



822.33  
JR32  
ed. 4



LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

John Woodward







T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

~~—————~~  
CONTAINING

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson,  
T. Verner, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,  
H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nicholls, F. and C. Rivington, W. Goldsmith,  
T. Payne, Jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, B. and J. White,  
G. and T. Wilkie, J. and J. Taylor, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J.  
Egerton, E. Newbery, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvy and Speare,  
J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, J. Deighton, and W. Miller.

M. DCC, XCIII.

↵

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

272678

YBA 9811 08078478



**C O R I O L A N U S . \***

**VOL. XII.**

**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. I.

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, } *Generals against the Volscians,*  
Cominius, }  
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*  
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*  
Junius Brutus, }  
*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 Ter-  
ritories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

# C O R I O L A N U S.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with slaves, 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 resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

*CIT.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

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>a</sup> What authority surfeits on, would

<sup>a</sup> 1. *Cit.* *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:]*

relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluous, while it were wholesome, we might grieve, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:<sup>3</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>4</sup> ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*Good* is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ho*:

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

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Antonio’s a good man.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— but they think, we are too dear:] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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 stifled 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. 288:

“ As lene was his hors as is a rake.”

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

*CIT.* Against him first; ' 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>6</sup> of his virtue.

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

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery 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 Achæmenides, 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 haplesse man's life*, 1593:

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

<sup>5</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>6</sup> ——— to the altitude ———] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

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

accufations; he hath faults, with furplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are thefe? The other fide o'the city is rifen: Why ftay 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 honeft enough; 'Would, all the reft were fo!

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

1. *CIT.* Our bufinefs<sup>1</sup> is not unknown to the fenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll fhew 'em in deeds. They fay, poor fuitors have ftrong breaths; they fhall know, we have ftrong arms too.

*MEN.* Why, mafters, my good friends, mine honeft neighbours,  
Will you undo yourselves?

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

*MEN.* I tell you, friends, moft charitable care  
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
Your fuffering in this dearth, you may as well

<sup>1</sup> *Our bufinefs &c.*] This and all the fubfequent plebeian fpeeches in this fcene are given in the old copy to the *fecond* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play fhews that it muft have been a miftake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *firft* citizen. The fecond is rather friendly to Coriolanus. MALONE.



C O R I O L A N U S.

9

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift 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: \* 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 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and  
their store-houses cramm'd 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 restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,  
they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*MEN.* Either you must  
Confess 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. †

\* — *cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment:* ] So, in *Otello*:

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

† — *I will venture*

*To scale 't a little more.* ] *To scale* is to *disperse*. The word 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*

I. *CIT.* Well, I'll hear it, fir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:<sup>2</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 unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments<sup>3</sup>

*Historie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c.* a play published in 1599:

“The huge heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,

“Are *scaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find.”

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

“— Cut off his beard.—”

“Fye, fye; 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 Welchmen 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 waics.” 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 sparios habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *schevel*, *skail*; but of a more general signification. See Vol. IV. p. 292, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*scale* it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — disgrace with a tale:] *Disgraces* are *hardships*, *injuries*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — where the other instruments —] *Where* for *whereas*.

JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VII. p. 59, n. 6:

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The *instruments* that *feel*.” MALONE.

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate,<sup>4</sup> did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

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

*MEN.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs,<sup>5</sup> but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,<sup>6</sup>  
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly<sup>7</sup>  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.<sup>8</sup>

1. *CIT.* Your belly's answer: What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart,<sup>9</sup> the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they—

*MEN.*

What then?—

<sup>4</sup> — *participate,*] Here means *participant,* or *participating.*

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *I may make the belly smile,*] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly, and *sayed,*” &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *even so most fitly* —] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</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.

<sup>9</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.

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1. *CIT.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'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>9</sup>

<sup>9</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:

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.

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

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: "Hereupon 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 *advise* 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. I. in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews 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*."

Again, in *Othello*:

"Yield up, O love, thy crown and *bearded throne*."

See also a passage in *King Henry V.* where *seat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. IX. p. 299, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *the cranks and offices of man,*] *Crank*s are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

I. 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?

I. 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?—

I. 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  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.<sup>3</sup>—

*Cranks are windings. So, in Venus and Adonis:*

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

MALONE.

<sup>3</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 that 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, how-  
ever, 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 got-  
ten. 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.

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>4</sup>—Hail, noble Mar-  
cius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

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

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. IX. p. 620, n. 2.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, 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 *rascals* worse than they."

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible ; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical 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.

<sup>4</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 Faery Queen.*

Mr. M. Mason observes that " *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days. STEEVENS.

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

**I. 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>5</sup> He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: You are no furer, 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>6</sup> Who deserves great-  
ness,

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  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

<sup>5</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 unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</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 well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.



Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?<sup>7</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>8</sup> sife factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,<sup>9</sup>

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands <sup>2</sup> of these quarter'd slaves, as high

<sup>7</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>8</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 interpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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>2</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. VII. p. 540, n. 7. 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.”

As I could pick my lance.<sup>2</sup>

*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 dissolv'd: Hang 'em!  
They said, they were an-hungry; figh'd forth pro-  
verbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must  
eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods  
sent not

In a note on this last passage, Steevens 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*, when 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>2</sup> — pick my lance.] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. *TOLLET.*

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. XI. p. 199, n. 9. *MALONE.*

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>3</sup>  
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,<sup>4</sup>  
Shouting their emulation.<sup>5</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—'s death!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,<sup>6</sup>  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

<sup>3</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. IV. p. 354, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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>5</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 superiour 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>6</sup> — unroof'd the city,] Old Copy—*unroof*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.<sup>6</sup>

*MEN.* This is strange.

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* Where's Caius Marcius?

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

*MES.* 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 VE-  
LUTUS.*

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

The Volces are in arms.<sup>7</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

<sup>6</sup> *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon.

MALONE.

<sup>7</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.

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

I. 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>9</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!

I. 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>2</sup>

COM. Noble Lartius!<sup>3</sup>

I. SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

MAR. Nay, let them follow:  
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

<sup>9</sup> — *constant*.] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

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

<sup>2</sup> *Right worthy you priority*.] You being right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

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

<sup>3</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.

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth:<sup>2</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 peo-  
ple,—

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

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>3</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>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Your valour puts well forth:*] That is, You have in this mu-  
tiny 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>3</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 a 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*, synonym-  
ous. MALONE.

<sup>4</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 his own valour, that*

*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  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

*be 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.**

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>5</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 his singularity,<sup>6</sup> he goes  
Upon this present action.

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

<sup>5</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 Wolsey 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>6</sup> *More than his 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.*

I. 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>7</sup> in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,<sup>8</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>9</sup> but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,*

<sup>7</sup> — hath been thought on —] Old copy—*have*. Corrected by the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — 'Tis not four days gone,] i. e. four days *past*.

<sup>9</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 king was I *pres'd* forth.”

MALONE.

(Who is of Rome worse bated 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>2</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>2</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 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.

They have not prepar'd for us.

*AUF.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,<sup>3</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 ever 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.*]

### 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 your-  
self in a more comfortable sort: 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-body'd, and the only son of  
my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd  
all gaze his way;<sup>4</sup> when, for a day of kings' en-

<sup>3</sup> *I speak from certainties. Nay, more,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading—

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

<sup>4</sup> ——— *when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way;*]  
i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

treaties, 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 return'd, his brows bound with oak.<sup>4</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?

*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 nobly 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;

<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.

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

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,  
 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.

“ — 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. VIII. p. 250, n. 6. MALONE.

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

<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.

*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>8</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.

*VAL.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd 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; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so fet his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!<sup>9</sup>

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

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

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

<sup>8</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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— mammock'd 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:

*VAL.* Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle hufwife 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.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*VIR.* I will wish 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.

“ — 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. IX. p. 127, n. 9. STEEVENS.

*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 diseafe our better mirth.

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

MES. 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?

MES. Within this mile and half.<sup>3</sup>

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?

I. 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.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Within this mile and half.*] The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted; as we are told in p. 41, 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;*

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  
 rushes;  
 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.—Lad-  
 ders, 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.

Or, more probably:

—nor a man but fears you less than he,  
 That's lesser 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. VII. p. 84,  
 n. 5. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding 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.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.  
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-  
enter MARCIUS.*<sup>4</sup>

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on  
you,  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and  
plagues<sup>5</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

<sup>4</sup> *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *curfing*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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. IV. p. 518, n. 7; Vol. V. p. 106, n. 8, and p. 211, n. 8, and p. 433, 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—'sdeath,  
“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.

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.

*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 se-  
conds:

'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-hardinefs; 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, fir, 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>s</sup> his senseless sword,

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

And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire,<sup>6</sup> as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes;<sup>7</sup> but, with thy grim looks, and

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 has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* 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 less sensible of smart than the senseless armour," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> — *Thou wast a soldier*

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

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

— *Calvus' wife*: —

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror 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—*Calvus* wish. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakespeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backs, 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

The thunder-like percussion of thy founds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.<sup>7</sup>

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

I. SOL.

Look, sir.

LART.

'Tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain<sup>8</sup> alike.

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

to make the enemy afeard with *the founde of his voyce and grimmes 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 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 passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentic ancient copy. The substitution of *Calves*, instead of *Cato's*, is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* with; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque*, 1613:

"And what will Junoes Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calves*. See a subsequent passage in Act II. sc. ult. in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — as if the world

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

" — some say, the earth

" Was feverous, and did shake." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *make remain* —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HAMMER,

## 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>9</sup>

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them,<sup>2</sup> these base slaves,

<sup>9</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 waisting *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 consul and their fellow citizens per-adventure were fighting with their enemies." STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them,*] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. See Vol. IV. p. 325, n. 5. 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 soul'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>2</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>2</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 (omitting 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>3</sup>  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
t'ring,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

MES. 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 ?

MES. Above an hour, my lord.

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

<sup>3</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>4</sup>  
And bring thy news so late?

*MES.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, 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 sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.<sup>5</sup>

*MAR.* Come I too late?

<sup>4</sup> —confound *an hour*,] *Confound* is here used not in its common  
acceptation, but in the sense of—to *expend*. *Conterere 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>5</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, Hanmer 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 forbear to set  
nonense before my readers; especially when it can be avoided  
by the insertion of a single letter, which indeed might have drop-  
ped out at the press. STEEVENS.

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>6</sup>

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

MAR. As with a man bufied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying,<sup>7</sup> threat'ning the other ;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave,  
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!)  
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—

<sup>6</sup> — to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

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

STEEVENS.

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

Again, in *The Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, sign. G 1 :  
“ They donsed also, left so soon 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>7</sup> *Ransoming him, or pitying,*] i. e. *remitting his ransom.*

JOHNSON.

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>8</sup>

They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guefs, Marcius,  
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,<sup>9</sup>  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.<sup>2</sup>

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

<sup>8</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 aunfwer 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 granted  
him, greatly praying his corage.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Antiates*,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might  
mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quo-  
tation, 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>2</sup> *Their very heart of hope*.] The same expression is found in  
Marlowe's *Luff's Dominion*:

“ ——— 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.

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present ;<sup>3</sup> but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,<sup>4</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>5</sup>  
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 band.*] to express his dis-  
position,  
And follow Marcus.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take  
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

<sup>3</sup> *And that you not delay the present ;*] Delay, for let slip.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *swords advanc'd,*] That is, swords lifted high.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *if any fear*

Lesser *his person than an ill report ;*] The old copy has *lessen*. 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,—”

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

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

In this play we have already had *lessen* used for *less*. MALONE.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
 If these shows be not outward, which of you  
 But is four Volces? 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>5</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>6</sup>

<sup>5</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. STEVENS.

<sup>6</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 of 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.

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.” STEVENS.

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

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>7</sup> be guarded: keep your duties,  
 As I have set them down. If I do fend, despatch  
 Those centuries<sup>8</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.]

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>7</sup> — the ports —] i. e. the gates. So, in *Timon of Athens*:  
 “Descend, and open your uncharged ports.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

## SCENE VIII.

*A field of battle between the Roman and 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>7</sup> Fix thy foot.

**MAR.** Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!<sup>8</sup>

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

**MAR.** Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,<sup>9</sup>  
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

<sup>7</sup> — *thy fame and envy*:] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9. 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.

<sup>8</sup> *And the gods doom him after!*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold, Enough!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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.



*AUF.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,<sup>2</sup>  
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

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

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*

<sup>2</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 *possess'd 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *you have sham'd me*

[*In your condemned seconds.*] For *condemned*; we may read *condemned*. 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.

## S C E N E 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>4</sup> o'er this thy day's work,  
 Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,  
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
 I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,

<sup>4</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 choofe 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 liket best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides 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 *capparison*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping 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.

And, gladly quak'd,<sup>5</sup> hear more; where the dull  
Tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, 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 din'd before.

*Enter TITIUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the  
pursuit.*

*LART.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:<sup>6</sup>  
Hadst thou beheld—

*MAR.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol<sup>7</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>8</sup>  
He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</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>6</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.

<sup>7</sup> — *a charter to extol*—] A privilege to praise her own son.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *that's for my country;*] The latter word is used here, as  
in other places, as a trifyllable. See Vol. III. p. 190, n. 7.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</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.

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>9</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>2</sup>  
 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.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

“The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,

“Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — not to reward

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *Should they not,*] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

**MAR.** May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</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. [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

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-fac'd fothing! When steel grows  
 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 lov'd my little should be dieted  
 In praises sauc'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,

*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.

Bullokar 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 filk, let filk be *suddenly 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 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.

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>4</sup> With all the applause and clamour of the host, Caius Marcius Coriolanus.<sup>5</sup>—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>6</sup>

<sup>4</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 forte. 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*, onlea his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.”

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus*. STEVENS.

<sup>6</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

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>8</sup> with whom we may articulate,<sup>9</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

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>2</sup> he us'd me kindly :  
He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you

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>8</sup> *The best,*] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *with whom we may articulate,*] i. e. *enter into articles*.  
This word occurs again in *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.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</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 wealth in his owne cuntrye, 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 folde as  
a slaue.” STEVENS.



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>3</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.]

## 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!

I. 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>4</sup>—Condition!

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</sup> *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakespeare 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.

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>4</sup>  
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where'  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some  
way;<sup>6</sup>

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I. SOL.

He's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
poison'd,<sup>7</sup>

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

<sup>4</sup> ——— meet him beard to beard,] So, in *Macbeth*:

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— for where —] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *ubertas*. MALONE.

<sup>6</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 *ecb*. 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>7</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 slain by him, for him*

*Shall fly out of itself.* TYRWHITT.

With only suffering stain by him ; for him  
 Shall fly out of itself : <sup>8</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>9</sup> shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard, <sup>2</sup> even there  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the  
 city ;

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>8</sup> — for him

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

<sup>9</sup> — nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.

Embarquements *all of fury, &c.*] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find :

“ To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*.

“ An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*.”

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has “ to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon.” There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement* ; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *At home, upon my brother's guard,*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

So, in *Otello* :

“ — and on the court of guard,—” STEEVENS.

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

I. SOL.

Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended \* at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,') bring me word thither

How the world goes; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

I. SOL.

I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

\* ——— attended —] i. e. waited for. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:  
“ ——— thy interceptor—attends thee at the orchard end.”

STEEVENS.

’ ('Tis south the city mills,) —] But where could Shakspeare  
have heard of these mills at Antium? I believe we should read:

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

*Coriolanus* speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the  
boly churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like  
a *knell*; 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 *yon 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 syde many a mylle stode,

“ When nede was their graine and corne to grinde,” &c.

*Auncient 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>4</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>5</sup> that you two have not in abundance?

<sup>4</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>5</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 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 autho-

*BRU.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd 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 of your necks,<sup>6</sup> and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

rity, 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.

<sup>6</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.

**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>7</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 Tiber in't; <sup>8</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>9</sup> than 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 give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say,<sup>a</sup> your worships have deliver'd the mat-

<sup>7</sup> ——— a brace of unmeriting,—magistrates,—as any in Rome.] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare'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>8</sup> ——— with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't;] Lovelace, in his Verses to *Albea 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>9</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 *posterior* 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.

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

MALONE.

ter well, when I find the affs 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>2</sup> follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon conspéc- tuities<sup>3</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>4</sup> you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,<sup>5</sup> in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller; and then rejourne 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 pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;<sup>6</sup> and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the

<sup>2</sup> — *my microcosm,*] So, in *King Lear* :

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

<sup>3</sup> — *biffon conspéc-tuities,*] *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *beefsome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet* :

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

“ With *biffon* rheum.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *for poor knaves' caps and legs :*] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. To make a *leg* was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. See Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *you wear out a good &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</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.



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>7</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 botchers cushion, or to be entomb'd in an afs'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 herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:<sup>8</sup> I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.*]

*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?

<sup>7</sup> *Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Courtely itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — herdsmen of — plebeians:] As kings are called ποιμνιστάων. JOHNSON.

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

*MEN.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:<sup>3</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 seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>9</sup> is but empiric tick,<sup>2</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.

<sup>3</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.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> — *empiric tick,*] The old copies—*empiricktique.* “The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiric tick*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack.” RITSON.

*VOL.* On's brows, Menenius:<sup>3</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.

*MEN.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?<sup>4</sup>

*VOL.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives

<sup>3</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 Cæsa; one incorporate

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

"*Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Cæsa 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 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 Shak[sp]earian,) 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>4</sup> — possess'd of this?] *Possess'd*, 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 —.”

STEEVENSON.

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.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*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>s</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

<sup>s</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.

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;  
 Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;  
 Which being advanc'd, declines;<sup>6</sup> and then men  
 die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and  
 TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS,  
 crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and  
 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>7</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

<sup>6</sup> Which being advanc'd, declines;] Volunmia, 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.

<sup>7</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.

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>8</sup>  
 Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
 home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

<sup>8</sup> *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or fullness, but to be the effect of 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, Crashaw:

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

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;  
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: Welcome:

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>9</sup>

<sup>9</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, Coriolanus means to say—Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—for *always* I am *Cæsar*.”

MALONE.

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,  
But with them change of honours.<sup>2</sup>

VOL. I have liv'd  
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 come forward.

BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
fights  
Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prating nurse  
Into a rapture<sup>3</sup> lets her baby cry,

<sup>2</sup> But with them change of honours.] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute charge. 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 rayment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the Old Testament. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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



While she chats him: the kitchen malkin<sup>4</sup> pins

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 *rapture*, 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. STEEVENS.

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

"——her brainfick *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>4</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*, *Fomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *bare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu 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, as *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*:

Her richest lockram<sup>4</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,<sup>5</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>6</sup>  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station:<sup>7</sup> our veil'd dames

“ Put on the shape of order and humanity,  
 “ Or you must marry *Malkyn, the May-Lady*.”

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

STEVENS.

<sup>4</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*, stitched 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 strait dealings in their linnens.”

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

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

<sup>5</sup> ——— *ber 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 “ as bright as 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>6</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-sien* 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 antient writers for *seldom*. STEVENS.

<sup>7</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.

STEVENS.

Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,<sup>8</sup> to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god,<sup>9</sup> who leads him,  
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

<sup>8</sup> *Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,*] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*wave*. 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 *Dametas' 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.” STEVENS.

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 Lancafter.” FARMER.

<sup>9</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.

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

*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>2</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 I as little ques-  
tion  
As he is proud to do't.<sup>3</sup>

*BRU.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put

<sup>2</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 licenti-  
ously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should  
begin to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the end-  
ing 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 *Cym-  
beline*, where we find exactly the same phraseology:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ the gap

“ That we shall make in time, from our bence going

“ AND our return, to excuse,”

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

<sup>3</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.

The *napless* vesture<sup>4</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>5</sup>

BRU. So it must fall out  
 To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
 We must suggest the people,<sup>6</sup> in what hatred

<sup>4</sup> *The napless vesture* —] The players read—the *Naples*,—  
 STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means *hread-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 *hread-bare*.”

Plutarch's words are, “with a *poore* gowne on their backs.” See p. 91, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</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.

He still hath held them; that, to his power,<sup>5</sup> he  
 would  
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
 Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,  
 In human action and capacity,  
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war;<sup>6</sup> who have their provand<sup>7</sup>  
 Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows

<sup>5</sup> ——— to his power,] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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. 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>7</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 horsemenne 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 *Hakevil 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 *Pasquil'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.

For finking under them.

*SIC.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his foaring insolence  
Shall teach the people,<sup>8</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>9</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*BRU.* What's the matter?

*MES.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their  
gloves,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</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>9</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.

<sup>2</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 Thomas 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

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>3</sup>  
 But hearts for the event.

*SIC.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers,<sup>4</sup> to lay cushions.*

*I. 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.

*I. OFF.* That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-  
 geance proud, and loves not the common people.

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>3</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.

<sup>4</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  
 capitol could be given. See *The Account of our old theatres*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

In the same place, the reader will find this position controverted.

STEEVENS.



2. *OFF.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd 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 waver'd<sup>5</sup> indifferently 'twixt doing 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>6</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>7</sup> who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,<sup>8</sup> without any further deed

<sup>5</sup> — *he waver'd*—] That is, *he would have waver'd indifferently.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *their opposite.*] That is, their adversary. See Vol. IV. p. 92, n. 9, and p. 111, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *as those,*] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, &c.*] *Bonnetted*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academic 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*,

to heave them at all into their estimation and report: 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.

I. OFF. No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lieſtors 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

reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a ſubſequent part of the ſentence, reads *beave*. *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 *beave* themſelves, &c. is not much leſs ſo. MALONE.

I continue to read—*beave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII.* (See Vol. XI. p. 71, n. 8.) was likewiſe printed inſtead of *beave*, in the firſt folio, though corrected in the ſecond. The phraſe in queſtion occurs in Hayward: “The Scots *beaved* up into high hope of victory” &c. Many inſtances of Shakſpeare’s attachment to the verb *beave*, might be added on this occaſion. STEVENS.

In our well-found successes, to report  
 A little of that worthy perform'd  
 By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
 We meet here, both to thank,<sup>9</sup> and to remember  
 With honours like himself.

I. SEN. Speak, good Cominius;  
 Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,  
 Rather our state's defective for requital,  
 Than we to stretch it out.<sup>2</sup> Masters o' the people,  
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
 Your loving motion toward the common body,<sup>3</sup>  
 To yield what passes here.

SIC. We are convented  
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts  
 Inclined to honour and advance  
 The theme of our assembly.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</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.

<sup>2</sup> — and make 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 republic 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>3</sup> *Your loving motion toward the common body.*] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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

*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>4</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.]

*I. 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: yett oft,

author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiae 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. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.  
JOHNSON.

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not :<sup>5</sup> But, your  
 people,  
 I love them as they weigh.

*MEN.* Pray now, sit down.

*COR.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
 the sun,<sup>6</sup>

When the alarum 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>7</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>8</sup> he fought

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</sup> — *have one scratch my head i' the sun,*] See Vol. IX. p. 100. n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this : How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin<sup>9</sup> he drove  
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
An o'er-press'd Roman,<sup>2</sup> and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee:<sup>3</sup> in that day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in the scene,<sup>4</sup>

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 republick.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *his Amazonian chin* — ] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *sinne*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *he bestrid*

*Au o'er-press'd Roman,*] This was an act of singular friendship in our old English armies: [See Vol. VIII. p. 569, n. 9, and Vol. X. p. 203, n. 7.] 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 soldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* 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. 83, n. 4. 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 *Hyperaspists*) 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>3</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>4</sup> *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed  
 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>5</sup>  
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.<sup>6</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,

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. STEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

<sup>5</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, showed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many fundry battells." 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>6</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." STEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purlain*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Tho. Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the hawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurch'd*."

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.

And fell below his stem : <sup>7</sup> 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 : <sup>8</sup> alone he enter'd

<sup>7</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 capricious 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*, *for* *Coriolanus*, for "*fit*, *Coriolanus*," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting* : but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rusbes* 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 submersion 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 Perseus' 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." STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *his sword &c.*] Old copy—



The mortal gate<sup>9</sup> o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunlefs destiny;<sup>2</sup> aidlefs came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet:<sup>3</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 breast with panting.

MEN.

Worthy man!

1. SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the honours<sup>4</sup>

— 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.

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>9</sup> *The mortal gate* —] The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *With shunlefs destiny*;] The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice:

With shunlefs *defamy*.

*Defamie* is an old French word signifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.  
 It occurs often in John Bale's *English Votaries*, 1550. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</sup> *He cannot but with measure fit the honours* —] That is, no honour

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>2</sup> rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it.<sup>3</sup>

*MEN.* He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

*I. SEN.* Call for Coriolanus.<sup>4</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.

will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> *Than misery itself would give ;*] *Misery* for avarice ; because a miser signifies an avaricious. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>3</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>4</sup> *Call for Coriolanus.*] I have supplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the measure. *STEVENS.*

**MEN.** It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.<sup>5</sup>

**COR.** I do beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap 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,  
Your honour with your form.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</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 backs, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election.*" North's translation, p. 244. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Your honour with your form.*] I believe we should read "Your honour with *the* form."—That is, the usual form. M. MASON.

*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>7</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.

*SIC.* May they perceive 's intent! He will re-  
quire them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*BRU.* Come, we'll inform them

*Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes to you.*  
STEVENS.

<sup>7</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.

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>8</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>9</sup> for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak

<sup>8</sup> *Once,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*.  
WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes* by Gafcolgne:

“*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“*Once* this, your long experience of her wisdom——.”

STEVENS.

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>9</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 *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.

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. *Cir.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn,<sup>2</sup> he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.<sup>3</sup>

3. *Cir.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,<sup>4</sup> some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,<sup>5</sup> they would fly east, west,

<sup>2</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 Shakspeare 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 judgement, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *many-headed multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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.

<sup>5</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

north, south; and their consent of one direct way<sup>6</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 wedg'd 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>7</sup>

3. *CIT.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I 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,

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>6</sup> — and their consent of one direct way —] See Vol. VII. p. 403, n. 3; and Vol. IX. p. 506, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *You may, you may.*] This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—*You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expence,*—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.

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't?

*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>6</sup>

*MEN.* You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner.<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>6</sup> *I wish 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 preach  
up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the  
practice. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *In wholesome manner.*] So, in *Hamlet*: "If it shall please  
you to make me a *wholesome* answer." STEEVENS.



*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>8</sup>

1. CIT. How! not your own desire?

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-  
sulship?

<sup>8</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*.

*But* is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading.

STEEVENS.

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. VI. p. 37, n. 7. and Vol.  
VIII. p. 579, n. 6.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 276, 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.

1. *CIT.* The price is, fir,<sup>7</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>8</sup>

2. *CIT.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [Exeunt two Citizens.]

*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.

1. *CIT.* You have deserved nobly of your coun-  
try, and you have not deserved nobly.

*COR.* Your enigma?

1. *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,

<sup>7</sup> *The price is, fir, &c.*] The word—*fir*, has been supplied by one  
of the modern editors to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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 succeed-  
ing line. STEEVENS.

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.

2. *CIT.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *CIT.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*COR.* I will not seal your knowledge<sup>9</sup> with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and fo trouble you no further.

*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>2</sup> which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown<sup>3</sup> should I stand here,

<sup>9</sup> *I will not seal your knowledge*—] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</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>3</sup> — *this woolvish gown*—] Signifies this *rough hirsute gown*.

JOHNSON.

The first folio reads—*this woolvish 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

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needful vouches? <sup>4</sup> Custom calls me to't:—

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 *Otello*. 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 birfuta* 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 taylor, who "caste unto him a husbande 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 ruffet 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 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 *wolvish* 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

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

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 fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*."

The *wool-wish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

*Wool-wish* cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for 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.

\* *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. STEVENS.

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>5</sup>  
 I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more : your  
 voices :  
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *CIT.* He has done nobly, and cannot go with-  
 out any honest man's voice.

2. *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.

<sup>5</sup> — *battles thrice six &c.*] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest,  
 to petition for the consulate : 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.* Is this done?

*SIC.* The custom of request you have discharg'd :  
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*COR.* Where? at the senate-house?

*SIC.* There, Coriolanus.

*COR.* May I then<sup>6</sup> change these garments?

*SIC.* You may, sir.

*COR.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing my-  
self again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*MEN.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*BRU.* 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.

*BRU.* 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, sir.

*BRU.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your  
loves.

2. *CIT.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy no-  
tice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *CIT.* Certainly,

<sup>6</sup> *May I then &c.] Then*, which is wanting in the old copy,  
was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEVENS.

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,

He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*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>6</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 mockery ?*

*SIC.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't ?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</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. 85, n. 8 ; 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. 91, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *ignorant to see't ?*] *Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it ?* JOHNSON.



Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*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>8</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>9</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 furlly 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>2</sup>

<sup>8</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>9</sup> *Would think upon you* —] Would retain a grateful remembrance  
of you, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unre-  
strained. 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 judgement?

*SIC.* Have you,  
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
On him,<sup>2</sup> that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues?<sup>3</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 judgement, all revoke  
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> On him,] Old copy—of him—. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Your su'd-for tongues?] Your voices that hitherto have been  
solicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not folicited, 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 interpre-  
tation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Enforce his pride,] Object his pride, and enforce the ob-  
jection. 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 suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which gibingly,<sup>6</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 stock 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 Cenforinus, darling of the people,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *bis present portance,*] i. e. carriage. So, in *Otello* :  
 “ And portance in my travels' history.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Which gibingly,*] The old copy, redundantly,  
*Which most gibingly, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And Cenforinus, 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 *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

And nobly nam'd so, being cenfor twice,<sup>6</sup>  
Was his great ancestor.<sup>7</sup>

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought

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 Numa's 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. 37. MALONE.

<sup>6</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>7</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 *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 others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkinbald, earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

To be set high in place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances : but you have found,  
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,<sup>8</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>9</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 :  
 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.*

<sup>8</sup> *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — by our putting on :] i. e. incitation. So, in *King 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. XI. p. 29, n. 4. 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.

<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.

## 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 's again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul,<sup>3</sup> so,  
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>4</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:

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</sup> *On safe-guard he came to me*;] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

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>5</sup>  
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>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — prank *them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii:

“*Dress in a little brief authority.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

*BRU.* Cominius, no.

*COR.* Have I had children's voices?

*I. 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>6</sup>

Have you not set them on?

*MEN.* Be calm, be calm.

*COR.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer't, 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 noblenefs.

*COR.* Why, this was known before.

*BRU.* Not to them all.

*COR.* Have you inform'd them since?<sup>7</sup>

*BRU.* How! I inform them!

*COR.* You are like to do such businefs.

<sup>6</sup> — *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>7</sup> — *since?*] The old copy—*since.* *STEEVENS.*



*BRU.* Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.<sup>8</sup>

*COR.* Why then should I be consul? By yon  
clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*SIC.* You show too much of that,<sup>9</sup>  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
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>2</sup> nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely <sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</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>9</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.*

<sup>2</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 palter 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>3</sup> — *rub, laid falsely &c.] Falsely for treacherously. JOHNSON.*

*The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.*

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.

*I. 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>4</sup> let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves :<sup>5</sup> I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion,<sup>6</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.

*I. SEN.* No more words, we beseech you.

*COR.* How ! no more ?

<sup>4</sup> — *many,*] i. e. the populace. The Greeks used *πῦλλος* exactly in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</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>6</sup> *The cockle of rebellion,*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation 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.

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>7</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.

*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>8</sup> mark you  
 His absolute *shall*?

*COM.* 'Twas from the canon.<sup>9</sup>

*COR.* *Shall!*

<sup>7</sup> — meazels,] *Mezell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some countries a pink. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "— that base minnow of thy mirth,—" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

O good, but most unwise patricians,<sup>2</sup> why,  
 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

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 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 re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> 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 *The 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. WARBURTON.

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
 And make your channel his? If he have power,  
 Then vail your ignorance: <sup>4</sup> if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 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 *ball*,  
 His popular *ball*, 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>

<sup>4</sup> *Then vail your ignorance:] If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ Then vail your stomachs—”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ —vail your regard

“ Upon a wrong'd” &c. STEEVENS.

<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 together, 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.

To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by t'other.

COM. Well,—on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel,<sup>7</sup> to give forth  
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. (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

<sup>7</sup> *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and perswaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the 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 receued, 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 worfe and worfe; 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 saye 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 alwayes ciuill diffention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie." STEEVENS.

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 prefs'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates:<sup>8</sup> this kind of  
service

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>2</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 ope

<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.

<sup>2</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 !—This double worship,<sup>3</sup>—  
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. VIII. p. 100, 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 ; you



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 judgement,<sup>8</sup> and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it;<sup>9</sup>  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

BRU.

He has said enough.

who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as with 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.

So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* 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 judgement*,] *Judgement* 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 *besit*. JOHNSON.

*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>9</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. and PAT.* We'll surety him.

*COM.* Aged fir, hands off.

*COR.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
bones

Out of thy garments.<sup>2</sup>

*SIC.* Help, ye citizens.

<sup>9</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.

<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.

*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:—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

*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,

<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 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.

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*MEN.*

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*I. 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.

*BRU.*

Ædiles, seize 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, 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 beat in.]

**MEN.** Go, get you to your house ;<sup>5</sup> be gone,  
away,

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 ;

<sup>4</sup> — *very poisonous* — ] I read :  
— *are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *get you to your house ;* ] Old Copy—*our* house. Corrected  
by Mr. Rowe. So below :

“ I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house.” MALONE.

<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.

Leave us to cure this cause.

*MEN.* For 'tis a fore upon us,<sup>6</sup>  
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

*COM.* Come, fir, 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>7</sup>  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *For 'tis a fore upon us,*] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</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.

STEVENS.

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,—”

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>8</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.

**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>9</sup> whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

**MEN.** Pray you, be gone:  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
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.*]

**I. 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.*]

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 trust to futurity. MALONE.

<sup>9</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.

Here's goodly work!

2. *PAT.*

I would they were a-bed!

*MEN.* I would they were in Tiber!—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>9</sup>

[*Several speak together.*

*MEN.*

Sir,<sup>2</sup>—

*SIC.*

Peace.

<sup>9</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



*MEN.* Do not cry, havock,<sup>2</sup> where you should  
but hunt  
With modest warrant.

*SIC.* Sir, how comes't, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*MEN.* Hear me speak:—

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>2</sup> *Sir,*] Old copy—redundantly, *Sir, fir.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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. VIII. p. 51, n. 5. STEEVENS.

*To cry havock,* was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *basoc*, 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 Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la test 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.

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>3</sup> no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*SIC.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
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>4</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,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *shall* turn you to —] This singular expression has already occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— my heart bleeds

“ To think o' the teen that I have *turn'd* you to.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Towards her deserved children* —] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,” — MALONE.

(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>5</sup>

*BRU.* Merely awry :<sup>6</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>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *This is clean kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.*

The Welch 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 sleight 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.

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>6</sup> *Merely awry:] i. e. absolutely. See Vol. III. p. 9. n. 5.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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 Sici-nius. WARBURTON.

I have restor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at

*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 swiftnefs, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-  
cess;  
Lest 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 boulded language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him<sup>8</sup>

the conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect sentence, gives it thus:

*For what before it was;— STEVENS.*

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.

<sup>8</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.

Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

*I. 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>9</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.

*MEN.* I'll bring him to you:—  
Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He  
must come,  
Or what is worst will follow.

*I. SEN.* Pray you, let's to him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *the end of it*  
[*Unknown to the beginning.*] So, in *The Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:  
“The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.”  
STEEVENS.

## 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>2</sup>

<sup>2</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 sparfi 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 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 quæ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertère omnes a tantâ sceditate 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.

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>3</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>4</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  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.<sup>5</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>6</sup>

<sup>3</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>4</sup> — *my ordinance* —]. *My rank.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</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.*

Truly is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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 *Osbello*,—“ Let it go all.”—Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated. STEEVENS.

*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>4</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.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*MEN.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
 something too rough;  
 You must return, and mend it.

*I. 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>5</sup> but that

<sup>4</sup> *The thwartings of your dispositions,]* The old copies exhibit it:  
*The things of your dispositions.*

A few letters replac'd, that by some carelessness dropp'd 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.

<sup>5</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.



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.

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>6</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?

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:

" You flames of Rome! you *berd* of——"

*Herd* was anciently spelt *beard*. Hence *beart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>6</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.

COR. Why force you<sup>7</sup> this?

FOL. 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>8</sup>

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>9</sup>

<sup>7</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>8</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 these plays.  
See Vol. XI. p. 185, n. 2. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“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 fur-  
nishes 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 Crosse &c.* 1589: “—for  
often meditatyon prompteth in us goode thoughtes, begettyng theron  
goode workes,” &c.

Without some additional syllable the verse is defective.

STEEVENS

<sup>9</sup> — *bastards, and syllables*

*Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.*] I read: “of no alli-  
ance;” therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand,  
as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority.*

JOHNSON.

*Allowance* is certainly right. So, in *Otello*, Act II. sc. i:

“—his pilot

“Of very expert and approv'd allowance.”

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town<sup>2</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>3</sup> will rather show our general lowts<sup>4</sup>  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want<sup>5</sup> might ruin.

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of a 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Than to take in a town* —] To subdue or destroy. See p. 26, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>3</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>4</sup> — *our general lowts* —] Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *that want* —] The want of their loves. JOHNSON.

*MEN.* Noble lady!—  
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may falve so,  
Not what<sup>6</sup> is dangerous present, but the losf  
Of what is past.

*VOL.* I pr'ythee now, my fon,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand; <sup>7</sup>  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with  
them,)  
Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in fuch bufinefs  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correct'g thy stout heart,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Not *what* —] In this place *not* feems to signify *not only*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *with this bonnet in thy hand*;] Surely our author wrote—  
with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot fuppose that he intended  
that Volumnia fhould either touch or take off the bonnet which he  
has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia fays—“ *this* bonnet,” fhe may be fupposed to  
*point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *waving thy head*,

*Which often, thus, correct'g thy stout heart*,] But do any of  
the ancient or modern mafters of elocution prefcribe the *waving*  
*the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the  
head correct the stoutnefs of the heart, or evidence humility? Or,  
aftly, where is the fenfe or grammar of thefe words, *Which often,*  
*thus, &c*? Thefe queftions are fufficient to fhew that the lines are  
corrupt. I would read therefore:

— *waving thy hand*,

*Which foften thus, correct'g thy stout heart*.

