

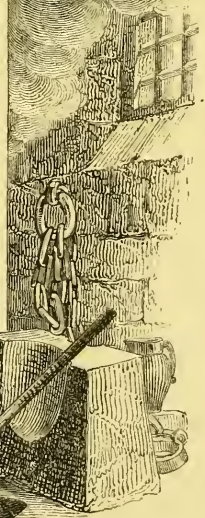
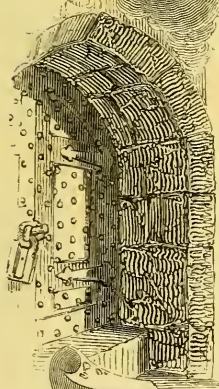




THE
STANDARD EDITION
OF THE
PICTORIAL
SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

TRAGEDIES.
VOL. II.



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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

From Designs by W. Harvey.

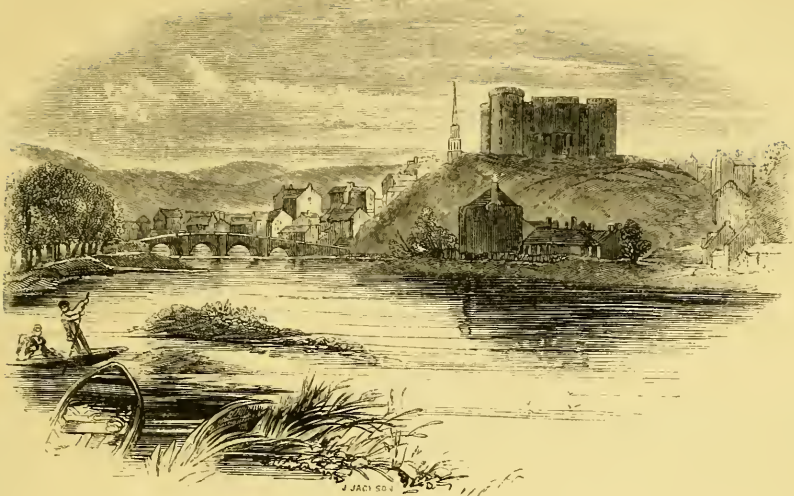
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[Inverness.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF MACBETH.

'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. In the entry on the Stationers' register, immediately previous to the publication of the edition of 1623, it is also classed amongst the Tragedies. And yet, in every modern reprint of the text of Shakspeare, Macbeth is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of Macbeth is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call Lear or Hamlet historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. The editors of the first folio, therefore, had a truer conception of the principle upon which Macbeth was written than those who have succeeded them. In other respects, also, they have better understood their author: they lived in an age when the principles of metrical harmony were appreciated in a higher spirit than they were a century afterwards, and they printed the poet's lines, therefore, for the most part as he wrote them. Upon this subject we have expressed ourselves so fully in the notes on particular passages, that we have only here to say that our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

Malone and Chalmers agree in assigning this tragedy to the year 1606. Their proofs, as we apprehend, are entirely frivolous and unsatisfactory. The Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" the year 1606 was a year of plenty, and therefore Macbeth was written in 1606. Again, the same character says, "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales, against either scale." This passage Malone most solemnly tells us, "without doubt, had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of the Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, on

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable perjury." There is more of this sort of reasoning, in the examination of which it appears to us quite unnecessary to occupy the time of our readers. We have two facts as to the chronology of this play which are indisputable:—the first is, that it must have been written after the crowns of England and Scotland were united in one monarch, who was a descendant of Banquo:—

"Some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The second is, that Dr. Forman has most minutely described the representation of this tragedy in the year 1610. The following extract from his 'Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy,' is copied by Mr. Collier from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies, or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Coudor, for thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

Here, then, the date of this tragedy must be fixed after the accession of James I. in 1603, and before the representation at which Forman was present in 1610. Mr. Collier is inclined to believe that the play was a new one when Forman saw it acted. Be that as it may, we can have no doubt that it belonged to the last ten years of Shakspeare's life; and was probably not far separated from the Roman plays.

SUPPOSED SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

THAT Shakspeare found sufficient materials for this great drama in Holinshed's 'History of Scotland' is a fact that renders it quite unnecessary for us to enter into any discussion as to the truth of this portion of the history, or to point out the authorities upon which the narrative of Holinshed was founded. Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell: in the same way after a long rule was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies.* But, with the differences between the real and apocryphal history, it is manifest that we can here have no concern. In the Illustrations of the several acts we have reprinted the passages in Holinshed with which Shakspeare was manifestly familiar. His deviations from the chronicler will be readily traced. There is another story, however, told also in the same narrative, which

* See Skene's 'Highlanders of Scotland,' vol. i., p. 116.

MACBETH.

Shakspeare with consummate skill has blended with the story of Macbeth. It is that of the murder of King Duff by Donwald and his wife in Donwald's castle of Forres:—

“The king got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep.

“Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet through instigation of his wife he called four of his servants unto him (whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts), and now declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a little before cock's crow, where they secretly cut his throat as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all: and immediately by a postern gate they carried forth the dead body into the fields. * * * * *

Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the king's chamber how the king was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murder. * * * *

For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction.”

It was originally the opinion of Steevens and Malone that a play by Thomas Middleton, entitled ‘The Witch,’ had preceded Macbeth, and that Shakspeare was consequently indebted to Middleton for the general idea of the witch incantations. Malone subsequently changed his opinion; for in a posthumous edition of his ‘Essay on the Chronological Order,’ he has maintained that ‘The Witch’ was a later production than Macbeth. We shall refer to this question in our Supplementary Notice.

For the Local Illustrations affixed to each Act we have the gratification of acknowledging our obligation to Miss Martineau, who in 1838 visited all the localities to which this tragedy refers. Mr. Creswick's sketches, which also adorn our pages, were made on the several spots in 1839.

COSTUME.

THE rudely sculptured monuments and crosses which time has spared upon the hills and heaths of Scotland, however interesting to the antiquary in other respects, afford but very slender and uncertain information respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders in the 11th century; and, attempt how we will to decide from written documents, a hundred pens will instantly be flourished against us. Our own opinion, however, formed long ago, has within these few years been confirmed by that of a most intelligent modern historian,* who says “it would be too much perhaps to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity.” These are:—1st, The belted plaid; 2nd, The short coat or jacket; 3rd, The truis. With each of these, or, at any rate, with the two first, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the *Leni-croich*.† Piscottie, in 1573, says, “they (the Scotch Highlanders) be clothed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee.” And Nicolay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France, who published at Paris, in 1583, a volume entitled ‘La Navigation du Roy d'Escoce Jacques, cinquiesme du nom, autour de son Royaume et Isles Hebrides

* ‘The Highlanders of Scotland,’ by W. F. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols 12mo., London, Murray, 1837.—Mr. Skene in this excellent work has also thrown great light upon the real history of Macbeth, from a careful investigation and comparison of the Irish annals and the Norse Sagas.

† “From the Irish words *leni*, shirt, and *croich*, saffron.”—Martin's Western Isles of Scotland.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

et Orchades, soutz la conduite d'Alexandre Lindsay, excellent Pilote Escossois,' says, "they wear, like the Irish, a large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (*soutane*). They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (*botines*) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley in 1578 says, "all, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of different colours); these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. . . . They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. . . . The rest of their garments consisted of a *short woollen jacket*, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, &c."* Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms most curiously the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles, the exact form of which may be seen in the woodcut representing them engraved in the 'History of British Costume,' p. 369, from a rare print of that period in the collection of the late Francis Douce, Esq. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, "the breeches and stockings of one piece," of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the *bracchæ* of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538; and there are many who deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress: but independently that the document of the date above mentioned recognises it as an established '*Highland*' garment at that time, thereby giving one a right to infer its having long previously existed, the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaëlic family is sufficient, in our minds, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. Mr. Skene, after remarking that it was from the very earliest period the dress of the gentry of Ireland, adds that he is therefore inclined to think it was introduced from that country; but hints at no particular period, and leaves us at liberty to presume such introduction to have taken place even centuries prior to the birth of Macbeth. With regard to another hotly disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid* (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped), the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date: but those who deny "a coat of many colours" to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions," in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic, *breacan*, and the Highlanders, we are informed by Mr. Logan,† give it also the poetical appellation of "*cath-dath*," signifying "the strife" or "war of colours." In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, "most near," says Moniepennie, "to the colour of the hadder" (heather). Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire in the Western Isles, says the ancient dress, which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, now generally known in London by the name of "Shepherd's plaid," is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across, red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy the actor, painted in Charles II.'s time, represents him dressed

* Jean de Beaugne, who accompanied the French auxiliaries to Scotland in 1548, in like manner describes "les sauvages," as he calls the Highlanders, naked except their stained shirts (*chemises taintes*) and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours, carrying large bows and similar swords and bucklers to the others, *i. e.* the Lowlanders.

† 'History of the Gael.' 2 vols. 8vo. London.

