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch :

“ My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

“ For I have seen more years than such ye three.”

See also Antony's speech, p. 370 :

“ Octavius, I have seen more days than you.”

Again, in Chapman's *Iliad*, Book IX :

“ I am his greater, being a king, and more in yeares  
than he.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?*] i. e. with these silly poets. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn* :

“ A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*

“ Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.”

[See note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. ii.]

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jiggling*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that “ *he had hung himself in chains over our poet's grave,*” having boasted in his preface, that “ his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together,” I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and

Companion, hence.<sup>7</sup>

*CAS.* Away, away, be gone.  
[*Exit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

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

*CAS.* And come yourselves, and bring Meffala  
with you  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*BRU.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

*BRU.* No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is  
dead.

twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO !! It is highly probable that many yet have escaped my notice. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Companion, hence.] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *King Henry IV.* Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

“ — I scorn you, scurvy companion,” &c.

STEEVENS.

CAS. Ha! Portia?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you  
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

BRU. Impatient of my absence;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her  
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Val. Maximus.

It cannot, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia may want that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.

STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in *The Life of Brutus* is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and friends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe. —There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence*; that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe, choosing to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the manner of her death." North's Translation.

See also Martial, L. I. ep. 42, Valerius Maximus, and Nicc-

*CAS.* And died so?<sup>9</sup>

*BRU.* Even so.

*CAS.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.*

*BRU.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl  
of wine:—

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

*CAS.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erflow the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*BRU.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

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

*CAS.* Portia, art thou gone?

*BRU.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,

laus, and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus.

Our author, therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And died so? &c.*] I suppose, these three short speeches were meant to form a single verse, and originally stood as follows:

*Cas.* *And died so?*

*Bru.* *Even so.*

*Cas.* *Immortal gods!*

The tragick *Ahs* and *Ohs* interpolated by the players, are too frequently permitted to derange our author's measure.

STEEVENS.



That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*MES.* Myself have letters of the self-same 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 seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*CAS.* Cicero one?

*MES.* Ay, Cicero is dead,<sup>1</sup>  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*BRU.* No, Messala.

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

*BRU.* Nothing, Messala.

*MES.* That, methinks, is strange.

*BRU.* Why ask you? Hear you 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, Portia.—We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ay, *Cicero is dead,*] For the insertion of the affirmative adverb, to complete the verse, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *once,*] i. e. at some time or other. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

I have the patience to endure it now.

*MES.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*CAS.* I have as much of this in art<sup>3</sup> 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 :<sup>4</sup>

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

*BRU.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

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

“ — I pray, thee *once* to-night

“ Give my sweet Nan this ring.”

See Vol. V. p. 147, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *in art* —] That is, in theory. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *This it is :*] The overflow of the metre, and the disagreeable clash of—*it is*, with *'Tis* at the beginning of the next line, are almost proofs that our author only wrote, with a common ellipsis, —*This* :—. STEEVENS.

*CAS.* Hear me, good brother.

*BRU.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide<sup>5</sup> 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 afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*CAS.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
We'll 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.

<sup>5</sup> *There is a tide &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Custom of the Country* :

“ There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
“ To make his happiness, if then he seize it,” &c.

STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,  
“ For each man's good ; when which nick comes, it  
strikes.  
“ So no man riseth by his real merit,  
“ But when it cries *click* in his raiser's spirit.”

MALONE.

*BRU.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good Meffala;—  
 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!<sup>6</sup>  
 Let it not, Brutus.

*BRU.* Every thing is well.

*CAS.* Good night, my lord.

*BRU.* Good night, good brother.

*TIT. MES.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*BRU.* Farewell, every one.  
 [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*LUC.* Here in the tent.

*BRU.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
 Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
 Call Claudius, and some other of my men;  
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*LUC.* Varro, and Claudius!

<sup>6</sup> *Never come such division 'tween our souls!* So, in the mock play in *Hamlet*;

“And never come mischance between us twain.”

STEEVENS.

*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.

[*Servants lie down.*]

*LUC.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it  
me.