This is a very proper precept of action fuiting the occafion;  
Wave thy hand, fays fhe, and foften the action of it thus,—then  
ftrike upon thy breaft, and by that action fhew the people thou  
haft 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 forrow. The word *wave* fuits better to  
the hand, but in confidering the author's language, too much ftrefs

Now humble, as the ripeſt mulberry,<sup>9</sup>  
That will not hold the handling: Or, ſay to them,

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.”

STEVENS.

I have ſometimes thought that this paſſage might originally have ſtood thus:

— *waving thy head,*

(Which *bumble* 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 *Tbey* having. *Nihil quod amittere poſſint, præter nomen virginis, poſſidentibus.* See Vol. VIII. p. 66, n. 4.

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 Pom-

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way,<sup>a</sup> which, thou dost confests,

pey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kyng Ptolemeý, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who hoping* by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar.—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 two daies journey of Salisbry, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche duke being* accompaigned with great strength of Welshemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: *whiche thyng was* in dede the cause that thei fell from hym and forfoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See also Vol. VII. p. 204, n. 2.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the sentence, not more abrupt than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia, and appear before them in a supplicating attitude, —with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as those that I now make,) subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or, if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy head."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines. MALONE.

All I shall observe respecting the validity of the instances adduced by Mr. Malone in support of his position, is, that as ancient presswork seldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently serve to countenance those of another, without affording any legitimate decision in matters of phraseology. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *humble, as the ripest mulberry,*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΑΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries*.

Ἄσπερ δ' ἐκείνη ἢ περικαίτερη μούρη. MUSGRAVE.

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
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>1</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>4</sup>  
Than flatter him in a bower.<sup>5</sup> Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*COM.* I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,  
'tis fit

<sup>1</sup> — and being bred in broils,

*Haft not the soft way,]* So, in *Otbello* (folio 1623):

“ — Rude am I in my speech,

“ And little blefs'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;

“ And little of this great world can I speak,

“ More than pertains to seats of *broils* and battles.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</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>4</sup> — in a fiery gulf,] i. e. into. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ But first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Than flatter him in a bower.]* A *bower* is the ancient term for a chamber. So Spenser, *Prothalam.* ft. 8. speaking of *The Temple*:

“ Where now the studious lawyers have their *towers.*”

See also Chaucer &c. *passim.* STEEVENS.

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.

*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>4</sup>  
Must I  
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't :

<sup>4</sup> — *my unbarb'd sconce* ?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in fordid and neglected dresses.

JOHNSON.

*Unbarbed*, bare, uncover'd. 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 *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandre*, 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 deaf *barber* ?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 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 :

“ *Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnyng of the sonne.”

STEVENS.



Yet were there but this single plot<sup>5</sup> to lose,  
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
 it,  
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
 place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never<sup>6</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, fo,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *single plot* —] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *such a part, which never &c.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Vol. X. p. 295:

“ — 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>7</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.

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>8</sup> into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks;<sup>9</sup> and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd  
 knees,  
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:  
 Left I surcease to honour mine own truth,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice then:  
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness;<sup>3</sup> for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;  
 But owe<sup>4</sup> thy pride thyself.

<sup>8</sup> Which quired with my drum,] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Tent in my cheeks;] To tent is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — to honour mine own truth,]

Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα αἰσχρῆσι σάουτων. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — let

*Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear*

*Thy dangerous stoutness;*] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means,

*Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — owe —] i. e. own. REED.

*COR.* Pray, be content ;  
 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.*]

### S C E N E 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,

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
 “ As 'twere a careless trifle.” STEVENS.

Enforce him with his envy<sup>3</sup> to the people;  
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>4</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*  
*P' 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>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *envy* — ] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — no black *envy*

“ Shall make my grave.”

See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *'tis ready, here.* ] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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.

*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>6</sup> Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance ;<sup>7</sup> then he speaks  
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.<sup>8</sup>

*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.

<sup>6</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>7</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 *Colleſtanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “ holding in hyr haund a *biit 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>8</sup> — *which looks*

*With us to break his neck.*] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.<sup>9</sup>—The honour'd  
gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!<sup>2</sup>

sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

The tribune rather seems to mean—The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> — *plant love among us!*

*Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,*

*And not our streets with war!*] [The old copy—*Throng.*]

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.

I. SEN.

Amen, amen!

MEN. A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

SIC.

Draw near, ye people.

ÆD. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

COR. First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRI.

Well, say.—Peace, ho.<sup>a</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>3</sup> for malicious sounds,

<sup>a</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>3</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>4</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>5</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>6</sup> as many millions, in

<sup>4</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. 147, n. —; and Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *season'd office.*] All *office established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</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>7</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  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,

<sup>7</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.

STREVEN8,

To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*SIC.* For that he has  
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time  
 Envy'd against the people,<sup>5</sup> seeking means  
 To pluck away their power; as now at last<sup>6</sup>  
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence<sup>7</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>8</sup>

*COM.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
 friends;—

*SIC.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*COM.* Let me speak:

<sup>5</sup> *Envy'd against the people,*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> — not in the presence —] *Not* stands again for *not only*.

JOHNSON.

It is thus used in *The New Testament*, 1 Theff. iv. 8:

“ He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And so it shall be.*] Old copy, unmetrically—*And it shall be so.*

STEEVENS.

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,<sup>9</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>2</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>3</sup> whose breath  
 I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men

<sup>9</sup> — *show* from *Rome*,] Read—"show for Rome."

M. MALONE.

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>2</sup> *My dear wife's estimate*,] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</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.

That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;<sup>4</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>5</sup>)  
 Making not reservation of yourselves,  
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most

<sup>4</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>5</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.—Instead, 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—"still 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*

Abated captives,<sup>6</sup> to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,<sup>7</sup>  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
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.*

*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 "*still 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. 97, n. 8. MALONE.

Mr. Capell reads :

" Making *not* reservation of your selves." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Abated *captives*,] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterling:

" To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

*i. e.* *Parcere subjctis, et debellare superbos.* *Abated* has the same power as the French *abattu*. See Vol. VI. p. 232, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

COR. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—  
the beast

With many heads 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>6</sup> fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning: <sup>7</sup> you were us'd to load me

<sup>6</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, extreamities 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. XI. p. 245:

“ — In the reproof of chance

“ Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

“ How many shallow bauble boats dare fail

“ Upon her patient breast, making their way

“ With those of nobler bulk?” STEVENS.

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 mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are falter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond<sup>s</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,

<sup>7</sup> — *fortune's blows,*

*When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves*

*A noble cunning:]* This is the ancient and authentick reading. 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 before 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 reflection 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.

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis fond — ] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, *passim*.

STEVENS.

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>9</sup>

VOL. My first son,<sup>2</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>3</sup>

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,

<sup>9</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>2</sup> *My first son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath would read:

*My fierce son.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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.



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 unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
 My friends of noble touch,\* 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.*

## S C E N E 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.—

\* *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. *WARBURTON.*

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>5</sup> Hadst thou foxship <sup>6</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;

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.

<sup>5</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. VII. p. 68, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Hadst thou foxship* —] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

*SIC.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*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.

*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>7</sup>  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with  
me?

*VOL.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,

<sup>7</sup> *You have told them home,*] So again, in this play:  
"I cannot speak him home." MALONE.

And so shall starve with feeding.<sup>8</sup>—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN, Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, 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?

VOL. Nicanor? No.

ROM. The same, fir.

VOL. You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</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.

<sup>9</sup> — *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read:

— *is well appeal'd,*

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I would read:

— *is well appear'd.*

That is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our authour.

“His title is appear'd.” Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be to bring to remembrance, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

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.

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 banish'd?

I would read:

*Your favour is well approv'd 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 appear'd 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.

ROM. Banish'd, fir.

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 entertainment,<sup>9</sup> and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROM. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOL. You take my part from me, fir ; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

ROM. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</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. III. p. 336, n. 8. MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

*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 these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

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>2</sup> Friends now fast  
sworn,

<sup>2</sup> O, world, thy slippery turns ! &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, 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.



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>3</sup>  
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
 On a diffention of a doit, break out  
 To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
 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>4</sup> and my love's upon  
 This enemy town.—I'll enter: ' if he slay me,

<sup>3</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 needles 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.

<sup>4</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>5</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 suche 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 *Vlysses*,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

S C E N E 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.

*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>4</sup>

*" So dyd he enter into the enemies tovvne."*

Perhaps, therefore, instead of enemy, we should read—enemy's or enemies' town. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *In being Coriolanus.] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. STEVENS.*

*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>5</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 talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3. *SERV.* What fellow's this?

1. *SERV.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him 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>6</sup>

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</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 fat 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

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.]

3. *SERV.* Where dwell'st 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 dwell'st with daws too?

*COR.* No, I serve not thy master.

3. *SERV.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*COR.* Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence! [Beats him away.]

muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestic 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.

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*AUF.* Where is this fellow?

2. *SERV.* Here, sir; 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'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*COR.* If, Tullus,<sup>6</sup> [*unmuffling.*

<sup>6</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 beleeuie me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitee bewraye my selfe 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 paynefull 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 dede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the eniue and crueltie 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 futer, to take thy chimney hearthe, 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 wrecked 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 againt you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemie,

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,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel: <sup>5</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>6</sup>

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  
emie, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure  
thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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>6</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. VI. p. 43, n. 8. REED.

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 suffer'd 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>7</sup> but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee,<sup>8</sup> that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame<sup>9</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>2</sup> But if so be

<sup>7</sup> ——— of all the men i' the world

*I would have 'voided thee:]* So, in *Macbeth*:

“Of all men else I have avoided thee.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</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 faith that hir selfe she sholde

“Do *wreche* with hir own honde.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *maims*

*Of shame* ———] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *with the spleen*

*Of all the under fiends.]* Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger

Thou dar'ft not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alfo am  
 Longer to live moft weary, and prefent  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
 Which not to cut, would fhew thee but a fool ;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaft,  
 And cannot live but to thy fhame, unlefs  
 It be to do thee fervice.

*AUF.* O Marcius, Marcius,  
 Each word thou haft fpoke hath weeded from my  
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yon cloud fpeak divine things, and  
 fay,

'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where againft  
 My grained afh an hundred times hath broke,

degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, feems to intimate, and very juftly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper claffes of fociety. This circumftance 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 paffage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* ftation, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I :

“ Now, ye familiar fpirits, that are call'd  
 “ Out of the powerful regions *under earth*,” &c.

In Shakspeare's time fome fiends were fuppofed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakspeare ufes the word *under-skinker*, to exprefs the *loweft* rank of waiter, I do not find myfelf difpofed to give up my explanation of *under fiends*. Instances, however, of “ too much refinement” are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.



And scar'd the moon<sup>3</sup> with splinters! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword;<sup>4</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 lov'd the maid I married; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath;<sup>5</sup> but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold.<sup>6</sup> Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

<sup>3</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 welkin 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.

<sup>4</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 that Pyrrhus' bleeding sword*

“*Now falls on Priam.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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>6</sup> *Bestride my threshold.*] Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman

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  
 Twelve several times,<sup>5</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>6</sup> with nothing. Worthy Mar-  
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that<sup>7</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>8</sup> O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;

bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from  
*bestriding* his threshold ; and that, lest she should even touch it, she  
 was always lifted over it. Thus, *Lucan*, B. II. 359 :

*Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Thou hast beat me out*

*Twelve several times,*] *Out* here means, I believe, *full, com-  
 plete.* MALONE.

So, in *The Tempest* :

“ ——— for then thou wast not

“ *Out* three years old.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And wak'd half dead*—] Unless the two preceding lines be  
 considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's  
 concluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed  
 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. XI. p. 110, n. 9 ; and Vol. VI. p. 189, n. 9, and  
 p. 359, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</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>8</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.

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!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. SERV. [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have  
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave  
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1. SERV. What an arm he has! He turn'd me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would  
set up a top.

2. SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1. SERV. He had so; looking, as it were,—  
'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

2. SERV. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.

1. *SERV.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier 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 soldier.

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 assault 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 condemn'd 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 scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *SERV.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *he might have broil'd and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd.* 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 ask'd 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>8</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>9</sup> He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</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 relic of a saint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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. *Sauiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *forw*, 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*, and

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, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) 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, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,<sup>4</sup> they will out of their

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 *soyle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> — *his passage poll'd.*] That is, *bared, cleared*. JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Dametas' Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *poll'd*."

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be *polled*." STEVENS.

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 unruly, being *pilled* and *poul'd* too unconcionably."—*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,

<sup>4</sup> — *in blood,*] See p. 14, n. 3. MALONE.

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, increafe 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; mull'd,<sup>7</sup> deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *This peace is nothing, but to rust &c*] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare 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> — *mull'd,*] i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. 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 brave *wars*!" as we have here—"wars may be said to be a *ra-wisber*."

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>  
And quietness o' the people, which before

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.

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



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 stood to't in good time. Is this Me-  
nenius?

*SIC.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
Of late.—Hail, fir!

*MEN.* Hail to you both!<sup>2</sup>

*SIC.* Your Coriolanus, fir, is not much mis'd,<sup>3</sup>  
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth  
stand;  
And so would do, where he more angry at it.

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 sub-  
jects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame*; but the epithets *same* 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>2</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, fir!*

*Bru.*

Hail, fir!

*Men.*

*Hail to you both!*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Your Coriolanus, fir, is not much mis'd,*] I have admitted the  
word—*fir*, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.

*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.

*I. 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.

*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>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other  
suffrage. JOHNSON.

*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;  
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for  
Rome,<sup>3</sup>  
And durst not once peep out.

*SIC.* Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius?

*BRU.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot  
be,

*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.

<sup>3</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.

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>3</sup>  
Before you punish him, where he heard this;  
Left 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>4</sup>  
That turns their countenances.<sup>5</sup>

*SIC.*

'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!

<sup>3</sup> ——— *reason with the fellow,*] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. See Vol. III. p. 200, n. 3. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *some news is come,*] Old copy—redundantly,—some news is come in. The second folio—*coming*; but, I think, erroneously. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *some news is come,*

*That turns their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aspect *four*. This allusion to the acceffence 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.

Nothing but his report !

*MESS.* Yes, worthy fir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*SIC.* What more fearful ?

*MES.* 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 fort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*SIC.* The very trick on't.

*MEN.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,<sup>6</sup>  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*MES.* You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already

<sup>6</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 passage in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* : " Necessitie made us see, that a common enimie sets *at one* a civill 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.

O'er-borne 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>6</sup> upon your pates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

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>7</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 butter-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

<sup>6</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. 74. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *confin'd*

*Into an augre's bore.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — our fate hid in an augre-hole.” STEVENS.

*MEN.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation,<sup>8</sup> and  
The breath of garlick-eaters!<sup>9</sup>

*COM.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*MEN.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit:<sup>2</sup> You have made  
fair work!

<sup>8</sup> Upon the voice of occupation,] Occupation is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. So, again in *Judius 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 postas.* 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>9</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.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "— he would mouth with a beggar, though the smell'd 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 scetile porrum*

*Sutor, et elixi wervicis labra comedit?*

And from the following passage in Deekar'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 smell 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>2</sup> *As Hercules &c.*] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

BRÜ. But is this true, fir?

COM. Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; <sup>2</sup> and, who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance, <sup>3</sup>  
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>4</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

<sup>2</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>3</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.

<sup>4</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.



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.

MBN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles,<sup>5</sup> gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM But, I fear  
They'll roar him in again.<sup>6</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.*

MBN. 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;

<sup>5</sup> *And cowardly nobles,*] I suspect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *King John*:  
“Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win.”

STEVENS.  
<sup>6</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.

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  
Good work, you and your cry!<sup>6</sup>—Shall us to the  
Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt* COM. and MEN.]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;  
These are a side, 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 banish'd 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

<sup>6</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. 155, n. 3. STEEVENS.

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.

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.*

Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

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, sir,  
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>7</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, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either  
Had borne<sup>8</sup> the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

<sup>7</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*.

<sup>8</sup> Had *borne* —] The old copy reads—*have borne*; which can-  
not 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>9</sup> to the fish, who takes it

— but either borne

*The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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,

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>2</sup> defect of judgement,  
 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>3</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>4</sup> So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,

from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The 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.

<sup>2</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; unskilfulness 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>3</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>4</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.

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.<sup>5</sup>  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights fouler,<sup>6</sup> strengths by strengths, do  
 fail.

<sup>5</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 delights 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. 191, 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.**

<sup>6</sup> *Rights by rights fouler,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity—*Right’s* by right fouler, &c. i. e. What 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 Shakespeare.

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 dait foul Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it in comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor.* **STEVENS.**

*Right’s* by *right fouler*, may well mean, “That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair.” All the short

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## 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,

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 Shakespeare 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.

A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd<sup>7</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>8</sup>  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!<sup>9</sup>

COM. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected: He reply'd,  
It was a bare petition<sup>2</sup> of a state.

<sup>7</sup> — *coy'd* —] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.”

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>9</sup> — *memory!*] for memorial. See p. 174, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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. III. p. 238, n. 6. 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 *base* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through; having only a slight



To one whom they had punish'd.

*MEN.*  
Could he say less?

Very well:

*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:  
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>3</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,

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 authour's word. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> I pray you, &c.] The pronoun personal—*I*, is wanting in the  
old copy. STEEVENS.

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 mea-  
 sure

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>9</sup>  
 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>2</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

<sup>9</sup> *He was not taken well; he had not din'd: &c.*] This observa-  
 tion 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.

Mr. Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See Epist. I. ver.  
 127:

“ Perhaps was sick, in love, or bad not din'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *our priest-like fasts:*] I am afraid, that when Shakspeare  
 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.

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success.<sup>3</sup> [Exit.]

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold,<sup>4</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>5</sup>

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</sup> *I tell you, he does sit in gold,*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

— χρυσόθρονος. HEN. HOM. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*, “—he was set in his chair 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 beaten gods.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:*] This is apparently 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:

So, that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

— *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 obtained, *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.

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 mechanics*, 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 forsworn to grant, may never  
“ Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
“ *Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*  
“ Again with Rome's mechanics.”— 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. VII. p. 411, n. 3. Perhaps, how-

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country.<sup>6</sup> Therefore, let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*

ever, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring 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.

<sup>6</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 Menenius, 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. STEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of this 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.

## S C E N E 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>4</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>5</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>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Stand, and go back.*] This defective measure might be completed by reading—Stand, and go back *again*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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>6</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.

I. 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>7</sup> I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read<sup>8</sup>  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;  
For I have ever verify'd my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity<sup>9</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 touch'd 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 threecore 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 *K. Richard III* :  
" All the world to nothing." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The general is my lover :*] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. V. p. 486, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>8</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>9</sup> *For I have ever verify'd my friends,*  
— *with all the size that verity &c.*] To *verify*, is to *establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *be brought false witnesses to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer*.

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>a</sup> Therefore,  
 fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

I. G. 'Faith, fir, if you had told as many lies in

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnish'd*; 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."

STEVENS.

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. STEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*?

MALONE.

<sup>a</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 Psalm. iv. 2.

HENLEY.

*Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing* :] I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.



his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafly. 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 push'd 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>3</sup> of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,<sup>4</sup> or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant<sup>5</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow

<sup>3</sup> — easy groans —] i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“ — these faults are easy, quickly answer'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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 *Faerie 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.

<sup>5</sup> — a decay'd dotant —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read—*dotard*. STEEVENS.

out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, 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>4</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>5</sup> cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guefs,<sup>6</sup> but by my entertainment with him,<sup>6</sup> if thou stand'st

<sup>4</sup> — companion,] See p. 171, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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. VIII. p. 527, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — guefs, but by my entertainment with him,] [Old copy—*but*] I read, *Guefs 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.

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.

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>7</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>8</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 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,<sup>9</sup> Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.

<sup>7</sup> — *The glorious gods sit in hourly synod &c.*] So, in *Pericles*:

“The senate house of planets all did sit” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

<sup>9</sup> — *for I lov'd thee,*] i. e. because. So, in *Otello*:

“—Haply, for I am black —.” STEEVENS.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

1. G. Now, fir, 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>s</sup> for keep-  
ing 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>9</sup> fears it not from another. Let  
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.*]

<sup>s</sup> — *how we are shent* —] *Shent* is brought to destruction:

JOHNSON.  
*Shent* does not mean brought to destruction, but *shamed, disgraced,*  
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. III. p. 345, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders  
to *shend, increpo.* It is so used by many of our old writers.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *by himself,*] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

## 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 Volcian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.<sup>2</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,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love,<sup>3</sup> I have  
(Though I show'd sourly 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

<sup>2</sup> — bow plainly

*I have borne this business.*] That is, how openly, how remotely  
from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — for whose old love,] We have a corresponding expression  
in *King Lear*:

“ — to whose young love

“ The vines of France,” &c. STEEVENS.

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 Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild 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>3</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 should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces  
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.

*VIRG.*

My lord and husband!

*COR.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome.

*VIRG.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — [*those doves' eyes,*] So, in the Canticles, v. 12: “—his eyes are as the eyes of doves.” Again, in *The Interpretation of the names of goddesses and goddessees &c.* Printed by Wynkyn de Worde: He speaks of Venus:

“Cryspe was her skyn, her eyen columbyne.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> [*The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you think so.*] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpre-

COR. Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.<sup>5</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>6</sup> that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,<sup>7</sup>  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up blefs'd!  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and improperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent.

[*kneels.*

COR. What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

tation 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>5</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 imperfect actor on the stage,

“Who with his fear is put beside his part,—” MALONE.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> *I prate,*] The old copy—*I pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Osbello*: “*I prattle out of fashion.*”

STEVENS.

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach<sup>8</sup>  
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery fun;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*VOL.* Thou art my warrior;  
 I help to frame thee.<sup>9</sup> Do you know this lady?

*COR.* The noble sister of Publicola,<sup>2</sup>  
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,<sup>3</sup>  
 That's curded by the frost from purest snow,

<sup>8</sup> — on the hungry beach —] I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. MALONE.

The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolific* 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. 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>9</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>2</sup> The noble sister of Publicola,] Valeria, methinks, should 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>3</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



And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

*VOL.* This is a poor epitome of yours,<sup>4</sup>  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*COR.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove,<sup>5</sup> inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st  
prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,<sup>6</sup>

*“ 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 Dialoges of Creatures moralysed*, bl. l. no date: The secounde was called *Valeria*: and when inqnyficion 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 exprefs *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 *crafted*, in *Coriolanus*, first fol. p. 24, col. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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>5</sup> *With the consent of supreme Jove*.] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw*,] That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNSON.

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  
Dismiss my foldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks :—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not  
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>7</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>8</sup>

So, in our author's 116th Sonnet :

“ O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,

“ That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.” MALONE.

<sup>7</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>8</sup> *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.]* “ The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope)

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>9</sup> with fear and  
 sorrow;  
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

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 Volunna; 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 fight 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 fight which should be most pleasant 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 a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape upon 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 natie 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>9</sup> *Constrains them weep, and shake* — ] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.

The fon, 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  
 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>9</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.

*VIRG.* Ay, and on mine,<sup>a</sup>  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

*Bor.* He shall not tread on me;  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

<sup>9</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>a</sup> — *and on mine,]* *On* was supplied by some former editor, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

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*  
*For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;*  
*Destroy'd his country; and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:  
Thou hast affected the fine strains<sup>3</sup> of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur<sup>4</sup> with a bolt

<sup>3</sup> — *the fine strains* — ] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.  
The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson, I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. V. p. 125, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And yet to charge thy sulphur* — ] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. sc. i. *charge* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
 Think'ft thou it honourable for a noble man  
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:  
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the  
 world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me  
 prate,  
 Like one i' the stocks.<sup>5</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'ft 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>6</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,

<sup>5</sup> *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Does reason our petition* ———] *Does argue for us and our petition.* JOHNSON.

And then I'll speak a little.

COR. O mother, mother!

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
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  
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 hast set thy mercy and thy  
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

? O mother, mother!] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“ Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hard  
by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy  
victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne:  
for I see myself vanquished by you alone,” STEEVENS.

\* — beard — ] 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, be-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 matters' ?” STEEVENS.

Myself a former fortune.<sup>9</sup> [*Aside.*

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

COR. Ay, by and by ;  
[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

But we will drink together ;<sup>2</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>3</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.

<sup>9</sup> — I'll work

*Myself a former fortune.*] I will take advantage of this con-  
cession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — drink together ;] Perhaps we should read—*drink.*

FARMER.

Our author, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. having introduced *drink-*  
*ing* 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. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To have a temple built you :*] Plutarch informs us, that a tem-  
ple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occa-  
sion by order of the senate. STEVENS.



But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.<sup>4</sup>

*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 lov'd his mother dearly.

*MEN.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.<sup>5</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 corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,<sup>6</sup> as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd 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!

<sup>4</sup> — *stay upon execution.*] i. e. stay but for it. So, in *Macbeth*:  
“Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *than an eight year old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

<sup>6</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. 203, n. 4; and Vol. VII. p. 474, n. 4. MALONE.

*MEN.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respect-ed not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* 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?

*MES.* 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?

*MES.* 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 hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.<sup>6</sup> Why, hark  
you;

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.* So, in our author's *Rape  
of Lucrece*:

“As through an arch the violent roaring tide

“Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste.”

The trumpets, sackbuts, pfalteries, 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 your tidings :  
next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*MES.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*SIC.* They are near the city ?

*MES.* Almost at point to enter.

*SIC.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*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.”

STEVENS.

*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,  
Repeat 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>6</sup>  
The city ports<sup>7</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words : Despatch.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</sup> — ports —] See p. 47, n. 7. STEEVENS.

*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 heighten'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,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*AUF.* 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 perfon; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his;<sup>8</sup> and took fome pride  
To do myfelf this wrong: till, at the laft,  
I feem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,<sup>9</sup> as if  
I had been mercenary.

I. CON. So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laft,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no lefs fpoil, than glory,—

AUF. There was it;—  
For which my finews fhall be ftretch'd<sup>2</sup> upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

<sup>8</sup> Which he did end all his;] In Johnson's edition it was, "Which he did make all his," which feems the more natural expreffion, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

End is the reading of the old copy, and was changed into make by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> He wag'd me with his countenance,] This is obfcure. The meaning, I think, is, he prefcribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me fufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to wage, is ufed in this fenfe in *The Wife Woman of Hogfden*, by Heywood, 1638:

"— I receive thee gladly to my houfe,

" And wage thy ftay."——

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "— by custom common to all that could wage her honefty with the appointed price."

To wage a task was, anciently, to undertake a task for wages. So, in George Withers's *Verfes* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" Good fpeed befall thee who haft wag'd a task,

" That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"— muft wage

" Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168: "— the fumme of 28 thousand markes to levie and wage thirtie thousand men." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> For which my finews fhall be ftretch'd—] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmoft abilities. JOHNSON.

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 exprefs 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  
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>3</sup>

*LORDS.* We have.

1. *LORD.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,

<sup>3</sup> *What I have written to you?*] If the unnecessary words—*so you*, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the metre will become sufficiently regular:

*What I have written?*

*Lords.*

1. *Lord.*

*We have.*

*And grieve to hear it.*

STEEVENSON.

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>3</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 crowd  
 of Citizens with him.*

*COR.* Hail, lords ! I am return'd your foldier ;  
 No more infected with my country's love,  
 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

<sup>3</sup> ——— answering us  
 With our own charge ;] That is, rewarding us with our own  
 expences ; making the cost of war its recompense. JOHNSON.



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>4</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;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

COR. Ha!

AUF. No more.<sup>5</sup>

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 judgements, 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.

I. 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!

<sup>4</sup> For certain drops of salt,] For certain tears. So, in *King Lear*:

“ Why this would make a man, a man of salt.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> 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.

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volces 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.*]

CIT. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,  
do it presently. He kill'd my son;—my daughter;  
—He kill'd my cousin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2. LORD. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth.<sup>5</sup> His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.<sup>6</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. Insolent villain!

CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill  
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands  
on him.]

<sup>5</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>6</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.

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.

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 corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.<sup>7</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 soldiers; 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,

<sup>7</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.

Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.<sup>8</sup>—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A  
dead march sounded.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *a noble memory.*] *Memory for memorial*, See p. 174, n. 6.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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 Sicinius, 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 act, 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 prodit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus et in proskenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEVENS.

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 dramatick 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. 127,) 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 *K. 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 appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year, See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. 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. Nov. 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. УРТОМ.

## PERSONS represented.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

Marcus Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

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>2</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.

2. **CIT.** A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with  
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender  
of bad soles.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Marullus,*] Old copy—*Murellus.* I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune his right name, *Marullus.*

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a mender of bad soles.*] Fletcher has the same quibble in his *Women Pleas'd*:

*MAR.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?<sup>4</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>5</sup> Mend me, thou faucy 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 women's matters, but with awl.<sup>6</sup> I am, indeed,

“ ——— mark me, thou serious fowter,

“ 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>4</sup> *Mar.* *What trade, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to *Flavius*. The next speech but one shews that it belongs to *Marullus*, to whom it was attributed, I think properly, by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>5</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 faucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. 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 whichsoever of them it belongs) was designed to be metrical, and originally stood thus:

*What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou fancy fellow?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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*:

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?

2. *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,  
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:

“ We have *awle* at our command,

“ And still we are on the mending hand.” STEVENS.

I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 252, n. 6, 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 *awle*, though in the first folio, we find *witbal*; as in the preceding page, *bad soals*, 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.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,<sup>7</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 strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone;  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

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

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

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r<sup>8</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;

<sup>7</sup> — her banks,] As *Tiber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

“ — the river of bliss

“ Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *ber* amber stream.”

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

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.

<sup>8</sup> See, whe'r — ] *Whetber*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

“ Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,

“ When I dare send my epigrams to thee.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 39, n. 3. MALONE.

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltinefs.  
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>9</sup>

MAR. May we do so?

You know, it is the feaft of Lupercal.

FLAV. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæfar's trophies.<sup>2</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 Cæfar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> — *deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæfar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

*Ceremonies* are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Be hung with Cæfar's trophies.*] *Cæfar'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 Cæfar 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 Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæfar'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>3</sup> CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Musick ceases.*

CÆS.

Calphurnia,—

<sup>3</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; justissimasque optime de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector 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.

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,<sup>4</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 steril 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>4</sup> — in Antonius' way,] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Obavio, 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, persuading 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, apparelled 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 ;—pafs.  
[Sennet.<sup>5</sup> Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.]

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  
Of that quick fpirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your defires ;  
I'll leave you.

<sup>5</sup> Sennet.] I have been informed that *fennet* is derived from *fennefte*, 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 *figuate* and pafs over the stage.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *fynnet* 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. XI. p. 83, n. 3. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.



*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :<sup>6</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>7</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>8</sup>  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</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>7</sup> — *strange a hand*—] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</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.

<sup>9</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.

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>a</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?

*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.

<sup>a</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.

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>2</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<sup>3</sup> the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently :<sup>3</sup>  
 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

<sup>9</sup> — a common laugher,] Old Copy—*laughter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To stale with ordinary oaths my love &c.*] To invite every new protefter to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</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.

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 Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,<sup>4</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>5</sup>  
 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 Tiber  
 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.

<sup>4</sup> — *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*] Shakspeare probably collected 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, crofs over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blown leather bottles." MALONE.

<sup>5</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 :

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>6</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 cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper<sup>7</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,<sup>8</sup>  
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

BRU. Another general shout!  
 I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
 world,

“ — those powers, that the queen  
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.”

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *His coward lips did from their colour fly;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *feeble temper* —] i. e. temperament, constitution.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *get the start of the majestic world, &c.*] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings*. WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

Like a Coloffus ; 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 sounded 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 with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.\* [*Shout.*  
 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,

<sup>8</sup> ——— and we petty men  
*Walk under his huge legs,*] So, as an anonymous writer has  
 observed, in Spenser's *Faery 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*, 1614 :

“ What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,  
 “ Than in a subject's ? or what's Tullia  
 “ More in the sound, than should become the name  
 “ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.*] Dr. Young, in his  
*Bufris*, appears to have imitated this passage :

“ Nay, stamp not, tyrant ; I can stamp as loud,  
 “ And raise as many dæmons with the sound.” STEEVENS.

There was a Brutus once,<sup>3</sup> that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil<sup>4</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>5</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  
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;<sup>6</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>7</sup>

CAS. I am glad, that my weak words<sup>8</sup>  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

<sup>3</sup> *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. Lucius Junius Brutus.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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>5</sup> *— aim :*] i. e. guess. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:  
“ But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err, — ” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *— chew upon this ;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</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: “ — inſomuch as they that ſaw it, thought he had been burnt.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I am glad, that my weak words —*] For the sake of regular measure, Mr. Ritson would read:

Caf. *I am glad, my words  
Have struck &c.* STEEVENS.

*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 four fashion, tell you What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*BRU.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret<sup>7</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.

*CES.* Antonius.

*ANT.* Cæsar.

*CES.* Let me have men about me, that are fat; Sleek-headed men,<sup>8</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, Cæsar, he's not dangerous; He is a noble Roman, and well given.

<sup>7</sup> — *ferret* — ] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</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." STEVENS.



CÆS. 'Would he were fatter: '—But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:<sup>a</sup>  
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.

<sup>9</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>a</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. V. p. 530, n. 8. STEEVENS.

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

*BRU.* What was the second noise for?

*CASCA.* Why, for that too.

*CAS.* They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

*CASCA.* Why, for that too.

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

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

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

*CASCA.* Why, Antony.

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

*CASCA.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was 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 offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd

<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.

their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*CAS.* But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

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

*BRU.* 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

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

*CASCA.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he 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 refused 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

<sup>4</sup> — *no true man.*] No honest man. See Vol. IV. p. 325, n. 5. 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 stood so much

“ Upon the voice of *occupation.*” MALONE.

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 stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

*CASCA.* Ay.

*CAS.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*CASCA.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*CAS.* To what effect?

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

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

*CASCA.* No, I am 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 fauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*BRU.* And so it is. For this time I will leave  
you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*CAS.* I will do so :—till then, think of the world.  
[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd :<sup>6</sup> Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard ;<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,

<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.

From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. *dispos'd to*. See Vol. XI. p. 185,  
n. 2. 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.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.*] This is a reflection on Brutus's in-  
gratitude ; 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 *hu-  
mour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions.

WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this : *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Bru-  
tus 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 princi-  
ples. JOHNSON.

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 worfe days endure.

[Exit.

S C E N E 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>8</sup>

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway  
of earth<sup>9</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 faucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

<sup>8</sup> — *Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home?  
JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 328, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *sway of earth*—] The whole weight or *momentum* of this  
globe. JOHNSON.

*CÆSAR.* A common slave<sup>2</sup> (you know him well by sight,)

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

<sup>2</sup> *A common slave &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“ — a slave of the fouldiers that did cast a marvelous burning  
flame out of his hande, infomuch 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. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

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 lion put forth, who gazed awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the bear.” Again: “ — the above mentioned young lusty lion and lyoness were both put together, to see 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 staring and panting a pretty while, so as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoyled and spent; and upon a fodaine gazed upon that dog which remained, and so soon as he had spoyled and worried, almost destroyed him.”

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 ?

*CASCA.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

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

*CASCA.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

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* :

“ 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 talk 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. VIII. p. 267, n. 7. MALONE.



*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>s</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.

*CAS.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

<sup>s</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.

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Why old men fools, and children calculate ;<sup>6</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,  
 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>7</sup>

<sup>5</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>6</sup> — and children calculate ;] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy : for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, 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 Devises*, edit. 1576. Article 54, signed, M. Bew :

“ Their *calculate*, thei chaunt, thei charme,

“ To conquere us that meane no harme.”

This author is speaking of women. STEVENS.

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.

<sup>7</sup> — prodigious grown,] *Prodigious* is portentous. So, in *Titulus and Cressida* :

“ It is *prodigious*, there will be some change.”

See Vol. V. p. 170, n. 7. STEVENS.

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>8</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,  
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>9</sup>

<sup>8</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 *sinews*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *every bondman—bears*

*The power to cancel his captivity.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. Posthumus speaking of his *chains*:

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 fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:<sup>3</sup>  
 Be factious for redress<sup>4</sup> of all these griefs;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,

" — 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Be factious for redress* — ] *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.

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 ' we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*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 sights.

<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 *Is favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance  
or countenance like, &c. See Vol. IV. p. 323, n. 3.

STEVENS.

Perhaps *fav'rous* is the true reading : So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Some say the earth

“ Was *fav'rous*, and did shake.” REED.

*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: set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

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

*CAS.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

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

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

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

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*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 Tiber.”

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 of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was considered as synonymous to the former.

MALONE.

The number of treatises written on the subject of horticulture, even at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, very strongly controvert Mr. Malone's supposition relative to the unfrequency of gardens at so 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 these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. “ It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard* or *garden* with fruit.” *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 see his *orchard*, where they are to eat a *last year's pippin of his own grafting*, he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation.

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 ftudy, 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,  
I know no perfonal caufe to fpurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
queftion.

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 ftng in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abufe of greatnefs is, when it difjoins  
Remorfe from power:<sup>7</sup> And, to fpeak truth of  
Cæfar,

Leland alfo in his Itinerary diftinguifhes them. “At Morle in Derbyfhire (fays he) there is as much pleafure of orchards of great variety of frute, 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?” STEVENS,

See Vol. VIII. p. 198, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Remorfe from power:] *Remorfe*, for mercy. WARBURTON.

*Remorfe* (fays Mr. Heath) fignifies the confcious uneafinefs arifing from a fenfe of having done wrong; to extinguiſh which feeling, nothing hath fo great a tendency as abſolute uncontrouled power.



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>2</sup>  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>3</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>4</sup> grow mis-  
 chievous ;  
 And kill him in the shell.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

*Remorse* is pity, tenderness ; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. IV. p. 236, n. 6 ; and p. 360, n. 9. 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>2</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 :

“ 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>3</sup> — *base degrees* —] Low steps. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

“ Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *as his kind*,] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*LUC.* The taper burneth in your closet, fir.  
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.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?<sup>5</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,—*

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.

<sup>5</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 *Concordance of yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*. MALONE.

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>6</sup>  
 To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-  
 mise,  
 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>7</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>8</sup> all the interim is

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</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>8</sup> *Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, &c.*] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers.

Like a phantasma,<sup>8</sup> or a hideous dream :  
The genius, and the mortal instruments,

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 judgement 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*.

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*

Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an infurrection.

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

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a kingdom, nor are the *instruments, conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *infurrection* 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* fo  
“ 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:

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

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

“ — 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 Expoſitor*, 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.

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 *Oſbello* :

“ 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 outſcorn  
“ The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ — in the body of this *ſheſhly 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

BRU. Is he alone?