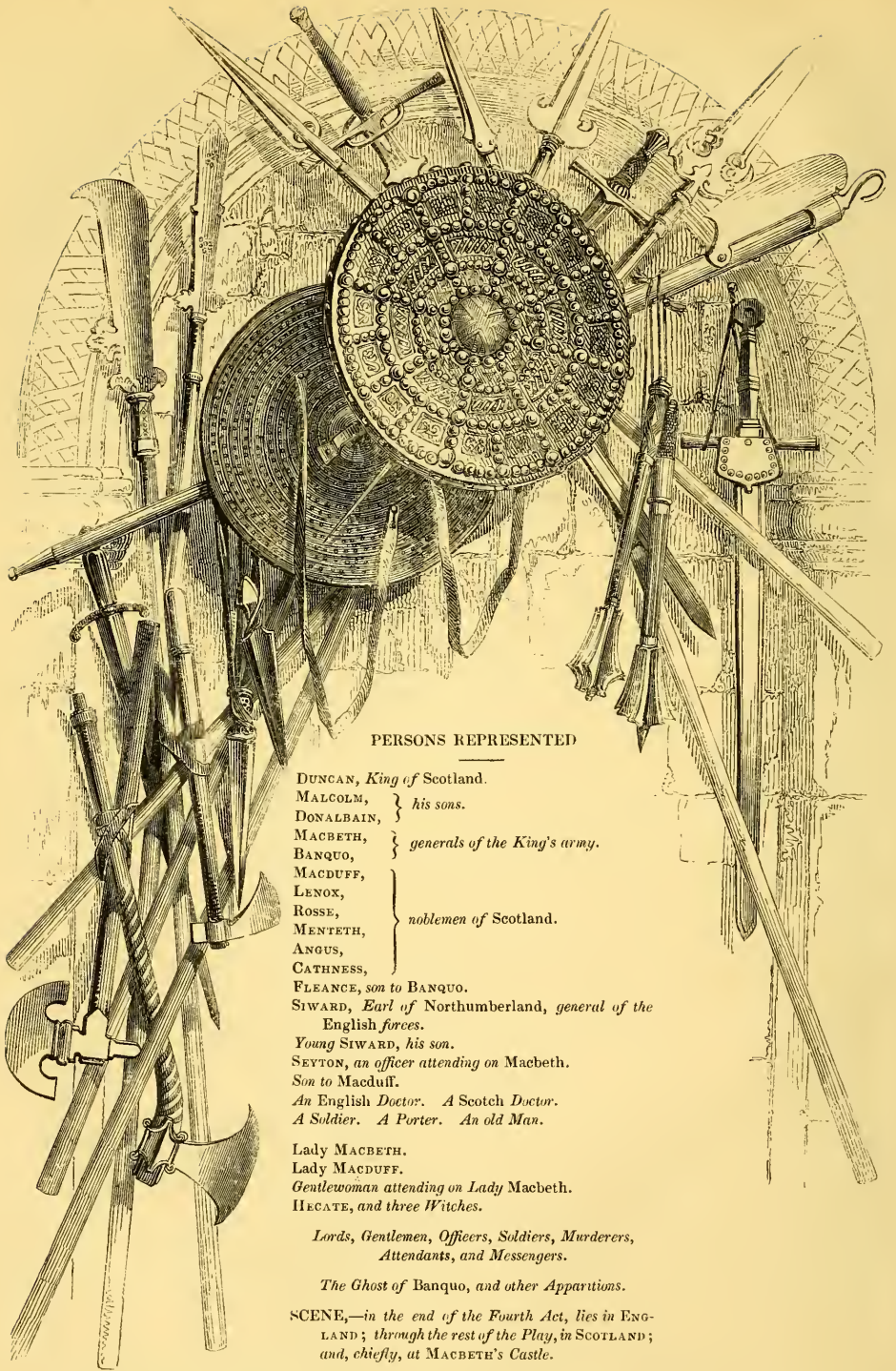
MACBETH.

for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the 11th century we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring-mail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders: but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl of Strathearne, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard:—"I wear no armour," exclaimed the heroic Gaël, "yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely, naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (cledheamh-more), the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's-hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm the Bayeux tapestry furnishes perhaps the nearest authority.

The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe; and the ancient mantle worn by Scotchwomen is described by Martin as chequered, and denominated the arisad.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
 MALCOLM, } *his sons.*
 DONALBAIN, }
 MACBETH, } *generals of the King's army.*
 BANQUO, }
 MACDUFF, }
 LENOX, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
 ROSSE, }
 MENTETH, }
 ANGUS, }
 CATHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, *son to BANQUO.*
 SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the*
English forces.
 Young SIWARD, *his son.*
 SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
 Son to Macduff.
 An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
 Lady MACDUFF.
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
 HECATE, and three Witches.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
 Attendants, and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE,—*in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND; and, chiefly, at MACBETH'S Castle.*



[View from the Site of Macbeth's Castle, Inverness.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?^a

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's^b done,
When the battle's lost and won :

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.^c

^a Some of the modern editions read "*and in rain,*" to prevent that misconception of the question which they think may arise from the use of *or*. The Witches invariably meet under a disturbance of the elements; and this is clear enough without any change of the original text.

^b *Hurlyburly*. In Peacham's 'Garden of Eloquence,' 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir." Todd finds the word in a collection of Scottish proverbs, and therefore decides upon the propriety of its use by the Scottish witch. This is unnecessary; for, although it might belong to both languages, Spenser had used it in our own; and it had the peculiar recommendation of the quality described by Peacham for its introduction in a lyrical composition.

^c We have here the commencement of that system of tampering with the metre of Shakspeare in this great tragedy, which almost every editor, from Pope downwards, has

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.*

Upon the heath :

thought himself justified in venturing upon; and which one editor, Steevens, has fastened upon us even to this hour by the force of his own pertinacious ignorance. When we see an edition of Shakspeare bearing the name of Thomas Campbell as editor, and find that the text of that edition is a literal reprint from the text of Steevens, and that consequently the loppings-off and patchings-on, the transpositions, the substitutions, of a man without an ear are circulated with the imprimatur of one of the most elegant of our poets, we cannot but see what a fearful weed bad taste is,—how prolific in its growth, how difficult to be eradicated. These remarks apply not so much to the particular instance before us as to the whole principle upon which the metre of this play has been regulated. We admit that it will not do servilely to follow the original in every instance where the commencement and close of a line are so arranged that it becomes prosaic; but on the other hand we contend that the desire to get rid of hemistichs, without regard to the nature of the dialogue, and so to alter the metrical arrangement of a series of lines, is a barbarism which ought to be corrected as speedily as possible. But when this barbarism is carried a degree farther, and the text is daubed over after the fashion of a sign-painter mending a Claude, we hold that the offence of re-publishing such abominations is a grave one, and that the reverence with which Englishmen regard their greatest poet ought to compel a different course for the future. With these remarks we proceed on our work of restoration. The line before us reads, in the original,

"That will be ere *the* set of sun."

Steevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin! ^a

All. Paddock calls :—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful ^b it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-
douwald

(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of ^c kernes and gallowglasses is supplied ;¹
And fortune, on his damned quarry ^d smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :

who has an ear for the fine lyrical movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take, for example, the line

" There to meet with Macbeth ;"

and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But the editors must have *seven* syllables ; and so some read

" There I go to meet Macbeth :"

others, " There to meet with *brave* Macbeth :"

and others, " There to meet with—*Whom?*—Macbeth."

Malone has, however, here succeeded in retaining the original line, by persuading himself and others that *there* is a dissyllable.

^a *Graymalkin* is a cat ; *Paddock*, a toad.

^b *Doubtful.*—So the original. The common reading, *doubtful.* "My addition," says Steevens, "consists but of a single letter."

^c *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.

^d *Quarry.*—So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Johnson, is *quarrel.* We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare. In Coriolanus we have,

" ——— I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance."

It is in the same sense, we believe, that the soldier uses the word *quarry* : the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave ;^a

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
[break ;] ^b

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark :

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their
heels,

But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this our captains, Mac-
beth and Banquo ? ^c

Sold. Yes : As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare,
the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell :

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds ;

They smack of honour both :—Go, get him sur-
geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes the hemistich thus :—

" Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave."

^b The word *break*, which we insert in a parenthesis, is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting ; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*.

^c This line is an Alexandrine—a verse constantly introduced by Shakspeare for the production of variety ; but which his editors hate, because they hate variety. They have therefore chopped the end off, and spliced it on to the next line, borrowing a syllable from the third ; just as easily as a boy would cut and join three sticks into three yard-measures. We cannot undertake to notice every change of this sort, although we shall point out the more remarkable alterations.

So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norway banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,^a lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,^b
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his pre-
sent^c death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:
—' Give me,' quoth I:

' Aroint thee,^d witch!' the rump-fed ronyon^e
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,²

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

^a *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Steevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakspeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.

^b This is the original punctuation, which we think, with Tieck, is better than

"Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."

^c Without the slightest ceremony Steevens omits the emphatic word *present*, as "injurious to metre."

^d *Aroint thee*.—See King Lear; Illustration of Act III., Scene IV.

^e *Ronyon*.—See As You Like It; Note on Act II., Scene II.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay: ^a

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird^b sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

^a Steevens says, "As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions." There really appears no foundation for the supposition that the scene was *uniformly* metrical. It is a mixture of blank-verse with the seven-syllable rhyme, producing, from its variety, a wild and solemn effect which no regularly could have achieved.

"Where hast thou been, sister?"

Killing swine; "

is a line of blank verse:

"Sister, where thou?"

a dramatic hemistich. We have then four lines of blank verse, before the lyrical movement, "But in a sieve," &c.

"I'll give thee a wind.

Th' art kind.

And I another, "

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following octo-syllabic line. So, in the same manner,

"I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay, "

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following one of seven syllables. The editors have destroyed this metrical arrangement, by changing "Th' art kind" into "Thou art kind;" and "I'll drain him dry as hay" into "I will drain him dry as day;" and then they suspect "interpolations" and "omissions."

^b *Weird*.—There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrð*, word spoken; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches. We cannot therefore agree with Tieck that the word is *wayward*—wilful. He says that it is written *wayward* in the original; but this is not so: it is written *weyward*, which Steevens says is a blunder of the transcriber or printer. We doubt this; for the word is thus written *weyward*, to mark that it consists of two syllables. For example, in the second act, Banquo says—

"I dreamt last night of the three *weyward* sisters."

But it is also written *weyard*:—

"As the *weyard* women promis'd, and I fear."

Here the word is *one* syllable, by elision. When the poet uses the word *wayward* in the sense of wilful, the editors of the original do not confound the words. Thus, in the third act, Hecate says—

"And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a *wayward* son."

Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical,^a or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great predic-
tion

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak
not :

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none :

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more :

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [Witches *vanish*.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,
And these are of them: Whither are they
vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd cor-
poral, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had
staid!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten on^a the insane root,^b
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not
so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.
Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afear'd of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death, as thick as tale
Can post with post ;^c and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.^d

^a *On.*—The modern editors substitute *of*; but why should we reject an ancient idiom in our rage for modernizing?