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

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

*LUC.* Ay, my lord, an it 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 is well done ; and thou shalt sleep  
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*]  
This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace<sup>7</sup> upon my boy,  
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good  
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.  
Let me see, let me see;<sup>8</sup>—Is not the leaf turn'd  
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

*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,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *thy leaden mace* —] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ ——— look upon my stately grace,

“ Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's *mace*,” &c.

Again:

“ ——— because he knew no more

“ Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace*.”

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ ——— proud Tarquinius

“ Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. x:

“ Who mightily upheld that royal *mace*.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*;  
B. I. cant. iv. ft. 44:

“ When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*,

“ Arrested all that courtly company.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me see, let me see*;] As these words are wholly unmetrical, we may suppose our author meant to avail himself of the common colloquial phrase.—*Let's see, let's see.* STEEVENS.

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou ?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Then I shall see thee again ?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.” This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

“Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evill spirit, Brutus ; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it : well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away ; and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thing at all.”

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. vii. STEEVENS.

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the *Life of Cæsar* : “Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, showed plainly that the goddess were offended with the murder of *Cæsar*. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replyed agayne, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him.”

GHOST.

Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost *vanishes*.

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 frings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

LUC. My lord !

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
cry'dst out ?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any  
thing ?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !  
Fellow thou ! awake.

VAR. My lord.

CLAU. My lord.

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

VAR. CLAU. Did we, my lord ?

BRU. Ay ; Saw you any thing ?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italicks, that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts as well as the other.

MALONE.

That *lights grew dim, or burned blue*, at the approach of spectres, was a belief which our author might have found examples of in almost every book of his age that treats of supernatural appearances. See *King Richard*, Vol. XIV. p. 506, n. 9.

STEEVENS.



*CLAU.* Nor I, my lord.

*BRU.* Go, and commend me to my brother  
Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*VAR. CLAU.* It shall be done, my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*OCT.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn us<sup>1</sup> at Philippi here,

<sup>1</sup> ——— warn us —] To *warn* is to *summon*. So, in *King John* :

“ Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls ?”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *King Richard III* :

“ And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers' Company, the word is always used in this sense ; “ Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house.”

Again, in a Letter from Lord Cecil to the Earl of Shrewsbury. See Lodge's *Illustrations*, &c. Vol. III. 206 : I pray yo<sup>r</sup> LP,

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,<sup>2</sup> thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
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.

*OCT.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou<sup>3</sup> the left.

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

*OCT.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

therefore, let him be privately *warned*, without any other notice (to his disgrace) to come up" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *With fearful bravery,*] That is, *with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay.* *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating.* MALONE.

So, in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575 :

" They were a *feare* unto the enmyes eye."

I believe, however, that in the present instance, *fearful bravery* requires an interpretation that may be found in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II : " —her horse, faire and lustie ; which she rid so as might show a *fearfull boldnes*, daring to doe that which she knew that she knew not how to doe." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *keep thou* —] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you.* RITSON

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

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

*CAS.* Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

*OCT.* 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.

*OCT.* Stir not until the signal.

*BRU.* Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

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

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

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

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

*CAS.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;<sup>4</sup>  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*ANT.* Not stingless too.

*BRU.* O, yes, and soundless too ;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

<sup>4</sup> *The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;*] It should be  
—*is* yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's.

MALONE.

Rather, the mistake of his transcriber or printer ; which there-  
fore ought, in my opinion, to be corrected. Had Shakspeare  
been generally inaccurate on similar occasions, he might more  
justly have been suspected of inaccuracy in the present instance.

STEEVENS.

*ANT.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
 daggers  
 Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
 You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
 hounds,  
 And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
 Whilst damned Casca,<sup>5</sup> like a cur, behind,  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !<sup>6</sup>

*CAS.* Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :<sup>7</sup>  
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
 If Cassius might have rul'd.

*OCT.* Come, come, the cause : If arguing make  
 us sweat,  
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
 Look ;  
 I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
 When think you that the sword goes up again ?—  
 Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *Casca,*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *O flatterers !*] Old copy, unmetrically,—O you flatterers ! STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :*] It is natural to suppose, from the defective metre of this line, that our author wrote :

*Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, you may thank yourself.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *three and twenty wounds* —] [Old copy—three and thirty ;] but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three and twenty*, from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius* : and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake, in their *Noble Gentleman* :

“ So Cæsar fell, when in the Capitol,

“ They gave his body *two and thirty* wounds.”