LUC. No, fir, there are more with him.

BRU. Do you know them?

LUC. No, fir; their hats are pluck'd about their  
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

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 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 prosaic: 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 *Englisch Expositor*, 1616, is a vision, or imagined appearance.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — your brother Cassius —] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus' sister. STEEVENS.

That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>2</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, con-  
spiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,<sup>3</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,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

<sup>2</sup> — any mark of favour.] Any distinction of countenance.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 323, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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.



*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>4</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.

*CAS.* And let us swear our resolution.

*BRU.* No, not an oath: If not the face of men,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</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?* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *No, not an oath: If not the face of men, &c.*] Dr. Warburton would read *face of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

*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*—*Nilil horum ora umbræque moverant?*

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. STEVENS.

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 passages 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 partiele

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 foul—

"No, not so much perdition," &c.

Mr. M. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faits* 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 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 *faits* to me." MALONE.

And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>6</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>7</sup> and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests,<sup>8</sup> and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</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>7</sup> *And will not palter ?*] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiversar*. 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>8</sup> *Swear priests, &c.*] This is imitated by Otway :

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

<sup>9</sup> — *cautelous,*] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

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

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

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

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kyngs 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.

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>2</sup>  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said, his judgement 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.

<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>2</sup> ——— *opinion,*] i. e. character. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion.”

The quotation is Mr. Reed's. See Vol. VIII. p. 585, n. 7.

STEEVENS.

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 improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:<sup>3</sup>  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,<sup>4</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>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — and envy afterwards:] *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9; and p. 101, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>4</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>5</sup> — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

“ — Gradive, dedisti,  
“ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :<sup>6</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.

CÆS. Yet I do fear him :<sup>6</sup>  
 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 :

“ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti  
 “ Funus erat.” *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEVENS.

<sup>6</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 bucked 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.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *take thought,*] That is, *turn melancholy.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :  
 “ What shall we do, Ænobarbus ?  
 “ *Think and die.*”

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

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in St. Matthew, where the verb *μαρτυρῶν*, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forebode 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.”—

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.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet,  
Wher Cæsar 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>9</sup>

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 thoughts then, in this instance, is not to *turn melancholy*, whatever *think* may be in *Antony and Cleopatra* : HENLEY.

See Vol. IV. p. 75, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *company*.] *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *companion*, Act IV. HENLEY.

<sup>9</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.

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

DEC. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'erfway him : for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>a</sup>

*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* :

“ Raife 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.”

<sup>a</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 *Faery Queen*, B. II. ch. 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 *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career

“ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller

“ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,

“ And e'er he could get shelter of a tree,

“ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”



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>

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.

*Bears* are reported to have been surpris'd 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 *Nat. Hist.* 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.

<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.

*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>5</sup> put on our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures,<sup>6</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,

<sup>5</sup> *Let not our looks —*] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, wear  
or *show* our designs. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou hast no figures, &c.*] *Figures* occurs in the same sense in  
the First Part of *Henry IV.* Act I. sc. iii :

“ He apprehends a world of *figures.*” HENLEY.

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 insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>7</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>8</sup> by my once commended beauty,

<sup>7</sup> — on your condition,] On your temper ; the disposition of your mind. See Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> I charm you,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline* :

By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*BRU.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*POR.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in fort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals,<sup>9</sup> comfort your bed,<sup>a</sup>

“ — ’tis your graces

“ That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” *STEEVENS.*

<sup>9</sup> *To keep with you at meals, &c.]* “ I being, O Brutus, (ſayd 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 euill fortune. Nowe for thyſelfe, I can finde no cauſe of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I ſhowe my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy ſake, if I can not conſtantlie beare a ſecrete miſchaunce or grieſe 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 wiſe 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 thoſe 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 Plutarcb.* *STEEVENS.*

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

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 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, *confort*. 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.” UFTON.

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.

I grant, I am a woman ;<sup>4</sup> but, withal,  
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :  
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.<sup>5</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 charactery<sup>6</sup> of my sad brows :—  
 Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.

<sup>4</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 ;

“ 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>5</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>6</sup> *All the charactery —*] i. e. *all that is character'd on, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who's that, knocks?'

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

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

*LIG.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*BRU.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief? <sup>8</sup> 'Would you were not sick!

The word has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 358, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *who's 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>8</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.

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

*BRU.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you 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>9</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>9</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. VI. p. 373, n. 3. MALONE.



## S C E N E 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 ceremonial 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 of  
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, rutilantia 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 suppose,  
to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimas 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 ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

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

**CAL.** When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
 princes.<sup>7</sup>

Again, *ibid*:

“ To tofs the spear, and in a warlike gyre  
 “ To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head.”  
 Shakspere uses the word again in *As You Like it*:  
 “ — in which *hurling*,  
 “ From miserable slumber 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 signified to *push* violently; and, as in such  
 an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to  
 have been used in the sense of *to clash*. 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 second folio. Its blundering pre-  
 decessor reads:

*Horfes do neigh*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *When beggars die, there are no comets seen*;

*The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes*.] “ Next  
 to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met  
 withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events  
 which follow (for the most part,) after *blazing starres*; 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.” *Defen-  
 sative 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.

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths;<sup>7</sup>

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,<sup>8</sup>

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,<sup>9</sup>

Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

<sup>7</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>8</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>9</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.

**CÆS.** The gods do this in shame of cowardice:<sup>2</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>3</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *in shame of cowardice*:] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</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, inſauftæ volucres, aut ulla dierum

Vana ſuperſtitio 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)

*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.

*CAL.* Say, he is sick.

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

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

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

Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex  
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

STEVENS.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
 Because I love you, I will let you know.  
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,<sup>5</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>6</sup>  
 And evils imminent; <sup>7</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  
 Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *my statua,*] See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 8; and Vol. X. p. 594, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *warnings, portents,*] Old copy, unmetrically,—warnings and portents. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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.

<sup>8</sup> — *and that great men shall press*

*For tinctures, stains, relics, 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

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.

DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can 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>1</sup>  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
And reason <sup>s</sup> to my love is liable.

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now,  
Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

*Expofitor*, 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.

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



*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*PUB.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*CÆS.* Welcome, Publius.—

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

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

*BRU.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*CÆS.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—

Good morrow, Antony.

*ANT.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*CÆS.* Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

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

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*TREB.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*CÆS.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine  
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*BRU.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same. A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*ART.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-  
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;  
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;  
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius  
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men,  
and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immor-  
tal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy.  
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,<sup>8</sup>

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.<sup>9</sup>  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>8</sup> *Thy lover,*] See p. 207, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</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.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

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>3</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.—  
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:

<sup>3</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.

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

LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothſayer.*<sup>3</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?

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 Cæ-  
ſar

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>4</sup>

Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Soothſayer.*] The introduction of the Soothſayer 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 Porus in his paſſage from his firſt ſtand, p. 306, to one more convenient, p. 309. TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</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.

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>s</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.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd 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.

<sup>s</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.

*ART.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a  
fruit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

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

*ART.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*CÆS.* What, is the fellow mad?

*PUB.* Sirrah, give place.

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

*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.  
All the Senators rise.*

*POP.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*CÆS.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*POP.* Fare you well. [*advances to Cæsar.*]

*BRU.* What said Popilius Lena?

*CÆS.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might  
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*BRU.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.<sup>5</sup>

*CÆS.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</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. 306.—“*Mark well Metellus Cimber.*”

STEVENS.

<sup>6</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*”

For I will slay myself.

*BRU.* Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

(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 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 slay 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.

CÆS. 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.

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

BRU. He is address'd: '7 prefs near, and second him.

CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.<sup>8</sup>

CÆS. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?<sup>9</sup>

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

<sup>7</sup> *He is address'd :*] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. IX. p. 363, n. 4:  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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 *bis* 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 *bis* 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>9</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 seat  
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>2</sup> and first decree,  
Into the law of children.<sup>3</sup> Be not fond,

<sup>2</sup> *And turn pre-ordinance,*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</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 thews and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,  
“ *The inward service of the mind and soul,*  
“ *Grows wide withal.*”

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

“ — in all *line* of order.”

In an ancient bl. letter ballad, entitled, *Houbold Talk, or Good Counsel 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 therefore to adopt Dr. Johnson's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support it. MALONE.

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.*] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully  
 among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to  
 his *Staple of News* : " Cry you mercy ; you never did wrong, but  
 with just cause ?" STEVENS.

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

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

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one  
 of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or  
 perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority,  
 withdrew the words in question ; though, in my opinion, it would  
 have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism  
 was ill-founded ; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for  
*injury* ; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well  
 understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum  
 sine injuriâ* ; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in  
 Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any  
 evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this pas-  
 sage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by  
 Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out  
 when the play was printed in 1623 ; and therefore what are we to  
 think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to  
 ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without  
 his information, would have been totally ignorant ?

TYRWHITT.

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.

*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>5</sup>  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one<sup>6</sup>  
That unaffailable holds on his rank,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</sup> — *but one* —] One and only one. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</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,

Unshak'd of motion :<sup>8</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>9</sup>

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches  
 hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by se-  
 veral other conspirators, and at last by Mar-  
 cus Brutus.]

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>8</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>9</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 impor-  
 tunity 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 Patro-  
 clus 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 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

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute?*<sup>2</sup>—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

See p. 246, n. 3. STEVENS.

<sup>2</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 file, 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 τίνων, 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 about the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, 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. X. p. 374, n. 8.) but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found

**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 fenators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

**CASCA.** Go to the pulpit, Brutus.<sup>3</sup>

**DEC.** And Cassius too.

**BRU.** Where's Publius?

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

**MET.** Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar's  
Should chance—

**BRU.** Talk not of standing;—Publius, good  
cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: <sup>4</sup> so tell them, Publius.

in *Acolastus bis 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, Mirrour 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. 338, n. \*. MALONE.

<sup>3</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 crowd. 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.

<sup>4</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,

*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>5</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  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,<sup>6</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!

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>5</sup> *Cas.*] Both the folios give this speech to Casca. REED.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Stoop, Romans, stoop.*] Plutarch, in *The Life of Cæsar*, says, “Brutus and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance.” And in *The Life of Brutus*,—“Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, showing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people.” THEOBALD.

*CAS.* Stoop then, and wash.<sup>6</sup>—How many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn,<sup>7</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>8</sup>  
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 Antony's.

*SERV.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

<sup>6</sup> *Stoop then, and wash.*] To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *wash'd with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</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>8</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 as that *shall happen*. There are too many instances of similar ellipses destroyed by the player editors, at the expence of metre. STEEVENS.



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

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

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

*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>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *who else is rank:*] Who else may be supposed to have  
 overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety.

JOHNSON.

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

*BRU.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
 And this the bleeding<sup>a</sup> 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>2</sup> so pity, pity,)

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. VIII. p. 170, n. 2. MALONE.

In *The Tempest* we have—

— whom to trass

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.

<sup>2</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.

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>3</sup> and our hearts,  
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, Metellus ;

<sup>3</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 perform'd, 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 — *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.

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love,<sup>4</sup> yours, good Trebo-  
nius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?  
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>5</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,

<sup>4</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 Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>5</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*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,

“Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

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

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

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*. STEVENS.

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 compāct mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands; but was,  
indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all,<sup>6</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 sutor, 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>7</sup>—

<sup>6</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>7</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.

You know not what you do; Do not consent,  
[*Aside.*]  
 That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?

*BRU.* By your pardon;—  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And 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 bleeding piece of 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>7</sup>  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

<sup>7</sup> — in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.

Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths,<sup>8</sup> do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;<sup>9</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,

<sup>8</sup> *Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—*

*Which, like dumb mouths, &c.]* So, in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

“ — 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.

<sup>9</sup> *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;]* We should read:

— line of men;

i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

— kind of men;

I rather think it should be,

— the lives of men;

unless we read:

— these lymms of men;

That is, *these bloodbonds* 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 all 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. i. 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.

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 :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,<sup>2</sup>  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*,<sup>3</sup> and let slip<sup>4</sup> the dogs of war ;

<sup>2</sup> *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]*

“ — umbraque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan, Lib. I.*

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admovet atra dies ; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cælo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

*Stat. Tbeb. VIII.*

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

<sup>3</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 Marschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter :

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, 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 begynner shall be deede therefore : & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis : and the persones of such as foloweth and escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Marschall warde unto tyme that they have made syn ; and founde suretie no morr to offende ; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—” JOHNSON.

See p. 129, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</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 slippe 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. IX. p. 352, n. 6. 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>s</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,

“ *Leas'd* in like bounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*

“ Crouch for employment.”

The same observation is made by Steele in the *TATLER*, No.

137. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— for *mine eyes*,] Old Copy—*from mine eyes*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

No Rome of safety<sup>6</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.*]

## S C E N E 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  
 Of Cæsar's death.

*I. CIT.* I will hear Brutus speak.

<sup>6</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.

2. *CIT.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally 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 last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!<sup>7</sup> hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

<sup>7</sup> ——— *countrymen, and lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. *WARBURTON.*

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. *STEVENS.*

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 enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover<sup>s</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

<sup>s</sup> — as I slew my best lover —] See p. 207, n. 7. MALONE.

*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>9</sup>

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>2</sup>

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

3. *CIT.* He says, for Brutus' sake,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</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.

<sup>2</sup> —beholden *to you.*] Throughout the old copies of Shakespeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *He says, for Brutus' sake,*] Here we have another line rendered irregular, by the interpolated and needless words—*He says*—  
STEEVENS.

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.

*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 ransoms 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 judgement, 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>a</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.

<sup>a</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, servetque sepulchro.*

STEVENS.

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,  
And none so poor<sup>3</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>4</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;

<sup>3</sup> *And none so poor* —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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. VI. p. 141, n. 9; and Vol. VII. p. 426, n. 7. MALONE.



And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4. *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'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.  
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4. *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>5</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>6</sup>  
 Which all the while ran blood,<sup>7</sup> great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

<sup>5</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>6</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 disyllable. 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 denizen'd 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 disyllable. MALONE.

See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 8 ; and Vol. X. p. 594, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Which all the while ran blood,*] The image seems to be, 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.

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd<sup>8</sup> over us.  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity:<sup>9</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>3</sup>

1. *CIT.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *CIT.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *CIT.* O woful day!

4. *CIT.* O traitors, villains!

1. *CIT.* O most bloody fight!

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

<sup>8</sup> ——— treason flourish'd ———] i. e. flourished the sword. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And flourishes his blade in spite of me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> The dint of pity:] is the impression of pity.

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

“ Your grace therein may hap receive, with 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>3</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 signifies 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.

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>a</sup> nor words, nor worth,

<sup>a</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 “ pennaed and premeditated oration.”

But the artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was surely designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice &c. (the usual requisites of an orator) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged that he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*CIT.* We'll mutiny.

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

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

*ANT.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
 speak.

*CIT.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-  
 tony.

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

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*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,

aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a composition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings in *King Richard III.* it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it.

What is styled the devil's *writ* in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. is the deposition of the dæmon, *written* down before witnesses on the stage. I therefore continue to read with the second folio, being unambitious of reviving the blunders of the first. STEVENS.

To every several man, seventy five drachmas.<sup>3</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 Tiber; <sup>4</sup> he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1. *CIT.* Never, never:—Come, away, away: We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</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>4</sup> *On this side Tiber*;] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

*Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos,* says 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 Tiber*;—

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 Tiber. 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.

<sup>5</sup> — *fire the traitors' houses.*] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—*fire all* the traitor's houses; but *fire* was then

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.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.<sup>6</sup>

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet.*

*CIN.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with  
 Cæsar,<sup>7</sup>

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.

<sup>6</sup> *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*,  
 STEEVENS.

And things unluckily charge my fantasy :<sup>7</sup>  
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,<sup>8</sup>  
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1. *CIT.* What is your name?
2. *CIT.* Whither are you going?
3. *CIT.* Where do you dwell?
4. *CIT.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2. *CIT.* Answer every man directly.
1. *CIT.* Ay, and briefly.
4. *CIT.* Ay, and wifely.
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,  
 wifely, and truly. Wifely 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 answer'd directly.

<sup>7</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>8</sup> — *things unluckily charge my fantasy:*] i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omen'd weight. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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.



4. *CIT.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

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

3. *CIT.* Your name, fir, 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.

*CIN.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *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>2</sup>

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

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

<sup>2</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 Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

*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>8</sup>  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*ANT.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.<sup>9</sup>

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereupon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an island enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holines of friendship at their fete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vnclè 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?"

"*OA.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

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>8</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>9</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:

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  
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>2</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 soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,

" — by your confession

" Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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.

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>  
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion :<sup>a</sup> Do not talk of him,

<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 : *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text :

*On 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 another play, where I have given an instance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the same occasion. A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

*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>a</sup> ——— *and stal'd by other men,*

*Begin his fashion :*] Shakspeare has already woven this circum-

But as a property.<sup>3</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>4</sup>

stance 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.

<sup>3</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>4</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 *bigbest*.” 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 sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Ocr.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,<sup>5</sup>  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, 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, Pin-  
darus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,<sup>5</sup>

word of mere enforcement, and is frequently introduced by Shak-  
speare. 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>5</sup> ——— at the stake,] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Mac-  
beth*, Act V:

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

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

<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

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

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

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

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

*things I could wish undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the cause. 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 Shakspeare, 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. *STEVENS.*

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.*

That every nice offence<sup>7</sup> should bear his comment.

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

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

*BRU.* The name of Cassius honours this corrup-  
tion,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*CAS.* Chastisement!

*BRU.* Remember March, the ides of March re-  
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice?<sup>8</sup> 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.

<sup>7</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.

<sup>8</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.



*Cæs.*                      *BRUTUS*, bay not me,<sup>9</sup>  
 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>

<sup>9</sup> *Cæs.* *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:

“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 storm’d at.” MALONE.

The second folio, on both occasions, has—*bait*; and the spirit of the reply will, in my judgement, 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. IX. p. 84, n. 5. 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.

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

CAS. I deny'd you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not:—he was but a fool,  
 That brought my answer back.<sup>5</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>6</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

this place, had any deeper meaning than in the following line in  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“*Hard-banded 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*:

“*\_\_\_\_\_ bands*

“*Made hourly hard with falsehood as with labour.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *my answer back.*] The word *back* is unnecessary to the  
 sense, and spoils the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

As huge as high Olympus.

*CAS.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is weary of the world :  
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;<sup>7</sup>  
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :  
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
 better  
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*BRU.* Sheath your dagger :  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

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

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

<sup>7</sup> *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ; &c.*] I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 364 :  
 " Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true." BLACKSTONE.

CAS. Do you confefs ſo much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus!—

BRU. What's the matter?

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

BRU. Yes, Caſſius; and, henceforth,<sup>6</sup> When you are over-earnelt with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides,<sup>7</sup> and leave you ſo.

[*Noiſe within.*]

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

LUC. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

POET. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

*Enter Poet.*<sup>8</sup>

CAS. How now? What's the matter?

POET. For ſhame, you generals; What do you mean?

<sup>6</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>7</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>8</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>9</sup>

CAS. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; faucy 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 jigg'ing fools?<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</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:*

'Αλλὰ τίδυσθ' ἄμφο δὲ μαρτίων ἴσον ἐσθίω.

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."

STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *What should the wars do with these jigg'ing 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 *jigging*, 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 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 ap-

Companion, hence.<sup>3</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 Messala  
with you  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*BRU.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

*BRU.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is  
dead.

*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?

pears 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 antient 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>3</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.* P. II. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

“—I scorn you, scurvy companion,” &c. STEEVENS.

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>4</sup>

CAS. And died so?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</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. 1. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, 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>5</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!*

*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'er-swell 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,  
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.

The tragick *Abs* and *Obs* interpolated by the players, are too frequently permitted to derange our author's measure. STEEVENS.



CAS. Cicero one?

MES. Ay, Cicero is dead,<sup>5</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>6</sup>  
 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>7</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?

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, Cicero is dead,*] For the insertion of the affirmative adverb, to complete the verse, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *once,*] i. e. at some time or other. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ — I pray, thee *once* to-night

“ Give my sweet Nan this ring.”

See Vol. III. p. 434, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *in art* —] That is, in theory. MALONE.

CAS. I do not think it good.

BRU. Your reason?

CAS. This it is :<sup>5</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.

CAS. Hear me, good brother.

BRU. Under your pardon.—You must note be-  
side,

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>6</sup> in the affairs of men,

<sup>5</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 :—*. STEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

STEVENS.

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.

BRU. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
well, good Messala;—  
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

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

BRU. Every thing is well.

CAS. Good night, my lord.

BRU. Good night, good brother.

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.

<sup>1</sup> *Never come such division 'tween our souls!*] So, in the mock play  
in *Hamlet*:

“ And never come mischance between us twain.”

STEVENS.

*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!

*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 forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,  
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, fir.

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,

<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 *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x :

“ Who mightily upheld that royal mace.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faery 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.

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 weaknes of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?\*

\* ——— [*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 euill spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwise affrayd, replied 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 goddes 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

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 strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

LUC. My lord!

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
cry'dst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any  
thing?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

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 wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at  
the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it  
did him no hurt, but stode 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 replied agayne, and said, Well, I shall  
see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from  
him."

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 III.* Vol. X. p. 680. n. 6. STEEVENS.

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.

*CLAU.* Nor I, my lord.

*BRU.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cæsarius;

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>2</sup> at Philippi here,

<sup>2</sup> — warn us —] To *warn* is to summon. So, in *K. 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



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>3</sup> thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant 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.

*OCCT.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou<sup>4</sup> the left.

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

*OCCT.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

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

always used in this sense. "Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his syne, that he came not to the hall when he was warned, according to the orders of this house." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *keep thou* —] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. RITSON.

*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>5</sup>  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*ANT.* Not stingless too.

*BRU.* O, yes, and foundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*ANT.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

<sup>5</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 therefore 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.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
 Whilst damned Casca,<sup>6</sup> like a cur, behind,  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!<sup>7</sup>

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:<sup>8</sup>  
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
 If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Ocr.* 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>9</sup>  
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Casca.*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like a degenerate cur behind him.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *O flatterers!*] Old copy, unmetrically,—*O you flatterers!* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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>9</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.

<sup>2</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.

*BRU.* Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,  
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 Cassius still !

*OCT.* Come, Antony ; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we<sup>8</sup> in your teeth :  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*CAS.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and  
swim, bark !  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*BRU.* Ho !  
Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*LUC.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*CAS.* Messala,—

*MES.* What says my general ?

<sup>8</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.

Cas.

Messala,<sup>9</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>a</sup>

<sup>9</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 vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day."

STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *our former ensign* ———] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses 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*.

STEVENS.

*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.

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
 Who to Philippi here conformed us :  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;  
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey ;<sup>2</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 !  
 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 determined to do ?<sup>3</sup>

*BRU.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>4</sup>

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon *forma*, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — as we were sickly prey ;] So, in *King John* :

“ As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The very last time we shall speak together :*

*What are you then determined to do ?*] i. e. I am resolv'd in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of?

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</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 determina-

By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,

tions 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 things amongest men are most vncertayne, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly, or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to fend vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will look no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall live in another more glorious worlde." 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. 388.) 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 sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid it 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

But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life: <sup>4</sup>—arming myself with patience,<sup>5</sup>  
 To stay the providence of some high powers,  
 That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,<sup>6</sup>  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

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>4</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 example of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *arming myself with patience, &c.]* Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</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. has lost *the battle*. STEEVENS.



*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>7</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

The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The same. The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*BRU.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</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. 374, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

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.*

### S C E N E 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>9</sup>—Look, look, Titi-  
 nius;

<sup>9</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 enemics spoiled his campe

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>2</sup>  
[*Exit.*]

*CAS.* Go, Pindarus,<sup>3</sup> get higher on that hill;<sup>4</sup>

before his eyes. He saw 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 saw him comming a farre off, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friendes, they showted 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 friendes 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 reserved ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found severed from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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 dissimms,—." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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>4</sup> — *get higher on that hill;*] Our author perhaps wrote on

My sight 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>3</sup>  
And, where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?<sup>4</sup>

PIN. [above.] O my lord !<sup>5</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.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*this hill ; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of 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>3</sup> — *time is come round,*] So, in *King Lear*, the Bastard, dying says :

“ The wheel is come full circle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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. VII. p. 518, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</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.

*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,

VOL. XII.

C c

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 sight.

*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 LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MES. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.<sup>6</sup> [*Low alarums.*]

CATO. Brave Titinius!  
Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
The last of all the Romans,<sup>7</sup> fare thee well!

<sup>6</sup> — and turns our swords

[In our own proper entrails.] So, *Lutan*, Lib. I :

“ — populumque potentem

“ In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.” STEEVENS,

<sup>7</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. X. p. 390, n. 8. 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,

It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more  
tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos<sup>7</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.—

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. 390, where, (see note 4.) *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 Shakespeare ? 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.

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" — know *thou* noble youth !"

And fifty more instances to the same purpose might be introduced.

Objectum est Historico (*Crematio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset. *Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — and to Thassos —] Old Copy—*Tharfus*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's *Translation*. STEEVENS.



Labeo, and Flavius,<sup>8</sup> set our battles on:—  
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter 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>9</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>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Labeo and Flavius,*] Old Copy—*Flavio.* Corrected by the  
 editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> — *being Cato's son.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

I. SOLD. Yield, or thou dieſt.

LUC. Only I yield to die :  
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight ;<sup>3</sup>  
[Offering money.  
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

I. SOLD. We muſt not.—A noble priſoner !

2. SOLD. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

I. SOLD. I'll tell the news.<sup>4</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>5</sup> Brutus is ſafe enough :

<sup>3</sup> Luc. *Only I yield to die :*

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

<sup>4</sup> *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads: *I'll tell thee news.*—  
JOHNSON.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Safe, Antony ;*] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: “ In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who ſtoſtly with a bold countenance ſayd, Antonius, I dare aſſure thee, that no enimie hath taken, nor ſhall take Marcus Brutus alieu: and I beſeech God keepe him from that fortune. For whereſocuer he be found, alieu or dead, he will be founde like himſelfe. And 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 reſuſe 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

I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*ANT.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure  
 you,  
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :  
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
 How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
 VOLUMNIUS.*

*BRU.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this  
 rock.

*CLI.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ;<sup>6</sup> but, my  
 lord,

them : my companions, I thinke ye are forie 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," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Statilius show'd the torch-light ; &c.*] So, in the old translation  
 of *Plutarch* : " Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no  
 great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the truth of  
 it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his

He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

*BRU.* Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*whispering.*]

*CLI.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the  
world.

*BRU.* Peace then, no words.

*CLI.* I'll rather kill myself.

*BRU.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whispers bim.*]

enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torch-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not againe, he say'd : if Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his euil fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare ; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake : for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and 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.

DAR. I do such a deed?<sup>7</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?

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

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts,<sup>8</sup> whilst I run on it.

<sup>7</sup> *I do such a deed?*] Old copy—*Shall I do &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *my sword-hilts,*] So in the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 385:

“ — 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*:

*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, Vol-  
lumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.<sup>8</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.*]

*CLI.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*BRU.* Hence; I will follow thee.<sup>9</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?

<sup>8</sup> "And hides a sword from *bills* unto the point" &c.

Falstaff also, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. says, "Seven, by these *bills*; I am a villain else." STEVENS.

<sup>8</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>9</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.

STEVENS.

STRA. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,  
my lord.

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>9</sup>

OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain  
them.<sup>2</sup>

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.*] See p. 391.

<sup>2</sup> —entertain *them.*] i. e. receive them into my service. So,  
in *King Lear*: “You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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 II. sc. ii:

“Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,  
“And hath preferr'd thee;” REED.

OCT. Do so, Meffala<sup>9</sup>.

MES. How died my master, Strato?

STRAT. 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  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Do so, Meffala.*] Old copy, neglecting the metre—Do so, good Meffala. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the after 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.” STEVENS.

<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. STEVENS.

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of *The Barons' Wars*, under the title of *MORTIMERIADOS, the lamentable civill warres of Edward the Second and the Barons*: Printed by



*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.]

J. R. for Humphry Lownes, and are to be solde 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 foveraigne powres did sute,  
 “ In whom in peace the elements all lay  
 “ So mixt, as none could foveraigntie 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 shew'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 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.

\* Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and réconciliation 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, seems 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. 275, n. 8,) 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 us'd 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 mysele 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 presentis 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 public 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 has 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, quaeso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philipp. 4<sup>a</sup>*

*Addison.* The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,

The nurse of Heroes the Delight of Gods.

*Tully.* Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriae, 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 judgement 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 Shakespear, 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  
 Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Em-  
 pire 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: s 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 wou'd 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  
 shoud 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 itselfe.  
 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 fitting 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.



**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.\***

**D d 2**





\* ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.] Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterfon, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEVENS.

*Antony and Cleopatra* was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

- |   |   |                           |
|---|---|---------------------------|
| <p>M. Antony,<br/>Octavius Cæsar,<br/>M. Æmil. Lepidus,<br/>Sextus Pompeius.</p>  | } | <i>Triumvirs.</i>         |
| <p>Domitius Enobarbus,<br/>Ventidius,<br/>Eros,<br/>Scarus,<br/>Dercetas,<br/>Demetrius,<br/>Philo,<br/>Mecænas,<br/>Agrippa,<br/>Dolabella,<br/>Proculeius,<br/>Thyreus,<br/>Gallus,<br/>Menas,<br/>Menecrates,<br/>Varrius,</p> | } | <i>Friends of Antony.</i> |
| <p>Taurus,<br/>Canidius,<br/>Silius,<br/><i>An Ambassador from</i><br/>Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes;<br/><i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i></p>   | } | <i>Friends to Cæsar.</i>  |
| <p><i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i></p>  | } | <i>Friends of Pompey.</i> |
- Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*  
 Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*  
 Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*  
*An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*  
 Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*  
*A Soothsayer. A Clown.*
- Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*  
 Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*  
 Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*  
 Iras, }
- Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*
- SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,<sup>2</sup>  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>3</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust.<sup>4</sup> Look, where they come!

<sup>2</sup> — of our general's,] It has already been observed that this phraseology (not, of our general,) was the common phraseology of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

An erroneous reference in Mr. Malone's edition, prevents me from doing complete justice to his remark. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — reneges —] Renounces. POPE.

So, in *King Lear*: "Reneg, affirm," &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And is become the bellows, and the fan, To cool a gipsy's lust.*—] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

*Flourish.* Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar<sup>6</sup> of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

— is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To kindle and is cool a gypsy's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: "Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them* a pair of *bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections." STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of *wind*, without attending to the domestic use to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Then, with her *windy* sighs, and golden hairs,  
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she looks."

The following lines in Spenser's *Raey Queen*, B. II. c. ix. at once support and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, lest by mischaunce  
"It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,  
"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,  
"A huge great payre of *bellowes*, which did fyre  
"Continually, and *cooling* breath inspyre." MALONE.

Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his reasons for it ill founded. The *bellows* and the *fan* have the same effects. When applied to a fire, they increase it; but when applied to any other warm substance, they *cool* it. M. MASON.

— gypsy's lust.] *Gypsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> The triple pillar —] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
"He bade me store up as a *triple eye*." MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 409

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.<sup>7</sup>

CLEO. I'll set a bourn<sup>8</sup> how far to be below'd.

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATT. News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANT. 'Grates me :—The fum.<sup>3</sup>

CLEO. Nay, hear them,<sup>3</sup> Antony :  
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*

<sup>7</sup> *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ They are but beggars that can count their worth.”

“ *Basfa pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*”

Mart. l. vi. ep. 36.

Again, in the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ; as translated by Golding, p. 172 :

*Pauperis est numerare pecus.*

“ Tush ! beggars of their cattle use the number for to know.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Much ado about nothing* :

“ I were but little happy, If I could say how much.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *bourn* — ] Bound or limit. POPE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — one that fixes

“ No *bourn* 'twixt his and mine.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.*] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *The fum.*] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, hear them,*] i. e. the *news*. This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* : “ Antonius hearing *these* newes,” &c. MALONE.

410 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*Take in that kingdom,<sup>4</sup> and enfranchise that ;  
Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

ANT. . . . . How, my love !

CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ?<sup>5</sup> Cæsar's, I would say ?—  
Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blufhest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-  
gers.

ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide  
arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall !<sup>6</sup> Here is my space ;

<sup>4</sup> *Take in, &c.*] i. e. subdue, conquer. See Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 5 ; and Vol. XII. p. 26, n. 9. REED.

<sup>5</sup> *Where's Fulvia's process ?*] *Process* here means *summons*.

M. MASON.

“ The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *proccesse*, by which a man is called into the court and no more.” Minshew's *DICT.* 1617, in v. *Proccesse*.—“ To serve with *proccesse*. Vide to *cite*, to *summon*.” *Ibid.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and the wide arch

*Of the rang'd empire fall !*] Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a *fabrick* standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus* :

“ — bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

“ In heaps and piles of ruin.”

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. ii : “ Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine.”

STEEVENS.

Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
 Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
 Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,  
 [embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind  
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,<sup>7</sup>  
 We stand up peerless.

CLEO.                      Excellent falsehood !  
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
 I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
 Will be himself.

ANT.                      But stirr'd by Cleopatra.<sup>8</sup>—  
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,<sup>9</sup>

The term *raunge* seems to have been applied in a peculiar sense to mason-work in our author's time. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ix :

“ It was a vault y-built for great dispence,  
 “ With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — to weet,] To know. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> — Antony

Will be himself.

Ant. *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.*—] *But*, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. Antony, says the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. Unless kept, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*. JOHNSON.

What could Cleopatra mean by saying *Antony will recollect his thoughts* ? What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him ? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy in which she wished to keep him. By *Antony will be himself*, she means to say, “ that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia.” To which he replies, *If but stirr'd by Cleopatra* ; that is, if moved to it in the slightest degree by her.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,*] For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ Let Love, being light, be drowned if *she* sink.”

412 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Let's not confound the time <sup>2</sup> with conference harsh :  
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
 Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

CLEO. Hear the ambassadors.

ANT. Fye, wrangling queen !  
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weep ; <sup>3</sup> whose every passion fully strives <sup>4</sup>  
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
 No messenger ; but thine and all alone, <sup>5</sup>

Mr. Rowe substituted *his* for *her*, and this unjustifiable alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Let's not confound the time*—] i. e. let us not consume the time. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
 “ And bring thy news so late ? ” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weep ;*] So, in our author's 150th *Sonnet* :

“ Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 “ That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 “ There is such strength and warrantife of skill,  
 “ That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ? ”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — whose every passion fully strives —] The folio reads—*whose*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe ; but “ *whose every passion* ” was not, I suspect, the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. MALONE.

*Whose every*, is an undoubted phrase of our author. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ A space, whose every cubit  
 “ Seems to cry out,” &c.

See Vol. III. p. 70. Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — this hand, whose touch,  
 “ *Whose every touch* ” &c.

See Vol. XIII. p. 54.

The same expression occurs again in another play, but I have lost my reference to it. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *No messenger ; but thine and all alone, &c.*] Cleopatra has said, “ Call in the messengers ; ” and afterwards, “ Hear the ambassadors.” Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers ; I am now



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 413

To-night, we'll wander through the streets,<sup>6</sup> and  
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.

DEM. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I'm full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar,<sup>7</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To-night, we'll wander through the streets, &c.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius*: "—Sometime also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That he approves the common liar,*] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it." STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. Another Room.**Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothfayer.*<sup>8</sup>

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothfayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothfayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Southfayer, *Rannius*, *Lucilius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — change *bis horns with garlands!*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*must charge bis horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

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

So, Taylor the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "—with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified *variety* of them. *Coriolanus* says that he has received "change of honours" from the Patricians. Act II. sc. i.

That to *change with*, "applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other," is the language of Shakspeare,

ALEX. Soothfayer.

SOOTH. Your will?

Mr. Malone might have learn'd from the following passage in *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. vi. i. e. the Queen's speech to Pisanio:

" ——— to shift his being,

" Is to *exchange* one misery *with* another."

Again, in the 4th Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 892:

" ——— where thou might'st hope to *change*

" Torment *with ease*." STEEVENS.

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was sometimes omitted both in Ms. and print, and the omission thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *charge* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change with*, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in *The Taming the Shrew*, we have the modern phraseology—*change for*:

To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions.

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of that age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our author, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense: whilst on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none; for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive *change* being formerly used to signify *variety*, (as *change* of cloaths, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of cloaths* or *linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to show that it signified to *dress*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at present*, for garlands or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he

416 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CHAR. Is this the man?—Is't you, fir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good fir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

did get them, he should *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns *charg'd with garlands* is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, 8vo, 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to "hold his *wetvet horns* as high as the best of them."

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head*; a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So Sidney:

"A *garland* made, on temples for to wear."

It is observable that the same mistake as this happened in *Coriolanus*, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt,

"That should but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—to *change with*, in Lyly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"The sweetness of that banquet must forego,

"Whose pleafant taste is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am still, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons assigned in my original note.

MALONE.

"To change his horns *with* [i. e. for] garlands," signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as

CHAR. Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means, in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHAR. Hush!

SOOTH. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver<sup>2</sup> with drinking.

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,<sup>3</sup> to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:<sup>4</sup> find me

an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "There is no staff more honourable than one tipped with *born*."—We are not to look for serious argument in such a "skipping dialogue" as that before us. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I had rather heat my liver* —] To know why the lady is so averse from *beating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimples face. JOHNSON.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:

"He'll not approach a tavern, no nor drink ye,

"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?

"For heating's liver; which some may suppose

"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*." MALONE.

The *liver* was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, "She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated."

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *let me have a child at fifty*,] This is one of Shakspeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage*:] Herod paid

## 418 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTH. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHAR. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.<sup>5</sup>

SOOTH. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:<sup>6</sup> Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, *Hamlet* says of a ranting player, that he "*out-berods Herod.*" And in this tragedy *Alexas* tells *Cleopatra* that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—*Charmian* wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— [*I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Then, belike, my children shall have no names:*] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose *I shall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNSON.

*A fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says *Launce* in the third act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*" STEEVENS.

SOOTH. If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.<sup>7</sup>

CHAR. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.<sup>8</sup>

ALEX. You think, none but your sheets are pri-  
vy to your wishes.

CHAR. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

“ Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *If every of your wishes had a womb,*

*And fertile every wish, a million.]* For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all;* that is, *and if I should tell all.* *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*. JOHNSON.

If every one of your wishes, says the soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise fertile, you then would have a million of children.—The merely supposing each of her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the soothsayer to pronounce that she should have any children, much less a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to “the sterile curse.” The word *fertile* therefore is absolutely requisite to the sense.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, “I should shame you and tell all,” *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. MALONE.