^b *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which Shakspeare might have consulted.

^c We print this passage as in the original. The ordinary reading is,

"He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afear'd of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post."

The passage is somewhat obscure; but the meaning is as evident under the old reading as the new.

^d Stevens omits *only*; by which he weakens the sense and destroys the harmony of the line.

^a *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy—imaginary.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Caw-
dor :

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Nor-
way ;

Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage ; or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wrack, I know not ;^a
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original ;—
not a perfect one, certainly, but better than the modern
text.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their
mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour :—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—^a

Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die : who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.^b

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserv'd ;

^a To get rid of the two hemistichs these five lines are
made four in all modern editions.

^b The metrical arrangement of this speech is decidedly
improved in the modern text ; but the improvement is
not, as in the cases where we have rejected changes, pro-
duced by the determination to effect an absurd uniformity.
The same remark applies to Macbeth's answer to the king.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-
vants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.^a

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The 'rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a
step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*]

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

^a Sir William Blackstone interprets the word *safe* as *saved*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage: "The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. 'Sauf la foy que j'eo doy a nostre seignor le roy,' as it is in Littleton." According to this interpretation, then, Macbeth only professes a qualified homage to the king's throne and state, as if the king's love and honour were something higher than his power and dignity. We cannot understand this. Surely it is easier to receive the words in their plain acceptation—our duties are called upon to do everything which they can do *safely*, as regards the love and honour we bear you.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so va-
liant;

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, "Thane of
Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted
me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail,
king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest
not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and fare-
well.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be
great;

Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it:

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical^a aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming:

^a *Metaphysical*—supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse [Exit Attendant.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come,^a you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to nature ;
That no compunctious visitings of remorse
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it !^b Come to my woman's
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering mi-
nisters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry, ' Hold, hold !'^c—Great Glamis, wor-
thy Cawdor !

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters :—To beguile the
time,

Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming

^a If there be any one who does not feel the sublimity of the pause after "battlements," we can only say that he has yet to study Shakspeare. None of the modern editors have felt it ; and they destroy the magnificence of the passage by the childish repetition of the word *come*.

^b If fear, compassion, or any other compunctious visitings, stand between a cruel purpose and its realization, they may be said to keep peace between them, as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace. It is spelt *hit* in the original, and Tieck proposes to retain *hit*. The passage appears to us to be rendered more obscure by this reading, whilst this mode of spelling it was by no means unfrequent.

Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.
*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BAN-
QUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and
Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle :

Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd,

The air is delicate.^a

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you,

How you shall bid God-cyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.^b

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done
double,

^a We request our readers to repeat these celebrated lines as we have printed them. Our text is a literal copy of the original. Is not the harmony perfect ? Would they venture to displace a syllable ? And yet, let them open any popular edition of Shakspeare, and they will find it thus remodelled by the master-hand of Steevens, without the slightest explanation or apology :—

" This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle : where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate."

^b We have restored the old familiar expression *God-cyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of the modern text. Malone and Steevens each give a very long paraphrase of the passage. There is great refinement in the sentiment, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome ; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with

Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.^a

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the
stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes
and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then
't were well

It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal^b of time,
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd cha-
lice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust :

^a *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

^b *Shoal*—in the original, *school*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*, "by which," says Steevens, "our author means the shallow ford of life." We shall not disturb the received reading, which is unquestionably the safest. Tieck's defence of *school* is however sufficiently ingenious—"Bank," he says, "is here the school-bench ; time is used, as it frequently is, for the present time. The editors have altered *school* into *shoal*. But this would-be improvement does not fit with the context ; and smother the idea of the author. Macbeth says—if we could believe that after perpetrated wickedness we could enjoy peace in the present—(here occurs to him the image of a *school*, where a scholar anticipates a complaint or an injury)—if the present only were secure, I would care nothing for the future—what might happen to me—if this *school* were removed. But we receive the judgment in this *school*, where we 'but teach bloody instruction,'" &c. &c.

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,^a
And falls on the other^b—How now, what news ?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd : Why have
you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this busi-
ness :

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept
since ?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?^c

^a It has been proposed (by whom we do not recollect to read, instead of *itself*, *its sell*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overlap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. There is a parallel use of the word *over* in Beaumont and Fletcher. "Prove it again, sir ; it may be your sense was set too high, and so *overthought itself*." The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

^b After *other* Hamner introduced *side*. The commentators say that the addition is unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser : I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger ; that it is not complete in itself ; and would not have been completed with *side*.

^c We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1566 :—"The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

Macb. Prithee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor

place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail.^a
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

^a *We fail.* This is generally pointed *We fail!*—The quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original "*We fail?*"

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,^a
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck^b only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?^c

Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.]

^a *Convince*—overpower.

^b *Limbeck*—alembic. Shakspeare understood the construction of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain to that part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes.

^c *Quell*—murder.



[Distant View of the Heath.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied.*”

In the Second Part of Henry VI. we have this passage:—

“The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.”

Barnaby Rich describes the *gallowglass* as a foot-soldier armed with a skull, a shirt of mail, and a gallowglass axe. The *kernes* he denounces as the very dross and scum of the country, ready to run out with every rebel.

² SCENE III.—“*But in a sieve I'll thither sail.*”

In a pamphlet called ‘*News from Scotland,*’ 1591, it is shown how certain witches, who pretended to bewitch and drown his majesty (our James I.) in the sea coming from Denmark, “together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*.”

³ SCENE V.—“*Come, thick night,*” &c.

This celebrated passage has given rise to much discussion, particularly with reference to the word *blanket*. This, Malone says, was certainly the poet's word, and “perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.” But Whiter has very ingeniously illustrated the passage by another view of the subject. The internal roof of the stage was anciently called *the heavens*. This was its known and familiar name, as we have previously had occasion to mention. (See Henry VI., Part I. Illustration of Act I.) But when tragedies were represented, the back of the stage, according to Malone, was hung with black. Whiter is persuaded that, on these occasions, the decorations about the roof, which were designed to represent the appearance of the heavens, were also covered with black. This, then, was the “*blanket of the dark*” through which “*heaven*” was not to “*peep*.” This is certainly ingenious; but is it necessary to the understanding of the passage? Drayton, without any stage associations, has this line in an early poem:—

“The sullen *night* in misty *rug* is wrapp'd.”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is not our intention to conduct our readers through the obscure and contradictory traditions that belong to the history of Macbeth. Shakspeare found this history, apocryphal as it may be, graphically told in Holinshed; and it will be sufficient for us to select such passages as must necessarily have passed under the poet's eye in the construction of this great tragedy.

“It fortune'd as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund,* there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said,

All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

“Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight.

* A plain amongst trees.

MACBETH.

This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, inasmuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth.

"The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, as it were

therby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that, if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverns, or (as some say) at Botgosvane, in the first year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common content) he received the investure of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner."



[St. Colmes' Inch.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE II.—"A camp near Forres."

PROBABLY situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. It must be mentioned that the stage direction, "Camp near

Forres," does not occur in the original; although it is clear in the third scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither:—

"How far is 't called to Forres?"

SCENE II.—"St. Colmes' inch."

Inch; Island. St. Colmes'; St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off

the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queensferry. Alexander I. was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation Alexander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norwegian king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.

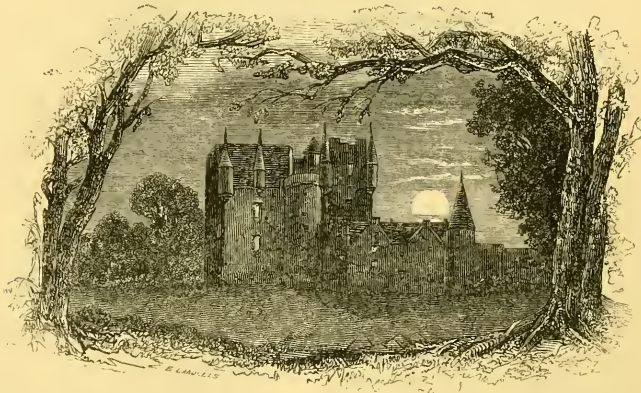
SCENE III.—"*A Heath.*"

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the weird sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Holinshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible even for the imagination of the historical student to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the poet has bound us in his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakspeare have become realities.

SCENE III.—"*Thane of Glamis.*"

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372 a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane hills, and within view of Birnam hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelt within stone walls. The present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034. The property passed into the hands of the Strathmore family (to whom it still belongs) in 1372, on occasion of the marriage of John Lyon, ancestor of the family, with a daughter of Robert II., from whom the estate was received as a gift.



[Glamis Castle.]

MACBETH.

SCENE III.—“*Thane of Cawdor.*”

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered, with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tra-

dition says that the original builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground-floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low, dim vault, regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.



[Cawdor Castle.]

SCENE IV.—“*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*”

Forres is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of

Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Forres. The imagination of the student of the chroniclers or of Shakspeare fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

SCENE V.—“*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*”

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building, called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognises the "pleasant seat" of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—"I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it." It appears, however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles of Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the primitive Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery, both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort, in Perthshire, (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death,) has been ascertained. This fact about the method of

building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which enclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, lately finished, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakspeare.



[Scene.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry^a in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

^a *Husbandry*—frugality.

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices:^a This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up In measureless content.

^a *Offices*.—This is the original word. Malone would read *officers*; but it is of little consequence whether the largess was sent to the servants or the servants' hall.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,^a

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,^b—
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink
is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,^c gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep:^d witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing sides,^a towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure^b and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,^c for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he
lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire:—
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good
night.

He is about it:^d The doors are open;

^a *Sides*—This is the word of the old copies; but Pope changed it to *strides*. A doubt then arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." Johnson says that a ravishing *stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult. This is denied; and we have examples given of a "leisureable stride" and "an easy stride." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the motion of stealthy and silent movement. We receive it as Milton uses it:—

"Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode."