RITSON.

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.<sup>9</sup>

*BRU.* Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

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

*BRU.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*CAS.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*ANT.* Old Cæssius still!

*OCT.* Come, Antony; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we<sup>1</sup> in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.]

<sup>9</sup> — till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.] A similar idea has already occurred in *King John*:

“ Or add a royal number to the dead,—

“ With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Defiance, traitors, hurl we —] Whence perhaps Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. I. v. 669:

“ Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.”

*Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage

“ Upon this over-weening traitor's foot.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>2</sup> — when you have stomachs.] So, in Chapman's version of the ninth *Iliad*:

“ Fight when his stomach serves him best, or when” &c.

STEEVENS.

*CAS.* Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and  
swim, bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*BRU.* Ho!  
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

*LUC.* My lord.  
[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*CAS.* Messala,—

*MES.* What says my general?

*CAS.* Messala,<sup>3</sup>  
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 former ensign<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:

“But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we follow euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes unto him, he bid him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth day.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *our former ensign* —] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldier's hands;  
 Who to Philippi here conformed us;  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone;  
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey;<sup>5</sup> their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

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

BRU. Even so, Lucilius.

CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

the comparative instead of the positive and superlative. See *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

*Former* is right; and the meaning—our fore *ensign*. So, in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596: "First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete."

Again, in Harrison's *Description of Britaine*: "It [i. e. brawn] is made commonly of the fore part of a tame bore set uppe for the purpose by the space of an whole year or two. Afterwarde he is killed—and then of his *former* partes is our brawne made." RITSON.

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon *forþma*, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — as we were sickly prey; } So, in *King John*:

"As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,—"

STEEVENS.

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together:  
 What are you then determin'd to do?<sup>6</sup>

*BRU.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *The very last time we shall speak together:*

*What are you then determin'd to do?*] i. e. I am resolv'd  
 in such a case to kill myself. What are you determin'd of?

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *of that philosophy,*] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in Sir Thomas North's translation, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest amongst men are most vncertayne, and that if the battel fall out otherwise to daye than we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determin'd to doe? to fly? or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certeine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoeuer it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being now in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me



By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:<sup>8</sup>—arming myself with patience,<sup>9</sup>

with my fortune. For, I gave up my life for my country in the  
ides of Marche, for the which I shall live in another more glo-  
rious world.” STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would  
not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle;  
but as he expresses himself, (p. 413,) would try his fortune in a  
second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive.

BLACKSTONE.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no  
means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of  
Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the senti-  
ments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent  
speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down  
to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of  
war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led  
in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that  
to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural  
than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but  
occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.

M. MASON.

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus  
is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused  
by the idea of being “led in triumph,” to which he will never  
submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined  
him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *so to prevent*

*The time of life*;] To *prevent* is here used in a French sense  
—to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time;  
the period. MALONE.

To *prevent*, I believe, has here its common signification. Dr.  
Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, adduces this very instance as an ex-  
ample of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *arming myself with patience, &c.*] Dr. Warburton  
thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only

To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*CAS.* Then, if we lose this battle,<sup>1</sup>  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*BRU.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;<sup>2</sup>  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

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

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

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, &c.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Then, if we lose this battle,*] Cassius, in his last speech, having said—If we do lose *this battle*, the same two words might, in the present instance, be fairly understood, as they derange the metre. I would therefore read only:

*Cas.* Then, if we lose,

*You are contented &c.*

Thus, in *King Lear*:

“King Lear hath *lost*, he and his daughter ta'en:—.”

i. e. hath *lost the battle*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the ides of March begun*;] Our author ought to have written—*began*. For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable. MALONE.

See p. 397, n. 4. STEEVENS.

The end of this day's business, ere it come !  
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !  
 [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
 bills<sup>3</sup>

Unto the legions on the other side :

[Loud Alarum.]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[Exeunt.]