The epithet *fertile* is applied to womb, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Enfear thy fertile and conceptious womb.”

I have received Dr. Warburton's most happy emendation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *I forgive thee for a witch.]* From a common proverbial reproach to silly ignorant females :—“ You'll never be burnt for a witch.” STEEVENS.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be—drunk to bed.

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

CHAR. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,<sup>8</sup> I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'y-thee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHAR. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHAR. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune,<sup>9</sup> his fortune.—O, let

<sup>8</sup> *Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, &c.]* So, in *Otello*:

“—This *band* is *moist*, my lady:—

“This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart.” MALONE.

Antonio, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, has the same remark:

“I have a *moist, sweaty palm*; the more's my sin.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Alexas,—come, his fortune,]* [In the old copy, the name of *Alexas* is prefixed to this speech.]

Whose fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipt the observation of all the editors; especially of the sagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, bad all the speeches*



him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*IRAS.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*CHAR.* Amen.

*ALEX.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*ENO.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*CHAR.* Not he, the queen.

*been printed without the very names of the persons, he believes one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker. But in how many instances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falsified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, We'll know all our fortunes. Well; the soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and with heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observation which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused. THEOBALD.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

CLEO. Saw you my lord?<sup>9</sup>

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the fudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

ENO. Madam.

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEX. Here, madam,<sup>2</sup> at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

CLEO. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothfayer, and Attendants.*]

MES. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MES. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,

<sup>9</sup> *Saw you my lord?*] Old copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Saw* was formerly written *save*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Here, madam,*] The respect due from Alexas to his mistress, in my opinion points out the title—*Madam*, (which is wanting in the old copy) as a proper cure for the present defect in metre.

STEEVENS.

Upon the first encounter, drave them.<sup>3</sup>

ANT. Well,  
What worst?

MES. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—  
On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis  
thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MES. Labienus  
(This is stiff news<sup>4</sup>) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended Asia from Euphrates;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —drave them.] *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb, to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus in *Josua*, xxiv. 12: “—and *drave* them out from before you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> (*This is stiff news*)—] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:  
“Fearing some *bard news* from the warlike band.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Extended Asia from Euphrates*;] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Lesser Asia. WARBURTON.

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

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

“Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*,  
“From the south pole unto the northern bear.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—this uncivil and unjust *extent*  
“Against thy peace.”

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner says:

“This manor is *extended* to my use.”

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just; “for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia.” To *extend* is a law term used for to *seize* lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: “Those wretched companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be

His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia;  
Whilft——

ANT. Antony, thou would'st say,—

MES. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general  
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still; ' and our ills told  
us,

feized. *Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth:* and then observes, that "Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it* :

"And let my officers of such a nature

"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

See Vol. VI. p. 75, n. 9.

Our ancient English writers almost always give us Euphrātes instead of Euphrātes.

Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 21 :

"That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrātes."

See note on *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

' *When our quick winds lie still* ;] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

An idea somewhat similar, occurs also in the First Part of *Henry IV.* "—— the cankers of a *calm world* and a *long peace.*" Again, in *The Puritan* : "—— hatch'd and nourished in the *idle calms* of peace."

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read—*minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned.

Dr. Johnson, however, might in some degree have countenanced his explanation by a singular epithet, that occurs twice in the *Iliad*—*ἀνεμοτροφῆς*; literally, *wind-nourished*. In the first instance, L. XI. 256. it is applied to the tree of which a spear had been made; in the second, L. XV. 625. to a wave, impelled upon a ship. STEEVENS.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some pro-

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

MES. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

vincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in page 448. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45: "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest."

BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful in weeds*.

*Wind-rows* likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context.—Dr. Johnson hath considered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *he*, figuratively, is the *idle soil*; the MALICE that *speaks home*, the *quick*, or cutting *winds*, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our ILLS (that is *the TRUTH* faithfully) *told us*; a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is *as our EARING*; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, *in a mild winter*, those weeds which "the tyrannous breathings of the north" would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow. HENLEY.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I must inform Mr. Henley that I received it from an Essex farmer; observing at the same time, that in different counties the same terms are differently applied. Mr. Henley is not apt to suspect there is any thing which, at a single glance, he does not perfectly understand, and therefore his remarks

*ANT.* From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

*1. ANT.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

are ushered in with as little diffidence as can well be expressed. For one piece of knowledge, however, (in common with the rest of the world) I shall think myself still further obliged to him. Will he be kind enough to tell us what sort of winds they are which cut off the weeds and spare the flowers, destroy the noxious but leave the salutary plants without an injury? The winter of 1788-9 was as hard a one as has been hitherto remembered; but I could not discover by my own attention, or from the report of others, that the garden or the field had one weed the less for its severity. Let me do justice, however, to the general turn of Mr. Henley's note, which is very ingenious, and perhaps is right. STEEVENS.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: "When our pregnant *minds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the tilling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *still*, is little better than nonsense.

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:

"The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallowes*, because "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows*;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, [*minds*] and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"not ventilated by quick winds," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited.—Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive." Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians."—&c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and

2. *ANT.* He stays upon your will.<sup>6</sup>

*ANT.* Let him appear.—  
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2. *MES.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*ANT.* Where died she?

2. *MES.* In Sicyon :  
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a Letter.*

*ANT.* Forbear me.—  
[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become

luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits ; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds* in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning : and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in *King John*, Act V. sc. vii. where we have in the only authentick copy—

" Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
" Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now  
" Against the *wind*." MALONE.

The observations of six commentators are here exhibited. To offer an additional line on this subject, (as the messenger says to Lady Macduff) " were fell cruelty" to the reader. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He stays upon your will.*] We meet with a similar phrase in *Macbeth* :

" Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure."

STEEVENS.

The opposite of itself: <sup>6</sup> she's good, being gone;  
 The hand could pluck her back, <sup>7</sup> that shov'd her on.  
 I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
 Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
 My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*ENO.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*ANT.* I must with haste from hence.

*ENO.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*ANT.* I must be gone.

<sup>6</sup> — *the present pleasure,*

*By revolution lowering, does become*

*The opposite of itself:] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. WARBURTON.*

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus: *What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable.*

TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The hand could pluck her back, &c.] The verb could has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* HEATH.

*Could, would and should,* are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.



ENO. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:<sup>8</sup> I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENO. Alack, fir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— poorer moment:] For less reason; upon meaner motives.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;] I once idly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—"We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. I mention such idle conjectures, however plausible, only to put all future commentators on their guard against suspecting a passage to be corrupt, because the diction is different from that of the present day. The arrangement of the text was the phraseology of Shakspeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"— You must be well contented,

" To make *your house our Tower*."

We should certainly now write—to make our Tower your house. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" What good condition can a treaty find,

" I' the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See also a similar inversion in Vol. V. p. 456, n. 2.

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. "We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears; they are greater storms," &c. MALONE.

Dr. Young has seriously employed this image, though suggested as a ridiculous one by Enobarbus:

" Sighs there are *tempests* here,"

says Carlos to Leonora, in *The Revenge*. STEVENS.

they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. 'Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Sir?

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Fulvia?

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein,<sup>a</sup> that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be la-

<sup>a</sup> — *it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, &c.*] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *They show to man the tailors of the earth; comforting him therein, &c.* I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; *It shows to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them, &c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.*

ANONYMUS.

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another.

MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 431

mented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion,<sup>3</sup> that should water this sorrow.

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

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

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience<sup>4</sup> to the queen,  
And get her love to part.<sup>5</sup> For not alone

<sup>3</sup> — [the tears live in an onion, &c.] So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634: "So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough," &c. i. e. your sorrow should be a forced one. In another scene of this play we have *onion-eyed*; and in *The Taming of a Shrew*, the Lord says,

" — If the boy have not a woman's gift  
" To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
" An onion will do well."

Again, in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. 6:

" Some strong-smeld onion shall stirre his eyes  
" Rather than no salt teares shall then arise." STEEVENS.

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

See Vol. VI. p. 75, n. 2. REED.

<sup>5</sup> *And get her love to part.*] I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards:

" 'Would she had never given you *leave* to come!'"  
M. MASON.

The old reading may mean—*And prevail on her love to consent to our separation.* STEEVENS.

I suspect the author wrote: *And get her leave to part.*

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer.

432 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,<sup>6</sup>  
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
 Petition us at home: <sup>7</sup> Sextus Pompeius  
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people  
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,  
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw  
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
 The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breed-  
 ing,  
 Which, like the courfer's hair,<sup>8</sup> hath yet but life,

“ — I go from hence,  
 “ Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
 “ As thou affect'it.”

I have lately observed that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*.

The same error [as I have since observed] has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that *leave* was Shakspere's word. In that play we find—

“ He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,”  
 instead of—He *leaves*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *more urgent touches*,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

So Imogen says in *Cymbeline*:

“ — a *touch* more rare  
 “ Subdues all pangs, all fears.” M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Petition us at home*:] With us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the courfer's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224: “ — A *horse-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.<sup>9</sup>

ENO. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

fire and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c.

Again, in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion* &c. 1570:

"Hit is of kinde much worffe then *horfes beare*

"That lyes in donge, where on vyle *serpents brede.*"

STEVENS.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> — Say, our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.] Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—"whose places under us," and "require." The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I should read the passage thus:—

— Say our pleasure

To such who've places under us, requires

Our quick remove &c.

The amendment is as slight as that adopted by the editor, and makes the sense more clear. M. MASON.

I concur with Mr. Malone. Before I had seen his note, I had explained these words exactly in the same manner.

I learn from an ancient *Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household* &c. published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1790, that it was the office of "Gentlemen Ushers to give the whole house warning upon a remove."

STEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

CLEO. Where is he? <sup>2</sup>

CHAR. I did not see him since.

CLEO. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you; <sup>3</sup>—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him  
dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

CLEO. What should I do, I do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him  
in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose  
him.

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, for-  
bear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

<sup>2</sup> *Where is he?*] The present defect of metre might be supplied, by reading:

Where is he *now*?

So, in *Macbeth*: "The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she *now*?" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I did not send you;—*] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"We met by chance; you did not find me here."

MALONE.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

CLEO. I am sick, and fullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature  
Will not sustain it.<sup>4</sup>

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand further from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLEO. O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Why should I think, you can be mine,  
and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — the fides of nature  
Will not sustain it.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ There is no woman's fides

“ Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

436 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your  
going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent;<sup>3</sup> none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven:<sup>4</sup> They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady!

CLEO. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st  
know,  
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen:  
The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use<sup>5</sup> with you. Our Italy

“ Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
“ Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
“ The immortal gods that hear you.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — in our brows' bent;] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows.  
So, in *King John*:

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a race of heaven:] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. See Vol. III. p. 39, n. 2. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of *bearvenly* origin.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Remains in use* —] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.



Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius  
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :  
 Equality of two domestick powers  
 Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to  
 strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,  
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;  
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change : My more particular,  
 And that which most with you should save my going,<sup>6</sup>  
 Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Though age from folly could not give me  
 freedom,  
 It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?<sup>7</sup>

The same phrase has already occurred in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ I am content, so he will let me have

“ The other half *in use*,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *should save my going*,] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald instead of *save*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*. MALONE.

— *save my going*, is the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene, a soldier says to Enobarbus :

“ — Best you *save* the bringer

“ Out of the host.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt ; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be :—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses ? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure ?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—  
 Is it possible that Fulvia should die ? I will not believe it.

RITSON.

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed ? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

ANT. She's dead, my queen:  
 Look here, and, at thy sov'reign leisure, read  
 The garboils she awak'd; <sup>7</sup> at the last, best: <sup>8</sup>  
 See, when, and where she died.

CLEO. O most false love!  
 Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
 With sorrowful water? <sup>9</sup> Now I see, I see,  
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
 As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire, <sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The garboils she awak'd;*] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

“ — thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,  
 “ The head of all those *garboiles*.”

Again, by Stanyhurst in his translation of the first book of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582:

“ Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror.”

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: “ Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreas'd.” The word is derived from the old French *garboail*, which Cotgrave explains by *burlyburly*, *great stir*.” STEEVENS.

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *burlyburly*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *at the last, best:*] This conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia, may be illustrated by Malcolm's elogium on the thane of Cawdor:

“ — nothing in his life  
 “ Became him, like the leaving it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *O most false love!*

*Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill*

*With sorrowful water?*] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakspeare:

“ Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,  
 “ *Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now, by the fire, &c.*] Some word, in the old copies,

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:  
So Antony loves.<sup>3</sup>

ANT. My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.  
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt: <sup>4</sup> Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood; no more.

CLEO. You can do better yet; but this is meetly:

ANT. Now, by my sword,—

being here wanting to the metre, I have not scrupled to insert the adverb—*Now*, on the authority of the following passage in *King Jobn*, as well as on that of many others in the different pieces of our author:

“ *Now*, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

“ I like it well:—” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right; yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—“ My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me.” *So*, for *so that*. If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus:

I am quickly ill,—and well again,

So Antony loves.

Thus, in a subsequent scene:

“ — I would, thou didst;

“ *So* half my Egypt were submerg'd.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *to Egypt*:] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

440 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. And target,—Still he mends ;  
But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman <sup>4</sup> does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;  
That you know well : Something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — Herculean Roman —] Antony traced his descent from  
*Anton*, a son of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*  
*And I am all forgotten.*] Cleopatra has something to say,  
which seems to be suppressed by sorrow ; and after many attempts  
to produce her meaning, she cries out : *O, this oblivious memory of*  
*mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every*  
*thing.* *Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly used for a *memory apt to be*  
*deceitful*.

If too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might  
with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS.  
notes :

*Ob me! oblivion is a very Antony, &c.* STEEVENS.

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punc-  
tuation ; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the  
west of England. HENLEY.

*Ob my*,—in the provincial sense of it, is only an imperfect ex-  
clamation of—*Ob my God!* The decent exclainer always stops  
before the sacred name is pronounced. Could such an exclamation  
therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra? STEEVENS.

The sense of the passage appears to me to be this. “ O, my  
oblivion, as if it were another Antony, possesses me so entirely,  
that I quite forget myself.” M. MASON.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of  
this passage is just. Dr. Johnson says, that “ it was her memory,  
not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting  
her.” It certainly was ; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens  
has well interpreted it ; and the licence is much in our author's  
manner. MALONE.

ANT. But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.<sup>6</sup>

CLEO. 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me,<sup>7</sup> when they do not  
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

<sup>6</sup> *But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.]* i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am  
the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be  
the greatest.* That this is the sense is shown by her answer:

'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart,  
As Cleopatra this.— WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarse one. The sense may be:—*But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.* So Webster (who was often a close imitator of Shakespeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

“ — how idle am I  
“ To question my own idleness!”

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps *your subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you can command at pleasure, “to do your bidding,” to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Since my becoming kill me,]* There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

“ — wrangling queen,  
“ Whom every thing becomes.”

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

442 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Sit laurel'd victory! <sup>7</sup> and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*ANT.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, <sup>8</sup> go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*CÆS.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
One great competitor: <sup>9</sup> From Alexandria  
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes

<sup>7</sup> — *laurel'd victory!*] Thus the second folio. The inaccurate predecessor of it—*laurel victory*. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That thou, residing here, &c.*] This conceit might have been suggested by the following passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. I:

“ She went they staid; or, rightly for to say,

“ She staid with them, they went in thought with her.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *One great competitor:*] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor.

JOHNSON.

Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read, “ *Our* great competitor,” as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. So Menas says:

“ These three world-tharers, these *competitors*,

“ Are in thy vessel.”

And again, Cæsar, speaking of Antony, says

“ That thou, my brother, my *competitor*,

“ In top of all design, my mate in empire.” M. MASON.

The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners:<sup>2</sup> You shall  
 find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
 That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think, there are  
 Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More fiery by night's blackness;<sup>3</sup> hereditary,

<sup>2</sup> ——— or

*Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners:*] The irregularity of metre in the first of these lines, induces me to suppose the second originally and elliptically stood thus:

Or vouchsaf'd think he had partners &c.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Vol. XIII. p. 69:

“ Will force him think I have pick'd the lock” &c.

not to think. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— as the spots of heaven,

*More fiery by night's blackness;*] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hammer reads:

——— spots on ermine,

Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and

444 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Rather than purchas'd; <sup>3</sup> what he cannot change,  
Than what he choofes.

CÆS. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is  
not

Amifs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to fit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes  
him,  
(As his compofure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish,<sup>4</sup>) yet must An-  
tony

*splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is less equivocally express'd:

"Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed."

A kindred thought occurs in *King Henry V*:

"— though the truth of it stands off as grofs  
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it."

Again, in *King Henry IV*. P. I:

"And like bright metal on a fullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — purchas'd;] Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — say, this becomes him,

(As his compofure must be rare indeed,

Whom these things cannot blemish,)] This seems inconsequent;

I read:

And his compofure &c.

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

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As You Like It*, we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

"— what though you have beauty,

" (As by my faith I see no more in you



No way excuse his foils,<sup>5</sup> when we do bear  
 So great weight in his lightness.<sup>6</sup> If he fill  
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

“ Than without candle may go dark to bed.)  
 “ Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?”

See Vol. VI. p. 118, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *No way excuse his foils.*] The old copy has—*foils*. For the emendation now made I am answerable. In the Mss. of our author's time *f* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regularly used this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — and no *foil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch  
 “ The virtue of his will.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ The only *foil* of his fair virtue's gloss.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Who is as free from touch or *foil* with her,  
 “ As she from one ungot.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ My *unfoil'd* name, the austereness of my life.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“ For all the *foil* of the achievement goes  
 “ With me into the earth.”

In the last act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous:

“ — His *taints* and honours  
 “ Wag'd equal in him.”

Again, in Act II. sc. iii:

“ Read not my *blemishes* in the world's reports.”

MALONE.

If *foils* be inadmissible (which I question) we might read—*fails*. In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with this substantive, which signifies omission, or non-performance:

“ Mark, and perform it. See't thou? for the *fail*  
 “ Of any point in't, shall not only be  
 “ Death to thyself,” &c.

Yet, on the whole, I prefer Mr. Malone's conjecture.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *So great weight in his lightness.*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

Call on him for't :<sup>7</sup> but, to confound such time,<sup>8</sup>  
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
 As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
 As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,<sup>9</sup>  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

LEP. Here's more news.

MES. Thy biddings have been done ; and every  
 hour,  
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;  
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd Cæsar :<sup>2</sup> to the ports  
 The discontents repair,<sup>3</sup> and men's reports  
 Give him much wrong'd.

<sup>7</sup> *Call on him for't :*] *Call on him, is, visit him.* Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *to confound such time,*] See p. 412, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this Hammer, who thought the *maturity* of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put :

— *who, immature in knowledge :*

but the words *experience* and *judgement* require that we read *mature* : though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *That only have fear'd Cæsar :*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The discontents repair,*] That is, the *malecontents*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ — that may please the eye

“ Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 567, n. 4. MALONE.

*CÆS.* I should have known no less:—  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth  
 love,  
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.<sup>4</sup> This common  
 body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
 To rot itself<sup>5</sup> with motion.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;*

*And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,*

*Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.* [Old copy—*fear'd.*] Let us examine the sense of this [as it stood] in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them.* But do the multitude *fear* a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

*Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*.” WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—“ ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love?” I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till *not* worth love.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *rot itself* —] The word—*itself*, is, I believe, an interpolation, being wholly useless to the sense, and injurious to the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,*

*To rot itself with motion.* [Old copy—*lashing*] But how can a flag, or ruff, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. 'Tis true, there is no sense in the old reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only

448 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*MES.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear<sup>6</sup> and  
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't,<sup>7</sup> and flush youth<sup>8</sup> revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,

give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain:

— Lackeying *the varying tide*,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lackey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“ — who would willingly

“ *Lucky* along so vast a lake of brine?”

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:

“ My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side.”

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Melida*, 1602:

“ O that our power

“ Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!”

Again, in *The whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, queen Anne his wife, &c. March 15, 1603*, by Thomas Decker, 4to, 1604: “ The minutes (that *lackey* the heels of time) run not faster away than do our joyes.”

Perhaps another messenger should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *which they ear* — ] To *ear*, is to *plough*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turberville's *Falconry*, 1575:

“ — because I have a larger field to *ear*.”

See also Vol. VI. p. 216, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Lack blood to think on't,*] Turn pale at the thought of it.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *and flush youth* — ] *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Now the time is *flush*,—.” STEEVENS.

Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. Antony,  
 Leave thy lascivious waffels.<sup>9</sup> When thou once  
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
 Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
 The stale of horses,<sup>2</sup> and the gilded puddle<sup>3</sup>  
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,  
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: And all this  
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)  
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 So much as lank'd not.

LEP. It is pity of him.

CÆS. Let his shames quickly  
 Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *thy lascivious waffels.*] *Waffel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, Vol. VII. p. 396, n. 4. The old copy, however, reads—*wassails*. STEEVENS.

*Wassails* is, without question, the true reading. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> — *Thou didst drink*

*The stale of horses.*] All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *gilded puddle*—] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain &c.*] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that some word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our author wrote:

Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain, &c.

450 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, Cæsar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
 To 'front this present time.

CÆS. Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too. Farewell.

LEP. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know  
 mean time  
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.

So, in Act III. sc. xi:

“ — So she

“ From Egypt drive her all-difgraced friend.” MALONE.

I had rather perfect this defective line, by the insertion of an adverb which is frequently used by our author, and only enforces what he apparently designed to say, than by the introduction of an epithet which he might not have chosen. I would therefore read:

— 'Tis time indeed we twain

Did show ourselves &c. STEEVENS.

' Assemble we immediate council:] [Old copy—assemble me.] Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: Assemble we, &c. So afterwards:

“ — Haste we for it:

“ Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we,” &c.

Since this note was written, I have observed the same phraseology used by our poet in grave dialogue. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. iii:

“ — A strange fellow here

“ Writes me, that man, however dearly parted,” &c.

MALONE.

I adhere to the reading of the second folio. Thus, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. King Henry V. says:

“ Now call we our high court of parliament.” STEEVENS.

CÆS. Doubt not, fir;  
I knew it for my bond.<sup>6</sup> [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Alexandriâ. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

CLEO. Charmian,—

CHAR. Madam.

CLEO. Ha, ha!—  
Give me to drink mandragora.<sup>7</sup>

CHAR. Why, madam?

CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of  
time,  
My Antony is away.

<sup>6</sup> — *I knew it for my bond.*] That is, to be my bounden duty. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — *mandragora.*] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

“ Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,  
“ Nor all the drowfy syrups of the world,  
“ Shall ever med’cine thee to that sweet sleep—.”

JOHNSON.

So, in Webster’s *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ Come violent death,  
“ Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.” STEVENS.

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *mandragoras*: “ Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowfie and sleeping power thereof.”

In Adlington’s *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187, lib. 10: “ I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead.” PERCY.

See also *Pliny’s Nat. Hist.* by Holland, 1601, and *Plutarch’s Merals*, 1602, p. 19. RITSON.

452 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CHAR. You think of him  
Too much.

CLEO. O, treason!<sup>7</sup>

CHAR. Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEO. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

MAR. What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no  
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MAR. Yes, gracious madam.

CLEO. Indeed?

MAR. Not in deed, madam; for I can do no-  
thing

But what in deed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEO. O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.<sup>8</sup>—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

<sup>7</sup> O, treason!] Old copy, coldly and unmetrically,—

“ O, 'tis treason!” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And burgonet of men.—] A *burgonet* is a kind of helmet. So, in *King Henry VI*:

“ This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*.”

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set

“ In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*.” STEEVENS.



For so he calls me; Now I feed myself  
 With most delicious poison:—Think on me,  
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,<sup>9</sup>  
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
 There would he anchor his aspect,<sup>2</sup> and die  
 With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
 With his tinct gilded thee.<sup>3</sup>—  
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,  
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
 This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

<sup>9</sup> — *Broad-fronted Cæsar,*] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar.* STEEVENS.

— *Broad-fronted,* in allusion to Cæsar's baldness. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> — anchor *his aspect,*] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,

“ Anchors on Isâbel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *that great medicine hath*

*With his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine.* JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

“ O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.”

And on this passage he has the following note: “ The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes.” Thus, in *The Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 16330:

“ — the philosophre's stone,

“ *Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on.”

See Vol. III. p. 159, n. 7. STEEVENS.

CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEX. Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — termagant steed,] Old copy—*arm-gaunt*] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax :

“ His *fall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode.”

WARBURTON.

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

— *arm-girt steed*. JOHNSON.

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear, that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnson must have look'd into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: “ I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*.” MALONE.

I suppose there must be some error in the passage, and should amend it by reading

And soberly did mount a *termagant* steed,  
That neigh'd &c.

*Termagant* means *furious*. So Douglas, in *Henry IV.* is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.<sup>5</sup>

CLEO. What, was he sad, or merry?

ALEX. Like to the time o' the year between the  
extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

CLEO. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note  
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted com-  
posedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a  
flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded  
post-horse, would not have done. M. MASON.

When I first met with Mr. Mason's conjecture, I own I was  
startled at its boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it,  
its appearance in the present text of Shakspeare will sufficiently prove.

It ought to be observed, in defence of this emendation, that the  
word *termagaunt* (originally the proper name of a clamorous Sara-  
cenical deity) did not, without passing through several gradations  
of meaning, become appropriated (as at present) to a turbulent fe-  
male.—I may add, that the sobriety display'd by Antony in  
mounting a steed of temper so opposite, reminds us of a similar  
contrast in Addison's celebrated comparison of the Angel:

“Calm and serene he drives the furious blast.”

Let the critick who can furnish a conjecture, nearer than *termagaunt*  
to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt*, or can make any change  
productive of sense more apposite and commodious, displace Mr.  
M. Mason's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered  
among the *felicitæ audentia* of criticism, and meets at least with my  
own unequivocal approbation. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Was beastly dumb'd by him.] The old copy has *dumbe*. The  
correction was made by Mr. Theobald. “Alexas means (says  
he,) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could  
not have been heard.” MALONE.

The verb which Mr. Theobald would introduce, is found in  
*Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“Deep clerks the *dumbs*” &c, STEEVENS.

In Egypt with his joy : but between both :  
O heavenly mingle !—Be'ft thou fad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes ;  
So does it no man elfe.—Met'ft thou my pofts ?

ALEX. Ay, madam, twenty feveral meffengers :  
Why do you fend fo thick ?<sup>5</sup>

CLEO. Who's born that day  
When I forget to fend to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæfar fo ?

CHAR. O that brave Cæfar !

CLEO. Be chok'd with fuch another emphasis !  
Say, the brave Antony.

CHAR. The valiant Cæfar !

CLEO. By Ifis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæfar paragon again  
My man of men.

CHAR. By your moft gracious pardon,  
I fing but after you.

CLEO. My fallad days ;  
When I was green in judgement :—Cold in blood,  
To fay, as I faid then !<sup>6</sup>—But, come, away :  
Get me ink and paper : he fhall have every day  
A feveral greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.<sup>7</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> —fo thick ?] i. e. in fuch quick fucceffion. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — As thick as tale,

“ Came poft with poft,—”

See Vol. VII. p. 354, n. 9. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *My fallad days ;*

*When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,*

*To fay, as I faid then !]* *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding expof-  
tulation to her maid. *Thofe*, fays ſhe, *were my fallad days*, when  
*I was green in judgment ; but your blood is as cold as my judgment*, if  
*you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> —unpeople Egypt.] By ſending out meffengers. JOHNSON.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.*<sup>8</sup>

POM. If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

MENE. Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-  
cays  
The thing we sue for.<sup>9</sup>

MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

POM. I shall do well:

<sup>8</sup> The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him.

JOHNSON.

All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varrus, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which must stand for *Menecrates*. The course of the dialogue shows that some of them at least belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions; or rather, a syllable [*Men.*] has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays The thing we sue for.* The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.* JOHNSON.

The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
 My power's a crescent,<sup>9</sup> and my auguring hope  
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
 No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where  
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
 Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Cæsar and Lepidus  
 Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where have you this? 'tis false.

MEN. From Silvius, sir.

POM. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to-  
 gether,

Looking for Antony: But all charms<sup>2</sup> of love,  
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *My power's a crescent, &c.*] In old editions:  
*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope*  
*Says it will come to the full.*

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full orb*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — *charms* —] Old copy—*the charms*—. The article is here omitted, on account of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *thy wan'd lip!*] In the old edition it is  
 — *thy wand lip!*

Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm lip*, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet*:

“That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd*.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

“—— a cheek

“Not as yet *wan'd*.”

Or perhaps *waned lip*, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“And Cleopatra then to seek had been

“So firm a lover of her *wained face*.”

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.<sup>4</sup>—How now Varius?

Again, in *The Skynner's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries*, MS. Harl. 1013. p. 152:

“ O blessed be thou ever and aye;  
“ Now *wayned* is all my woo.”

Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover: or, as Mr. Ritson expresses the same idea, that “ her lip, which was become pale and dry with age, may recover the colour and softness of her *fallad* days.”—The epithet *wan* might indeed have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography [or that of his ignorant publishers] often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *wild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

<sup>4</sup> *That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.*] I suspect our author wrote:

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his *hour*, &c.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — let not that part of nature,  
“ Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power  
“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*.”

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays. What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still remain with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

“ To prorogue his *honour*,” does not convey to me at least, any precise notion. If however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind. MALONE.

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*VAR.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for further travel.<sup>4</sup>

*POM.* I could have given<sup>5</sup> less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm<sup>6</sup>  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow<sup>7</sup> pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*MEN.* I cannot hope,<sup>8</sup>  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;

To *prorogue his honour* &c. undoubtedly means, to delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *since he went from Ægypt, 'tis*  
*A space for further travel.*] i. e. since he quitted Ægypt, a  
space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have  
been performed than from Ægypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I could have given* &c.] I cannot help supposing, on account of  
the present irregularity of metre, that the name of *Menas* is an in-  
terpolation, and that the passage originally stood as follows:

*Pom.*

*I could have given*

*Less matter better ear.—I did not think—.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *would have don'd his helm* —] To *don* is to *do on*, to put  
on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ Call upon our dame aloud,

“ Bid her quickly *don* her shroud.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Ægypt's widow* —] Julius Cæsar had married her to young  
Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I cannot hope, &c.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt, the judicious editor of  
the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in five vols. 8vo. 1775, &c. ob-  
serves that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*. So, in *The*  
*Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

“ Our manciple *I hope* he wol be ded.” STEEVENS.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 461

His brother warr'd upon him ;<sup>9</sup> although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square<sup>2</sup> between them-  
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands  
Our lives upon,<sup>3</sup> to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — warr'd upon him ;] The old copy has *wan'd*. The emen-  
dation, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is sup-  
ported by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to  
Antony :

“ — your wife and brother  
“ Made *wars* upon me.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — square —] That is, *quarrel*. So, in *The Shoemaker's  
Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, 1600 :

“ What ? *square* they, master Scott ?—

“ — Sir, no doubt :

“ Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 32, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *It only stands*

*Our lives upon, &c.*] i. e. to exert our utmost force, is the only  
*consequential* way of securing our lives.

So, in *King Richard III* :

“ — for it *stands me much upon*

“ To stop all hopes” &c.

i. e. is of the utmost consequence to me. See Vol. X. p. 616, n. 2.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors,  
and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I  
think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place,  
and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons,  
and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that  
it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory  
scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shav't to-day.<sup>4</sup>

LEP. 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

<sup>4</sup> *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shav't to-day.*] I believe he means, *I would meet  
him undressed, without shew of respect.* JOHNSON.

Plutarch mentions that Antony \* after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipped it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspere's thoughts. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 463

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

ENO. And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

ANT. If we compose well here,<sup>5</sup> to Parthia:  
Hark you, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let  
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.<sup>6</sup>)

ANT. 'Tis spoken well:  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

CÆS. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit.

ANT. Sit, sir!<sup>7</sup>

CÆS. Nay,

Then—

<sup>5</sup> *If we compose well here,*] i. e. if we come to a lucky composition, agreement. So afterwards,

“ I crave our composition may be written”—.

i. e. the terms on which our differences are settled. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not ill-humour be added to the real subject of our difference. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Cæf. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance

*ANT.* I learn, you take things ill, which are **not**  
so;

Or, being, concern you not.

*CÆS.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to found your  
name

It not concern'd me.

*ANT.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*CÆS.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there

which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay then*—i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, he covered*. And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian.  
JOHNSON.

I believe, the author meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated: "*Sit*." To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: "*Sit, sir*." "*Nay, then*" rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's speech, undisturbed. MALONE.

Did practise on my state,<sup>8</sup> your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.<sup>9</sup>

ANT. How intend you, practis'd?

CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Did practise on my state,*] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

“ — nothing kills me so  
“ As that I do my Cleopatra see  
“ *Practise* with Cæsar.”

See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *question.*] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So again in this scene:

“ Out of our *question* wipe him.”

See Vol. VII. p. 107, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *their contestation*

*Was theme for you, you were the word of war.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

— and *their contestation*

*Was them'd for you,*

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorized, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

1. — *their contestation*

Had *theme* from you, you were the word of war.

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

— *their contestation*

You were theme for, you were the word — JOHNSON.

ANT. You do mistake your business; my brother never

*Was theme for you, I believe means only, was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan; as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in Coriolanus, Act I. sc. i:*

“ ——— throw forth greater themes  
“ For insurrection’s arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ ——— the theme of our assembly.”

STEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Two truths are told  
“ As happy prologues to the swelling act  
“ Of the imperial theme.”

And in *Cymbeline*:

“ — When a soldier was the theme, my name  
“ Was not far off.” HENLEY.

Mr. Stevens’s interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shows that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow, what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—“ you were the ward of war: i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, “ their contestation derived its theme or subject from you; you were their word of war,” affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton’s emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the sense desired, we should read—

*Was them’d from you, —*

So, in *Titus and Creffida*:

“ She is a theme of honour and renown,  
“ A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— So like the king,  
“ That was and is the question of these wars.”

In almost every one of Shakspeare’s plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from*, appears by Antony’s answer:

“ You do mistake your business; my brother never  
“ Did urge me in his act.”

i. e. never made me the theme for “ insurrection’s arguing.”

MALONE.

Did urge me in his act :<sup>3</sup> I did enquire it ;  
 And have my learning from some true reports,<sup>4</sup>  
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours ;  
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
 Having alike your cause ?<sup>5</sup> Of this, my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

I should suppose that some of the words in this sentence have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus :

— and for contestation

Their theme was you ; you were the word of war.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — my brother never

*Did urge me in his act :*] i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — true reports,] *Reports for reporters.* Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, 1181, uses *records for vouchers* ; and in *King Richard II.* our author has *wrongs for wrongers* :

“ To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 263. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Having alike your cause?] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus :

— Did he not rather

*Discredit my authority with yours,*

*And make the wars alike against my stomach,*

*Hating alike our cause?* JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

*Having alike your cause?*] That is, *I having alike your cause.* The meaning is the same as if, instead of “ against my stomach,” our author had written—*against the stomach of me.* Did he not (says Antony,) make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *be having,* and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation. MALONE.

As matter whole you have not to make it with,<sup>7</sup>  
It must not be with this.

CÆS. You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgement to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANT. Not so, not so:  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes<sup>8</sup> attend those wars  
Which 'fronted<sup>9</sup> mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

*As matter whole you have to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence, "*As matter,*" &c. proves decisively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *with graceful eyes* —] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe, rightly. We still say, *I could not look handsomely on* such or such a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *'fronted* —] i. e. *Opposed*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Your preparation can *affront* no less

"Than what you hear of." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I would you had her spirit in such another* :] Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.



The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENO. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

ANT. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day, I told him of myself;<sup>3</sup> which was as much

By the words, you *had* her spirit, &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant, you were *united to*, or possessed of, a woman with her spirit.

Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that Antony wished Augustus to be *actuated* by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I proposed to read—*e'en* such another, *in* being frequently printed for *e'en* in these plays. But there is no need of change.

MALONE.

*Such*, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it.

*I would you had her spirit in another.*

The compositor's eye might have caught the here superfluous *such*, from the next line but one, in which *such* is absolutely necessary both to the sense and metre.

The plain meaning of Antony is—I wish you had my wife's spirit *in* another wife;—i. e. *in* a wife of your own. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I told him of myself;*] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. WARBURTON.

H h 3

As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken  
The article of your oath ; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæsar.

ANT. No,  
Lepidus, let him speak ;  
The honour's sacred <sup>4</sup> which he talks on now,

<sup>4</sup> *The honour's sacred* —] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus ; *The honour which he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated, I never lacked it.* This perhaps may be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I understood it thus : Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony ; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak ; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.* JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say, —The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred ; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. MALONE.

I do not think that either Johnson's or Malone's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this :—“Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but in the midst of dissipation neglected to send it : that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error ; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement.”—The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on* ; and the line should be pointed thus :

The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. M. MASON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 471

Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath,—

*CÆS.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd  
them;

The which you both deny'd.

*ANT.* Neglected, rather;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it: ' Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*LEP.* 'Tis nobly spoken.<sup>6</sup>

*MEC.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs<sup>7</sup> between ye: to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.<sup>8</sup>

*LEP.* Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

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

*ANT.* Thou art a foldier only; speak no more.

<sup>5</sup> — nor my power  
*Work without it:]* Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis nobly spoken.] Thus the second folio. The first—*noble*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The griefs —.] i. e. grievances. See Vol. VIII, p. 557, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — to atone you.] i. e. reconcile you. See Vol. XIII, p. 30, n. 5. STEEVENS.

*ENO.* That truth should be silent,<sup>6</sup> I had almost forgot.

*ANT.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*ENO.* Go to then; your considerate stone.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That truth should be silent,*] We find a similar sentiment in *King Lear*: "Truth's a dog that must to kennel,—." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *your considerate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

*Go to then, you considerate ones.*

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then; your considerate stone*, means only this: *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598:

"Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

"Mido.] A stone, how should that be, &c.

"Rebecca.] I meant thou should'st nothing say."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Guy let it passe as still as stone,

"And to the steward word spake none."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. sc. i:

"A stone is silent and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

"To riden by the way, dombe as the stone."

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I. Sect. 2. Memb. 3. Subf. 15. the following passage occurs as a quotation:

— *statua taciturnior exit,*

*Plerumq; et risum populi quatit.*

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus: "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions." STEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

"— *your considerateit one.*"

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. BLACKSTONE.