Can we reconcile then the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used. We have some doubt of this; although we do not reject the opinion. Might we not receive *sides* as a verb, and read the passage thus?—

"Wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace
(Which Tarquin's ravishing *sides*) towards his design,
Moves like a ghost."

To *side* is to match, to balance, to be in collateral position. Thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus,'

"Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
Hath rais'd from excrement to *side* the gods?"

In the passage before us, "murder" "with his stealthy pace," which pace *sides*, matches, "Tarquin's ravishing;" (*ravishing* a noun,) moves like a ghost towards his design. *Which* and *with* were often contracted in writing, and might easily be mistaken by the printer.

^b *Sure*.—The original has *sure*.

^c The original has "which they may walk." Tieck defends the original reading, as ungrammatical, singular, and perfectly dream-like. Is not this to refine somewhat over-much?

^d Here we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, with a slight deviation in the subsequent lines.

^a *We* is omitted in modern editions.

^b *Consent*—union. Macbeth covertly says, If you will unite yourself to my fortunes. Malone proposes to read *content*. Tieck says that Macbeth here purposely uses an obscure form of words.

^c *Dudgeon*—the handle of the dagger.

^d After sleep we find *now* in all modern editions. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, added the word, which subsequent editors have adopted. We have no doubt that Shakspeare introduced the long pause to add to the solemnity of the description.

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge
with snores :

I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho! ¹

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have
awak'd,

And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, 'murder!' that they did wake
each other;

I stood and heard them: but they did say their
prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.^a

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,'
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

^a Here again we follow the original regulation of the
lines.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep
no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve^a of
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all
the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more!'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: 'The sleeping, and the
deed,

Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red.^b

^a *Sleeve*—unwrought silk—the *sfilerza* of the Italians. In
Troilus and Cressida we have

"Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleeve* silk."

^b The idea of this passage, and, in some degree, the ex-
pression, is to be found in a line of Ileywood ('Robert Earl
of Huntingdon'):—

"The *multitudes* of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I^a would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock,
knock: Who 's there, i' the name of Belzebub?
Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty: Come in time; we nap-
kins enough about you; here you 'll sweat for 't.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who 's there,
i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equi-
vocator, that could swear in both the scales
against either scale; who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate
to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith,
here 's an English tailor come hither, for steal-
ing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here
you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this
place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no
further: I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose way to the ever-

the mode of reading the following line the commentators
are at variance. In the original it stands

“ Making the green one, red.”

This Malone adopts. The ordinary reading,

“ Making the green—one red,”

was suggested by Murphy in the ‘Gray’s Inn Journal,’ and
adopted by Steevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend,
of the propriety of the alteration. We have a similar
expression in Milton’s ‘Comus,’

“ And makes one blot of all the air.”

^a Steevens reads “*Ay*, would thou couldst.” He is prob-
ably right, for *ay* is invariably written *I* in the old copy.
Yet the pronoun appears to us more emphatic.

lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I
pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to
bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance: Therefore, much drink may
be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it
makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and
it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-
heartens him; makes him stand to, and not
stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think,
being too strong for him, though he took up my
legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to
you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,

For 't is my limited^a service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.^b

^a Limited—appointed.

^b Steevens writes the passage thus:—

“ Goes the king
From hence to-day?”

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so”

We of course reject such forced attempts to get rid of the
hemistich and the Alexandrine.

Len. The night has been unruly : Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death :

And, prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night :
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.^a

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb. Len. What 's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon :—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell :—Murder ! and treason !
Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself !—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell,^b

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,

^a We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

^b The words "ring the bell" form part of the original text ; and the stage direction, "bell rings," immediately follows. The commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "ring the alarm-bell," should repeat the order ! The temptation to strike these words out was the silly desire to complete a ten-syllable line with

"To countenance this horror,
and

What's the business ?"

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo ! Banquo ! our royal master's murderer'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas ! what, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, 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 of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't,
The spring, the head : the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murderer'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't :

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment ? No man :

The expedition of my violent love

Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our
tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.^a

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to Eng-
land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff*; but, without any explanation, it is given by all the modern editors to *Macbeth*.

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is
day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of
mine eyes,

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?^a

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt rav'n up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

^a Pretend—propose.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to
Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

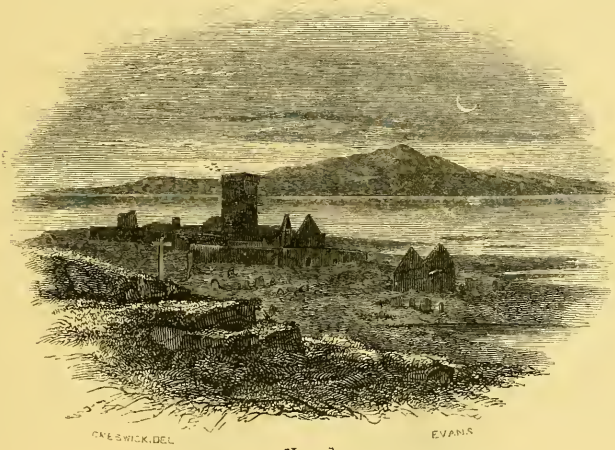
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there:—adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.]



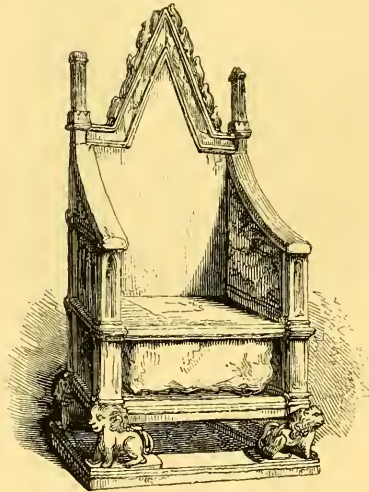
[Iona.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

SCENE II.—“*Who’s there?—what, ho!*”

AFTER “That summons thee to heaven or to hell,” Tieck inserts—“*he ascends,*”—and says, “we learn afterwards that he descends. I have inserted this stage direction that the reader may the better understand the construction of the old theatre.” Again, when Macbeth calls out “Who’s there?” he inserts, before the exclamation, “*he appears above,*” and after it, “*he again withdraws.*” Tieck says, “I have also added these directions for the sake of perspicuity. The editors make him say this without being seen—‘*within,*’—which is an impossibility. To whom should he make this inquiry *within* the chambers, where all are sleeping? The king, besides, does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber; how loud then must be the call to be heard from within the second chamber in the court-

yard below! The original at this passage has ‘*Enter Macbeth.*’ I explain this peculiar direction thus:—Macbeth lingers yet a moment within: his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered, and crazed, he rushes back to the *balcony*, and calls beneath, ‘Who’s there?’ in his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder. Had Fleance, or Banquo, or even any of the servants of the house, whom he had but just sent away, been beneath, the whole secret deed would have been betrayed. I consider this return, which appears but a mere trifle, as a striking beauty in Shakspeare’s drama. He delights (because he always sets tragedy in activity through passion as well as through intrigue) in suspending success and failure on a needle’s point.”



[Coronation Chair.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.—“*And gone to Scone, To be invested.*”

THE ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pietish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there

was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone enclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is reported to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.

SCENE IV.— “Where is Duncan’s body?
Carried to Colmes-kill?”

Colmes-kill (St. Columba’s Cell). *Icolm-kill*. *Hyona*. *Iona*.—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyle, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M’Felim M’Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba, landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it, the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank or other eminence strove for admission into them; missionaries of the highest qualifications issued from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth, inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland in consequence

of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the Act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal’s Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilization—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualize these tombs; so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge that within the enclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corpacli, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days when the funeral train of harks was tossing amidst the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, or had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.



[Forres.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing^a unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous,)

In this day's council; but we'll take^b to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

^a *All-thing.*—So the original—not *all things*, as usually printed.

^b *Take.*—This is the word of the original, which Steevens has very properly retained; although Malone changes it to

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you:^a Attend those men our
pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear: and under him

My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark^b Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

talk. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change.
Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well,
sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will take to-
morrow?"

^a Steevens omits *with you*.

^b Steevens proposed to omit *Mark*, "for the sake of
metre." Johnson would have gone farther, and would have
omitted the whole allusion to Mark Antony, writing the
passage thus:—

"My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters."

But they were both over-ruled, though "convinced against
their will." And all this was only to make the line go "the
right butter-women's rank to market!"

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd^a my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance!^b—Who's
there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go^c to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune; which, you thought, had been

Our innocent self: this I made good to you

In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand;^d how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

^a *Fil'd*—defiled.

^b *Utterance*.—The French *combat-à-outrance*. See *Cymbe-
line*, Act III., Scene 1.

^c *Go* is omitted by Steevens.

^d *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank^a of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody dis-
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For^b certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. With-
in this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night,^c

^a In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The catalogue contains the names of all; the valued file select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row,—the *file* those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?

^b For—on account of—because of.

^c We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves."

he then adds, "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the perfect spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

"The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night."

And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide
within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without all^a
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it;

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace,^b have sent to peace,

^a Steevens omits *all*.

^b Peace.—For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place*; and it has been adopted by all succeeding editors. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspeare's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in the

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
 poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be
 you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
 wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
 lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's^a not
 eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assail-
 able;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
 mons,

The shard-borne beetle,^b with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.^c

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
 chuck,

sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of
place. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo,
 Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object
 that makes him eat his meal in fear and sleep in terrible
 dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then
 comes the fearful lesson,

"Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy."

There is no peace with the wicked.

^a *Nature's copy*.—Johnson explains this as *the copy*, the
 lease, by which they hold their lives from nature; and Rit-
 son says it is the *copy of court roll*. Is not this very forced?
 Although the expression may be somewhat obscure, does
 not every one feel that the *copy* means the individual,—the
 particular cast from nature's mould,—a perishable copy of
 the prototype of man?

^b *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or sealy
 wing-cases. See *Cymbeline*; Illustration of Act III., Scene
 III.