<sup>3</sup> — give these bills—] So, in the old translation of Plutarch:  
 “ In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent little  
*billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which  
 he wrote the worde of the battell,” &c. STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*CAS.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*TIT.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :  
Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*PIN.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*CAS.* This hill is far enough.<sup>4</sup> Look, look, Titinius ;

<sup>4</sup> *This hill is far enough.* &c.] Thus, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine : howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him : but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when

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, even with a thought.<sup>5</sup>  
[*Exit.*

*CAS.* Go, Pindarus,<sup>6</sup> get higher on that hill ;<sup>7</sup>

they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefeft friendes, they shouwded out for joy : and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes : desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best freendes taken, for my sake before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for sutch a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow ; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pindarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the bodie : but after that time Pindarus was neuer seene more." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *even with a thought.*] The same expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That, which is now a horse, *even with a thought*

“ The rack dislimns,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Go, Pindarus,*] This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *get higher on that hill ;*] Our author perhaps wrote on *this hill* ; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of

My fight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit PINDARUS.

This day I breathed first : time is come round,<sup>8</sup>  
And where I did begin, there I shall end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?<sup>9</sup>

PIN. [Above.] O my lord !<sup>1</sup>

CAS. What news ?

PIN. Titinius is  
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that  
Make to him on the spur ;—yet he spurs on.—  
Now they are almost on him ; now, Titinius !—  
Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—he's ta'en ;  
—and, hark ! [Shout.  
They shout for joy.

CAS. Come down, behold no more.—

change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone has sufficiently justified the reading in the text ; and yet the change offered by the second folio is not undefensible.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *time is come round,*] So, in *King Lear*, the Bastard, dying, says :

“ The wheel is come full circle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Sirrah, what news ?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not adverting to this, reads—*Now, what news ?* See Vol. X. p. 244, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *O my lord ! &c.*] Perhaps this passage, designed to form a single verse, originally stood thus :

Pin. O my good lord !

Cas.

What news ?

Pin.

Titinius is—

STEEVENS.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, firrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath !

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bo-  
som.

Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*PIN.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

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

*TIT.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*MES.* Where did you leave him ?

*TIT.*

All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

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

*TIT.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*MES.* Is not that he ?

*TIT.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;  
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are  
done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*MES.* Mistrust of good success hath done this  
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !  
Why dost thou show 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, Pinda-  
rus ?

*MES.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this fight.

*TIT.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

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 't thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,  
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LU-  
CILIUS.

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. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.<sup>2</sup> [Low Alarums.

CATO. Brave Titinius!  
Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

<sup>2</sup> — and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.] So, Lucan, Lib. I:

“ — populumque potentem

“ In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.” STEEVENS.

The last of all the Romans,<sup>3</sup> fare thee well !  
It is impossible, that ever Rome

<sup>3</sup> *The last of all the Romans,*] From the old translation of Plutarch : “ So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *THE last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his bodie to be buried,*” &c.

Mr. Rowe, and all the subsequent editors, read, as we should now write,—*Thou last*, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. See Vol. XIV. p. 195, n. 5. See also the Letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii : “ —as you, O *the* dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes.” Again, in *King Lear* :

“ *The* jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

“ *Cordelia leaves you.*”

not *ye* jewels,—as we now should write. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's restoration from the old copy, because it is of no great importance to our author's meaning ; though I am perfectly convinced, that in the instances from *Cymbeline* and *King Lear*, *the* is merely the error of a compositor who misunderstood the abbreviations employed to express *thou* and *ye* in the original MSS. which might not have been remarkable for calligraphy. Both these abbreviations very nearly resemble the one commonly used for *the* ; a circumstance which has proved the frequent source of similar corruption. A mistake of the same colour appears to have happened in p. 415, where (see note 9,) *thee* had been given instead of *the*. See likewise the volume above referred to by Mr. Malone, where *the* is again printed (and, as I conceive, through the same blunder,) instead of *thou*.

The passage cited from Plutarch can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus had said. In the text, Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius.

Besides, why is not “ *Thou last*” &c. the language of Shakspeare ? Have we not in *King Richard III* :

“ *Thou* slander of thy mother's heavy womb !

“ *Thou* loathed issue &c.

“ *Thou* rag of honour, *thou* detested—— ?”

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ *Thou* great and wise” &c.

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more  
 tears  
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
 Come, therefore, and to Thaffos<sup>4</sup> send his body;  
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
 Labeo, and Flavius,<sup>5</sup> set our battles on:—  
 'Tis three o'clock: and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— know *thou* noble youth!”