CÆS. I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech :<sup>8</sup> for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch,<sup>9</sup> from edge to  
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

CÆS. Say not so, Agrippa ;<sup>2</sup>  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd<sup>3</sup> of rashness.

*Your, like hour, &c.* is used as a disyllable ; the metre therefore is not defective. MALONE.

That the metre is completed by reading *your* as a disyllable, my ear, at least, is unconvinced. STEEVENS.

As Enobarbus, to whom this line belongs, generally speaks in plain prose, there is no occasion for any further attempt to harmonize it. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *I do not much dislike the matter, but*

*The manner of his speech :*] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; *for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *What hoop should hold us staunch,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Say not so, Agrippa ;*] The old copy has—*Say not say.* Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *your reproof*

*Were well deserv'd* — ] In the old edition :

— *your proof*

*Were well deserv'd* —

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *ap-proof*, which he explains, *allowance.* Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

474 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*ANT.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear Agrippa further speak.

*AGR.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dan-  
gers,  
Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,<sup>1</sup>  
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*ANT.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*CÆS.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

Your *reproof* &c.] That is, you might be reprov'd for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. The expression is rather licentious ; but one of a similar nature occurs in *The Custom of the Country*, where Arnol'do, speaking to the Physician, says,

“ — And by your success

“ In all your undertakings, propagate

“ *Your* great opinion in the world.”

Here, *your* opinion means, the opinion conceived of you.

M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine* nightingale, instead of *my* nightingale ; in *Coriolanus*, news is *coming*, for news is *come in* ; in the same play, *bigber* for *bire*, &c. &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — but *tales*,] The conjunction—*but*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to perfect the metre. We might read, I think, with less alliteration,—*as* tales. STEEVENS.

With what is spoke already.<sup>3</sup>

*ANT.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*  
To make this good?

*CÆS.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*ANT.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*CÆS.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*LEP.* Happily, amen!

*ANT.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;<sup>4</sup>  
At heel of that, defy him.

*LEP.* Time calls upon us:  
Of us<sup>5</sup> must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

<sup>3</sup> — *already.*] This adverb may be fairly considered as an interpolation. Without enforcing the sense, it violates the measure. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Of us &c.*] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by us. MALONE.

476 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*ANT.* And where<sup>3</sup> lies he?

*CÆS.* About the Mount Misenum.

*ANT.* What's his strength  
By land?

*CÆS.* Great, and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*ANT.* So is the fame.  
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*CÆS.* With most gladness;<sup>4</sup>  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*ANT.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*LEP.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

*MEC.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*ENO.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!  
—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

*AGR.* Good Enobarbus!

*MEC.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are  
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*ENO.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

*MEC.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-  
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

*ENO.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had

<sup>3</sup> And *where* —] *And* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hammer, for the sake of metre. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — most *gladness*;] i. e. greatest. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:  
“ But always resolute in *most* extremes.” STEVENS.



much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*MEC.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.<sup>5</sup>

*ENO.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.<sup>6</sup>

*AGR.* There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

*ENO.* I will tell you:  
The barge she sat in,<sup>7</sup> like a burnish'd throne,

<sup>5</sup> — *be square to her.*] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.*] This passage is a strange instance of negligence and inattention in Shakspeare. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that, whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *The barge she sat in, &c.*] The reader may not be displeas'd with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden:

- “ Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
- “ The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
- “ The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
- “ Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
- “ Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.—
- “ She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
- “ And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
- “ As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
- “ Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
- “ Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
- “ That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
- “ A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad;
- “ That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
- “ But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
- “ The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
- “ The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,

478 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were  
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiffue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,<sup>8</sup>  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.<sup>9</sup>

AGR.

O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,<sup>2</sup>

“ And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;  
“ For the so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
“ Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
“ To give their welcome voice.” REED.

<sup>8</sup> *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.*] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read less harshly:

*And what they did, undid.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seem'd to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seem'd to produce. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *tended her i' the eyes,*] Perhaps *tended her* by *th' eyes*, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this expression as it stands in the text, may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal ex-

And made their bends adornings :<sup>3</sup> at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers ; the filken tackle

planation. Shakspeare has a phrase as uncommon, in another play :

“ Sweats in the eye of Phœbus”——

After all, I believe that “ *tended her in th’ eyes*” only signifies waited before her, in her presence, in her fight. So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. sc. iv :

“ If that his majesty would aught with us,

“ We shall *express our duty in his eye.*”

i. e. in our personal attendance on him, by giving him ocular proof of our respect. See note on this passage. Mr. Henley explains it thus : *obeyed her looks without waiting for her words.*

STEEVENS.

So, Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii :

“ —— he wayted diligent,

“ With humble service to her will prepar’d ;

“ *From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,*

“ *And by her looks conceited her intent.*”

Again, in our author’s 149th Sonnet,

“ Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.”

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the fight of their mistress. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And made their bends adornings :*] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus ; her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves ; at which time the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote :

*And made their bends adornings.*

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

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know ; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch : “ She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poepe whereof

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

was of golde, the failles of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed under a pauillion of cloth of gold of tisse, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete fauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuers side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in theend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c. STEEVENS.

There are few passages in these plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators seem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, be just, the obvious meaning of the succeeding line will be, that in paying their obeisance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was so graceful, that it added to their beauty.

Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, instead of *adorings*, would render the passage less poetical, and it cannot express the sense he wishes for, without an alteration; for although, as Steevens justly observes, the verb *adore* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic writers in the sense of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to adorn* was reciprocally used in the sense of *to adore*. Toller's explanation is ill imagined; for though the word *band* might formerly have been spelled with an *e*, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the scene, they would be more likely to eclipse than to encrease the charms of their mistress. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is just as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add lustre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man must have felt; and it must be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* must necessarily refer to her gentlewomen: and it would

That yarely frame the office.' From the barge

be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings.—But all these explanations, from the first to the last, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a supposition that the passage is correct, and that the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, must mean that her attendants watched her eyes and from them received her commands. How those words can, by any possible construction, imply that meaning, the editors have not shown, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if such arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we shall be able to extort what sense we please from any combination of words.—The passage, as it stands, appears to me to be wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the *guise*,  
And made their bends, adornings.

*In the guise*, means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says,

“ — at the helm  
“ A seeming mermaid steers.” M. MASON.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the *guise of a shepherd, of a friar, or of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her “ in *the guise*,” without subsequently informing us what that *guise* was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. If the word the commentator would introduce, had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakespeare would most probably have said—“ tended her in *that guise* :

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

—at least he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—“in the guise” seems unreduceable to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar.—Besides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea, were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the scititious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium cauda* without ease, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a graceful curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expence of providing characteristic tails for any set of mimic Nereids, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so “as to render them a grace instead of a deformity.” In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid’s tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth in his Print of Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,

— *ut turpiter atrum  
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel, was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these (notwithstanding in support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of bolster'd hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter, — "made their ends adornings;"—and though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress—"Always, madam, up with your end") I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a licitor's faces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over their unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistresses.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an-improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images.—BOWS, GROUPS, EYES, and TAILS. STEEVENS.

A passage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, some up, some downe descending,

"Small scattering flowres one at another flung,

"With pretty turns their lymber bodies bending,"—

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.* See the quotation from Shakspeare's 149th Sonnet, p. 479.

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first act of this play:

"—those his goodly eyes

"—now bend, now turn," &c.

Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone <sup>4</sup> to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,  
It should be better, he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Although they wear their faces to the *bent*  
“ Of the king's looks.”

Again, more appositely in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ And that same *eye*, whose *bent* doth awe the world.”

Mr. Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that “ *their bents* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bents of *her* eyes adornings.” Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were the cause* of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakespeare's language,) *this* their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have in every page of this author such diction.—But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

*Bent* being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *That yarely frame the office.*] i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. See Vol. III. p. 5, n. 3.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *which, but for vacancy,*

*Had gone* —] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

WARBURTON.

*But for vacancy,* means, for fear of a vacuum. MALONE.



*AGR.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*ENO.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the publick street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*MEC.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*ENO.* Never; he will not;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety:<sup>5</sup> Other women  
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hun-  
gry,  
Where most she satisfies.<sup>6</sup> For vilest things

<sup>5</sup> *Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale*

*Her infinite variety:*] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

To *stale* is a verb employed by Heywood in *The Iron Age*, 1632:

“ One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at home.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Other women*

*Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies.*] Almost the same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*:

“ Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

“ The more she gives them speech.”

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

“ And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,

“ But rather famish them amid their plenty.” MALONE.

Become themselves in her; <sup>7</sup> that the holy priests <sup>8</sup>  
Bless her, when she is riggish.<sup>9</sup>

*MEC.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— For vilest things  
Become *themselves in her*;] So, in our author's 150th sonnet:  
" Whence hast thou this *becoming of things ill?*"

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the holy priests &c.*] In this, and the foregoing description  
of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have  
emulated Shakspere, and not without success:

" ——— she's dangerous:  
" Her eyes have power beyond Theffalian charms,  
" To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,  
" The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery;  
" And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,  
" Unmark'd of those that hear: Then, she's so charming,  
" Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:  
" The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;  
" And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,  
" They bless her wanton eyes."

Be it remembered, however, that, in both instances, without a  
spark from Shakspere, the blaze of Dryden might not have been  
enkindled. REED.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *when she is riggish.*] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning  
a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

" Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,  
" Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove."

Again:

" Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde."

Again, in Churchyard's *Dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

" About the streets was gadding, gentle *rigge*,  
" With clothes tuckt up to set bad ware to sale,  
" For youth good stuffe, and for olde age a stale."

STEVENS.

Again, in J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year  
1611:

" When wanton *rig*, or lecher dissolute,  
" Do stand at Pauls Crofs in a—suite." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Octavia is*

'A blessed lottery to him.] Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote

AGR. Let us go.—  
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
 Whilst you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them;*  
*Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

ANT. The world, and my great office, will some-  
 times  
 Divide me from your bosom.

OCTA. All which time,  
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers<sup>3</sup>  
 To them for you.

*allottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of  
 Andrea in *The Spanish Tragedy*, says:

“ Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*  
 “ Drew forth the manner of my life and death.”

FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

“ By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye carnal*.”

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — fainting under  
 “ Fortune's false *lottery*.” STEEVENS.

*Lottery* for allotment. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> — *shall bow my prayers* —] The same construction is found  
 in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i:

“ Shouting their emulation.”

Again, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. ii:

“ Smile you my speeches?”

Modern editors have licentiously read:

— *bow* in *prayers*. STEEVENS.

ANT. Good night, fir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear  
lady.—

OCTA. Good night, fir.<sup>4</sup>

CÆS. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*

ANT. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in  
Egypt?

SOOTH. 'Would I had never come from thence,  
nor you  
Thither!'<sup>5</sup>

ANT. If you can, your reason?

SOOTH. I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue:<sup>6</sup> But yet

<sup>4</sup> Ant. *Good night, dear lady.*——

Octa. *Good night, fir.*] These last words, which in the only authentic copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editors have assigned to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which puts these words (with sufficient propriety) into the mouth of Octavia. STEEVENS.

Antony has already said "Good night, fir," to Cæsar, in the three first words of his speech: the repetition would be absurd.

The editor of the second folio appears, from this and numberless other instances, to have had a copy of the first folio corrected by the players, or some other well-informed person. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you

Thither!] Both the sense and grammar require that we should read *hither*, instead of *thither*. To come *hither* is English, but to come *thither* is not. The Soothsayer advises Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome; because when they were together, Cæsar's genius had the ascendant over his. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *I see't in*

*My motion, have it not in my tongue:*] i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Hie you again to Egypt.<sup>7</sup>

ANT. Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

SOOTH. Cæsar's.  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear,<sup>8</sup> as being o'erpower'd; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my *no-*  
*tion.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Hie you again to Egypt.*] Old copy, unmetrically,  
*Hie you to Egypt again.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Becomes a Fear,*] Mr. Upton reads:  
*Becomes afraid,*—

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

“ ——— and then a *Fear*:

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”——

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person:

“ I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.” *Exodus*.

The whole thought is borrowed from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: “ With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Ægypt, that coulede cast a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsars fortune: and therefore he counsell'd him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other.” STEEVENS.

490 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*ANT.* Speak this no more.

*SOOTH.* To none but thee; no more, but when  
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away,<sup>7</sup> 'tis noble.

*ANT.* Get thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails<sup>8</sup> ever

Our author has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly:

“ — I say again, *thy spirit*

“ Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him.”

We have this sentiment again in *Macbeth*:

“ — near him,

“ My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

“ Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.”

The old copy reads—*that thy spirit*. The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the foregoing passage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is necessary. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *But, he away,*] Old Copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *his quails*—] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “ For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they played at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsars cockes or quails did ever overcome.” STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 491

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.<sup>9</sup> I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
          hasten  
Your generals after.

AGR.                               Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

<sup>9</sup> — inhoop'd, at odds.] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed*, *confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read: *Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds.*— JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

“ He sets cocke on the hoope,” *in*, you would say;  
“ For cocking *in boopes* is now all the play.” FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as in *As you like it*, Celia says: “ — and after that *out of all whooping.*” STEEVENS.

*At odds* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, no date:

“ She straight begins to bandy him about,  
“ *At thousand odds*, before the set goes out.” MALONE.

492 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

MEC. We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at mount<sup>2</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

MEC. AGR. Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some musick; musick, moody  
food<sup>3</sup>  
Of us that trade in love.

ATTEND. The musick, ho!

<sup>2</sup> ——— *at mount* —] i. e. Mount *Misenum*. STEEVENS.

Our author probably wrote—*a'the* mount. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *musick, moody food* —] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Groot-moedig Volk*, [*great-minded nation*.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick. JOHNSON.

*Moody*, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

“ But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?” MALONE.



*Enter MARDIAN.*

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards: <sup>4</sup>  
Come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me,  
sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though it  
come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. <sup>5</sup> I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; <sup>6</sup> my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

CHAR. 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish <sup>7</sup> on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

<sup>4</sup> — *let us to billiards:*] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And when good will is show'd, though it come too short, The actor may plead pardon.*] A similar sentiment has already appeared in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ For never any thing can be amiss,  
“ When simpleness and duty tender it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Tawny-finn'd fishes;*] The first copy reads:  
*Tawny line fishes,*— JOHNSON.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Did hang a salt fish &c.*] This circumstance is likewise taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

CLEO. That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.<sup>7</sup> O! from Italy;—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings<sup>8</sup> in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *whilst*

*I wore his sword Philippan.*] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment *à posteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi:

“ *Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
“ His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
“ The lean and wrinkled Cassius;” &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings*—] Shakspeare probably wrote, (as Sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou &c.* *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

“ *Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear.”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— Heavens *rain* grace!” STEVENS.

I suspect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker; and is supported incontestably by a passage in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ——— I go to meet  
“ The noble Brutus, *thrusting* this report  
“ *Into his ears.*”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— say, and speak thick,  
“ (*Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,*  
“ *To the smothering of the sense,*) how far,” &c.

MES.

Madam, madam,—

CLEO. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,<sup>9</sup>  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My blueft veins to kifs; a hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MES.

First, madam, he's well.

CLEO. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah,  
mark; We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MES. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO.

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings?<sup>2</sup> If not well,

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ You cram these words into my ears, against  
“ The stomach of my sense.” MALONE.

*Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once  
by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. In  
the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*.—The quo-  
tation from *Julius Cæsar* does not support the old reading at all, the  
idea being perfectly distinct. RITSON.

*Ramm'd*, however, occurs in *King John*:

“ Have we *ramm'd* up your gates against the world.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But well and free, &c.*] This speech is but coldly imitated by  
Beaumont and Fletcher in *The False One*:

“ *Cleop.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,

“ It is my happiness: and for thy news

“ Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,

“ And kifs my hand.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *If Antony*

*Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour*

*To trumpet such good tidings?*] The old copies have not the ad-

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with  
snakes,  
Not like a formal man.<sup>4</sup>

MES. Will't please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou  
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar,<sup>5</sup> or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.<sup>6</sup>

verb—*why*; but, as Mr. M. Mason observes, somewhat was wanting in the second of these lines, both to the sense and to the metre. He has, therefore, no doubt but the passage ought to run thus:

— If Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour  
To utter &c.

I have availed myself of this necessary expletive, which I find also in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition. STEEVENS.

I suspect a word was omitted at the press, and that Shakspeare wrote:

— If Antony  
Be free, and healthful, needs so tart a favour, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Not like a formal man.] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a formal man, Shakspeare means, a man in his senses. Informal women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves. STEEVENS.

A formal man, I believe, only means a man in form, i. e. shape. You should come in the form of a fury, and not in the form of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

“The very devil assum'd thee formally.”

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, &c.] The old copy reads—'tis well.

MALONE.

We surely should read *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 497

MES. Madam, he's well.

CLEO. Well said.

MES. And friends with Cæsar.

CLEO. Tho'urt an honest man.

MES. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MES. But yet, madam,—

CLEO. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedence;<sup>7</sup> fye upon *but yet*:  
*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack<sup>8</sup> of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He's friends with  
Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'ft; and, thou say'ft, free.

MES. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MES. For the best turn i' the bed.

it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*; so Milton:

“ — the gorgeous east with liberal hand  
“ Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.”

In the Life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by *Monsi. Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i. “ *Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coûtume.*” WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *it does allay*

*The good precedence*;] i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — the *pack* —] A late editor [Mr. Capell] reads: *thy pack*. REED.

I believe our author wrote—*thy pack*. *The, thee, and thy*, are frequently confounded in the old copy. MALONE.

VOL. XII.

K k

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MES. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[Strikes him down.]

MES. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—Hence,  
[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
[She hales him up and down.]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MES. Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLEO. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

MES. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.  
[draws a dagger.]

MES. Nay, then I'll run:—  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  
[Exit.]

CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within your-  
self;<sup>8</sup>  
The man is innocent.

7 — draws a dagger.] The old copy—Draw a knife.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 376, n. 7. MALONE:

<sup>8</sup> — keep yourself within yourself; i. e. contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:  
“Doubt not, my lord, we can contain ourselves.” STEEVENS.

CLIO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile!<sup>9</sup> and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

CHAR. He is afraid to come.

CLEO. I will not hurt him:—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself;<sup>2</sup> since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, fir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

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

<sup>9</sup> *Melt Egypt into Nile!*] So, in the first scene of this play:  
“ Let Rome in Tyber melt,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself;*] This thought seems to be borrowed  
from the laws of chivalry, which forbid a knight to engage with  
his inferior. So, in *Alumazar*:

“ Stay; understand’st thou well the points of duel?  
“ Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—  
“ Was none of all thy lineage hang’d or cuckold?  
“ Bastard, or bastinado’d? is thy pedigree  
“ As long and wide as mine?—for otherwise  
“ Thou wert most unworthy, and ’twere loss of honour  
“ In me to fight.” STEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth’s inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

MES. I have done my duty.

CLEO. Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worfer than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

MES. He is married, madam.

CLEO. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

MES. Should I lie, madam?

CLEO. O, I would, thou didst;  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd,<sup>3</sup> and made  
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly.<sup>4</sup> He is married?

MES. I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEO. He is married?

MES. Take no offence, that I would not offend  
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

CLEO. O, that his fault should make a knave of  
thee,  
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?<sup>5</sup>—Get  
thee hence:

<sup>3</sup> — were submerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water.  
So, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation,” &c.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — to me  
*Thou would'st appear most ugly.*] So, in *King John*, Act III  
sc. i:

“ Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;  
“ This news hath made thee a *most ugly* man.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?*] Old copy:  
*That art not what thou'rt sure of.* STEEVENS.



The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,

For this, which is not easily understood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given :

*That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!*

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

*O that his fault should make a knave of thee,*

That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't. Get thee hence : *That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not ?* Thou art then sure of this marriage.—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.

JOHNSON.

In *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii. is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us :

“ Drest in a little brief authority,

“ Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

“ His glassy essence.” STEVENS.

*That art nor what thou'rt sure of!* i. e. Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. TOLLET.

A proper punctuation, with the addition of a single letter, will make this passage clear; the reading of *sure of't* instead of *sure of*.

O, that his fault should make a rogue of thee

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?

That is, What? are you sure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia? M. MASON.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims,

“ O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

“ That art not what thou'rt *fore* of!”

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *fore* with my blows!

If it be said, that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

CHAR. Good your highness, patience.

CLEO. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd  
Cæsar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,  
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia,<sup>6</sup> her years,

means to say to the messenger, that *he* is not himself that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in *Coriolanus* answer the objection:

“ Left you should chance to whip your *information*,

“ And beat the messenger that bids beware

“ Of what is to be dreaded.”

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information*.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is, Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringest such certain assurance. MALONE.

I have adopted the arrangement &c. proposed, with singular acuteness, by Mr. M. Mason; and have the greater confidence in it, because I received the very same emendation from a gentleman who had never met with the work in which it first occurred.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — the feature of *Octavia*,] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: “ — rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art.” Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

“ Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,

“ And all her filthy *feature* open shown,”

Again, in B. III. c. ix:

“ She also doth her heavy haberjeon,

“ Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide.”

STEVENS.

Our author has already in *As you Like it*, used *feature* for the general cast of face. See Vol. VI. p. 102, n. 3. MALONE.

Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair :<sup>7</sup>—bring me word quick-  
ly.— [Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go :<sup>8</sup>—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
T' other way he's a Mars :<sup>9</sup>—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.]  
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-  
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> ——— *let him not leave out*

*The colour of her hair :*] This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair*; as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded. HENLEY.

Verily, I would, for the instruction of mine ignorance, that the commentator had dealt more diffusely on this delectable subject, for I can in no wise divine what coloured hair is to be regarded as most indicative of venereal motions:—perhaps indeed the *κόμης χρύσεας*; and yet, without experience, certainty may still be wanting to mine appetite for knowledge. *Cuncta prius tenenda*, saith that waggish poet Ovidius Naso. AMNER.

<sup>8</sup> *Let him for ever go :*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *T' other way he's a Mars :*] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says :

“ Let him for ever go :—Let him *not*—Charmian,—

“ Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

“ T' other way he's a Mars.”—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus :

*Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmian ;*

*Though he be painted, &c.* TYRWHITT.

## SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.*

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

CÆS. Most meet,  
That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent:  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

POM. To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,<sup>9</sup>  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made the<sup>2</sup> all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol; but that they would

<sup>9</sup> — *the good Brutus ghosted,*] This verb is also used by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Preface p. 22. edit. 1632.  
“What madnesse *ghosts* this old man? but what madnesse *ghosts* us all? STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Made the* —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article —*the* is omitted, to the manifest injury of the metre. STEEVENS.

Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou canst not fear us,<sup>3</sup> Pompey, with thy  
sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

POM. At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:<sup>4</sup>  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Thou canst not fear us,*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Setting it up, to *fear* the birds of prey.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *At land, indeed,*

*Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:*] At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered*, but had *over-reached*, him. The circumstance here alluded to our author found in the old translation of Plutarch: “Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them.”

Again: “Whereupon Antonius asked him [Sextus Pompeius,] And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of owers: that said he is *my father's house* they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because *he had his father's house*, that was Pompey the great.” See p. 521, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, &c*] Since, like the cuckoo, that feizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, B. X. ch. ix:

“These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests,”

STEEVENS.

506 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Remain in't, as thou may'st.

*LEP.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present,<sup>4</sup>) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*CÆS.* There's the point.

*ANT.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*CÆS.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*POM.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe<sup>5</sup> undinted.

*CÆS. ANT. LEP.* That's our offer.

*POM.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*ANT.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*POM.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

<sup>4</sup> — *this is from the present,*] i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. See Vol. III. p. 7, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Our targe* —] Old copy, unmetrically—*targes*. STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 507

ANT. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks  
to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.

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

POM. Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;<sup>6</sup>  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well met here.

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

CES. That's the next to do.

POM. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and  
let us  
Draw lots, who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, Pompey.

POM. No, Antony, take the lot:<sup>7</sup> but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius  
Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meanings,<sup>8</sup> fir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

<sup>6</sup> *What counts harsh fortune casts &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *take the lot:*] Perhaps (a syllable being here wanting to the metre,) our author wrote:

“ — take *we* the lot —.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *meanings,*] Former editions, *meaning.* REED.

The correction was suggested by Mr. Heath. MALONE.

508 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

POM. Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

ENO. No more of that :—He did so.

POM. What, I pray you ?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.<sup>7</sup>

POM. I know thee now ; How far'ft thou, soldier ?

ENO. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,  
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—  
Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
Will you lead, lords ?

CÆS. ANT. LEP. Show us the way, sir.

POM. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

MEN. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty.—[*aside.*—] You and I have known,  
sir.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.*] i. e. To Julius Cæsar.  
STEEVENS.

This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch*, 1579 : “ *Cleopatra*  
trussed up in a mattress, and so brought to Cæsar, upon *Apollodorus*  
backe.” RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *You and I have known, sir.*] i. e. been acquainted. So, in  
*Cymbeline* : “ Sir, we have known together at Orleans.” STEEVENS.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 509

ENO. At sea, I think.

MEN. We have, fir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me :<sup>9</sup> though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

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

ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander ; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

MEN. You have said, fir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here ; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

<sup>9</sup> *I will praise any man that will praise me :*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's : and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion. WARBURTON.

*ENO.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*MEN.* True, fir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*ENO.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*MEN.* Pray you, fir?

*ENO.* 'Tis true.

*MEN.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*ENO.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

*MEN.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*ENO.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.<sup>9</sup>

*MEN.* Who would not have his wife so?

*ENO.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*MEN.* And thus it may be. Come, fir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*ENO.* I shall take it, fir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

*MEN.* Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> — *conversation.*] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So, in *Psalms* xxxvii. 14: " — to slay such as be of upright *conversation.*" STEVENS.

S C E N E VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

*Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*<sup>2</sup>

1. *SERV.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants<sup>3</sup> are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *SERV.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *SERV.* They have made him drink alms-drink.<sup>4</sup>

2. *SERV.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,<sup>5</sup> he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *SERV.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

<sup>2</sup> — [*with a banquet.*] A banquet in our author's time frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner." Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "After dinner, he was served with a *banquet*, in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — [*Some o' their plants*—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Lupton's *Thyrd Booke of notable Things*, 4to. bl. 1. "Grinde mustarde with vineger, and rubbe it well on the *plants* or soles of the feete" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> [*They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> [*As they pinch one another by the disposition,*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*. WARBURTON.

2. *SERV.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan<sup>6</sup> I could not heave.

1. *SERV.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disafter the cheeks.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — a partizan —] A pikc. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Shall I strike at it with my partizan?” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disafter the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

*To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disafter the cheeks.*

JOHNSON.

In the eighth book of the *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, st. 103, is a passage which resembles this, though it will hardly serve to explain it. The earl of Warwick says to his confessor:

“ I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere

“ That is ordain'd to move. It is the place

“ My fate appoints me; and the region where

“ I must, whatever happens there embrace.

“ Disturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,

“ Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place;

“ And action best, I see, becomes the best:

“ The stars that have most glory, have no rest.”

STEVENS.

The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this.— That a man called into a high sphere without being seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without eyes to fill them. M. MASON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves, is an expression which Shakspeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

*A fennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

ANT. Thus do they, sir: [*to CÆSAR.*] They take  
the flow o' the Nile<sup>a</sup>.

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,

"How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted," &c.  
Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their *spheres*."

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *They take the flow o' the Nile* — Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says, "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it seeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." *Pbilemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V. c. ix.* REED.

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's *History of Africa*, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: "Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselſe, in the midst whereof there is a foure-square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cesterne there is erected a certaine *pillar*, which is marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth. And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveyed by the said sluice into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said *pillar*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but *mean*; if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that corne will be folde ten ducates the bushel." MALONE.

By the height, the lowness, or the mean,<sup>8</sup> if dearth,  
Or foizon, follow :<sup>9</sup> The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the feedsmen  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You have strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your  
mud by the operation of your sun : so is your cro-  
codile.

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepi-  
dus.

LEP. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll  
ne'er out.

ENO. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll  
be in, till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'  
pyramises are very goodly things ;<sup>10</sup> without con-  
tradiction, I have heard that.

<sup>8</sup> — *the mean,*] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Or foizon, follow:] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. See Vol. III. p. 62, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> — *I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things ;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647 :

“ Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

“ Above the host and altar reared is.”

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to “ split what it speaks.” In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play :

“ My country's high *pyramides*—.”

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658 :

“ Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,

“ To take a view of the *pyramides*.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 515

MEN. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

POM. Say in mine ear: What is't?

MEN. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
[*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.<sup>3</sup>

POM. Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus.

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is shaped, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of its own colour too.

LEP. 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANT. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.<sup>4</sup>

CES. Will this description satisfy him?

ANT. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POM. [*to MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir hang!  
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

MEN. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second pyramids in the air." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And bear me speak a word.*] The two last syllables of this hemistich, are, I believe, an interpolation. They add not to the sense, but disturb the measure. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the tears of it are wet.*] "Be your teats wet!" says Lear to Cordelia, Act IV. sc. vii. MALONE.

516 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

POM. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?  
[*rises, and walks aside.*]

MEN. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POM. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:  
What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

ANT. These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POM. What say'st thou?

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?  
That's twice.

POM. How should that be?

MEN. But entertain it, and,  
Although thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

POM. Hast thou drunk well?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the  
cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,<sup>2</sup>  
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

POM. Show me which way.

MEN. These three world-sharers, these compe-  
titors,<sup>3</sup>

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — or *sky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *competitors*,] i. e. confederates, partners. See Vol. III. p. 221, n. 5. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Let me cut the cable*;) So, in the old translation of Ptolemy: "Now in the midst of the fleet, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his care, said unto him: shall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile



And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.<sup>5</sup>

POM. Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MEN. For this, [Aside.  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes<sup>6</sup> more.—  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.<sup>7</sup>

POM. This health to Lepidus.

and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey having pawfed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer have told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *All there is thine.*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:  
*All then is thine.*

If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: *All theirs is thine.* All *there*, however, may mean, *all in the vessel.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *thy pall'd fortunes* —] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNSON.

*Palled* is a word of which the etymology is unknown. Perhaps, says Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, it is only a corruption of *paled*, and was originally applied to colours. Thus, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue*, v. 17004:

“ So unwelody was this fely *palled* ghoft.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.*] This is from the ancient proverbial rhyme:

“ He who will not, when he may,  
“ When he will, he shall have nay.” STEEVENS,

ANT. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,  
Pompey.

ENO. Here's to thee, Menas.

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome.

POM. Fill, till the cup be hid.

ENO. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

MEN. Why?

ENO. He bears  
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

MEN. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it  
were all,'

That it might go on wheels!<sup>7</sup>

ENO. Drink thou; increase the reels.<sup>8</sup>

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANT. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,<sup>9</sup> ho!

<sup>7</sup> *The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, &c.*] The old copy reads—The third part then *he* is drunk, &c. The context clearly shows that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as I have printed it,—The third part *then* is drunk.

<sup>8</sup> *That it might go on wheels!*] “The World goes upon wheels, is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the Water-poet.

<sup>9</sup> — increase *the* reels.] As the word—*reel*, was not, in our author's time, employed to signify a *dance* or *revel*, and is used in no other part of his works as a substantive, it is not impossible that the passage before us, which seems designed as a continuation of the imagery suggested by Menas, originally stood thus:

“Drink thou, and greafe the wheels.”

A phrase somewhat similar, occurs in *Timon of Athens*:

“— with liquorish draughts &c.

“— greafes his pure mind,

“That from it all consideration slips.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — Strike the vessels,] Try whether the casks sound as empty.  
JOHNSON.

Here is to Cæsar.

CÆS. I could well forbear it.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer :<sup>3</sup> but I had rather fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

ENO. Ha, my brave emperor! [to ANTONY.  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

POM. Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let us all take hands ;<sup>4</sup>  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking*, as we now say, *chink glasses*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is surely right. So, in one of Iago's songs :

“ And let me the *cannikin chink*.” RITSON.

*Vessels* probably mean *kettle-drums*, which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank ; immediately after we have, “ make battery to our ears with the loud music.” They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet* :

“ Give me the cups ;

“ And let the *kettle* to the trumpet speak.”

Dr. Johnson's explanation degrades this feast of the lords of the whole world into rustick revel. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> — I'll make answer :] The word—*make*, only serves to clog the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Come, let us all take hands ;*] As half a line in this place may have been omitted, the deficiency might be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus* :

“ Come let us all take hands, and beat the ground,

“ Till” &c. STEEVENS.

Make battery to our ears<sup>9</sup> with the loud musick :—  
 The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing ;  
 The holding every man shall bear,<sup>2</sup> as loud  
 As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

## S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :<sup>3</sup>*

<sup>9</sup> *Make battery to our ears* —] So, in *King John* :  
 " Our ears are cudgel'd." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The holding every man shall bear,*] In old editions :  
*The holding every man shall beat,*—

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles, the *holding*. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides*? I am persuaded, the poet wrote :

*The holding every man shall bear, as loud  
 As his strong sides can volley.*

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* might have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *Henry VIII.* we find a similar expression :

" — let the music knock it." STEEVENS.

*The holding every man shall beat,*] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but *beat* is the right reading. To *beat* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Henry VIII.* relates to instrumental musick, not to vocal. *Loud as his sides can volley*, means, *with the utmost exertion of his voice*. So we say, he laughed till he split his sides. M. MASON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, and the change is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Steevens in his edition.

The meaning of the *holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 4to. 1598 : " — where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *with pink eyne* :] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a

*In thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us till the world go round;  
Cup us, till the world go round!*

CÆS. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother, Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.— Good Antony, your hand.

POM. I'll try you o' the shore.

ANT. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POM. O, Antony, You have my father's house,<sup>4</sup>—But what? we are friends:

*pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes*: eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“—such *ferret* and such fiery eyes.”

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-Catching*, 1592: “—like a *pink-ey'd ferret*.” Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,

“And me have *pinky eyne*, most brave and jolly wine!”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, Antony,

*You have my father's house,*] The historian Paterculus says: “—— cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui hand absurdè, cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: In carinis suis se cœnam dare; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.” Our author,

522 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Come, down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MEN. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,  
found out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

ENO. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

MEN. Ho!—noble captain!

Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

VEN. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;<sup>s</sup>  
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. WARBURTON.

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, could not be found in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. See p. 505, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — struck;] Alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,<sup>6</sup>  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*SIL.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Me-  
dia,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*VEN.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;  
Better leave undone,<sup>7</sup> than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.<sup>8</sup>  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Better leave undone, &c.*] Old copies, unmetrically (because the players were unacquainted with the most common ellipsis):  
*Better to leave undone, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *when him we serve's away.*] Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our author's phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you.”

See also *Coriolanus*, Vol. XII. p. 228, n. 6.

The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *be* we serve, &c. MALONE.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*SIL.* Thou hast, Ventidius,  
That without which <sup>7</sup> a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. <sup>8</sup> Thou wilt write to An-  
tony?

*VEN.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*SIL.* Where is he now?

*VEN.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with  
what haste  
The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *That without which* —] Here again, regardless of metre, the old copies read:

*That without the which* —. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That without which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction.*] *Grant*, for *afford*. It is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON,

We have somewhat of the same idea in *Coriolanus*:

"*Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword.*" STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?

ENO. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

AGR. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENO. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENO. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGR. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENO. Spake you of Cæsar? How?<sup>9</sup> the nonpareil!

AGR. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!<sup>2</sup>

ENO. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—  
go no further.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *How?*] I believe, was here, as in another place in this play, printed by mistake, for *ho*. See also Vol. V. p. 532, n. 3. MALONE.

I perceive no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. JOHNSON.

So again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I

“ Have lost my wager.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Cæsar;—go no further.*] I suspect that this line was de-

526 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

AGR. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

ENO. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony :

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,<sup>3</sup> cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love

signed to be metrical, and that (omitting the impertinent *go*) we should read :

*Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—no further.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *bards, poets,*] Not only the tautology of *bards and poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and *to number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :

- “ Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
- My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, tone, delight :
- “ First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arrie,
- “ His works, showes, futes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might :
- “ Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
- “ Held, pearst, posselt, my judgement, sence, and will ;
- “ Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, keale, creepe,
- “ Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
- “ Then greese, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
- “ Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine :
- “ But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, fight, thought,
- “ Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
- “ For nothing, time, nor place, can looffe, quench, ease,
- “ Mine owne, embraced, fought, knot, fire, disease.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594 :

- “ Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell ftee ;
- “ Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yields, we see.”

MALONE.

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGR. Both he loves.

ENO. They are his shards, and he their beetle.<sup>4</sup>

So,— [Trumpets.]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

ANT. No further, sir.

CÆS. You take from me a great part of myself; <sup>5</sup>  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band <sup>6</sup>  
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue,<sup>7</sup> which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded,<sup>8</sup> be the ram, to batter

<sup>4</sup> *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpy insect from the ground. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — the *shard-borne beetle*.”

See Vol. VII. p. 466, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *You take from me a great part of myself;*] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ I have given you here a third of my own life.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I have a kind of self resides in you.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — as my furthest band —] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

*Band* and *bond* in our author's time were synonymous.

See Vol. VII. p. 278, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — the piece of virtue,] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ Thy mother was a piece of virtue” —

Again, in *Pericles* :

“ Thou art a piece of virtue” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — the cement of our love,

*To keep it builded,*] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet :

“ And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

“ Grows fairer than at first.” MALONE.

530 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ENO. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;<sup>3</sup>  
So is he, being a man.

AGR. Why, Enobarbus?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENO. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:<sup>4</sup>  
Believe it, till I weep too.<sup>5</sup>

CÆS. No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

<sup>3</sup> — were he a horse;] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a four look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:] So, in *Macbeth*:  
“ — wail his fall  
“ Whom I myself struck down.” STEEVENS.

To confound is to destroy. See Vol. IX. p. 351. n. 8.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Believe it, till I weep too.] I have ventured to alter the sense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it,* (says Enobarbus,) *that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Theobald reads—*till I weep too.* STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 531

CÆS. Adieu; be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewell, farewell! [*kisses* OCTAVIA.

ANT. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?

ALEX. Half afeard to come.

CLEO. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ALEX. Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

CLEO. That Herod's head  
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou  
near.

MES. Most gracious majesty,—

CLEO. Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

MES. Ay, dread queen.

CLEO. Where?

MES. Madam, in Rome

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

CLEO. Is she as tall as me?<sup>6</sup>

MES. She is not, madam.

CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,  
or low?

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

CLEO. That's not so good:—he cannot like her  
long.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Is she as tall as me? &c. &c. &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his *Memoirs*, may probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

STEEVENS.

I see no probability that Shakspeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made publick for above threescore years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last;" but, "*That, i. e.* a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue."