^c We print these lines as in the original. In modern
 editions they are invariably "regulated" thus:—

"Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note."

It is impossible, we think, not to feel that there is a beauty
 in the original hemistich, of which such tampering has de-
 prived us.

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling^a
 night,

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
 crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
 rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
 still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
 So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn,
 with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he
 delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then 't is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a
 torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
 [*Assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
 fly, fly;

Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE and Servant escape.]

^a *Seeling*—blinding. The expression is taken from the
 practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.
A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, *ROSSE*, *LENOX*,
Lords, and *Attendants*.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks:

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he
within.

Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
Yet he 's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's
fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: 'a To feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MAC-
BETH'S place.*¹

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What
is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good^b lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you,
keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

^a We understand, *that 'tis given with welcome.*

^b Stevens omits *good*.

This is the very painting of your fear :
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well become
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithce, see there! behold! look! lo!
 how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
 too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
 Those that we bury, back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
 olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
 That when the brains were out the man would
 die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools: This is more
 strange

Than such a murther is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health
 to all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill
 full:—

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the
 earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then,^a protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being
 gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
 the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me
 strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
 worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
 [*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood
 will have blood:
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to
 speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
 forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
 is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
 his person,
 At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
 There's not a one of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
 (And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
 know,

^a *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhibit thee*. Horne Tooke was the first to denounce this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done,

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,

Your charms, and everything beside:

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and a fatal end.^a

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

^a Steevens has committed one of his most atrocious mutilations upon this noble line. He has turned it thus:—

“Unto a dismal—fatal end.”

O ye printers, to whose fingers Shakspeare furnishes such constant employment, if the hearts of his editors be stony, do take the text into your own hands, and render the poet justice!

And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Within.*] ‘Come away, come away,’ &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret farther: only, I say,

Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:—

And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
sleep:

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For't would have anger'd any heart alive

To bear the men deny it. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think,

That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they
should find

What't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,

That the malevolence of fortune nothing

Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:

That, by the help of these, (with Him above

To ratify the work,) we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—

All which we pine for now : And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, ' Sir,
not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, ' You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len.

And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send^a my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*]

^a Steevens omits *I'll send.*



[Forres—Eminence at the Western Extremity.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

1 SCENE IV.—“*Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.*”

THIS is the stage direction of the original; and nothing can be more precise. It presents the strongest evidence that, in the representation of this tragedy within sixteen years of its original production, and only seven years after the death of its author, the ghost of Banquo was exhibited to the audience.* It has been maintained, however, and the opinion was acted upon by John Kemble, that the ghost of Banquo ought not to be visible to the audience; and that, as it was visible only to Macbeth of all the company assembled at the solemn supper, it can only be regarded as

“A false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,”

like the dagger which he saw previous to the murder of Duncan. This opinion is, of course, supported by the argument that the visible introduction of the ghost is to be ascribed to an injudicious stage direction of the players, and was not intended by the poet. Tieck, in his translation of this tragedy, receives, though unwillingly, the stage direction; and he explains that the banquet takes place on the secondary stage (see *Othello*, Illustration of Act v.), and that the ghost enters from behind the curtain of that stage. There cannot, we think, be any hesitation about the acceptance of the stage direction as evidence how the play was acted by Shakspeare's “fellows;” and this is the best evidence we can have of Shakspeare's own conception of the thing. But there is another point, to which our attention has been drawn by the communication of a gentleman personally unknown to us, which cannot be dismissed with such certainty. This gentleman states that, having recently attended a meeting of a Society for Literary Discussion, one, who called himself an actor, “among other dramatic criticisms boldly propounded the following, somewhat to the astonishment of the audience, viz. that the first apparition which Macbeth beholds in the celebrated banquet scene is that of Duncan—the *second only* that of Banquo.” Our correspondent favours us with some of the arguments by which this proposition was supported at the literary meeting; and he adds some of his own, which appear to us equally ingenious. But we are met on the threshold of the argument by the original stage direction. We should be inclined, with Kemble, and Capell Lofft, and Tieck, to reject any visible ghost *altogether*, but

* Forman's account confirms this. (See Introductory Notice.)

for this stage direction; and it equally compels us to admit in this place *the ghost of Banquo*. Is there anything, then, in the text inconsistent with the stage direction? When Macbeth has hypocritically said, in his consciousness of the murder,—

“Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,”

it is a piece of consummate art that he should see the table full, and his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire. His first exclamation is

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

The hired murderers had done it,—the common evasion of one perpetrating a crime through the instrumentality of another. If it be *Duncan's* ghost we must read,

“Thou canst not *say* I did it.”

But we have afterwards the expression,—

“If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.”

This must apply, it is said, to Duncan:—“Duncan is in his grave.” Of Banquo, Macbeth has just heard, “safe in a ditch he bides.” But the same species of argument is equally strong against the proposed change. If the second ghost is to be the ghost of Banquo, how can it be said of him,—“Thy bones are *marrowless*”? There can be no doubt that these terms, *throughout the scene*, must be received as general expressions of the condition of death as opposed to that of life; and have no more direct reference to Duncan than to Banquo. There is a coincidence of passages pointed out by our correspondent which strongly makes, as admitted by him, against the opinion which he communicates to us. The murderer has said,—

“Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty *trenched gashes* on his head;
The least a death to nature.”

The idea seized upon Macbeth's mind; and it embodied itself in this echo:—

“The times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With *twenty mortal murders* on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than *such a murder* is.”

We have no doubt of the correctness of the original stage direction.

But there is *no* direction in the original copy for the disappearance of the ghost before Macbeth exclaims “If I stand here I saw him.” The direc-

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

tion which we find is modern; but the ghost is unquestionably gone, as far as Macbeth is conscious of its presence. Macbeth recovers his self-possession. After "Give me some wine, fill full," we have in the original the stage direction,

Enter Ghost.

Now, then, arises the question, Is this the ghost of Banquo? To make the ghost of Banquo return a second time at the moment when Macbeth wishes for the presence of Banquo is not in the highest style of art. The stage direction does not prevent us arguing that here it may be the ghost of Duncan. The terror of Macbeth is now more intense than on the first appearance; it becomes desperate and defying. In the presence of the ghost of Banquo, when he is asked, "Are you a man," he replies,—

"Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil."

Upon the second apparition it is, "Avaunt and quit my sight"—"Take any shape but *that*"—"Hence, horrible shadow!" Are not these words applied to some object of *greater* terror than the former? Have there not been *two* spectral appearances, as implied in the expressions

"Can such *things* be?"

and

"You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe
When now I think you can behold such *sights*?"

We of course place little confidence in this opinion, though we confess to a strong inclination towards it. At any rate we have discharged a duty which we owed to our kind correspondent, in examining the question somewhat fully.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The murder of Banquo is thus told by Holinshed:—

"These and the like commendable laws Macbeth caused to be put as then in use, governing the realm for the space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was,—instead of equity, practising cruelty: for the prick of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants, and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which, as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared

for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquo and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son, yet by the help of Almighty God, reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter Macbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a devise; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales."



[The Harmuir.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—'T is time, 't is time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold^a stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake :
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

^a This is the reading of the original—*cold*. The line is certainly defective in rhythm, for a pause here cannot take the place of a syllable, unless we pronounce *cold*—*co-old*. There is no natural retardation. We do not, however, alter the text. The emendation of Steevens is

"Toad, that under *coldest* stone."

Pope wrote,

"Toad, that under *the cold* stone "

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble ;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;

Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;

Liver of blaspheming Jew ;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab ;

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,^a

For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains,

^a *Chaudron*—entrails.

And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c.*^a]

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags,
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess,

(How'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches : though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the
treasure

Of nature's germins^b tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed Head*
rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—
Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. What'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word
more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here 's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child*
rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.^a [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : What need I fear
of thee ?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned,*
with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.^b

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements !
good !

Rebellious head,^c rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

^a In the desire to make their own metrical arrangement, the modern editors have shut their eyes to the fact that we have here a rhyming couplet. They write,

“ Be bloody, bold,
And resolute ; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.”

^b Steevens omits *to 't*.

^c *Head*.—The old copy has *dead*. The correction of *head*, which is evidently required, was made by Theobald.

^a This is the original stage-direction. The modern editors have inserted four lines of a song, which they find in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act? See Illustration.

^b *Germins*—the original is *germaine*, which Tieck would retain. *Germins* are seeds ; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another. We cannot see whence he derives his opinion that "nature's germaine" means the sun and moon.

To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me
know :—

Why sinks that caldron ? and what noise^a is
this ? *[Hautboys.]*

1 *Witch.* Show ! 2 *Witch.* Show ! 3 *Witch.*
Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come light shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order ; the last with a Glass in his hand ;
BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;
down !

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs :—And thy
hair,^b

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags !

Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start,
eyes !

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I 'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 't is true ;
For the blood-bolter'd^c Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights ;

I 'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round :

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar !—

Come in, without there !

^a *Noise.*—This is the *music* of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shriek* was here heard.

^b *Hair.*—This is the original word ; but the modern reading is *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading : “ It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit.”

^c *Blood-bolter'd.* *Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

Enter LENOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did
hear

The galloping of horse : Who was 't came by ?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in^a his line. No boasting like a
fool ;

This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !—Where are these gentle-
men ?

Come, bring me where they are. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's
Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him
fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :
His flight was madness : When our actions do
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

^a Steevens omits *him in*.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour

From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of
you :

Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?
Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do
for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools :
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat
the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him :
if you would not, it were a good sign that I
should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talkest.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
serve you !

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly : Why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm ? What are these
faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd^a villain.

Mur. What, you egg ! [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying ' Murder,'
and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's
Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

^a *Shag-ear'd*.—This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

Macd. Let us rather,
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bstride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new
morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-
rows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him
well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
something
You may deserve^a of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall^b crave your
pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly
just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,
The title is affer'd.^c—Fare thee well, lord:

^a *Deserve*.—The original reads *discerne*.
^b *I shall*.—Stevens omits these words, for the old reason.
^c The original reads, *the Title is affer'd*. The modern reading is *thy Title is affer'd*. We have first to consider how Shakspeare uses the word *title*. In a subsequent passage of this play, Angus, speaking of Macbeth, says,

“Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.”