And fifty more instances to the same purpose might be introduced.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34,) quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. *Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— and to Thaffos —] Old copy—*Tharsus*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thaffos* in Sir Thomas North's translation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Labeo and Flavius,*] Old copy—*Flavio*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato,<sup>6</sup> ho!

*[Charges the Enemy.]*

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

*[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.]*

LUC. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou die'st as bravely as Titinius; And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.<sup>7</sup>

1 SOLD. Yield, or thou die'st.

<sup>6</sup> *I am the son of Marcus Cato,]* So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "There was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *being Cato's son,]* i. e. worthy of him.

WARBURTON.

*LUC.* Only I yield to die :  
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;<sup>8</sup>  
 [Offering Money.  
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *SOLD.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *SOLD.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *SOLD.* I'll tell the news.<sup>9</sup>—Here comes the general :—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*ANT.* Where is he ?

*LUC.* Safe, Antony ;<sup>1</sup> Brutus is safe enough :

<sup>8</sup> *Luc. Only I yield to thee :*

*There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;*] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lucunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The Soldier here says, *Yield, or thou dieſt*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die ; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting ?

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads : *I'll tell thee news.*

JOHNSON.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Safe, Antony ;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue : and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wherefoeuer he be found, aliue or dead, he will be founde like himselfe. And

I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*ANT.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure  
 you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :  
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus : and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them : my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong : but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend." STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*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;<sup>2</sup> but, my  
lord,

<sup>2</sup> *Statilius shew'd the torch-light; &c.]* So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battell, and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he would lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not again, he say'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euil fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slain. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he late, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our

He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or flain.

*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 ! [*Whispers him.*

*DAR.* I do such a deed ?<sup>3</sup>

*CLI.* O, Dardanius !

*DAR.* O, Clitus !

*CLI.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*DAR.* To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

*CLI.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*BRU.* Come hither, good Volumnius : list a  
word.

*VOL.* What says my lord ?

feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complainē of my fortune, but only for my contries sake : for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have been naughtie and unjust men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I do such a deed ?]* Old copy—*Shall I do &c.*

STEEVENS.



*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 :  
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 toge-  
ther ;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts,<sup>4</sup> whilst I run on it.

*VOL.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.  
[*Alarum still.*

*CLI.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying  
here.

*BRU.* Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Vo-  
lumnus.—

<sup>4</sup> — my sword-hilts.] So in the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 409 :

“ — with this good sword,

“ That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

“ Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilts.”

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :

“ — a naked sword he had,

“ That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued.”

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time,—my sword's hilt. MALONE.

Thus also, in *King Henry V* :

“ And hides a sword from hilts unto the point” &c.

Falstaff also, in *King Henry IV*. P. I. says : “ Seven, by these hilts ; I am a villain else.” STEEVENS.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.<sup>5</sup>—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history :  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would  
 rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly.*

CLII. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRU. Hence ; I will follow thee.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

STRA. Give me your hand first : Fare you well,  
 my lord.

<sup>5</sup> *Farewell to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions : I think, rightly. The old folio reads :

*Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen.* JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hence ; I will follow thee.*] *Thee*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in *Hamlet* : “ Go on, I'll follow *thee*.”

STEEVENS.

*BRU.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*OCT.* What man is that ?

*MES.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy  
master ?

*STRA.* Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-  
sala ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*LUC.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,  
Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.<sup>7</sup>

*OCT.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain  
them.<sup>8</sup>

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*STRA.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.*] See p. 416 :  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — entertain *them.*] i. e. receive them into my service.  
So, in *King Lear* : “ You, sir, I entertain for one of my hun-  
dred.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.*] To prefer seems to  
have been the established phrase for recommending a servant.  
So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii :

“ Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,  
“ And hath preferr'd thee ;”—

Again, in the Countess of Dorset's *Memoirs* : “ —wher he &  
his daughter preferd William Pond to searve my lady.” Sew-  
ard's *Anecdotes*, Vol. IV. p. 316. REED.

OCT. Do so, Messala.<sup>1</sup>

MES. How died my master, Strato ?