That a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!*"—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the author intended no connexion between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My first interpretation I believe to be the true one.

It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary about twelve years after her death, strongly con-

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 533

CHAR. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEO. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue,  
and dwarfish!—

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

MES. She creeps;  
Her motion and her station<sup>s</sup> are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;  
A statue, than a breather.

CLEO. Is this certain?

MES. Or I have no observance.

CHAR. Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

CLEO. He's very knowing,  
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—  
The fellow has good judgement.

CHAR. Excellent.

CLEO. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

MES. Madam,  
She was a widow.

CLEO. Widow?—Charmian, hark.<sup>9</sup>

MES. And I do think, she's thirty.

firm's this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*,) tall of stature, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her voyce loud and shrill." MALONE.

It may be remarked, however, that when Cleopatra applies the epithet "shrill-tongued" to Fulvia, (see p. 410.) it is not introduced by way of compliment to the wife of Antony. STEEVENS.

The quality of the *voice* is referred to, as a criterion similar to that, already noticed, of the *hair*. See p. 503, n. 7. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — her station — ] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"A station like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Widow?—*Charmian, hark.*] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony. STEEVENS.

CLEO. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,  
or round?

MES. Round even to faultiness.

CLEO. For the most part too,  
They are foolish that are so.<sup>2</sup>—Her hair, what colour?

MES. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low<sup>3</sup>  
As she would wish it.

CLEO. There is gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

CHAR. A proper man.

CLEO. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd him.<sup>4</sup> Why, methinks, by him,

<sup>2</sup> Round &c.—

*They are foolish that are so.*] This is from the old writers on Physiognomy. So, in Hill's *Pleasant History* &c. 1613. "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish.*" Again, "the head *long to be prudent and wary.*"—"a *low forehead*, to be sad." &c. &c. p. 218. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — is as low &c.] For the insertion of—*is*, to help the metre, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

*As low as she would wish it.*] Low foreheads were in Shakespeare's age thought a blemish. So, in *The Tempest*:  
" — with foreheads *villainous low.*"

See also Vol. III. p. 274, n. 6.

*You and She* are not likely to have been confounded; otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote—

As low as *you* would wish it. MALONE.

The phrase employed by the Messenger, is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival,—“that her legs were as thick as *she could wish them.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *so harry'd him.*] To *harry*, is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

“He *harryed* her, and midst a throng,” &c.

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“Will *harry* me about instead of her.”



This creature's no such thing.

CHAR. O, nothing, madam.

CLEO. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHAR. Hath he seen majesty? Ifis else defend, And serving you so long!

CLEO. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write: All may be well enough.

CHAR. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Richard III. says, it was "*barried* on horseback, dead."

The same expression had been used by Harding in his *Chronicle*. Again, by Nash in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, "— as if he were *barrying* and chafing his enemies." STEVENS.

To *barry*, is, literally, to *bunt*. Hence the word *barrier*.— King James threatened the Puritans that "he would *barry* them out of the land." HENLEY.

Minsheu, in his *Dict.* 1617, explains the word thus: "To turmoile or vex." Cole in his *English Dict.* 1676, interprets *baried* by the word *pulled*, and in the sense of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was used by Shakspeare. See the marginal direction in p. 498. In a kindred sense it is used in the old translation of Plutarch; "Pyrrhus seeing his people thus troubled, and *barried* to and fro," &c.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1590: "Tartassare. To rib-baste, to bang, to tuggle, to hale, to *barrie*." MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> O, *nothing*,] The exclamation—O, was, for the sake of measure, supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, STEVENS.

Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it  
To publick ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,<sup>3</sup>  
Or did it from his teeth.<sup>4</sup>

OCTA. O my good lord,  
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts;  
And the good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray,<sup>6</sup> O, blefs my lord and husband!  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
O, blefs my brother! Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twi'xt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless.<sup>7</sup> But, as you requested,

<sup>3</sup> *When the best hint was given him, he not took't.*] The first folio reads, *not look'd*. Dr. Thirlby advis'd the emendation which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *Or did it from his teeth.*] Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And*—] I have supplied this conjunction, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *When I shall pray, &c.*] The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King Jobn*. See Vol. VIII. p. 94. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Than yours so branchless.*] Old Copy—*your*. Corrected in

Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother ; \* Make your soonest haste ;  
So your desires are yours.

OCTA. Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,

the second folio. This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, *your so* and *yours so*, being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. MALONE.

\* ——— *The mean time, lady,*

*I'll raise the preparation of a war*

*Shall stain your brother ;*] Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace : and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, so tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter.

*Shall strain your brother ;* ———

i. e. shall lay him under constraints ; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonish'd at it ; for he himself was in many wants, and the people were forely oppressed with grievous exactions. THEOBALD.

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

So, in some anonymous stanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt :

“ ——— here at hand approacheth one

“ Whose face will *stain* you all.”

Again, in *Shore's Wife*, by Churchyard ; 1593 :

“ So Shore's wife's face made foule Browneta blush,

“ As pearle *staines* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595 :

“ Whose beautie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece.”

STEVENS.

I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, *unless I am compell'd in my own defence, I will do no act that shall stain, &c.*

After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother. MALONE.

538 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Your reconciler!<sup>9</sup> Wars 'twixt you twain would  
be<sup>2</sup>

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should folder up the rift.

*ANT.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what  
cost

Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*ENO.* How now, friend Eros?

*EROS.* There's strange news come, sir.

*ENO.* What, man?

*EROS.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon  
Pompey.

*ENO.* This is old; What is the success?

*EROS.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the

<sup>9</sup> *Your reconciler!*] The old copy has *you*. This manifest error of the press, which appears to have arisen from the same cause as that noticed above, was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Wars 'twixt you twain would be &c.*] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivali-ty; <sup>3</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, <sup>4</sup> seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony? <sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — rivalry;] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "the rivals" of his watch. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — upon his own appeal,] To appeal, in Shakspeare, is to accuse; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Then, world, &c.] Old copy—Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony? This is obscure, I read it thus:

*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I have not in the present instance any scruples on that head. The passage, as it stands in the folio, is nonsense, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were easily confounded, and the omission in the last line, which Dr. Johnson has supplied, is one of those errors that happen in almost every sheet that passes through the press, when the same words are repeated near to each other in the same sentence. Thus, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, [Vol. XI. p. 539,] now before me, these words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honour* (i. e. the lordship of a place) in its legal sense." But the words—"in its common acceptation and" were omitted in the *proof* sheet by the compositor, by his eye (after he had composed the first *honour*,) glancing on the last, by which the intermediate words were lost. In the passage before us, I have no doubt that the compositor's eye in

*EROS.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and  
spurns  
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*  
And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*ENO.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*ERO.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;<sup>6</sup>  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*ENOS.* 'Twill be naught:  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*EROS.* Come, fir.

[*Exeunt.*

like manner glancing on the second *the*, after the first had been composed, the two words now recovered were omitted. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the same cause:

“The bearer knows not; but commends *itself*

“*To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself*

“*That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,*

“Not going from itself,” &c.

In the first folio edition of *Hamlet*, Act II. is the following passage: “I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.” But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were composed, glanced on the second *him*, and thus all the intervening words were lost.

I have lately observed that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. As, in a subsequent scene, Shakspeare, with allusion to the triumvirs, calls the World *three-wok'd*, so he here supposes it to have had *three chaps*.—*No more* does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written—and no more. Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps, and *only* a pair.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

CÆS. Contemning Rome, he has done all this;  
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place,<sup>7</sup> on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I' the market-place,*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch.  
“ For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge  
men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall  
siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and  
the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then  
he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did  
establiſh Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of  
the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same  
realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius  
Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he  
called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue  
Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when  
he had conquered the country: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion,  
Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia.” STREUVENS.

<sup>8</sup> For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.

JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North,

Absolute queen.

*MEC.* This in the publick eye?

*CÆS.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there<sup>8</sup> proclaim'd, The kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis<sup>9</sup>  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*MEC.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*AGR.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*CÆS.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

in folio, 1597,\* will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—  
“First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus,  
of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.” *FARMER*.

The present reading is right,—for in page 545, where *Cæsar* is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to *Bocchus*. *M. MASON*.

<sup>8</sup> — *be there* —] The old copy has—*bitber*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. *MALONE*.

<sup>9</sup> — *the goddess Isis* —] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.” *STEEVENS*.

\* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:  
“’Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,  
“That Latin French, that French to English straid:  
“Thus ’twixt one Plutarch there’s more difference,  
“Thaa i’ th’ same Englishman return’d from France.”

*FARMER*.



*AGR.* Whom does he accuse?

*CÆS.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*AGR.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*CÆS.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-  
quer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*MÆC.* He'll never yield to that.

*CÆS.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*OCTA.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most  
dear Cæsar!

*CÆS.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*OCTA.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

*CÆS.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You  
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
 Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented  
 The ostent of our love,<sup>9</sup> which, left unshown  
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
 By sea, and land; supplying every stage  
 With an augmented greeting.

OCTA. Good my lord,  
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
 On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
 My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
 His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which soon he granted,  
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.<sup>a</sup>

OCTA. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,

<sup>9</sup> *The ostent of our love,*] Old copy—*ostentation*. But the metre, and our author's repeated use of the former word in *The Merchant of Venice*: "—Such fair *ostents* of love," sufficiently authorize the slight change I have made. *Ostent* occurs also in *King Henry V*:

"Giving full trophy, signal, and *ostent*—." STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Which soon he granted,*

*Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.*] [Old copy—*abstract*] Antony very soon comply'd to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We must read:

*Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.*

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

I am by no means certain that this change was necessary. Mr. Henley pronounces it to be "needless and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense." One of the meanings of *abstracted* is—*separated, disjoined*; and therefore our poet, with his usual license, might have used it for a *disjunctive*. I believe there is no such substantive as *obstruct*: Besides we say, an obstruction to a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.

As Mr. Malone, however, is contented with Dr. Warburton's reading, I have left it in our text. STEEVENS.

And his affairs come to me on the wind,  
Where is he now?

*OCTA.* My lord, in Athens.<sup>2</sup>

*CES.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath need'd him to her. He hath given his em-  
pire

Up to a whore; who now are levying<sup>3</sup>  
The kings o' the earth for war:<sup>4</sup> He hath assem-  
bled

Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of scepters.

*OCTA.* Ah me, most wretched,

<sup>2</sup> *My lord, in Athens.*] Some words, necessary to the metre, be-  
ing here omitted, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*My lord, he is in Athens.*

But I rather conceive the omission to have been in the former hemi-  
stich, which might originally have stood thus:

*Where is he, 'pray you, now?*

*Octa.*

*My lord, in Athens.*

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — who now are levying —] That is, which two persons  
now are levying, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The kings o' the earth for war:*] Mr. Upton remarks, that  
there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings:  
but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accu-  
rate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

“ — Polemon and Amintas

“ Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede.”

And this obviates all impropriety. STEVENS.

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*CÆS.* Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers<sup>5</sup>  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort ;<sup>6</sup>  
And ever welcome to us.

*AGR.* Welcome, lady.

*MEC.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment<sup>7</sup> to a trull,

<sup>5</sup> — them *ministers* —] Old Copy—*his ministers*. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — Best of comfort ;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be of comfort*, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it stands very awkwardly. "*Best of comfort*" may mean —*Thou best of comforters!* a phrase which we meet with again in *The Tempest* :

" A solemn air, and the *best comforter*

" To an unsettled fancy's cure!"

Cæsar however may mean, that what he has just mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. MALONE.

This elliptical phrase, I believe, only signifies—*May the best of comfort be yours!* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — potent regiment —] *Regiment*, is, *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

That noises it against us.

OCTA. Is it so, fir?

CÆS. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time; a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

*Trull* is used in the First Part of *King Henry VI.* as synonymous to *barlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679.—There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here. MALONE.

*Regiment* is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of *The Schola Salernitana*, is called *The Regiment of Helth.*

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“ Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment.*”

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

“ So when he had resign'd his *regiment,*”

*Trull* is not employed in an unfavourable sense by George Peele in the Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ When swaines sweete pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme.”

Again, in *Dametas's Jigge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton; printed in the same collection:

“ — be thy mirth scene;

“ Heard to each swaine, scene to each *trull.*”

Again, in the eleventh book of Virgil, Twyne's translation of the *virgins* attendant on Camilla, is,

“ Italian *trulles*” —

Mecænas, however, by this appellation, most certainly means no compliment to Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou hast forspoke my being<sup>s</sup> in these wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

ENO.

Well, is it, is it?

<sup>s</sup> — forspoke my being — } To *for speak*, is to contradict, to speak against, as *forbid* is to order negatively, JOHNSON.

Thus, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ — thy life *for spoke* by love.”

To *for speak* likewise signified to *curse*, So, in Drayton's *Epistle* from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

“ Or to *for speak* whole flocks as they did feed.”

To *for speak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid* in *Macbeth*:

“ He shall live a man *forbid*.”

So, to *forthink* meant anciently to *withthink*, and consequently to *repent*:

“ Therefore of it be not to boolde,

“ Left thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde.”

*Interlude of Youth*, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, B. I. to *forshape* is to *mis-shape*:

“ Out of a man into a stone

“ *Forshape*,” &c.

To *for speak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, “ — a witch, gossip, to *for speak* the matter thus.” In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. STEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 549

CLEO. Is't not? Denounce against us,<sup>9</sup> why should  
not we  
Be there in person?

ENO. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost;<sup>2</sup> the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

<sup>9</sup> *Is't not?* Denounce against us, &c.] The old copy reads:  
If not, denounc'd against us, &c.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

I would read:

“Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we  
“Be there in person?”—TYRWHITT.

Cleopatra means to say, “Is not the war denounced against us?  
Why should we not then attend in person?”—She says, a little  
lower,

“—A charge we bear i' the war,  
“And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
“Appear there for a man.”

She speaks of herself in the plural number, according to the  
usual style of sovereigns. M. MASON.

Mr. Malone reads with the old copy, introducing only the change  
of a single letter—denounc't instead of denounc'd.—I have follow-  
ed Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read—denounce, but the slight altera-  
tion for which I am answerable, is nearer to the original copy. I  
am not however sure that the old reading is not right. “If not  
denounc'd,” *If there be no particular denunciation against me, why  
should we not be there in person?* There is however, in the folio, a  
comma after the word not, and no point of interrogation at the end  
of the sentence; which favours the emendation now made.

MALONE.

Surely, no valid inference can be drawn from such uncertain  
premises as the punctuation of the old copy, which (to use the words  
of Rosalind and Touchstone in *As you like it*) is “as fortune will, or  
as the destinies decree.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —merely lost;] i. e. entirely, absolutely lost. So, in  
*Hamlet*:

“—things rank, and grofs in nature  
“Possess it merely.” STEEVENS.

550 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*CLEO.* What is't you say?

*ENO.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his  
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*CLEO.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the  
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*ENO.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*ANT.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?<sup>a</sup>—You have heard on't,  
sweet?

*CLEO.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*ANT.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*CLEO.* By sea! What else?

*CAN.* Why will my lord do so?

<sup>a</sup> *And take in Toryne?*] To take in is to gain by conquest. See Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 5; and Vol. XII. p. 26, n. 9. STEVENS.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 551

ANT. For he dares us<sup>3</sup> to't.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharfalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these of-  
fers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

ENO. Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers,<sup>4</sup> people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy.<sup>5</sup> No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. By sea, by sea.

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and

<sup>3</sup> For *he dares us* — ] i. e. *because he dares us*. So, in *Othello*:  
“ — Haply, for I am black —.”

The old copy redundantly reads—For *that* he. See Vol. XIII.  
p. 149, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, &c.*] The old copy has  
*militer*. The correction was made by the editor of the second  
folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: “ — for  
lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men  
out of Græce, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers,  
*muliters*, reapers, harvest-men,” &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling  
of *muleteer*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Their ships are yare; yours, heavy.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's  
*Plutarch*.—“ Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and  
great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*.” *Yare* generally signifies,  
*dextrous, manageable*. See Vol. III. p. 5, n. 3. STEEVENS.

532 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

ANT. I'll fight at sea.

CLEO. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.<sup>4</sup>

ANT. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

MES. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

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

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis!<sup>6</sup>—How now, worthy soldier?

<sup>4</sup> — *Cæsar none better.*] I must suppose this mutilated line to have originally run thus:

*I have sixty sails, Cæsar himself none better.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his forces should be there. So afterwards in this scene:

“ His power went out in such distractions as

“ Beguil'd all spies.”

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Before the which was drawn the power of Greece.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *my Thetis!*] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down

SOLD. O noble emperor,<sup>7</sup> do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-  
tians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we  
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

SOLD. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on't:<sup>8</sup> So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

the Cydnus, when she appeared like *Thetis* surrounded by the Ne-  
cids. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *O noble emperor, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*.  
“ Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was  
a captaine, & a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many  
battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut: who as  
Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble  
emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle  
shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this  
sword? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs  
on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on  
our fecte. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but  
only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed  
him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage  
himselſe.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Sold. *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*

Can. *Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows*

*Not in the power on't:*] That is, his whole conduct becomes  
ungoverned by the right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to  
say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which  
is his greatest strength, (namely his *land force*;) but on the caprice  
of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson  
refers the word *on't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend,  
it refers to *action* in the speech before us. MALONE.

554 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

**SOLD.** You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

**CAN.** Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.<sup>5</sup>

**SOLD.** While he was<sup>6</sup> yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,<sup>7</sup> as  
Beguil'd all spies.

**CAN.** Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

**SOLD.** They say, one Taurus.

**CAN.** Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

**MES.** The emperor calls for Canidius.<sup>8</sup>

**CAN.** With news the time's with labour; and  
throes forth,<sup>9</sup>  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> Carries beyond belief.] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "— he would have carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> While he was —] Of what use are the words—*he was*, except to vitiate the metre? STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — distractions,] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus used by Sir Paul Rycout in his *Maxims of Turkish Polity*: "— and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives, slaves, or distractions of his love." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The emperor calls for Canidius.] The preposition—*for*, was judiciously inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. So, in a future scene:

" — call for Enobarbus, —." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — and throes forth,] i. e. emits as in parturition. So, in *The Tempest*:

" — proclaim a birth

" Which throes thee much to yield." STEEVENS.

S C E N E VIII.

*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.*

CÆS. Taurus,—

TAUR. My lord.

CÆS. Strike not by land ; keep whole :  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

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

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold  
no longer :  
The Antoniad,<sup>2</sup> the Egyptian admiral,

<sup>2</sup> *The Antoniad, &c.]* Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*SCAR.* Gods, and goddeffes,  
All the whole synod of them!

*ENO.* What's thy passion?

*SCAR.* The greater cantele<sup>3</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*ENO.* How appears the fight?

*SCAR.* On our side like the token'd<sup>4</sup> pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid<sup>5</sup> nag of  
Egypt,

<sup>3</sup> *The greater cantele* —] A piece or lump. POPE.

*Cantele* is rather a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3010:

“Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 492, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *token'd* —] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619: “A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*.” Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

“His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague,

“Once spotted, never cur'd.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I see.”

See Vol. V. p. 339, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *ribald* —] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not un-

Whom leprosy o'ertake !<sup>6</sup> i' the midst o' the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

derstand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON,

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ — that injurious *riball* that attempts

“ To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity.”

Again :

“ Injurious strumpet, and thou *ribald* knave.”

*Ribaudred*, the old reading is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his verification, might have written :

*Yon ribald-rid nag of Egypt*,—

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.

STEEVENS.

I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald*; and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for.—Whenever by any negligence in writing a dot is omitted over an *i*, compositors at the press invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many sheets of my edition of Shakspeare, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the passage before us.

In our author's own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, I have lately observed the same error :

“ Afflict him in his bed with bed-*red* groans.”

Again, in *Hamlet*, 1604, Signat. B. 3. [Act I. sc. ii.]

“ Who impotent, and bed-*red*, scarcely hears

“ Of this his nephew's purpose.”

By *ribald*, Searus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not “ every lewd fellow,” as Mr. Steevens has explained it.

MALONE.

— [*Yon ribald nag of Egypt*,] I believe we should read—*bag*. What follows seems to prove it :

“ — She once being loof'd,

“ The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,

“ Claps on his sea-wing.” — TYRWHITT.

Odd as this use of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily used in the same manner. HENLEY.

The brieze, or æstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Whom leprosy o'ertake !*] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line :

Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder,<sup>6</sup>—  
The brize upon her,<sup>7</sup> like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

ENO. That I beheld: mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on't,<sup>8</sup> and could not  
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being loof'd,<sup>9</sup>  
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:

“ *Contaminato cum grege turpium*  
“ *Morbo virorum.*” JOHNSON.

*Leprosy* was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592: “Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, although for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*.” STEVENS.

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy, or elephantiasis, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great*, adds, it is “a peculiar maladie, and naturall to the Egyptians; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they fate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure.” *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI. c. i. REED.

<sup>6</sup> Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder,——] So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“ We were two lions, litter'd in one day,  
“ But I the elder and more terrible.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The brize upon her,] The brize is the gad-fly. So, in Spenser:

“ —— a brize, a scorned little creature,  
“ Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Did sicken at the sight on't,] For the insertion of — on't, to complete the measure, I am answerable, being backed, however, by the authority of the following passage in *Cymbeline*:

“ —— the sweet view on't  
“ Might well have warm'd old Saturn,——” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— being loof'd,] To loof is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEVENS.



I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack !

*Enter* CANIDIUS.

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good  
night

Indeed. [*aside.*

CAN. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCAR. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

CAN. To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

ENO. I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony,<sup>2</sup> though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *The wounded chance of Antony,*] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written :

*The wounded chase of Antony,*—

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* says Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chased* and *wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as *the broken fortunes of Antony*. The old reading is indisputably the true one. So, in the fifth Act :

## S C E N E IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.*

ANT. Hark, the land bids me tread no more  
upon't,  
It is a sham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;  
I am so lated in the world,<sup>2</sup> that I  
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

ATT. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed  
cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be  
gone;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you; be gone:<sup>3</sup>  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,

“ Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit,  
“ Through the ashes of my chance.” MALONE.

Mr. Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In *Orbello* we have a phrase somewhat similar to *wounded chance*; viz. “*mangled matter.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *so lated in the world,*] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

“ Now spurs the *lated* traveller space.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *be gone*:] We might, I think, safely complete the measure by reading:

— *be gone*, I say: STEEVENS.

I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall  
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
 Sweep your way for you.<sup>4</sup> Pray you, look not sad,  
 Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself:<sup>5</sup> to the sea side straightway:  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—  
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,<sup>6</sup>  
 Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.  
 [Sits down.]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
 and IRAS.'

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort  
 him.

IRAS. Do, most dear queen.

CHAR. Do! Why, what else?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Sweep your way for you.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — they must sweep my way,  
 “ And marshall me to knavery.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — let that be left

*Which leaves itself:*] Old copy—let them, &c. Corrected by  
 Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — I have lost command,] I am not maker of my own emo-  
 tions. JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I entreat you to leave me, because I  
 have lost all power to command your absence. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Do! Why, what else? &c.] Being uncertain whether these, and

562 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. Let me sit down. O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

EROS. See you here, fir?

ANT. O fye, fye, fye.

CHAR. Madam,—

IRAS. Madam; O good emprefs!—

EROS. Sir, fir,—

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer;<sup>7</sup> while I struck

other short and interrupted speeches in the scene before us, were originally designed to form regular verses; and suspecting that in some degree they have been mutilated, I have made no attempt at their arrangement. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— He, at Philippi, kept

His sword even like a dancer;] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practice at Christmas. STEEVENS.

Sword dances at Christmas are not peculiar to Northumberland; they are common to the adjoining counties; and are, not without the greatest probability, supposed to have descended from the Romans. In these dances the sword points are generally over the shoulders of the performers. Antony means, that Cæsar stood inactive with his sword on his shoulder. RITSON.

The Goths in one of their dances held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. sc. i:

“ ——— our mother, unadvis'd,

“ Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side.” STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended: <sup>8</sup> he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, <sup>9</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

“ I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
“ Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
“ Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
“ But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and 'twas I,

[That the mad Brutus ended:] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — be alone

Dealt on *lieutenantry*,] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony.

JOHNSON.

*Dealt on lieutenantry*, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on the strength of his lieutenants*. So, in a former scene, Ventidius observes—

“ Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
“ More in their officer, than person.”

Again, in the countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

“ — Cassius and Brutus ill betid,  
“ March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,  
“ But by my sole conduct; for all the time,  
“ Cæsar heart-sick with fear and fever lay.”

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Q. Margaret*:

“ That it amaz'd the marchers, to behold  
“ Men so ill arm'd, *upon* their bows so bold.”

*Upon* their bows must here mean *on the strength of their bows*—*relying on their bows*. Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*,

CLEO. Ah, stand by,

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him;  
He is unqualified<sup>2</sup> with very shame.

CLEO. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but

&c. by Nafhe, 1496: "At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and dealing upon it most intently." Again, in *Osbello*:

"Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

"To start my quiet."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"—are they that I would have thee deal upon."

STEEVENS,

Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shakspeare represents him, in the next act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself.

"Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight, —"

Again:

"Go, charge, Agrippa." M. MASON.

In the life of Antony Shakspeare found the following passage:—"they were always more fortunate when they made warre by their lieutenants than by themselves;"—which fully explains that before us.

The subsequent words also—"and no practice had," &c. show that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase to deal on is likewise found in *Pierce Pennyleffe his supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nafhe, 1592. "When dice, lust, and drunkenness, all have dealt upon him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for his penie, he sits melancholie in his chamber." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> He is unqualified —] I suppose the means, he is *unsoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage in *Osbello*, in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service:

"—My heart's subdued

"Even to the very *quality* of my lord." MALONE.

Perhaps, *unqualified*, only signifies *unmanned* in general, *disarmed* of his usual faculties, without any particular reference to soldiership.

STEEVENS.

Your comfort<sup>3</sup> makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation;  
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sit, the queen.

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame<sup>4</sup> out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEO. O my lord, my lord!  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,<sup>5</sup>  
And thou should'st tow<sup>6</sup> me after: O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy<sup>7</sup> thou knew'st; and that

<sup>3</sup> — death will seize her; but  
Your comfort &c.] But has here, as once before in this play,  
the force of *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification.  
If it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have  
written, according to his usual practices, *make*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> How I convey my shame —] How, by looking another way,  
I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — tied by the strings,] That is, by the *heart-string*.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the coun-  
tess of Pembroke, 1595:

“ — as if his soule  
“ Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,  
“ He left his men” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — should'st tow —] The old copy has—*should'st stow* me.  
This is one of the many corruptions occasioned by the transcriber's  
ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Thy full supremacy —] Old copy—*The full*—. Corrected  
by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

566 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

CLEO. O, my pardon.

ANT. Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

CLEO. O pardon, pardon.

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost:<sup>1</sup> Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—  
Some wine, within<sup>2</sup> there, and our viands:—For-  
tune knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> — one of them rates

*All that is won and lost:*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“When the battle's *lost and won.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *within* — ] This word might be fairly ejected, as it  
has no other force than to derange the metre. STEVENS.



S C E N E X.

*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,<sup>9</sup> and Others.*

CÆS. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him?

DOL. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:<sup>2</sup>  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter Ambaffador from ANTONY.*

CÆS. Approach, and speak.

AMB. Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.<sup>3</sup>

CÆS. Be it so; Declare thine office.

<sup>9</sup> — *Thyreus,*] In the old copy always—*Thidias.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *his schoolmaster:*] The name of this person was *Euphronius.*  
STEEVENS.

He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *as petty to his ends,*

*As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf*

*To his grand sea.*] Thus the old copy. *To whose grand sea?*  
I know not. Perhaps we should read:

*To this grand sea.*

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp,  
and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

AMB. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
 Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
 A private man in Athens: This for him.  
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
 The circle of the Ptolemies<sup>4</sup> for her heirs,  
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆS.

For Antony,

The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the grand sea*.

I believe the old reading is the true one: *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

“ ——— though I know

“ His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

There is a playhouse tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakspere. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: “ Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, “ *immensa æquorum vastitas*.” I may add, that Sir John Mandevile, p. 89. calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, “ *the grete see*.” The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspere might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more likely to be right, than Steevens's explanation. M. MASON.

I believe the last is the right explanation. HENLEY.

The last of Mr. Steevens's explanations certainly gives the sense of Shakspere. If *his* be not used for *its*, he has made a person of the *Morn-drop*. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The circle of the Ptolemies* ———] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ All that impedes thee from the golden round,

“ Which fate and metaphysical aid

“ Would have thee crown'd withal.” MALONE.

I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so the  
From Egypt drive her all-difgraced friend,<sup>5</sup>  
Or take his life there: This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

AMB. Fortune pursue thee!

CÆS. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[to THYREUS.]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will per-  
jure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal:<sup>6</sup> Try thy cunning,  
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

THYR. Cæsar, I go.

CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;<sup>7</sup>  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.<sup>8</sup>

THYR. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

<sup>5</sup> — friend,] i. e. paramour. See Vol. XIII, p. 31, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — will perjure

*The ne'er-touch'd vestal:]* So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:—

“Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — how Antony becomes his flaw;] That is, how Antony  
conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> And what thou think'st his very action speaks

*In every power that moves.]* So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“— her foot speaks, her—spirits look out

“At every joint and motive of her body.” STEEVENS.

## S C E N E XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus? <sup>6</sup>

ENO.

Think, and die. <sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *What shall we do, Enobarbus?*] I have little doubt but that the verb—*do*, which is injurious to the metre, was interpolated, and that some player or transcriber (as in many former instances) has here defeated the purpose of an ellipsis convenient to verification. *What shall we?* in ancient familiar language, is frequently understood to signify—*What shall we do?* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Think, and die.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*Drink, and die.*

And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, “has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. “*Think, and die;*” says he, “that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world,* is a natural answer.” I grant it would be, according to this explanation, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier*; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as Sir T. Hanmer’s alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:

*Wink, and die.*

When the ship is going to be cast away, in the *Sea-voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act I. sc. i.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her:

“ — Go, take your gilt

“ Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die:*” insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra’s desponding question. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — all that he can do

“ Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar.”

CLEO. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

ENO. Antony only, that would make his will  
 Lord of his reason. What although<sup>8</sup> you fled  
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?<sup>9</sup>  
 The itch of his affection should not then  
 Have nick'd his captainship;<sup>2</sup> at such a point,

Mr. Tollet observes, that the expression of *taking thought*, in our old English writers is equivalent to *the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of the New Testament, Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: "—*taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought*." Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: "Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking*," Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. I. p. 234: "—their mother died *for thought*."—Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in the second part of *King Henry IV*:

"—led his powers to death,

"And *winking* leap'd into destruction." STEEVENS.

After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV. sc. vi. and by Holinshed, *Chronicle of Ireland*, p. 97. "His father lived in the Tower—where for thought of the young man his follie he died." There is a passage almost exactly similar in *The Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. II. p. 423:

"Can I not *think away* myself and die?" TYRWHITT.

*Think and die*:—Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

See Vol. IV. p. 75, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *althought* —] The first syllable of this word was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *why should he follow?*] Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read—*follow you?* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Have nick'd his captainship*;) i. e. set the mark of folly on it. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"—and the while

"His man with scissars *nicks* him like a fool." STEEVENS.

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question :<sup>9</sup> 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEO. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

ANT. Is this his answer?

AMB. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen  
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

AMB. He says so.

ANT. Let her know it.<sup>2</sup>—

<sup>9</sup> — he being

*The mered question :*] The *mered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except :

*The mooted question.*—

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered* question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, B. III. 182 :

“ Whereto jointlye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth.”

Barrett in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1586, interprets a *meere-stone* by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 1 :

“ — the king

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.” STEEVENS.

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that case, the *meered* question might mean, the only cause of the dispute—the only subject of the quarrel. M. MASON.

*Mered* is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere* : he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Let her know it.*] To complete the verse, we might add—  
Let her know it then. STEEVENS.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again; Tell him, he wears the  
rose

Of youth upon him; from which, the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon

As I' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd,<sup>3</sup> sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and AMB.]

<sup>3</sup> — his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote,  
— his gay comparisons.

Let him "unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

*Comparison* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for an ornamental dress. So, in *As you Like it*, Act III. sc. ii:

"— though I am *comparison'd* like a man,"—

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. ii:

"With die and drab I purchas'd this *comparison*."

The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth*:

"Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,

Point against point, rebellious."

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when compared with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."

ENO. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,<sup>1</sup>  
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are  
 A parcel of their fortunes;<sup>2</sup> and things outward  
 Do draw the inward quality after them,  
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
 His judgement too,

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — What the *declin'd* is,

“ He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

“ As feel in his own fall.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd.” MALONE.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading:

“ — that he should dream,

“ Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

“ Answer his emptiness!” M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *be stag'd to the show,*] So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:

“ — as if he *stag'd*

“ The wounded Priam——” STEVENS.

*Be stag'd to show,*—that is, exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — *are*

*A parcel of their fortunes;*] i. e. as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them.* STEVENS.



ENO. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.<sup>5</sup>

[*Aside.*

The loyalty, well held to fools,<sup>6</sup> does make  
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

CLEO. Cæsar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends; <sup>7</sup> say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

THYR.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,

<sup>5</sup> ——— to square.] i. e. to quarrel. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Vol. V. p. 32, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.*] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:

Though loyalty, well held to fools, does make

Our faith mere folly—— THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *None but friends;*] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we ought to read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

"None here but friends." STEEVENS.

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.<sup>7</sup>

CLEO.

Go on: Right royal.

<sup>7</sup> — Cæsar entreats,

*Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,*

*Further than he is Cæsar.*] Thus the second folio; and on this reading the subsequent explanation by Dr. Warburton is founded.

The first folio, which brings obscurity with it, has  
— than he is Cæsar's.

See Mr. Malone's note. STEVENS.

i. e. *Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar:* That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARBURTON.

It has been just said, that whatever *Antony* is, all his followers are; "that is, *Cæsar's*." *Thyreus* now informs *Cleopatra* that *Cæsar* entreats her not to consider *herself* in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with *Antony*, who is *Cæsar's*: intimating to her, (according to the instructions he had received from *Cæsar*, to detach *Cleopatra* from *Antony*, see p. 569.) that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.

I suspect that the preceding speech belongs to *Cleopatra*, not to *Enobarbus*. Printers usually keep the names of the persons who appear in each scene, ready composed; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that *Enobarbus* should presume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between *Cleopatra* and *Thyreus*, till *Enobarbus* thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*) which suits *Cleopatra*, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens my conjecture. The words, *our master*, it may be said, are inconsistent with this supposition; but I apprehend, *Cleopatra* might have thus described *Antony*, with sufficient propriety.—They are afterwards explained: "Whose he is, *our* etc." *Antony* was the master of her fate. MALONE.

*Enobarbus*, who is the buffoon of the play, has already presumed [See p. 471.] to interfere between the jarring *Triumvirs*, and might therefore have been equally slipshod on the occasion before us.—For this reason, as well as others, I conceive the speech in question to have been rightly appropriated in the old copy.—What a diminution of *Shakspeare's* praise would it be, if four lines that exactly suit the mouth of *Enobarbus*, could come with equal propriety from the lips of *Cleopatra*! STEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 673

THYR. He knows, that you embrace not<sup>8</sup> Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEO.

THYR. The scars upon your honour, therefore,  
he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

CLEO. He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

ENO. To be sure of that, [*Aside*.  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.] [*Exit ENOBARBUS*.

THYR. Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

CLEO. What's your name?

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLEO. Most kind messenger,

<sup>8</sup> — that you embrace not —] The author probably wrote—  
embrac'd. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — thou'rt so leaky, &c. —  
Thy dearest quit thee.] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ A rotten carcase of a boat—

“ — the very rats

“ Instinctively had quit it—.” STEEVENS.

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation  
I kifs his conqu'ring hand : \* tell him, I am prompt

<sup>2</sup> Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation,  
I kifs his conqu'ring hand :] The poet certainly wrote :  
Say to great Cæsar this ; In deputation  
I kifs his conqu'ring hand :

i. e. by proxy ; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.

WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kifs his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*, “*Dispute it like a man;*” and *Macduff*, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*.—“*For though my soul disputes well with my sense.*”—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—“*by deputation.*” STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *deputation* is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural construction that any sense can be extorted from the words as they stand. It is not necessary to read *by deputation*, instead of *in*. That amendment indeed would render the passage more strictly grammatical, but Shakspeare is, frequently, at least as licentious in the use of his particles. M. MASON.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by deputation* is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. Thus a *deputy* says in the first scene of *King Jobn* :

“ Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

“ *In* my behaviour, to his majesty,

“ The borrow'd majesty of England here.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ Of all the favourites that the absent king

“ *In deputation* left behind him here.”

Again : Bacon in his *History of Henry VII.* says, “ — if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at courtesie.*”—We should now say, “ *by courtesie.*”—So, “ *in any hand,*” was the phrase of Shakspeare's time, for which, “ *at any hand,*” was afterwards used.

Supposing *disputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controversy, but struggle for power, or the contention of

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath<sup>3</sup> I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

THYR. 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace<sup>4</sup> to lay  
My duty on your hand.

CLEO. Your Cæsar's father  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,<sup>5</sup>  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

adversaries, to say that one kisses the hand of another *in contention*, is surely a strange phrase: but to *kiss by proxy*, and to *marry by proxy*, was the language of Shakspeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being used in the sense required here. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Tell him, from his all-obeying breath &c.] Doom is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I suppose we ought to read,

— *all-obeyed breath*. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive* signification:

“ To furnish me upon my *longing* journey.”

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed:

“ For the recovery of a *strangling husband*.”

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. STEEVENS.

*All-obeying* breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Give me grace—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — taking kingdoms in,] See p. 550, n. 2. REED.

580  
674

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

ANT. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

THR. One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man,<sup>5</sup> and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

ENO. You will be whipp'd.

ANT. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now  
gods and devils!  
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,  
*ho!*

Like boys unto a mufs,<sup>6</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,<sup>7</sup> and whip him.

ENO. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and stars!  
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-  
taries

<sup>5</sup> — *the fullest man,*] The most complete, and perfect. So, in *Othello*:

“What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe.”

See Vol. IV. p. 462, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Like boys unto a mufs,*] i. e. a scramble. POPE.

So used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetick Lady*:

“—nor are they thrown

“To make a *mufs* among the gamefome suitors.”

Again, in *The Spanish Gypsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“To see if thou be'st alcumy or no,

“They'll throw down gold in *musses*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Take hence this Jack,*] See Vol. IV. p. 407. n. 6.