In each of these passages *title* is printed with a capital T.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-
ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many

Does Macduff then mean to say, hurt and indignant at the doubts of Malcolm, the *title* (personifying the regal title) is *affer'd*—frighted;—and therefore, “poor country,” “wear thou thy wrongs;” or, continuing to apostrophise “great tyranny,” “wear thou thy wrongs”—enjoy thy usurpation; *wrong*s being here opposed to rights: the title is *affer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as afferors decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute? We hold to this interpretation; and it is remarkable that all the commentators, connecting “wear thou thy wrongs” with “poor country,” have failed to perceive that the “title” is that of “great tyranny.”

As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons^a to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,^b
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore
thee,

Of'tner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point,^a was setting forth:
Now we'll together: And the chance, of good-
ness,

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once,
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,²
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

^a The original has *already at a point*. This is now given "all ready," and it is held that "at a point" means fully equipped, as in Hamlet, "armed at point." This we know is point-device; but we have no example of the use of the word with the article. Is it not then that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "at a point?"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space.

^a *Foysons*—abundant provision.

^b *Portable*.—The word is used in the same sense in Lear:
"How light and portable my pain seems now."

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I
did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.^a

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main
part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound,

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife,
and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could
be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife
kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.^b—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

^a *Latch them*—lay hold of them.

^b One would imagine that there could be no doubt of whom Macduff was thinking when he says, "He has no children:" but the commentators here enter into a discussion whether Macbeth had any children, or not; and upon the whole they consider that Macduff points at Malcolm, reproaching him for saying "Be comforted." Look at the whole course of the heart-stricken man's sorrow. He is first speechless; he then ejaculates "my children too?" then "my wife kill'd too?" And then, utterly insensible to the words addressed to him,

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones?" Macbeth is more fully annotated than any other of Shakspere's plays. We may spare something.

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This time^a goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Time*.—Rowe changed this to *tune*. Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Black spirits,*” &c.

IN Act III. Scene v. we have the stage-direction, “*Sing within, Come away, come away, &c.*” In the same manner we have in this scene “*Music and a song, Black spirits, &c.*” In Middleton’s ‘*Witch*’ we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage-direction. The first is,

“Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away.” } *in the air.*
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.”

The second is called ‘A Charm Song about a Vessel:—

“Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.

Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!”

² SCENE III.—“*Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.*”

Holinshed thus describes the gift of curing the evil which was alleged to exist in the person of Edward the Confessor:—“As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king’s evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm.” The golden stamp is stated to be the coin called *an angel*; for the origin of which name, as given by Verstegan, see the Merchant of Venice, Illustrations of Act II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

We continue our extracts from Holinshed:—

“Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Macduff, either for that he thought his puissance over great; either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence, (for that the prophecy had happened so right which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him,) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

“And surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof; for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Macbeth had in every nobleman’s house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all

that was said or done within the same, by which flight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm.

“Immediately then, being advertised whereabouts Macduff went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Macduff was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends.

“Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Macduff had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from Macbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:—

“I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason

of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Macduff answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore, to show you what mischief may ensue on you through my unsatiable covetousness, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarm of flies that continually sucked out his blood; and when one that came by, and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered, No; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof suck not very eagerly, should be chased away, other that are empty and an hungered should light in their places, and suck out the residue of my blood, far more to my grievance than these, which, now being satisfied, do not much annoy me. Therefore, said Malcolm, suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is gold and riches

enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoice in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more cometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Macbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect."

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

SCENE II.—"*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*"
ON the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle. These are not the

only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.



[Dunkeld.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,^a I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

^a Steevens says, "this is one of Shakspeare's oversights: he forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." We may reply, this is one of Steevens's presumptuous assertions. In the next scene the Scotchmen say "the English power is *near*." When an enemy is advancing from another country is it not likely that the commander about to be attacked would first go "into the field" before he finally resolved to trust to his "castle's strength?" The object of such annotations is not to explain the author, but to show how much cleverer the annotator is than the author.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated,^a and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATH-
NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.^b

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate
him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

^a *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

^b *Mortified man*.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the
Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know
All mortal consequences^a have pronounc'd me
thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg^b with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon;

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life^c

^a *Consequences.*—Steevens reads *consequents*.

^b *Sagg*—sink down.

^c Dr. Johnson proposed to read "*May of life.*" If the poet intended to represent Macbeth as a young man,—one in the

"*May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood,*"—who had by his crimes and their consequent anxieties

"*Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,*"—

the emendation would be just and beautiful. But we doubt if the poet had any such intention. The expression "*way of life*" appears to us equivalent with "*time of year,*" in the seventy-third Sonnet:—

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and^a
dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
ported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh
be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir^b the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour:—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of
it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me:—

Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,^c or what purgative drug,

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Gifford says, "*way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life.*"

^a All the modern editions read *but*; contrary to the original.

^b *Skir*—scour.

^c *Senna.*—We are not sure about this word. The original reads *cyme.*

Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane : A Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope :

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less^a have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, 'They come:' Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty^a death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

^a *Dusty*.—Warburton would read *dusky*. In *Troilus and Cressida* we have "dusty nothing." Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspeare might have seen:—

'Death came drivynge after, and all to dust pashed
Kynges and kaysers, knyghtes and popes.'

^a *More and less*.—Shakspeare uses these words, as Chaucer and Spenser use them, for *greater and less*.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so ;
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; * and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ; '—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
out !—

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.—

Ring the alarm-bell.—Blow wind ! come wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the
Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough ; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy
uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the
Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I can-
not fly,

* Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains the use of *pull in* :—

“ All my spirits
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.”

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's
he
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.^a

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with
my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show
thy face :

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Mac-
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be ;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently
render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;

^a We have again the small critics discovering oversights in Shakspeare. Mrs. Lenox, the queen of fault-finders, says, “ Shakspeare seems to have committed a great oversight in making Macbeth, after he found himself deceived in the prophecy relating to Birnam wood, so absolutely rely on the other, which he had good reason to fear might be equally fallacious.” If Mrs. Lenox had known as much of human nature as Shakspeare knew, she would have understood that one hope destroyed does not necessarily banish all hope ;—that the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that his last guinea will redeem them ;—and that the last of a long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing.

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells
me so,

For it bath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,^a
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough.' [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX,
ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!^a
[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

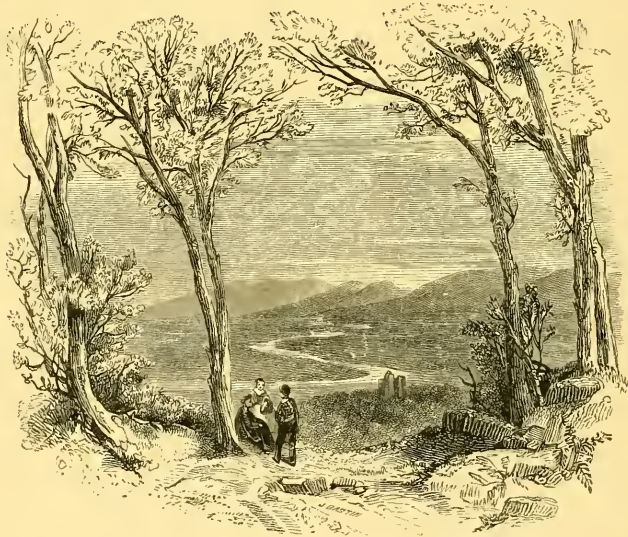
^a The fine echo of Macduff's salutation is written by
Steevens, "King of Scotland, hail!"—for the sake of metre.
We may say, with a slight alteration of Hotspur's words,

^a I will not yield.—This is invariably minced into "I'll
not yield."

"I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew
Than one of these same metre-mongers."

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
 [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



[The Dunsinane Range.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

HOLINSHED thus narrates the catastrophe :—

“ He had such confidence in his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till Bernane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman.

“ Malcolm, following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and, when his army had rested awhile there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly; howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Luifauanine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Mac-

duff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse, saying, Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains: and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him.

“ But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, It is true, Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen.”

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.— “ *What wood is this before us?*
The wood of Birnam.”

BIRNAM HILL is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, dis-

tinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the “leavy screen” devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights:—

“ Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

SCENE V.—“*As I did stand my watch upon the hill.*”

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dun-

sine range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but, as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line no sentinel on the Dunsinane hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the poet's purposes, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain:—

“Within this three mile may you see it coming.”



[In Birnam Wood.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

IN Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

“ Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene !”

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—“It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes.”* This most interesting passage appears to us to involve the consideration of the principles upon which the examination of such a work of art as Macbeth can alone be attempted. To analyse the conduct of the plot, to exhibit the obvious and the latent features of the characters, to point out the proprieties and the splendours of the poetical language,—these are duties which, however agreeable they may be to ourselves, are scarcely demanded by the nature of the subject; and they have been so often attempted, that there is manifest danger of being trite and wearisome if we should enter into this wide field. We shall, therefore, apply ourselves as strictly as possible to an inquiry into the nature of that poetical Art by which the horrors of this great tragedy are confined within the limits of pleasurable emotion.

* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her 'Life' by Mr. Campbell.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

If the drama of *Macbeth* were to produce the same effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own *Othello*, to

“abandon all remorse,
On horror’s head horrors accumulate,”

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced *Macbeth*. The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again, and again, were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of *Lady Macbeth*, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case, what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of *Lady Macbeth*, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. *We* have to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonises with all around it; for which we are adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action, has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own *chiaroscuro*,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The assassination scene of the second act is dimly shadowed out in the first lines of the drama, when those mysterious beings, —

“So wither’d, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,
And yet are on ’t,”—

have resolved to go

“Upon the heath:
There to meet with *Macbeth*.”