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

MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,<sup>2</sup>  
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

To *prefer* is to *recommend* in its general sense. Thus, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 261 : " Bessar-  
dus Bisantinus *preferres* the smoake of Juniper to melancholy  
persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten  
our chambers."

The same word is used by Chapman in his version of the 23d  
*Iliad* ; and signifies to *advance* :

" — Now every way I erre

" About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O helpe then  
to *preferre*

" My soule yet further."

In the eighteenth *Iliad*, to *prefer*, apparently means, to  
*patronize* :

" — she did so still *prefer*

" Their quarrel." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Do so, Messala.*] Old copy, neglecting the metre—Do so,  
*good Messala.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plu-  
tarch : " For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers  
tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar,  
there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as  
thinking the acte commendable of it selfe : but that all the other  
conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or  
enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— the elements

*So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a man !]* So, in *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III :

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)

“ In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit ;

“ *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*

“ That none to one could sov'reignty impute ;

“ As all did govern, so did all obey :

“ He of a temper was so absolute,

“ As that it seem'd, when nature him began,

“ She meant to show *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of *The Barons' Wars*, under the title of *MORTIMERIADOS, the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons* : Printed by J. R. for Humphrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo. in 1602 ; but it did not contain *The Barons' Wars* in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus :

“ Such one he was, (of him we boldly say.)

“ In whose rich soule all soveraigne powres did sute,

“ *In whom in peace the elements all lay*

“ *So mixt*, as none could soveraigntie impute ;

“ As all did govern, yet all did obey ;

“ His lively temper was so absolute,

“ That 't seem'd, when *heaven his modell first* began,

“ *In him it show'd perfection in a man.*”

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo. 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio

Oct. 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.*<sup>4</sup>

printed in 1619, after Shakspeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this stanza ; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the *altered* stanza he certainly was. He probably had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the MS.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third Act. MALONE.

\* \* \* The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second Act of this play: "The genius and the mortal instruments," &c. (see p. 291, n. 7,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works:

"During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick:

"—— Duncan is in his grave;  
 "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
 "Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
 "Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
 "Can touch him further."

---

LETTER FROM MR. W. WARBURTON TO MR. M. CONCANEN.

"Dear Sir,

"having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had

the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what oar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind these idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius*: For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison:

- Addison.* A day, an hour of virtuous liberty  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act 2. Sc. 1.*
- Tully.* Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or. 10<sup>a</sup>*
- Addison.* Bid him disband his legions  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty  
Submit his actions to the publick censure,  
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,  
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.
- Tully.* Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur.  
Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp. 5<sup>a</sup>*
- Addison.* ——— But what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air  
From time to time——  
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid and hast lost its relish. *Sc. 3.*
- Tully.* Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino  
servienti. *Philipp. 10<sup>a</sup>*
- Addison.* Remember O my friends the laws the rights  
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down



From age to age by your renown'd forefathers.  
O never let it perish in your hands. *Act 3. Sc. 5.*

*Tully.* — Hanc [libertatem scilicet] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philipp. 4a*

*Addison.* The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,  
The nurse of Heros the Delight of Gods.

*Tully.* Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum, *de oratore.*

“ The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act, is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgment who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar : complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakspeare, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is  
*Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,*  
The genius and the mortal *Instruments*  
Are then in *council*, and the state of Man  
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it :

O think what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods  
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Filled up with horror all, & big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakspeare's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

“ The genius and the mortal instruments  
“ Are then in council.”

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it.

II. The other thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh :<sup>s</sup> description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

“ O 'tis a dreadful interval of time

“ Filled up with horror all, and big with death.”

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

“ ——— all the Int'rim is

“ Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&

“ The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.”

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

“ True she is fair. O how divinely fair !”

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex :

“ Then he wou'd talk : Good Gods how he wou'd talk !

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, Sr, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you, which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus :]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at  
Mr. Woodward's at the  
half moon in fleetstreet  
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in sitting up

a house which he had taken in Crane Court, Fleet Street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenfide as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to Mr. Steevens. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned. MALONE.

Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note on Pope's *Dunciad*, Book II. observes, that at the time when Concanen published a pamphlet entitled, *A Supplement to the Profund*, (1728) he was intimately acquainted with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. XVI.



