MALONE.

581  
675

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So faucy with the hand of she here, (What's her  
name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?<sup>8</sup>)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

THR. Mark Antony,—

ANT. Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack<sup>9</sup> of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Att. with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpres'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — (What's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?]) That is, since she ceased to be  
Cleopatra.—So when Ludovico says,

“Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?”

Othello replies

“That's he that was Othello. Here I am.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — This Jack—] Old copy—*The* Jack. Corrected by Mr.  
Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> By one that looks on feeders?] One that waits at the table while  
others are eating. JOHNSON.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a  
*servant*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “Bar my doors,  
Where are all my eaters? My mouths now? bar up my doors, my  
varlets.” One who looks on *feeders*, is one who throws away her  
regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to  
be. Thus in *Cymbeline*:

“—that base wretch,

“One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

“The very scraps o' the court.” STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage  
the true one. Neither of the quotations in my apprehension support  
Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as synonymous to a *servant*.

CLEO.

Good my lord,—

ANT. You have been a boggler ever :—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wife gods feel our eyes ;<sup>9</sup>

So fantastick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonson, having in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous. In *Timon of Athens* this word occurs again :

“ — So the gods blefs me,  
“ When all our offices have been oppress'd  
“ With riotous *feeders*,—”

There also Mr. Steevens supposes *feeders* to mean *servants*. But I do not see why “ all our offices” may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's house ; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the excesses of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his master and his guests;) or, if *offices* can only mean such parts of a dwelling-house as are assign'd to servants, I do not conceive that, because *feeders* is *there* descriptive of those menial attendants who were thus fed, the word used by itself, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the passage before us, should necessarily signify a *servant*.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that a subsequent passage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given :

“ To flatter Cæsar, would you *mingle eyes*  
“ *With one that ties his points?*” MALONE.

On maturer consideration, Mr. Malone will find that Timon's Steward has *not* left the excesses of his master, and his guests, unnoticed ; for though he first adverts to the luxury of their servants, he immediately afterwards alludes to their own, which he confines to the *rooms* (not *offices*) that “ blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy.”—My definition therefore of the term—*offices*, will still maintain its ground.

In further support of it, see a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. VII. p. 401, n. 8. where *offices* occurs, a reading which Mr. Malone has overlooked, and consequently left without remark.

Duncan would hardly have “ sent *forth*” largesse to Macbeth's *offices*, had these *offices* been (as Mr. Malone seems willing to represent them) “ *all* the apartments *in* the house.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *feel our eyes; &c.*] This passage should be pointed thus :  
“ ——— feel our eyes ;  
“ In our own filth drop our clear judgments.” TYRWHITT.



In our own filth drop our clear judgements; <sup>2</sup> make  
 us  
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
 To our confusion.

CLEO. O, is it come to this?

ANT. I found you as a morfel, cold upon  
 Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
 Luxuriously pick'd out: <sup>3</sup>—For, I am sure,  
 Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,  
 You know not what it is.

CLEO. Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
 And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with  
 My playfellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,  
 And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
 Upon the hill of Baſan, <sup>4</sup> to outroar

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

—feel our eyes

In our own filth; &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In our own filth drop our clear judgements;*] If I underſtand the foregoing alluſion, it is ſuch as ſcarce deſerves illuſtration, which, however, may be caught from a ſimile in Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*:

“As what a Dutchman *plumps* into the lakes,” &c.

In *King Henry V.* Act III. ſc. v. we have already met with a conceit of ſimilar indelicacy:

“He'll drop his heart into the *ſink* of fear.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Luxuriously pick'd out* :—] *Luxuriously* means *wantonly*. So, in *King Lear*:

“To't *luxury*, pellmell, for I lack ſoldiers.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 491. n. 7; and Vol. IV. p. 384. n. 2.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the hill of Baſan,*] This is from Pſalm lxxviii. 15. “As *the hill of Baſan*, ſo is God's hill: even an high hill, as the hill of Baſan.” STEEVENS.

The horned herd!<sup>4</sup> for I have savage cause;  
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
 For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1. *ATT.* Soundly, my lord.

*ANT.* Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1. *ATT.* He did ask favour.

*ANT.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou  
 sorry  
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
 forth,  
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
 Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from Psalm xxii. 12. "Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For being yare about him.*] i. e. *ready, nimble, adroit.* So, in a preceding scene:

"Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch. "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed him self proud and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crië quittance," STEEVENS.

He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,  
 Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me:<sup>7</sup> Urge it thou:  
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony!

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points?<sup>8</sup>

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck: as it determines,<sup>9</sup> so

<sup>7</sup> — *to quit me:*] To repay me this insult; to requite me.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *With one that ties his points?*] i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose were fastened. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *as it determines,*] That is, as the hailstone dissolves.

M. MASON.

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

“Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me.”

See Vol. IX. p. 197, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Diffolve my life! The next Cæfarion smite!<sup>9</sup>  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
 By the discandyng of this pelleted storm,<sup>2</sup>  
 Lie gravelefs; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
 Have buried them for prey!<sup>3</sup>

ANT. I am fatisfied.

Cæfar fits down in Alexandria; where  
 I will oppofe his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>4</sup> threat'ning moft fea-  
 like.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *The next Cæfarion smite!*] Cæfarion was Cleopatra's fon by Julius Cæfar. STEEVENS.

The folio has *smile*. This literal error will ferve to corroborate Dr. Farmer's conjecture in *King Henry V.* Vol. IX. p. 307. n. 3. REED.

<sup>2</sup> *By the discandyng of this pelleted storm,*] The old folios read, *discandering*: from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I faw, we muft retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text.

THEOBALD.

*Discandy* is ufed in the next aft. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *till the flies and gnats of Nile*

*Have buried them for prey!*] We have a kindred thought in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— our monuments

“ Shall be the maws of kites.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *and fleet,*] *Float* was a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

——— *and fleet,*—— JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. *Float* and *fleet* were fynonymous. So, in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlow, 1598:

“ This ifle fhall *fleet* upon the ocean.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ Shall meet thofe Chriftians *fleeing* with the tide.”

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ And envious fnakes among the *fleeing* fifh.”

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

“ And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*.”

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;<sup>5</sup>  
There is hope in it yet.

CLEO. That's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble-finew'd,<sup>6</sup> hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky,<sup>7</sup> men did ransom lives

Again, in *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543:

“The bodies *flete* among our shippes eche daye.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*. STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1598, 2399. 4883. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *I and my sword will earn our chronicle;*] *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.* MALONE.

So, in a former part of this scene Enobarbus has said:

“And earns a place i' the story.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I will be treble-finew'd,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“— which to do,  
“*Trebles thee o'er.*”

Antony means to say, that he will be treble-hearted, and treble-breath'd, as well as *treble-finew'd*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Were nice and lucky,*] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

*Nice* rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

*Nice* is *trifling*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. ii:

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

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,  
“But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*.” MALONE.

678 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And fend to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night:<sup>7</sup> call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEO. It is my birth-day:  
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my  
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.<sup>8</sup>

ANT. We'll yet do well.

CLEO. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
queen;

There's sap in't yet.<sup>9</sup> The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

<sup>7</sup> — *gaudy night*:] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

*Gawdy*, or Grand days in the inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his Dictionary, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*." REED.

Days of good cheer in some of the foreign universities are called *Gaudeamus* days. C.

<sup>8</sup> *Is Antony again, &c.*] I shrewdly suspect that—*again*, which spoils the verse, is an interpolation, on the players' old principle of opening the sense, without regard to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *There's sap in't yet.*] So, in *King Lear*:

"Then there's life in't." STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 679

ENO. Now he'll out-stare the lightning.<sup>3</sup> To be  
 furious,  
 Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,  
 The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
 A diminution in our captain's brain  
 Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,  
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
 Some way to leave him. [Exit.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *The next time I do fight,  
 I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
 Even with his pestilent scythe.*] This idea seems to have been  
 caught from the 12th book of Harrington's translation of *The Or-  
 lando Furioso*, 1591:

“Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,  
 “To see a sword that so surpafs'd his sickle.”

The idea, however, is not entirely modern; for in Statius,  
*Thebaid* I. v. 633, we find that death is armed with a weapon:

Mors fila fororum  
 Ense metit. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Now he'll out-stare the lightning.*] Our author in many of the  
 speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the  
 following passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts:  
 “He [Antony] used a manner of phrase in his speeche, called  
 Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much  
 like to him in his manners and life; for it was full of ostentation,  
 foolish braverie, and vaine ambition.” MALONE.

See Dr. Johnson's note, at the conclusion of the play.

STEEVENS.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and Others.*

CÆS. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had  
power  
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,  
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die;<sup>4</sup> mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

MEC.

Cæsar must think;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> I have *many other ways to die*;] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*  
I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life.* UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> *Cæsar must think,*] Read:

*Cæsar needs must think,*— RITSON.



317

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 591

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of<sup>6</sup> his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

CÆS. Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in.<sup>7</sup> See it be done;<sup>8</sup>  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and *Others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENO. No.

ANT. Why should he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better  
fortune,

This is a very probable supplement for the syllable here apparently  
lost. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ But I must needs to the Tower.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Enough to fetch him in.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — break out, and swear

“ He'd fetch us in.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *See it be done* ;] *Be* was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer  
to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

He is twenty men to one.

*ANT.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*ENO.* I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*<sup>5</sup>

*ANT.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
And thou,<sup>6</sup>—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd  
me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

*CLEO.* What means this?

*ENO.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks,<sup>7</sup> which for-  
row shoots [*Aside.*  
Out of the mind.

*ANT.* And thou art honest too.  
I wish, I could be made so many men;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in

<sup>5</sup> — *Take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ — unbonneted he runs,

“ And bids what will, *take all.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And *thou,*] *And,* which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *one of those odd tricks,*] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet Sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

An Antony; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*SERV.* The gods forbid!

*ANT.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-  
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*CLEO.* What does he mean?

*ENO.* To make his followers weep.

*ANT.* Tend me to-night;  
May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow:<sup>7</sup> perchance,<sup>8</sup> to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death:

<sup>7</sup> — or if,

*A mangled shadow:] Or if you see me more, you will see me  
a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.*

JOHNSON.

The thought is, as usual, taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so, to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor." STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — perchance,] To complete the verse, might we not read—*nay, perchance, &c?* *Nay*, on this occasion, as on many others, would be used to signify—*Not only so, but more.* STEVENS.

594 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

ENO. What mean you, sir,  
To give them this difcomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd; <sup>2</sup> for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho!

<sup>9</sup> *And the gods yield you for't!*] i. e. reward you. See a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. VII. p. 383, n. 6; and another on *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 161, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — onion-ey'd;] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ I see something like a peel'd onion;

“ It makes me weep again.” STEEVENS.

See p. 431, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Ant. *Ho, ho, ho!*] i. e. *stop*, or *desist*. Antony desires his followers to cease weeping. So, in *Chaucer. The Knightes Tale*, v. 1706. edit. 1775:

“ This duk his courser with his spores smote,

“ And at a stert he was betwix hem two,

“ And pulled out a sward, and cried, *ho!*

“ No more, up peine of lesing of your hed.”

But Mr. Tyrwhitt in a note on ver. 2535, of the *Canterbury Tales* doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that *ho* was by no means so confined in its meaning. *Garwin Douglas translates*—“ *Helenium, farique vetat Saturnia Juno,*” (*Æneid* L. 3. v. 380.) “ The daughter of auld Saturn Juno

“ Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho.*”

In the Glossary to the folio edition of this Translation, *Edinb.* 1710, it is said that “ *Ho* is an Interjection commanding to desist or leave off.”

It occurs again in *Langham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle*, 1575, 12mo. p. 61, cited in *The Reliques of Antient Poetry*. “ *Heer was no ho in devout drink-yng.*”

And in *The Myrrour of good maners compyled in latyn by Domyrike Mancyn and translated into englishe by Alexander Bercley prest, imprynted by Rychard Pynson*, bl. 1. no date, fol. Ambition is compared to

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
 Grace grow where those drops fall!<sup>4</sup> My hearty  
 friends,  
 You take me in too dolorous a sence:  
 I spake to you<sup>5</sup> for your comfort: did desire you  
 To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,  
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
 Than death and honour.<sup>6</sup> Let's to supper; come,  
 And drown consideration. [Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.*

1. SOLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the  
 day.

2. SOLD. It will determine one way: fare you  
 well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1. SOLD. Nothing: What news?

“ The sacke infaciabie,

“ The sacke without botome, which never can say bo.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> Grace grow where those drops fall!] So, in *King Richard II*:

“ Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,

“ I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> I spake to you —] Old copy, redundantly:

For I spake to you —. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — death and honour.] That is, an honourable death.

UPTON.

2. SOLD. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:  
Good night to you.

1. SOLD. Well, fir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

2. SOLD. Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.

3. SOLD. And you: Good night, good night.  
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4. SOLD. Here we: [*They take their posts.*] and  
if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

3. SOLD. 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*]<sup>6</sup>

4. SOLD. Peace, what noise?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> [*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*] This circumstance (as I collect from Mr. Warton) might have been suggested to Shakspeare by some of the machineries in Masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious musick of some fictitious Nymphs, "which, he adds, surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] thereof, because it should come secretlie and stranglie out of the earth." Vol. III. f. 1297. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Peace, what noise?*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch. "Furthermore, the selfe same night within little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that suddenly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncinge, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the saryres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 597

1. SOLD. Lift, lift!
2. SOLD. Hark!
1. SOLD. Mufick i' the air.
3. SOLD. Under the earth.
4. SOLD. It figns well,\*
- Does't it not?
3. SOLD. No.
1. SOLD. Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2. SOLD. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.
1. SOLD. Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]
2. SOLD. How now, masters?
- SOLD. How now?
- How now? do you hear this?
- [*Several speaking together.*]
1. SOLD. Ay; Is't not strange?
3. SOLD. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1. SOLD. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how't will give off.
- SOLD. [*several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them."

STEVENS.

\* *It figns well, &c.*] i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others, attending.*

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEO. Sleep a little.

ANT. No, my chuck.<sup>7</sup>—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!*Enter EROS, with armour.*Come, my good fellow,<sup>8</sup> put thine iron<sup>9</sup> on:—  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her.—Come.CLEO. Nay, I'll help too.<sup>9</sup>  
What's this for?<sup>7</sup> — my chuck.] i. e. chicken. See Vol. VII. p. 469, n. 2.  
STEEVENS.<sup>8</sup> — my good fellow,] The necessary pronoun possessive—*my*,  
was introduced, in aid of metre, by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.<sup>9</sup> — thine iron —] I think it should be rather,  
— mine iron — JOHNSON.*Thine iron* is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, i. e. Antony's  
armour. So, in *King Henry V.* Henry says to a soldier, "Give  
me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove, which the soldier at  
that moment had in his hat. MALONE.<sup>9</sup> *Nay, I'll help too.*] These three little speeches, which in the  
other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily  
difentangled by Sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.In the old copy the words stand thus. *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too,  
Antony. What's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I'll  
help: Thus it must be.Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for?" to  
Antony; but that they belong to Cleopatra appears clearly, I



*ANT.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this,  
this.

*CLEO.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*ANT.* Well, well;  
We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.

*EROS.* Briefly, sir.<sup>3</sup>

*CLEO.* Is not this buckled well?

*ANT.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff't<sup>4</sup> for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this, than thou:<sup>5</sup> Despatch.—O  
love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; wel-  
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

think, from the subsequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? says the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "false, false; *this, this*." This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you ask'd the use. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Briefly, *fir.*] That is, *quickly*, *fir.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> To doff't —] To doff is to do off, to put off. See Vol. VIII. p. 79, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> More tight at *this, than thou:*] *Tight* is *bandy, adroit*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"bear you these letters *tightly*." In the country, a *tight* lass still signifies a *bandy* one. STEEVENS.

600 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I. OFF. A thousand, fir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,<sup>6</sup>  
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

2. OFF. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.<sup>7</sup>

ALL. Good morrow, general.

ANT. 'Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a foldier's kifs: rebukable, [*kisses her.*]  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber?

CLEO. Lead me.  
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> — *have on their riveted trim,*] So, in *King Henry V*:

“The armourers accomplishing the knights,

“With busy hammers closing rivets up.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!*] This speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the speaker. See p. 604. MALONE.

S C E N E V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets found. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!<sup>3</sup>

ANT. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land!

SOLD. Had'st thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

SOLD. Who?  
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, *I am none of thine.*

ANT. What say'st thou?

SOLD. Sir,

<sup>3</sup> Sold. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next two speeches addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "What say'st thou?" compared with what follows, shew that the speech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee:" &c. belongs to the soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

602 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

He is with Cæsar.

*EROS.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*ANT.* Is he gone?

*SOLD.* Most certain.

*ANT.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.<sup>9</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *Eros, despatch.*] Thus the second folio; except that these two words are here, for the sake of metre, transposed. The first folio has—

Dispatch Enobarbus.

Dr. Johnson would read:

Despatch! To Enobarbus;

And Mr. Holt White supposes that “Antony, being astonished at the news of the desertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of surprize.”

In my opinion, Antony was designed only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the second folio. STEEVENS.

It will be evident to any person who consults the second folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations must have been furnished by some corrected copy of the first folio, or an authority of equal weight, being such as no person, much less one so ignorant and capricious as the editor has been represented, could have possibly hit upon, without that sort of information. Among these valuable emendations is the present, which affords a striking improvement both of the sense and of the metre, and should of course be inserted in the text, thus:

Corrupted honest men. *Eros, despatch.*

The same transposition, which is a mere though frequent inadvertence of the press, has happened in a subsequent scene:

“Unarm, Eros; the long days talk is done:”

Where the measure plainly requires, as the author must have written,—*Eros, unarm.* RITSON.

S C E N E VI.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
Our will is, Antony be took alive;<sup>2</sup>  
Make it so known.

AGR. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit AGRIPPA.]

CÆS. The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *the three-nook'd world*

*Shall bear the olive freely.*] So, in *King John*:

“ Now these her princes are come home again,

“ Come the three corners of the world in arms,

“ And we shall shock them.”

So Lyly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: “ The island is in fashion *three-corner'd*,” &c. MALONE.

*Shall bear the olive freely.*] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*CÆS.* Go, charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*ENO.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade<sup>s</sup>  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus.

MALONE.

I doubt whether Mr. M. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negotiation.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *persuade* —] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are:—"for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *persuaded* him to turne to Cæsar."

MALONE.

*Enter a soldier of Cæsar's.*

**SOLD.** Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure,<sup>6</sup> with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

**ENO.** I give it you.

**SOLD.** Mock me not,<sup>7</sup> Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best that<sup>8</sup> you sav'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.]

**ENO.** I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.<sup>9</sup> O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude

<sup>6</sup> *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very fory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Mock me not,*] *Me* was supplied by Mr. Theobald.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Best that* —] For the insertion of the pronoun—*that*, to assist the metre, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And feel I am so most.*] That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it. M. MASON.

Surely, this explanation cannot be right. *I am alone the villain of the earth*, means, I am pre-eminently the first, the greatest villain of the earth. *To stand alone*, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his competitors.—*And feel I am so most*, must signify, *I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it.* REED.

606 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart :<sup>8</sup>

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outfrike thought : but thought will do't, I  
feel.<sup>9</sup>

I fight against thee!—No : I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul't best fits  
My latter part of life. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

*Field of battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
and Others.*

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>a</sup>  
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *This blows my heart :*] All the latter editions have :

——— *This bows my heart :*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus,) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.* JOHNSON.

That to *blow* means to *puff* or *swell*, the following instance, in the last scene of this play, will sufficiently prove :

“ ——— on her breast

“ There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*.”

Again, in *King Lear* :

“ No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite—.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *but thought will do't, I feel.*] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*. See p. 570, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *and our oppression* —] *Oppression* for *opposition*.

WARBURTON.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 607

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

SCAR. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

ANT. They do retire.

SCAR. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have  
yet  
Room for fix scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

EROS. They are beaten, fir; and our advantage  
ferves  
For a fair victory.

SCAR. Let us score their backs,  
And fnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCAR. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON.  
Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppres'd or  
overpowered. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ At thy good heart's *oppression*.” STEVENS.

## SCENE VIII.

*Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

ANT. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,  
 And let the queen know of our guests.<sup>3</sup>—To-morrow,  
 Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
 Not as you ferv'd the cause, but as it had been  
 Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
 Enter the city, clip your wives,<sup>4</sup> your friends,  
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
 [To SCARUS.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy<sup>5</sup> I'll commend thy acts,  
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the  
 world,

<sup>3</sup> — Run one before,

*And let the queen know of our guests.*] Antony after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — clip your wives,] To clip is to embrace. See Vol. III. p. 121, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 189, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> To this great fairy —] Mr. Upton has well observed, that

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness<sup>6</sup> to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEO. Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our brown; <sup>7</sup> yet have we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth.<sup>8</sup> Behold this man;

*fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

*Fairy* in former times did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion that it comprises the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful,) in the argument prefixed to his alteration of *Macbeth*, 4to. 1674: "These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weirds* the Scotch call them,)" &c. See also Vol. VII. p. 275. n. 5. MALONE.

Surely, Mr. Upton's remark is not indefensible. *Beauty* united with *power*, was the popular characteristick of *Fabies* generally considered. Such was that of *The Fairy Queen* of Spenser, and *Titania* in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Sir W. Davenant's particular use of any word is by no means decisive. That the language of Shakspeare was unfamiliar to him, his own contemptible alterations of it have sufficiently demonstrated. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *proof of harness* —] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 573, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *with our brown*;] Old copy—*younger* brown: but as this epithet, without improving the idea, spoils the measure, I have not scrupled, with Sir Thomas Hanmer and others, to omit it as an interpolation. See p. 621, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Get goal for goal of youth.*] At all plays of barriers, the boun-

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.<sup>8</sup>

ANT. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
them:<sup>9</sup>

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;<sup>1</sup>  
That heaven and earth may strike their founds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [Exit.

dary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *it was a king's.*] So, in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra; armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them?"

JOHNSON.  
<sup>1</sup> — *tabourines;*] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in *The History of Helias Knight of the Swanee*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpeters, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy." STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1. SOLD. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard :<sup>3</sup> The night  
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2. SOLD. This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—

3. SOLD. What man is this ?

2. SOLD. Stand close, and list to him,<sup>4</sup>

ENO. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent !—

1. SOLD. Enobarbus †

3. SOLD. Peace ;  
Hark further.

ENO. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the court of guard :*] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The same expression occurs again in *Othello*. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *list to him.*] I am answerable for the insertion of the preposition—*so*. Thus, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: “ Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Throw my heart*—] The pathetick of Shakspeare too

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony!

[*dies.*

2. *SOLD.* Let's speak  
To him.

1. *SOLD.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3. *SOLD.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. *SOLD.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as  
his

Was never yet for sleeping.<sup>4</sup>

2. *SOLD.* Go we to him.

3. *SOLD.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2. *SOLD.* Hear you, sir?

1. *SOLD.* The hand of death hath raught him.<sup>5</sup>  
Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*

often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare in most of his conceits is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus Daniel, in his 18th Sonnet, 1594, somewhat indeed less harshly, says,

“ Still must I whet my young desires abated,

“ Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*for sleeping.*] Old copy—*sleep*. I am responsible for the substitution of the participle in the room of the substantive,—for the sake of measure. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The hand of death hath raught him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. See Vol. V. p. 262, n. 8.

STEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 613

Demurely<sup>6</sup> wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

3. SOLD. Come on then;  
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

S C E N E X.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with forces, marching.*

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

SCAR. For both, my lord.

ANT. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the  
air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven: Further on,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Hark, the drums*

Demurely —] *Demurely* for solemnly. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *They have put forth the haven: Further on,*] These words, *further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. JOHNSON.

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could best discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it." But if we add the words *further on*, his speech will be consistent:—"As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may see them better." And accordingly in the next page but one he says,

" — Where yonder pine does stand,

" I shall discover all." M. MASON.

Mr. Malone, instead of—*Further on*, reads—*Let's seek a spot.*

STEVENS.

614 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.<sup>8</sup> [Exeunt.]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.*

CÆS. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall;<sup>9</sup> for his best force

The defect of the metre in the old copy shews that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitered. The *haven itself* was not such a place; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I see, says he, they have not yet joined; but I'll now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all." A preceding passage in Act III. sc. vi. adds such support to the emendation now made, that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text:

"Set we our battles on yon side of the hill,  
"In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
"We may the number of the ships behold,  
"And so proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe supplied the omission by the words—*Further on*; and the four subsequent editors have adopted his emendation.

In *Hamlet* there is an omission similar to that which has here been supplied:

"And let them know both what we mean to do,  
"And what's untimely done. [So viperous slander]  
"Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
"As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—"So viperous slander," which are necessary both to the sense and metre, are not in the old copies. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Where their appointment we may best discover, And look on their endeavour.*] i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *But being charg'd, we will be still by land, Which, as I take't, we shall;*] i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. WARBURTON.



Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

ANT. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder  
pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

SCAR. Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's fails their nests: the augurers<sup>2</sup>  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look  
grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,

<sup>2</sup> *But* (says Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden*) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. "*Boots but spurs.*" Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs: "—— He could eat me *but falt.*" Again: "He gave me whittings *but bones.*" Again, in Chaucer's *Perfones Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. "Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas*; absque falso, without a lie. Again, in *The Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,  
" I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words*; and the MS. version of an ancient French Romance, entitled *L'Histoire du noble, preux, & vaillant Chevalier Guillaume de Palerne, et de la belle Melior sa mye, lequel Guill. de Palerne fut filz du Roy de Cecille &c.* in the Library of King's College, Cambridge:

"I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,  
" *Boute* anker, or ore, or ani semlych sayle." p. 86.

STEVENS,  
<sup>2</sup> —— *the augurers* —] The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last act:

"You are too sure an *augurer*." MALONE.

His fretted fortunes, give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*ANT.* All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!<sup>3</sup> 'tis  
thou

<sup>3</sup> — Triple-turn'd *whore!*] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former scene:

“ I found you as a morsel, cold upon

“ Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment

“ Of Cneius Pompey.”

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey *the Great*; but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey.

MALONE.

She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence. M. MASON.

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connexion with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted.  
2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 617

Haft sold me to this novice; and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
 I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The  
 hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels,<sup>4</sup> to whom I gave

that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had “sold him to the novice.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is, I think, very sufficient; and Antony may well enough be excused for want of circumstantiality in his invective. The sober recollection of a critick should not be expected from a hero who has this moment lost the one half of the world. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That spaniel'd me at heels,*] All the editions read:

*That pannell'd me at heels,*—

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injur'd by the suppression; and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough:

*That paged me at heels,*—

in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. JOHNSON.

*Spaniel'd* is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *cbear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare; and in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius:

“I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,

“Unworthy as I am, to *follow you*.” TOLLET.

*Spannel* for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner used the substantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens*:

618 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,<sup>5</sup>—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home;  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,<sup>6</sup>  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me<sup>7</sup> to the very heart of loss.<sup>8</sup>—  
What, Eros, Eros!

" — Will these moist trees  
" That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy bees,*" &c.  
In *King Richard III.* we have—  
" Death and destruction *dog thee at the bees.*" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *this grave charm,*] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this grave charm,* which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay charm.* By *this grave charm,* is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty.* JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft.* In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer.* So, in the 19th book:  
" — but not far hence the fatal minutes are  
" Of thy *grave* ruin."

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *was my crownet, my chief end,*] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus.* Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer,* uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:  
" — all things have their *crowne.*"

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:  
" My supreme *crown* of grief."  
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:  
" As true as *Troilus* shall *crown* up the verse,  
" And sanctify the numbers." STEEVENS.

So again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:  
" All's well that ends well; still *the fine's the crown.*" C.

<sup>7</sup> *Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose, Beguil'd me &c.*] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Agyptian* into *gipsy.* The old

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

CLEO. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving.

Law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Thomas Freeman, 1614:

*In Ægyptum suspensum. Epig 95.*

- “ Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
- “ Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoere he would;
- “ Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
- “ Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
- “ The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
- “ Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
- “ You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such fots,
- “ Seeming to loose indissolable knots;
- “ Had you been there, but to have seen the cast,
- “ You would have won, had you bat laid—'tis fast.”

STEVENS.

That the *Ægyptians* were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584. p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. REED.

\* ——— *to the very heart of loss.*] To the utmost loss possible.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Here is the *heart* of my purpose.” STEVENS.

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;<sup>9</sup> and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails.<sup>a</sup> [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well  
 thou'rt gone,  
 If it be well to live : But better 'twere

<sup>9</sup> — most monster-like, be shown

For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;] [Old copy—*for dolts* ;] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money : we must therefore read the next word :

— *for dolts*, —

i. e. farthings, which shows what he means by *poorest diminutives*.  
 WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to show what he meant by *poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read :

*For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;* —

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation ; to be shown, as monsters are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEVENS.

It appears to me much more probable that *dolts* should have been printed for *dolts*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and the vulgar for *poor'st diminutives*, yet Cleopatra according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace for *washing*. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monsters are shown for small pieces of money ; because his words are " monster-like," be [*thou*] shown for poor'st diminutives, &c.

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* adds some support to my conjecture : " How this poor world is pester'd with such water-flies ; *diminutives* of nature !" MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *With her prepared nails.*] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
 Let me lodge Lichas<sup>3</sup> on the horns o' the moon;  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
 club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
 To the Roman boy<sup>4</sup> she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Let me lodge Lichas &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

— *thy rage*  
 Led thee lodge Lichas—and—  
 Subdue thy worthiest self.—

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.

JOHNSON.  
*Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,*] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate.

WARBURTON.  
 Shakespeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. IX. edit. 1575:

“ Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,  
 “ He spyed him: And as his griefe did all in furie work,  
 “ He sayd, art thou fyr Lychas, he that broughtest unto mee  
 “ This plagye present? Of my death must thou the woorker bee?  
 “ Hee quak't and shaak't and looked pale, and fearfully 'gan  
 make  
 “ Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him  
 spake,  
 “ The furious Hercule caught him up, and fwindging him  
 about  
 “ His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out  
 “ Into th' Euboyan sea, with force surmounting any sling:  
 “ He hardened intoo peble stone as in the ayre he hing,” &c.

STEVENS.  
<sup>4</sup> — *the Roman boy* —] Old copy—the *young Roman boy*—  
 See p. 609, n. 7, where a similar interpolation has been already  
 ejected, for similar reasons. STEVENS.

## S C E N E XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; <sup>4</sup> the boar of Theffaly  
Was never so embos'd. <sup>5</sup>

CHAR. To the monument;  
There lock yourself, and fend him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off. <sup>6</sup>

CLEO. To the monument:—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,  
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [Exit.

<sup>4</sup> *Than Telamon for his shield;*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Theffaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Was never so embos'd.*] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbof*.

HAMMER.

See Vol. VI. p. 389. n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*.

“ — it is a sufferance, panging

“ As soul and body's severing.” MALONE.



SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;<sup>7</sup>  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

<sup>7</sup> Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish; &c.] So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναβλίψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρων ὁμοίαν;

"Ἢ καρδιάλι, ἢ λύκω, ἢ ταύρῳ; SIR W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. II. ch. iii: "— our eiefight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part," &c. or from Chapman's *Monfieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" Like to a mafs of clouds that now seem like

" An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

" And then a mouse," &c. STEEVENS.

I find the same thought in Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

" — like empty clouds,

" In which our faulty apprehensions forge

" The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,

" When they hold no proportion."

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare had the following passage in *A Treatise of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts: "The cloudes sometimes will seem to be monsters, lions, bulls, and wolves; painted and figured: albeit in truth the same be nothing but a moist humour mounted in the ayre, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the ayre is able to give unto it." MALONE.

A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these  
 signs;  
 They are black vesper's pageants.<sup>8</sup>

*EROS.* Ay, my lord.

*ANT.* That, which is now a horse, even with a  
 thought,  
 The rack dissimms;<sup>9</sup> and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

*EROS.* It does, my lord.

*ANT.* My good knave, Eros,<sup>2</sup> now thy captain is  
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.<sup>3</sup>—

<sup>8</sup> *They are black vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. T. WARTON.

<sup>9</sup> *The rack dissimms;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My good knave, Eros,*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

“ I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,

“ For he shall be thy *knave*.”

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

“ He sent the chylde to her full rathe,

“ With much money by his *knave*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory Unto an enemy's triumph.*] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*MAR.* No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. *WARBURTON.*

This explanation is very just; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. *JOHNSON.*

This use of the word *triumph* comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. *STEEVENS.*

It is evident that Ben Jonson did not consider the word *trump* as derived from *triumph*, but from the French *tromper*, to deceive, as appears from the following passage in his *New Inn*:

“ Yet all, fir, are not fons of the white hen;  
“ Nor can we, as the songster says, come all  
“ To be wrapt soft and warm in Fortune's smock.  
“ When she is pleas'd to trick, or *tromp* mankind,  
“ Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then  
“ Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and others  
“ As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it  
“ Out in the game, which all the world is.” *M. MASON.*

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra by collusion play'd the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to *sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*.—The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words,) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: “ S. What a shouffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I *plais fair playe*, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and fet them.” *MALONE.*

*ANT.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*MAR.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st  
do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*ANT.* Dead then?

*MAR.* Dead.

*ANT.* Eros, unarm;<sup>3</sup> the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence  
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—  
[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep<sup>4</sup>  
The battery from my heart.<sup>5</sup> O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,<sup>6</sup>  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier:—Bruis'd pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
[*Exit EROS.*

<sup>3</sup> *Eros, unarm;*] Old copy, in defiance of metre—Unarm, Eros.  
STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep &c.*] This thought might have been taken from the Epistle prefixed to *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598: "Which neyther a *seaven-fold shielde*, nor *Pallas' Ægis* can avoyde." STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The battery from my heart.*] I would read:

*This battery from my heart.*— JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *thy continent,*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in *Hamlet*: "You shall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would see." STEVENS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture :<sup>7</sup>—Since the torch is out,  
 Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
 MARRS what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.<sup>8</sup>—  
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
 hand,  
 And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze :  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,<sup>9</sup>  
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

<sup>7</sup> *All length is torture :*] I strongly suspect that, instead of *length*, our author wrote—*life*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Seal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract ; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is :

— *seal then, and all is done.*—

To *seal hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be :  
 Close thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet*. JOHNSON.

In a former scene we have :

“ — The wise gods *seel* our eyes

“ In our own filth.” MALONE.

The old reading is the true one. Thus, in *King Henry V* :

“ And so, espous'd to death, with blood he *seal'd*

“ A testament of noble-ending love.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,*] Dr. Warburton has justly observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly *associated*, “ where souls do couch on flowers.” He undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book :

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tuentem

Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.

Illa solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat :—

Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit

In nemus umbriferum.— MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has also observed that Shakspeare most probably

*Re-enter EROS.*

*EROS.* What would my lord?

*ANT.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
Than she,<sup>9</sup> which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

wrote—*Sichæus*. At least, I believe, he intended to have written so, on the strength of the passage immediately following the lines already quoted:

— conjux ubi pristinus illi  
Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.

Thus rendered by Phœr, edit. 1558:

“ — where ioynt with her, her husband old,  
“ *Sycheus* doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth  
holde.”

But *Æneas* being the more familiar name of the two, our author inadvertently substituted the one for the other. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — condemn myself, to lack

*The courage of a woman; less noble mind*

*Than she,*] Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute of even the courage of a woman; that he is *destitute* of a *less* noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary;—that he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:

— condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded  
Than she, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shewn me that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend. For these the poet, not his editor, must answer.—We have the same inaccurate phraseology in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — I ne'er heard yet,  
“ That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
“ *Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,  
“ Than to perform it first.”

*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is  
come:  
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
“ It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
“ To kill their gracious father?”

Again, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv.

“ —I have hope,  
“ You *less* know how to value her desert,  
“ Than she to *scant* her duty.”

See Vol. VII. p. 31, n. 2; p. 84, n. 5; and p. 494, n. 5.

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch which Shakspeare has here copied, shows that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: “ When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned* to be *judged* of *lesse corage and noble MINDE* than a woman.”—Instead of “ to be judged of less,” which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with “ *less noble mind.*”

MALONE.

“ Condemn myself *to lack*,” &c. however licentiously, may have been employed to signify—condemn myself *for lacking* even the courage of a woman.

To *mind*, in this instance, may be a verb, signifying to *incline*, or *be disposed*. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland*: “ When one of them *mindeth* to go into rebellion, he will convey away all his lordships” &c. There may still, however, remain a slight corruption—viz. *noble* instead of *nobly*. I would therefore read—

—condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less nobly mind  
Than she, &c.

i. e. *am less nobly inclined than she is.* STEEVENS,

*EROS.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*ANT.* Eros,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,<sup>2</sup> bending down  
His corrigible neck,<sup>3</sup> his face subdued  
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?<sup>4</sup>

*EROS.* I would not see't.

*ANT.* Come then; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*EROS.* O, fir, pardon me.

*ANT.* When I did make thee free,<sup>5</sup> swor'st thou  
not then

<sup>2</sup> — *pleach'd arms,*] Arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1594:

“ Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee.)

“ Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,

“ Before the victor; while thy rebel son

“ With crowned front triumphing follows thee.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His corrigible neck,*] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has “ *penetrabile frigus*” for “ *penetrans frigus*,” in his *Georgicks*. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *When I did make thee free, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “ Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his



To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*EROS.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world<sup>6</sup> lies.

*ANT.* Lo thee. [turning from him]

*EROS.* My sword is drawn.

*ANT.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*EROS.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*ANT.* 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

*EROS.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*ANT.* Now, Eros.

maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntil at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alieue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — the worship of the whole world —] The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King John*:

"By giving it the *worship* of revenge." STEEVENS.

632 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

EROS. Why, there then:—[*falls on his sword.*]

Thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[*dies.*]

ANT.

Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and  
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridegroom in my death,<sup>6</sup> and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead?<sup>7</sup> not dead?—

The guard!—ho!<sup>8</sup>—O, despatch me.

<sup>6</sup> — *But I will be*

*A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in Measure for Measure:*

“ I will encounter darkness as a bride,

“ And hug it in my arms.”

Dryden's Don Sebastian has the same image, though more luxuriantly expressed:

“ The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night

“ More gladly enters not the lifts of love:

“ Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.”

STEVENS.

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Effex's associates, says, that “ having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *not yet dead?*] *Yet*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Mr. Pope. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The guard!—ho!*] [Old copy—*guard ho.*] I suspect the poet wrote:

The guard, *ho!* O, dispatch me!