We know there is to be evil. One of the critics of the last age has observed, “The Witches here seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to tell us they are to meet again.” If the Witches had not been introduced in the first scene,—if we had not known that they were about “to meet with *Macbeth*,”—the narrative of *Macbeth*’s prowess in the second scene, and the resolution of Duncan to create him *Thane of Cawdor*, would have been comparatively pointless. The ten lines of the first Witch-scene give the key-note of the tragedy. They take us out of the course of ordinary life; they tell us there is to be a “supernatural soliciting;” they show us that we are entering into the empire of the unreal, and that the circle of the magician is to be drawn about us. When the Witches “meet again” their agency becomes more clear. There they are, again muttering of their uncouth spells, in language which sounds neither of earth nor heaven. Fortunate are those who have never seen the stage-witches of *Macbeth*, hag-like forms, with beards and brooms, singing *D’Avenant*’s travestie of *Shakspeare*’s lyrics to music, fine and solemn indeed, but which is utterly inadequate to express the *Shaksperian* idea, as it does not follow the *Shaksperian* words. Fortunate are they; for, without the stage recollections, they may picture to themselves beings whose “character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without

MACBETH.

sex or kin.* The stage-witches of Macbeth are not much elevated above the 'Witch of Edmon-ton,' of Rowley and Dekker—"the plain traditional old-woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." Charles Lamb (from whom we quote these words) has, with his accustomed discrimination, also shown the essential differences between the witches of Shakspeare and the witches of Middleton: "These (Middleton's) are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches hurt the body; those have power over the soul."† But the witches of the stage Macbeth are Middleton's witches, and not Shakspeare's; and they sing Middleton's lyrics, as stolen by D'Avenant, but they are not Shakspeare's lyrics. The witches of Shakspeare essentially belong to the action. From the moment they exclaim

"A drum, a drum:
Macbeth doth come,"

all their powers are bent up to the accomplishment of his ruin. Shakspeare gives us no choruses of

"We dance to the echoes of our feet;"

and

"We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits."

He makes the superstition tell upon the action of the tragedy, and not a jot farther; and thus he makes the superstition harmonize with the action, and prepare us for its fatal progress and consummation. It was an effect of his consummate skill to render the superstition essentially poetical. When we hear in imagination the drum upon that wild heath, and see the victorious generals in the "proper temperament for generating or receiving superstitious impressions,"‡ we connect with these poetical situations the lofty bearing of the "imperfect speakers," and the loftier words of the "prophetic greeting:"—

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter."

It is the romance of this situation which throws its charm over the subsequent horrors of the realization of the prophecy, and keeps the whole drama within the limits which separate tragedy from the 'Newgate Calendar.' If some Tate had laid his hand upon Macbeth, as upon Lear (for D'Avenant, who did manufacture it into something which up to the time of Quin was played as Shakspeare's, had yet a smack of the poet in him)—if some matter-of-fact word-monger had thought it good service to "the rising generation" to get rid of the Witches, and had given the usurper and his wife only their ambition to stimulate their actions, he would have produced a George Barnwell instead of a Macbeth.

It is upon the different reception of the supernatural influence, proceeding out of the different constitution of their minds, by which we must appreciate the striking differences in the characters of Macbeth, Banquo, and Lady Macbeth. These are the three who are the sole recipients of the prophecy of the Witches; and this consideration, as it appears to us, must determine all that has been said upon the question whether Macbeth was or was not a brave man. There can be no doubt of his bravery when he was acting under the force of his own will. In the contest with "the merciless Macdonwald" he was "valour's minion." In that with "Norway himself" he was "Bellona's bridegroom." But when he encountered the Witches, and his will was laid prostrate under a belief in destiny, there was a new principle introduced into his mind. His self-possession and his self-reliance were gone:—

"Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 238.

† 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' vol. i., p. 187.

‡ Coleridge.

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But he yet depended upon his reason. With marvellous art Shakspeare at this moment throws on the straw which is to break the camel's back :—

“ The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.”

In a few minutes he knows he *is* Cawdor :—

“ Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.”

But Banquo receives the partial consummation of the prophecy with an unsubdued mind :—

“ Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.”

The will of Banquo refuses to be mixed up with the prophecy. The will of Macbeth becomes the accomplice of the “ instruments of darkness,” and is subdued to their purposes :—

“ Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ?”

And then comes the refuge of every man of unfirm mind upon whom temptation is laid :—

“ If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.”

If he had opposed the chance he would have been safe; but his will was prostrate before the chance, and he perished. It is perfectly clear that the faint battle had been fought between his principle and his “ black and deep desires ” when he saw something to “ o'erleap ” even beyond the life of Duncan,—“ the prince of Cumberland.” In the conflict of his mind it is evident that he communicates to his wife the promises of those who “ have more in them than mortal knowledge,” not only that she might not lose the “ dues of rejoicing,” but that he might have some power to rely upon stronger than his own will. He was not deceived there. It is clear that Lady Macbeth had no reliance upon the prophecy working out itself. She had no belief that chance would make him king without his stir :—

“ Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.”

It was not thou mayst be, or thou wilt be, but thou *shalt* be. The only fear she had was of his nature. She would “ catch the nearest way.” She instantly saw that way. The prophecy was to her nothing but as it regarded the effect to be produced upon him who would not play false, and yet would wrongly win. All that is coming is clear before her through the force of her will :—

“ The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under *my* battlements.”

Upon the arrival of Macbeth, the breathless rapidity with which she subjects him to her resolve is one of the most appalling things in the whole drama. Her tremendous will is the real destiny which subjugates his indecision. Not a word of question or explanation! She salutes him as Glamis and Cawdor, and

“ Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.”

This is the sole allusion to the weird sisters. “ We will speak further,” seals his fate.

MACBETH.

Here then, up to this point, we have the supernatural influence determining the progress of the action with a precipitation which in itself appears almost supernatural; and yet it is in itself strictly consonant to nature. It works in and through human passions and feelings. It works through unbelief as well as through belief. It pervades the entire action, whether in its repose or in its tumult. When "the heavens' breath smells wooingly" in Macbeth's castle, we feel that it is as treacherous to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as the blandishments of his hostess; and that this calm is but the prelude to that "unnruly" night which is to follow, with its "lamentings" and its "strange screams of death." But this is a part of the poetry of the action, which keeps the horror within the bounds prescribed by a high art. The beautiful adaptation of the characters to the action constitutes a higher essential of the poetry. The last scene of the first act, where Macbeth marshals before him the *secondary* consequences of the meditated crime, and the *secondary* arguments against its commission,—all the while forgetting that the real question is that of the one step from innocence into guilt,—and where all these prudential considerations are at once overwhelmed by a guilty energy which despises as well as renounces them,—that scene is indeed more terrible to us than the assassination scene; for it shows us how men fall through their own weakness and the bad strength of others. But in all this we see the deep philosophy of the poet,—his profound knowledge of the springs of human action, derived perhaps from his experience of everyday crime and folly, but lifted into the highest poetry by his marvellous imagination. We know that after this the scene of the murder must come. All the preparatory incidents are poetical. The moon is down; Banquo and Fleance walk by torch-light; the servants are moving to rest; Macbeth is alone. He sees "the air-drawn dagger" which leads him to Duncan; he is still under the influence of some power stronger than his will; he is beset with false creations; his imagination is excited; he moves to bloodshed amidst a crowd of poetical images, with which his mind dallies as it were, in its agony. Half frantic he has done the deed. His passion must now have vent. It rushes like a torrent over the calmness which his wife opposes to it. His terrors embody themselves in gushing descriptions of those fearful voices that rang in the murderer's ears. Reproaches and taunts have now no power over him:—

" I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not."

It is impossible, we think, for the poet to have more clearly indicated the mode in which he meant to contrast the characters of Macbeth and his wife than in the scene before us. It is a mistake to characterise the intellect of Lady Macbeth as of a higher order than that of her husband. Her force of character was stronger, because her intellect was less. She wanted that higher power which he possessed—the power of imagination. She hears no noises in that terrible hour but the scream of the owl and the cry of the crickets. To her,

" The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures."

In her view

" A little water clears us of this deed."

We believe that, if it had not been for the necessities of a theatrical representation, Shakspeare would never have allowed it to have been supposed that a visible ghost was presented in the banquet-scene. It is to him who saw the dagger, and heard the voices cry "sleep no more," and who exclaimed

" Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?"—

it is to him alone that the spectral appearances of that "solemn supper" are visible. Are they not then the forms only of his imagination? The partner of his guilt, who looked upon the great crime only as a business of necessity,—who would have committed it herself but for one touch of feeling confessed only to herself,—

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“ Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't,”—

who had before disclaimed even the tenderest feelings of a mother if they had stood between her and her purpose,—she sees no spectre, because her obdurate will cannot co-exist with the imagination which produces the terror and remorse of her husband. It is scarcely the “towering bravery of her mind,”* in the right sense of the word: it is something lower than courage; it is the absence of impressibility: the tenacious adherence to one dominant passion constitutes her force of character.

As Macbeth recedes from his original nature under the influence of his fears and his superstitions, he becomes, of necessity, a lower creature. It is the natural course of guilt. The “brave Macbeth” changes to a counterfeiter of passions, a hypocrite,—

“ O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.”

He descends not only to the hire of murderers, but to the slander of his friend to stimulate their revenge. But his temperament is still that of which poets are made. In his murderous purposes he is still imaginative:—

“ Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.”

It is this condition of Macbeth's mind which, we must again repeat, limits and mitigates the horror of the tragedy. After the tumult of the banquet-scene the imagination of Macbeth again overbears (as it did after the murder) the force of the will in Lady Macbeth. It appears to us that her taunts and reproaches are only ventured upon by her when his excitement is beginning. After it has run its terrific course, and the frightened guests have departed, and the guilty man mutters “it will have blood,” then is her intellectual energy utterly helpless before his higher passion. Mrs. Jameson says of this remarkable scene, “A few words of submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression.” Is it submission? Is it tenderness? Is it not rather the lower energy in subjection to the higher? Her intellect has lost its anchorage; but his imagination is about to receive a new stimulant:—

“ I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst.”