So, afterwards:

“ What, *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*!”

In the last scene of the third act, he has said,

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1. GUARD. What's the noise?

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make  
an end

Of what I have begun.

2. GUARD. The star is fallen.

1. GUARD. And time is at his period.

ALL, Alas, and woe!

ANT. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. GUARD. Not I.

2. GUARD. Nor I.

3. GUARD. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers  
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

" Authority melts from me, Of late, when I cried *ho*;

" Like boys unto a muf, kings would start forth,

" And cry, *your will?*"

The same mistake has happened in *The Merchant of Venice*. See  
Vol. V. p. 532, n. 3.

And twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*, 1604:

" *Queen*. Help, *bow!*

" *Pol.* What *bow*, help,"

Again, in the last act:

" O villainy! *bow*, let the door be lock'd."

The emendation which I have proposed, ought therefore cer-  
tainly to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

I find this emendation already admitted into the text of edition  
1785. STEEVENS,

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

DIO. Where's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCEAS.

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,  
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear<sup>9</sup>

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar,<sup>2</sup> and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was  
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,  
I pr'ythee.

DIO. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

<sup>9</sup> — a prophesying fear —] I suppose our author designed we should read:

“ — a prophet's fear —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *She had dispos'd with Cæsar,*] To *dispose*, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 635

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*ANT.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*I. GUARD.* Woe are we,<sup>3</sup> fir, you may not live  
to wear

All your true followers out.

*ALL.* Most heavy day!

*ANT.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp  
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]*

S C E N E XIII.

*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Iras.*

*CLEO.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*CHAR.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*CLEO.* No, I will not:  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,

<sup>3</sup> *Woe are we,*] Old copy—Woe, *woe*,—. But as the second *woe* appears (for it spoils the verse) to have been accidentally repeated by the compositor, I have left it out. STEEVENS.

636 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

*DIO.* His death's upon him, but not dead.<sup>9</sup>  
Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter* ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

*CLEO.* O thou sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling<sup>1</sup>  
stand  
The varying shore o'the world!<sup>2</sup>—O Antony!

<sup>9</sup> *His death's upon him, but not dead.*] The defective measure, and want of respect in the speaker, induce me to suppose, that this line originally stood thus:

*His death's upon him, madam, but not dead.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *darkling* —] i. e. without light. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ — my mother hath a torch, your wife

“ Goes *darkling* up and down.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> O thou sun,

*Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand*

*The varying shore o' the world!*] *Thou* is wanting in the old copy, and was supplied by Mr. Pope, whose reading may be justified on the authority of a similar passage in *Timon of Athens*:

“ *Thou* sun, that comfort'st, burn!” STEEVENS.

She desires the sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON,

*The varying shore o' the world!* i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkness make an incessant *variation*. WARBURTON.

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that

Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; <sup>4</sup> help, Iras;  
 Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*ANT.* Peace:  
 Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*CLEO.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
 Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*ANT.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; <sup>5</sup> only  
 I here impórtune death <sup>6</sup> a while, until  
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
 I lay upon thy lips.—

*CLEO.* I dare not, dear,  
 (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,  
 Lest I be taken: <sup>7</sup> not the imperious show

itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in  
 endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless  
 night. HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> — *Charmian, help; &c.*] Old copy—

“ The varring shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony,  
 Antony

“ Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe friends

“ Below, let's draw him hither.”

For the sake of somewhat like metre, one word has been omitted  
 and others transposed. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Egypt, dying;*] Perhaps this line was originally com-  
 pleted by a further repetition of the participle; and stood thus:

*I am dying, Egypt, dying, dying; only &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I here impórtune death &c.*] I solicit death to delay; or, I  
 trouble death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Cleo. I dare not, dear,*

(*Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,*

*Lest I be taken:*] Antony is supposed to be at the foot of the  
 monument, and tells Cleopatra that he there impórtunes death, till  
 he can lay his last kiss upon her lips, which was intimating to  
 her his desire that she should come to him for that purpose. She  
 considers it in that light, and tells him that she dares not.

M. MASON.

Antony has just said that he only solicits death to delay his end,  
 till he has given her a farewell kiss. To this she replies that *she*  
*dares not*; and, in our authour's licentious diction, she may mean,

638 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar<sup>8</sup> ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me;<sup>9</sup> if knife, drugs, serpents,  
have

that she, now above in the monument, does not dare to descend that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in the second line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by the compositor, and that the poet wrote :

I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not descend,  
Lest I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down.* MALONE.

Theobald's insertion seems misplaced, and should be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read :

*I lay upon thy lips.*  
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*  
(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not come down.* RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar* —] So, in *Othello* :  
“ What a full-fortune doth the thick-lips owe ?”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Be brooch'd with me* ;] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, “ Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times.” Again, in his *Staple of News* :

“ The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city.”

Again, in *The Magnetick Lady* :

“ The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe.”

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.

— be *brooch'd* with me.

*Brooch* is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present ; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket* ; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. *pinned up*, completed with having me to adorn his triumph.

PERCY.

A *brooch* is always an ornament ; whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *brooch* is a spit : the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as *Darnton brooch*. *Brooch'd*, in the text,



Edge, sting, or operation,<sup>2</sup> I am safe :  
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
 And still conclusion,<sup>3</sup> shall acquire no honour  
 Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—  
 Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here's sport, indeed!<sup>4</sup>—How heavy  
 weighs my lord!  
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness,<sup>5</sup>

certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*  
*Edge, sting, or operation,*] Here is the same irregular position  
 of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet* :  
 and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the  
 very play before us, Act III. sc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke*  
*and Norfolke*, by Churchyard, no date, 4to. where *Beautie* says,

“ If he do dye, by mightie Jove I sweare  
 “ I will not live, *if sword or knife be found*” &c.

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

“ If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
 “ Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keep.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *still conclusion,*] Sedate determination; silent coolness of  
 resolution. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Here's sport, indeed!*] I suppose the meaning of these strange  
 words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play  
 with Antony! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a  
 diversion of which we have been already told she was fond.  
 Shakspeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity  
 in other places. MALONE.

Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has  
 no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony with  
 cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melan-  
 choly task of drawing him up into the monument. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *into heaviness,*] Heaviness is here used equivocally for  
*sorrow and weight.* MALONE.

640 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast  
liv'd :<sup>2</sup>

Quicken with kissing ;<sup>3</sup> had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy fight !

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying :  
Give me some wine,<sup>4</sup> and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so  
high,  
That the false housewife Fortune 's break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen :  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

<sup>2</sup> ——— where *thou hast liv'd* :] Old copy—*when* thou, &c.  
Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Quicken with kissing* ;—] That is, *Revive by my kiss*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637 :

“ And quickens most where he would most destroy.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Give me some wine*, &c.] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says,—“ Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour : and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.”

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *housewife Fortune* —] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 15, n. 7 : “ Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,” &c. MALONE.

CLEO. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me :  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

CLEO. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

ANT. The miserable change<sup>6</sup> now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
I can no more. [dies.]

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole<sup>7</sup> is fallen ; young boys, and  
girls,  
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable

<sup>6</sup> *The miserable change &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch.—“As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days ; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The soldier's pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

Beneath the visiting moon.<sup>8</sup> [*She faints.*

CHAR. O, quietness, lady!

IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHAR. Lady,—

IRAS. Madam,—

CHAR. O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras.

CLEO. No more, but e'en a woman;<sup>9</sup> and com-  
manded

<sup>8</sup> — the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — from this instant

“ There's nothing serious in mortality;

“ All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

“ Is left this vault to brag on.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *No more, but e'en a woman;*] Cleopatra is discoursing with her women; but she naturally replies to Iras who had addressed herself to her, and not to Charmian, who only interposed to prevent Iras from continuing to speak. Strike out the speech of Charmian, which is said aside to Iras, and the sense will be evident. Iras addresses Cleopatra by the titles of *Royal Egypt* and *Empress!* which Cleopatra rejects as ill suited to her present condition; and says, she is no more in that state of elevation, but on a level with the rest of her sex. M. MASON.

Iras has just said,—*Royal Egypt, Empress!* Cleopatra completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by Charmian,)—*Empress* “no more; but e'en a woman,” now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, p. 269, Cassius says,

“ No, it is Cæsa; one incorporate

“ To our attempts. *Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?*”

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [*Am I not stay'd for?*]:

“ I am glad on't.”

i. e. I am glad that Cæsa is incorporate to our attempts. See also p. 67, n. 3.

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares.<sup>2</sup>—It were for me  
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;  
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
 Patience is fottish; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-  
 mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take  
 heart:—

[*to the guard below.*

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's  
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*

The old copy reads—but *in a woman*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. See Vol. VI. p. 215, n. 6. MALONE.

*Peace, peace, Iras*, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the meanest chares.*] i. e. talk-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*." Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" ——— spins,

" Cards, and does *chare-work*." —

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, ch. 91. Robin Goodfellow says:

" And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from  
 maid or dame,

" To do their *chares*, as they suppos'd" &c. STEEVENS.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELIA, MECÆNAS,<sup>3</sup>  
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

*CÆS.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by  
The pauses that he makes.<sup>4</sup>

*DOL.* Cæsar, I shall.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit DOLABELIA.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and [Old copy] Menas, &c.]* But Menas and Menebrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infect the Italian coast. We nowhere learn, expressly in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony kill'd himself, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by]*

*The pauses that he makes.] Frustrate, for frustrated, was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest*:*

" — and the sea mocks

" Our frustrate search by land."

So consummate for consummated, contaminate for contaminated, &c. Again, in Holland's Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: " But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and frustrate by reason of Piso his death."

The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the

Enter DERCEAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

CÆs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

old copy. The defect of the metre shows that somewhat was omitted, and the passage by the omission was rendered unintelligible.

When in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drown'd in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause*?

In *Measure for Measure* the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been supplied:

“ How I may formally in person bear [me]

“ Like a true friar.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

“ And hide me with a dead man in his.”

*Proud or tomb being omitted.*

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

“ Thus conscience doth make cowards.”

the words of *us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ Seeming to feel this blow,” &c.

instead of

“ ——— *Then senseless Ilium*

“ Seeming to feel this blow,”

See also note on the words—“ *mock the meat it feeds on*” in *Orbello*, Act III. sc. iii.

And similar omissions have happened in many other plays. See Vol. X. p. 535, n. 7.

In further support of the emendation now made, it may be observed, that the word *mock*, of which our author makes frequent use, is almost always employed as I suppose it to have been used here. Thus, in *King Lear*: “ Pray do not mock me.” Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ You do blaspheme the good in *mocking me*.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

“ And *mock us with our bareness*.”

648 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Appear thus to us? <sup>6</sup>

DER. I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

Again, in the play before us:

“ — that nod unto the world,  
“ And mock our eyes with air.”

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens in the following note is a just interpretation of the text as *now regulated*; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

I have left Mr. Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the measure, we might read—*frustrated*, or  
*Being so frustrate, tell him that he mocks—&c*;  
as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakespeare. In *Othello* it is used again with equal departure from its common acceptation.

My explanation of the words—*He mocks the pauses that he makes*, is as follows: He plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses*, may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses*; i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *thus to us?*] i. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand. STEEVENS.



CÆS. What is't thou say'st?

DER. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should  
make

A greater crack: The round world should have  
shook

Lions into civil streets,'

7 — *The round world should have shook*

*Lions into civil streets, &c.*] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens*. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—A greater crack *than this*: The *ruin'd* world, i. e. the general disruption of elements should have *shook*, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To *shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743: —“God's providence *shaking* men out of their shifts of supposed safetie,” &c.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus:

— *The round world should have shook*

*Lions into civil streets, and citizens*

*Into their dens.* TYRWHITT.

The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost*. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus:

The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack. The round world should have shook;

*Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,*

*And citizens to their dens.*

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *shook* in my note, and the same word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were omitted by the compositor, in the original proof sheet.

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the same lay  
A moiety of the world.

DER.

He is dead, Caesar,  
Not by a publick minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend  
it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

That the words—"the round world should have shook," contain a distinct proposition, and have no immediate connexion with the next line, may be inferred from hence; that Shakspeare, when he means to describe a violent derangement of nature, almost always mentions the earth's *shaking*, or being otherwise convulsed; and in these passages constantly employs the word *shook*, or some synonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus in *Macbeth*:

"— The obscure bird

" Clamour'd the live-long night; some say, the earth

" Was fev'rous, and did *shake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"— as if the world

" Was fev'rous, and did tremble."

Again, in *Pericles*:

" Sir,

" Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea,

" Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" I say, the earth did *shake*, when I was born.—

" O, then the earth *shook*, to see the heavens on fire,

" And not in fear of your nativity."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"— thou all-*shaking* thunder,

" Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,

" Crack nature's moulds."

This circumstance in my apprehension strongly confirms Dr. Johnson's suggestion that some words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverse to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line, which originally might have stood thus in the MS.

Lions been ~~buried~~ into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens. MALONE.

I rubb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

CÆS. Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings<sup>8</sup>  
To wash the eyes of kings.<sup>9</sup>

AGR. And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

MEC. His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.<sup>2</sup>

AGR. A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

MEC. When such a spacious mirror's set before  
him,  
He needs must see himself.

CÆS. O Antony!

<sup>8</sup> — a tidings —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article had been casually omitted. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me,*  
if this be not tidings to make kings weep.  
But, again, for *if not*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Waged equal with him.] For *waged*, [the reading of the first folio] the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEVENS.

Read — *weigh* — with the second folio, where it is only misspelled *way*. So, in *Shore's Wife*, by A. Chute, 1593:

“ — notes her myndes disquiet

“ To be so great she seemes downe *wayed* by it.”

RATSON.

I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance  
 Diseases in our bodies :<sup>9</sup> I must perforce  
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
 In the whole world: But yet let me lament,  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
 That thou, my brother, my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
 Friend and companion in the front of war,  
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
 Where mine his thoughts<sup>2</sup> did kindle,—that our  
 stars,  
 Unreconciliable, should divide.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *But we do lance*

*Diseases in our bodies :* [Old copy—*launch*.—] *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

*I have followed thee*, says Cæsar, *to this*; i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the same principle that we *lance* a disease incurable by gentler means. STEEVENS.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet: and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

*Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *lance*. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v.

So also Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

“ — sorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,

“ Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the fore.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *his thoughts* ———] His is here used for *its*. M. MASON.

Our equalness to this.<sup>3</sup>—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meetest season;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?<sup>4</sup>

MES. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress,<sup>5</sup>  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forc'd to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we<sup>6</sup>  
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Our equalness to this.*] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *Whence are you?*] The defective metre of this line, and the irregular reply to it, may authorize a supposition that it originally stood thus:

*We'll hear him what he says.—Whence, and who are you?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress, &c.*] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Egyptian*, that is, *yet a servant of the queen of Egypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *How honourable and how kindly we* —] Our author often uses adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Young man, thou could’st not die more *honourable*.”

See also Vol. VIII. p. 552, n. 5. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *for Cæsar cannot live To be ungentle.*] The old copy has *leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

652 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

MES. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

CES. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Left, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: <sup>7</sup> Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

CES. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

AGR. MEC. Dolabella!

CES. Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> — *her life in Rome*

*Would be eternal in our triumph:*] Hanmer reads judiciously  
enough, but without necessity:

*Would be eternalling our triumph:*

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send  
her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.*

JOHNSON.

The following passage in *The Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem,  
1614, will sufficiently support the old reading:

“ If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,

“ For her to hide herself eternal in.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA,<sup>8</sup> CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLEO. My desolation does begin to make  
 A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,<sup>9</sup>  
 A minister of her will; And it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Cleopatra, &c.*] Our author here (as in *K. Henry VIII.* Vol. XI. p. 177, n. 8.) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *fortune's knave,*] The *servant* of fortune. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *And it is great*

*To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,*

*The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.*] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already said in this play, that

654 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEO. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

PRO. My name is Proculeius.

CLEO. [*Within.*] Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need: Let me report to him

“ — our *dungy* earth alike

“ Feeds man as beast.” —

and Mr. Tollet observes, “ that in *Herodotus*, B. III. the *Æthiopian* king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life.” Shakspeare has the same epithet in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — the face to sweeten

“ Of the whole *dungy* earth.” —

Again, in *Timon*:

“ — the earth's a thief

“ That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

“ From general *excrement*.” STEVENS.



Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,<sup>3</sup>  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEO. [Within.] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got.<sup>4</sup> I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it.

GAL. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;  
[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend  
the monument by a ladder placed against a  
window, and having descended, come behind  
CLEOPATRA. Some of the guard unbar and  
open the gates.<sup>5</sup>

Guard her till Cæsar come.<sup>6</sup>

[to PROCULEIUS and the guard. Exit GALLUS.

<sup>3</sup> — *that will pray in aid for kindness,*] *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> — *send him*

*The greatness he has got.*] I allow him to be my conqueror ; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

A kindred idea seems to occur in *The Tempest* :

“ Then, as *my gift*, and *thy own acquisition*,

“ *Worthily purchas'd*, take my daughter.” STEEVENS.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, nor will the words bear the construction he gives them. It appears to me, that by *the greatness he has got*, she means her crown which he has won ; and I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her crown, or some other ensign of royalty.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of *Plutarch* : “ Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely

## 656 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

IRAS. Royal queen!

CHAR. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proculeius by chance, as he came downe, and shrieked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his vantage and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Gal. *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;—*

*Guard her till Cæsar come.*] [Mr. Rowe (and Mr. Pope followed him) allotted this speech to Charmian.] This blunder was for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions: and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it;) from the authority of Plutarch. [Mr. Theobald gives—*You see how easily &c. to Gallus; and Guard her &c. to Proculeius.*]

THEOBALD.

This line in the first edition is given to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 657

CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands.

[drawing a dagger.

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEO. What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?'

PRO. Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see

*Where be for grace is kneel'd to.*

[Aside to Gallus.] *You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

— *your plight is pity'd*

*Of him that caus'd it.*

cries out:

*Guard her till Cæsar come.* JOHNSON.

To this speech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the following note that this was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cæsar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæsar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's first speech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 660:

" Proculeius,

" What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be presumed, Cæsar obtained from Gallus.

The stage-directions being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæsar, it was undoubtedly the author's intention that he should here go out. In the modern editions this as well as the preceding speech is given to Proculeius, though the error in the old copy clearly shows that *two* speakers were intended. MALONE.

? — *languish?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

" One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*."

STEEVENS.

His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

CLEO. Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!<sup>7</sup>

PRO. O, temperance, lady!

CLEO. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither:<sup>8</sup> This mortal house I'll ruin,

<sup>7</sup> *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither:*] *I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

*Once may mean sometimes.* Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this. If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts to produce a meaning from the words under consideration. STEEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the words *I'll*, and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost. See p. 539, n. 5, and p. 647, n. 7.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III. sc. i:

“ And needs no other suitor but his likings,

“ To take the safest occasion by the front,

“ To bring you in.”

In the folio the second line is omitted, by the compositor's eye, after the first word of it was composed, glancing on the same word immediately under it in the subsequent line, and then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, fir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
 Nor once be cháftis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,<sup>9</sup>  
 And hang me up in chains!

prefs. The omitted line in the passage which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir;  
 If idle talk will once be necessary,  
 I'LL *not so much as syllable a word*;  
 I'LL not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin, &c.

The words *I'll not sleep neither*, contain a new and distinct menace. I once thought that Shakspeare might have written—I'll not *speak* neither; but in p. 671, Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, "feed, and *sleep*;" which shows that *sleep* in the passage before us is the true reading. MALONE.

I agree that a line is lost, which I shall attempt to supply:

*Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir;*  
*If idle talk will once be necessary,*  
 [I will not speak; if sleep be necessary,]  
*I'll not sleep neither.*

The repetition of the word *necessary* may have occasioned the omission. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *My country's high pyramides my gibbet,*] The poet designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Besides the gates and high *pyramides*  
 "That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Like to the shadows of *pyramides*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. c. lxxiii:

"The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile."

Mr. Tollet observes, "that Sandys in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable. STEEVENS.

660 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*PRO.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*DOL.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee; as<sup>s</sup> for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*PRO.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
[*to CLEOPATRA.*]  
If you'll employ me to him.

*CLEO.* Say, I would die.  
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

*DOL.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*CLEO.* I cannot tell.

*DOL.* Assuredly, you know me.

*CLEO.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or  
known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*DOL.* I understand not, madam.

*CLEO.* I dream'd, there was an emperor An-  
tony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*DOL.* If it might please you,—

*CLEO.* His face was as the heavens; and therein  
stuck

<sup>s</sup> — as — ] This conjunction is wanting in the first, but  
is supplied by the second folio. STEEVENS.

A sun,<sup>9</sup> and moon; which kept their course, and  
lighted  
The little O, the earth.<sup>2</sup>

DOL. Most sovereign creature,—

CLEO. His legs bestrid the ocean: <sup>3</sup> his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: <sup>4</sup> his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; <sup>5</sup>  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

<sup>9</sup> — as the heavens; and therein stuck  
A sun,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :  
“ — it stuck upon him, as the sun  
“ In the grey vault of heaven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The little O, the earth.*] Old copy—  
*The little o' the earth.*

Dol. *Most sovereign creature!* —

What a blessed limping verse these *bemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore:

*The little O o' th' earth.*

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well stand.

Shakspeare frequently uses O for an orb or circle. So, in *King Henry V.*:

“ — can we cram  
“ Within this wooden O the very casques,” &c.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ Than all yon fiery œs, and eyes of light.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *His legs bestrid the ocean: &c.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
“ Like a Colossus.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *his rear'd arm.*

*Crested the world:*] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.

PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> — and that to friends;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

— when that to friends. STEEVENS.

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: <sup>6</sup> His delights  
Were dolphin-like; <sup>7</sup> they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: In his livery

<sup>6</sup> ——— For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping:] Old copy—  
———— an Antony it was, ———.

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty:

———— For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

The following lines in Shakspeare's 53d Sonnet add support to the emendation:

“ Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year,  
“ The one doth shadow of your bounty show;  
“ The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,  
“ And you in every blessed shape we know.”

By the *other* in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the season of plenty.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ How does my *bounteous* sister [*Ceres*]?” MALONE.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality:

“ He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;  
“ Then show'r'd his bounties on me, like the hours  
“ That open-handed sit upon the clouds,  
“ And press the liberality of heaven  
“ Down to the laps of thankful men.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— His delights

Were dolphin-like; &c.] This image occurs in a short poem inserted in T. Lodge's *Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English Traitor* &c. 1593. 4to. bl. l.

“ Oh faire of fairest, *Dolphin-like*,  
“ Within the rivers of my plaint,” &c. STEEVENS.



Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands  
 were  
 As plates<sup>8</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

DOL. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Think you, there was, or might be, such  
 a man

As this I dream'd of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods,  
 But, if there be, or ever were one such,<sup>9</sup>  
 It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
 To vie strange forms<sup>2</sup> with fancy; yet, to imagine  
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
 Condemning shadows quite.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *As plates* —] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“What's the price of this slave 200 crowns?—  
 “And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*.”

Again:

“Rat'ft thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

So Spenser, *Faery Queen*, L. II. c. vii. st. 5:

“Some others were new driven, and distent  
 “Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;  
 “Some in round *plates* withouten monument,  
 “But most were stamp't, and in their metal bare,  
 “The antique shapes of kings and kefars, straung and rare.”  
 WHALLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — or ever were one such,] The old copy has—*nor ever*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To vie strange forms* —] *To vie* was a term at cards. See Vol. VI. p. 338, n. 9; and p. 459, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — yet, to imagine

*An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
 Condemning shadows quite.*] The word *piece*, is a term appro-

*DOL.* Hear me, good madam :  
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never  
O'ertake purfu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots<sup>3</sup>  
My very heart at root.

*CLEO.* I thank you, fir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

*DOL.* I am loath to tell you what I would you  
knew.

*CLEO.* Nay, pray you, fir,—

*DOL.* Though he be honourable,—

*CLEO.* He'll lead me then in triumph ?

*DOL.* Madam, he will ;  
I know it.

*WITHIN.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*CÆS.* Which is the queen  
Of Egypt ?

*DOL.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

*CÆS.* Arise,

priated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the fixè of dreaming* ; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *shoots* —] The old copy reads—*suites*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error arose from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See Vol. V. p. 252, n. 6. MALONE.

You shall not kneel :—  
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEO. Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts :  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

CLEO. Sole fir o' the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well<sup>4</sup>  
To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

<sup>4</sup> *I cannot project mine own cause so well*—] *Project* signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read :

*I cannot proctor my own cause so well.*  
The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

*I cannot parget my own cause*—  
meaning, I cannot *whitewash*, *varnish*, or *gloss* my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To *project* a cause is to represent a cause; to *project* it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence. JOHNSON.

The old reading may certainly be the true one. Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says: "I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse." Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer's conjecture may be likewise countenanced; for the word he wishes to bring in, is used in the 4th eclogue of Drayton :

"Scorn'd paintings, *parget*, and the borrow'd hair."  
And several times by Ben Jonson. So, in *The Silent Woman* :  
" — she's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find these lines :

" — She cannot love,  
" Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,  
" She is so self-endear'd."

I cannot *project*, &c. means therefore, I cannot shape or form my cause, &c. MALONE.

666 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

**CÆS.** Cleopatra, know,  
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :  
 If you apply yourself to our intents,  
 (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find  
 A benefit in this change ; but if you seek  
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

**CLEO.** And may, through all the world: 'tis  
 yours ; and we  
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
 lord.

**CÆS.** You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.<sup>5</sup>

**CLEO.** This is the brief of money, plate, and  
 jewels,  
 I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued ;  
 Not petty things admitted.<sup>6</sup>—Where's Seleucus ?

<sup>5</sup> *You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.*] You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards :

“ For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 “ Yourself shall give us counsel.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *'tis exactly valued ;*

*Not petty things admitted.*] Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this list : and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read :

*Not petty things omitted ?*

For this declaration lays open her falshood ; and makes her angry, when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 667

SEL. Here, madam.

CLEO. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SEL. Madam,  
I had rather feel my lips,<sup>7</sup> than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

CLEO. What have I kept back?

SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

CÆS. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEO. See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-lefs villain,  
dog!

O rarely base!<sup>8</sup>

CÆS. Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEO. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;<sup>9</sup>

having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and Sir  
T. Hanmer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *feel my lips,*] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk  
are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *O Cæsar, &c.*] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from Sir

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
 To one so meek,<sup>2</sup> that mine own servant should  
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by<sup>3</sup>  
 Addition of his envy!<sup>4</sup> Say, good Cæsar,  
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,

Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows.  
 "O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having  
 vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me  
 this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this  
 pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should  
 come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved  
 some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor foul)  
 to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents  
 unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession  
 for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy  
 upon me," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To one so meek,*] *Meek*; I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued  
 by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch:—"poor  
 wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable  
 estate——." Cleopatra in any other sense was not eminent for  
*meekness*.

Our author has employed this word in *The Rape of Lucretia*, in  
 the same sense as here:

"Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,

"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Parcel the sum of my disgraces by*——] *To parcel her disgraces*,  
 might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*.  
 JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, either is, "—that this fellow should  
 add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely,  
 his own malice;"—or, "that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of  
 my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

*Parcel* is here used technically. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*  
 "That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer  
 words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning."  
 There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed  
 by various *items*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——*of his envy!*] *Envy* is here, as almost always in these  
 plays, *malice*. See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9; and p. 105. MALONE.

Immement toys, things of such dignity  
 As we greet modern friends<sup>5</sup> withal; and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It fmites  
 me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
 [To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
 Through the ashes of my chance:<sup>6</sup>—Wert thou a  
 man,

<sup>5</sup> ——— modern friends —] *Modern* means here, as it generally does in these plays, *common* or *ordinary*. M. MASON.

So, in *As you like it* :

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

See Vol. VI. p. 68, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Through the ashes of my chance* :] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—“ the wounded *chance* of Antony.” MALONE.

*Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits*

*Through the ashes of my chance* :] Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3180 :

“ Yet in our *ashes* cold is fire yreken.”

And thus (as the learned editor has observed) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy* :

“ Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.”

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original :

“ *Cb'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*

“ *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*

“ *Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*” Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's 73d Sonnet :

“ In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,

“ That on the ashes of his youth doth lie.” MALONE.

670 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

CÆS.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are  
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.<sup>1</sup>

CÆS.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons:<sup>2</sup> no, dear  
queen;

<sup>1</sup> *Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthoughts  
For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,*

*Are therefore to be pitied.] We suffer at our highest state of  
elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and  
when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill  
before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others.  
We are therefore to be pitied. Merits is in this place taken in an ill  
sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNSON.*

The plain meaning is this. *The greatest of us are aspersed for  
things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we  
become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our  
own names for the actions of other people.*

*Merit is here used, as the word desert frequently is, to express  
a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punish-  
ment as well as reward. M. MASON.*

*As demerits was often used in Shakspeare's time as synonymous  
to merit, so merit might have been used in the sense which we now  
affix to demerit; or the meaning may be only, we are called to  
account, and to answer in our own names for acts, with which  
others rather than we, deserve to be charged. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> *Make not your thoughts your prisons:] I once wished to read,  
Make not your thoughts your poison:—*



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 671

For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend ; And so adieu.

CLEO. My master, and my lord !

CES. Not so : Adieu.  
[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train.*]

CLEO. He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not  
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*whispers* CHARMIAN.

IRAS. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

CLEO. Hie thee again :  
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
Go, put it to the haste.

CHAR. Madam, I will.

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

DOL. Where is the queen ?

CHAR. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.

CLEO. Dolabella ?

DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-  
mand,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I  
would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper  
sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*  
JOHNSON.

672 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

CLEO. Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

CLEO. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLA.*] Now,  
Iras, what think'st thou ?  
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

IRAS. The gods forbid !

CLEO. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune :<sup>9</sup> the quick comedians<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune :] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — thou —

“ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,

“ And sung by children in succeeding times.” MALONE.

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Evans calls the Host of the Garter “ scald, scurvy companion ;” and in *King Henry V.* Fluellen bestows the same epithet on Pistol. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — the quick comedians —] The gay inventive players.

JOHNSON.

Quick means here, rather ready than gay. M. MASON.

The lively, inventive, quick-witted comedians. So, “ (*ut meos quoque attingam,*”) in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe description of Ireland, made in this yeare, 1589*, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589 : “ They are quick-witted, and of good constitution of bodie.” See p. 424, n. 5 ; and Vol. V. p. 228, n. 6. MALONE.

Extemporally will stage us, and present  
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness<sup>3</sup>  
 I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

CLEO. Nay, that is certain.

IRAS. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that's the way  
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
 Their most absurd intents.<sup>4</sup>—Now, Charmian?—

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch  
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,

<sup>3</sup> — *boy my greatness*—] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication*, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts," &c. To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of *The Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Their most absurd intents.*] Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

*Their most assur'd intents*—

i. e. the purposes, which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as the thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

674 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.<sup>4</sup>—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee  
leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. *A noise within.*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;  
He brings you figs :

CLEO. Let him come in. How poor's an instru-  
ment [Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> —Sirrah, *Iras, go.*] From hence it appears that *Sirrah*, an appellation generally addressed to males, was equally applicable to females. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — How poor &c.] Thus the second folio. The first nonsensically reads—*What poor &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — now the fleeting moon  
*No planet is of mine.*] Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Egyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis ; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to her sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon ; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *King Richard III* : “ — I being govern'd by the watry moon,” &c. Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country ?

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.*

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*  
Haft thou the pretty worm of Nilus<sup>7</sup> there,  
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly I have him: but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him, for

*Fleeting* is inconstant. So, in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1617:  
" — to show the world she was not *fleeting*." See Vol. X.  
p. 511, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Our author will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the pretty worm of Nilus*—] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,  
Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms  
Yet lost their stings."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

" — I'll watch for fear  
Of venomous worms."

See Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4. STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entitled, *The laidy Worm of Spindleston Hengbei*, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the Second part of *King Henry VI*:

"The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal."

PERCY.

Again, in the old version of *The New Testament*, Acts xxviii.  
"Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand," &c.

TOLLBT.

676 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

his biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

CLEO. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, — Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm : But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do :<sup>8</sup> But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEO. Get thee hence ; farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell. [Clown sets down the basket.

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.<sup>9</sup>

CLEO. Ay, ay ; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

<sup>8</sup> *But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do :*] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all and half* change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633 :  
“ Good girls, they do their kind.”

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, no date :

“ He dyd full gentyly his kinde.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tragical History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind.”

MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 677

CLEO. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me ?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. But, truly, these same whorson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEO. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

CLEO. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have  
Immortal longings in me :<sup>2</sup> Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—  
Yare, yare,<sup>3</sup> good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

<sup>2</sup> Immortal longings *in me* :] This expression appears to have been transplanted into Addison's *Cato* :

“ This *longing* after *immortality*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Yare, yare,*] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. So, in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys* :

“ Ryght soone he made him *yare*.”

See also Vol. III. p. 5, n. 3. STEEVENS.

A preceding passage precisely ascertains the meaning of the word :

“ — to proclaim it civilly, were like

“ A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

“ For being *yare* about him.” MALONE.

678 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :  
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements  
 I give to baser life.<sup>2</sup>—So,—have you done ?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips ?<sup>3</sup> Dost fall ?<sup>4</sup>  
 If thou and nature can so gently part,  
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?  
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
 It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I  
 may say,  
 The gods themselves do weep !

CLEO. This proves me base :  
 If she first meet the curled Antony,  
 He'll make demand of her ;<sup>6</sup> and spend that kifs,  
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal  
 wretch,<sup>7</sup>

[*to the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

<sup>2</sup> *I am fire, and air ; my other elements I give to baser life.*] So, in *King Henry V.* “ He is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” “ Do not our lives, (says Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) consist of the four elements ?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Have I the aspick in my lips ?*] Are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kifs has destroyed thee ? MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Dost fall ?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a lover's pinch,*] So before, p. 453 :

“ That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He'll make demand of her ;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kifs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Come, mortal wretch,*] Old copies, unmetrically :  
 — *Come, thou mortal wretch,*— STEEVENS.



With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as  
Unpolicied!<sup>8</sup>

CHAR. O eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?<sup>9</sup>

CHAR. O, break! O, break!

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.  
What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.

<sup>8</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ *asp*  
Unpolicied!] i. e. an asp without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> [That sucks the nurse asleep?] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following address to the asp:

- “ Better than death death's office thou dischargest,
- “ That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
- “ And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
- “ Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
- “ Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
- “ That open canst with such an easy key
- “ The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
- “ That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away.”

Dryden says on the same occasion:

- “ — Welcome thou kind deceiver!
- “ Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key
- “ Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
- “ Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
- “ Death's dreadful office better than himself,
- “ Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
- “ That death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
- “ And thinks himself but sleep.” STEEVENS.

CHAR. In this wild world?<sup>2</sup>—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies  
A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;<sup>3</sup>  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;<sup>4</sup>  
I'll mend it, and then play.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *In this wild world?*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *wild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Downy windows, close;*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:  
“ Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth.”

MALONE.

Charmian, in saying this, must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed toward a dead body.

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *Your crown's awry;*] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

— *Your crown's away.* JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she awryes

“ The diadem which on her head she wore;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espies,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before;

“ For Eras now was dead.” STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch. “ — They found Cleopatra stark dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *and then play.*] i. e. play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in p. 674, to “ *play till doomsday.*” STEEVENS.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1. *GUARD.* Where is the queen?

*CHAR.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *GUARD.* Cæsar hath sent—

*CHAR.* Too slow a messenger.

*[Applies the asp.]*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1. *GUARD.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2. *GUARD.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1. *GUARD.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

*CHAR.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess descended of so many royal kings.<sup>6</sup>

Ah, soldier!

*[Dies.]*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*DOL.* How goes it here?

2. *GUARD.* All dead.

*DOL.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So fought'st to hinder.

*WITTHIN.* A way there, way for Cæsar!

<sup>6</sup> *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original.

STEVENS.

*Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.*

*DOL.* O, fir, you are too fure an augurer ;  
That you did fear, is done.

*CÆS.* Brav'ft at the laft ;  
She levell'd at our purpofes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not fee them bleed.

*DOL.* Who was laft with them ?

*I. GUARD.* A fimple countryman, that brought  
her figs ;  
This was his basket.

*CÆS.* Poifon'd then.

*I. GUARD.* O Cæfar,  
This Charmian liv'd but now ; ſhe ſtood, and  
ſpake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead miſtreſs ; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,  
And on the fudden dropp'd.

*CÆS.* O noble weakneſs !—  
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear  
By external ſwelling : but ſhe looks like ſleep,  
As ſhe would catch another Antony  
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

*DOL.* Here, on her breaſt,  
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown :<sup>7</sup>  
The like is on her arm.

<sup>7</sup> — *ſomething blown :*] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwollen*.  
JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis* of Hampton,  
bl. l. no date :

“ That with venim upon him thrown,  
“ The knight lay then to-*blowen*.”

1. *GUARD.* This is an aspick's trail : and these  
fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile,

*CES.* Most probable,  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite<sup>8</sup>  
Of easy ways to die.<sup>9</sup>—Take up her bed ;  
And bear her women from the monument :—  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip<sup>a</sup> in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them : and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory,<sup>3</sup> which

Again, in the romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. l. no date ;

“ With adders all your bestes ben flaine,

“ With venyme are they blowe.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetick Lady* :

“ ——— What is blown, puffed ? speak English.—

“ Tainted an' please you, some do call it.

“ She *swells* and so *swells*,” &c., STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite* ——— ] To pursue conclusions,  
is to try experiments. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— like the famous ape,

“ To try conclusions,” &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— I did amplify my judgment in

“ Other conclusions.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Of easy ways to die.* ] Such was the death brought on by the  
aspick's venom. Thus Lucan, Lib. IX :

“ At tibi Leve miser fixus præcordia preffit

“ Niliaca serpente cruor ; nulloque dolore

“ Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem

“ Accipis, & Stygias fomno descendis ad umbras.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *shall clip* ——— ] i. e. enfold. See p. 608, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *their story is*

*No less in pity, than his glory, &c.* ] i. e. the narrative of such  
events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on  
the part of him who brought on their sufferings. STEEVENS.

684 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

255 What is the name of the ...

272 ...

273 ...

277 ...

263 ...













Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 013 097 766

[Redacted]

822.33

JR 32

Ed. 4

[Redacted]

**Stanford University Library**

Stanford, California

**In order that others may use this book,  
please return it as soon as possible, but  
not later than the date due.**