“ He has by guilt torn himself live-asunder from nature, and is therefore himself in a preternatural state: no wonder, then, that he is inclined to superstition, and faith in the unknown of signs and tokens, and superhuman agencies.” Coleridge thus notices the point of action of which we are speaking. But it must not be forgotten that Macbeth was inclined to superstition before the guilt, and that his faith in superhuman agencies went far to produce the guilt. From this moment, however, his guilt is bolder, and his will more obdurate; his supernatural knowledge stands in the place of reflection and caution. He believes in it, and yet he will do something beyond the belief. He is told to “beware Macduff;” but he is also told that “none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.” How does he reconcile this contrary belief?—

“ Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.”

* Mrs. Jameson.

MACBETH.

And then comes the other prophecy of safety :—

“ Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.”

Does it produce tranquillity? All beyond is desperation :—

“ *Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.”

The retribution which falls upon Lady Macbeth is precisely that which is fitted to her guilt. The powerful will is subjected to the domination of her own imperfect senses. We cannot dwell upon her terrible punishment. There can be nothing beyond the agony of

“ Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand.”

The vengeance falls more gently on Macbeth; for he is in activity; he is still confident in prophetic securities. The contemplative melancholy which, however, occasionally comes over him in the last struggle is still true to the poetry of his character :—

“ Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”

This passage, and the subsequent one of

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death,”—

tell us of something higher and better in his character than the assassin and the usurper. He was the victim of “ the equivocation of the fiend;” and he has paid a fearful penalty for his belief. The final avenging is a compassionate one, for he dies a warrior's death :—

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“ I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield.”

The principle which we have thus so imperfectly attempted to exhibit, as the leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy, is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen: to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.



TROIILUS & CRESSIDA.



[Chaucer.]

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STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE original quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, bears the following title :— ‘The famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the Beginning of their Loues, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakspeare. London, Imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spred Eagle in Paules Churchyeard, ouer against the great North Doore, 1609.’ In the same year a second edition was put forth by the same publishers, in the title-page of which appears, “As it was acted by the King’s Majesty’s Servants at the Globe.” There was a preface to the first edition, which is omitted in the second, in which are these words :—“You have here a new play, never staled with the stage.” We shall have occasion more fully to notice this preface. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623. Its position in this collection has given rise to a singular hypothesis. Stevens says, “Perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his (Shakspeare’s) construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off.” If the play had been *unknown* to Hemings and Condell, the notion that, for this reason, it might not be entirely of Shakspeare’s construction, would be a most illogical inference. But how is it shown that the play was *unknown* to Shakspeare’s associates? Farmer tells us, “It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only.” If these

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critics had carried their inquiries one step farther, they would have found that Troilus and Cressida were neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History*, in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of 'The *Tragedie* of Troilus and Cressida.' In that edition the Tragedies begin with Coriolanus; and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of Romeo and Juliet. We then skip pages 77 and 78, Romeo and Juliet concluding with 79. Now the leaf of Troilus and Cressida on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of Romeo and Juliet had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of Troilus and Cressida 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow Romeo and Juliet. But they found, or they were informed, that this extraordinary drama was neither a Comedy, nor a History, nor a Tragedy; and they therefore placed it between the Histories and the Tragedies, leaving to the reader to make his own classification. This is one solution of the matter which we have to offer; and it is a better one, we think, than the theory that so remarkable a production of Shakspeare's later years should be unknown or forgotten by his "fellows." But there is another view of the matter, to be presently noticed, which involves a curious point in literary history.

The first quarto edition of 1609 contains the following very extraordinary preface:—

" A never writer to an ever reader.
" News.

" Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeas'd with plays are pleas'd with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dream'd they had brain to grind it on. So much and such favoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your *testern* well bestowed), but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wit's healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

In 1609, then, the reader is told, " You have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" and he is farther exhorted—" refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The reader is also invited to spend a sixpence upon this play:—" Had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your *testern* well bestowed." Never was one of Shakspeare's plays set forth during his life with such commendation as here abounds. His Comedies " are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." The passage towards the conclusion is the most remarkable:—" Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." We have here, then, first, a most distinct assertion that, in 1609, Troilus and Cressida was a new play, never staled with the stage. This, one might think, would be decisive as to the chronology of this play; but in the Stationers' books is the following entry:—" Feb. 7, 1602. Mr. Roberts. The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlen's

men.' Malone assumes that the Troilus and Cressida thus acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men (the players at the Globe during the reign of Elizabeth) was the same as that published in 1609. Yet there were other authors at work upon the subject besides Shakspeare. In Henslowe's manuscripts there are several entries of moneys lent, in 1599, to Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of a book called Troilus and Cressida. This play, thus bargained for by Henslowe, appears to have been subsequently called Agamemnon. The probability is, that the rival company at the Globe had, about the same period, brought out their own Troilus and Cressida; and that this is the play referred to in the entry by Roberts in 1602; for if that entry had applied to the Troilus and Cressida of Shakspeare, first published in 1609, how are we to account for the subsequent entry in the same registers made previously to the publication of that edition? "Jan. 28, 1608. Richard Bonian and Hen. Walley. A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressuda." According to Malone's theory, the copyright in 1602 was in Roberts; but in 1608 a new entry claims it for Bonian and Walley. In that case there must have been an assignment from Roberts to Bonian and Walley. Roberts was a printer. His name appears as printer to the second edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to the second edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, and to two editions of *Hamlet*; but nowhere as a publisher. Altogether the evidence of the date of the play, derived from the entry of 1602, appears to us worth very little. Malone most gratuitously assumes that the statement in the preface to the edition of 1609, that it was a new play never staled by the stage, was altogether false: "Mr. Pope, in his 'Table of Editions of Shakspeare's Plays,' having mentioned one of Troilus and Cressida in 1609, subjoined a notice of a second copy—'as acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe;' not thinking it necessary to repeat the year. But in fact both these copies are one and the same edition. The truth is, that in that edition, where no mention is made of the theatre in which the play was represented, we find a preface, in which, to give an additional value to the piece, the booksellers assert that it never had been acted. That being found a notorious falsehood, they afterwards suppressed the preface, and printed a new title-page, in which it is stated to have been acted at the Globe Theatre by his Majesty's Servants. The date of this, as of the other title-page, is 1609."* According to this theory, a preface is written which sets out with a lie, known to be such by every person who buys the book; and then, because the lie is found out, a new title-page is printed, acknowledging the truth that the play had been acted, and the lying preface is withdrawn. Is not all this the most forced interpretation of two very simple facts, which are perfectly consistent with each other? Troilus and Cressida was a new play, and it had not been publicly acted, when the original edition appeared. The editor does not state this to give an "additional value to the piece," for he evidently thinks that the circumstance may be injurious to the sale of the book: "Refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." After the piece has thus been published, it is publicly acted; and then the preface which states that it has not been acted is naturally suppressed, in a new edition of which the title-page bears the additional recommendation of, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe."

And here arises the question, whether the expressions, "never staled with the stage,"—"never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar,"—"not sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude," meant that the play had not been acted at all, or that it had not been acted on the public stage. There is a good deal of probability in the conjecture of Tieck upon this subject:—

"In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented,—according to my belief for the King himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the King, or some one else of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public, Shakspeare wrote this wonderful comedy."

We have already noticed the remarkable passage in the conclusion of the preface of 1609 in the Introductory Notice to Henry V. We there stated that the copy of Troilus and Cressida was acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice; that we learn that the copy

* Note in Malone's edition of Dryden's Prose Works, vol. i., part ii., p. 261.

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had an escape from some powerful possessors; and that those possessors were probably the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. Of this latter opinion we now entertain some doubt. The proprietors of the Globe Theatre were clearly hostile to the publication of Shakspeare's later plays; and, in fact, with the exception of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, no play was published between 1603 and Shakspeare's death. Now, in the title-page of the original *Lear*, published in 1608, there is the following minute particularity: "As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Bank's side." From this statement it appears to us highly probable that in the instances both of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, the plays were performed, for the first time, before the King; that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorized or not, printed each play from the copy used on these occasions. Let us look again at the passage in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida* under this impression:—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." There is an obscurity in this passage which, in our former notice of it, we did not attempt to clear up. "I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed" is quite unintelligible, if "the grand possessors" had been the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But suppose the grand possessors to be, as Tieck has conjectured, some great personage, probably the King himself, for whom the play was expressly written, and a great deal of the obscurity of the preface vanishes. By the grand possessors' wills you should have prayed for them (as subjects publicly pray for their rulers) rather than been prayed (as you are by players who solicit your indulgence in prologues and epilogues).

We have bestowed more attention upon this inquiry than it may appear at first intrinsically to deserve; but it must be borne in mind that the original quarto edition, upon the credibility of which these questions have been raised, is not, like several of the early quartos, a mutilated and imperfect copy. From whatever secondary source it proceeded, there can be no doubt that it was printed from the genuine copy of the great poet. The slight variations between the text of the quarto and of the folio, which we have indicated in our foot-notes, sufficiently show that the original was most accurately printed. The alterations of the folio are not corrections of errors in the original; but, for the most part, slight changes of expression. We have no doubt that each text was printed from a different but a genuine copy. The consideration of the genuineness of the original edition brings us back to the point from which we started. *Troilus and Cressida* might, as we have shown, have been placed between the *Histories and Tragedies* of the folio collection, on account of the difficulty of classification. But suppose another probable case. The proprietors of this first-collected edition of Shakspeare's works entered upon the Stationers' registers, in 1623, a claim to the copyright of sixteen plays, "not formerly entered to other men." The proprietors of that edition were four booksellers, in whom, for the most part, the copyright of the original quartos had merged by assignment. But it is not difficult to imagine that Bonian and Walley, or their representatives, the possessors of the copy of this single play, might have refused to come to terms with the proprietors of the folio, and that the printing of this play was necessarily suspended till the final settlement of the matter in dispute. In the mean time the printing of the volume had gone on to its completion; and *Troilus and Cressida* was finally inserted, out of its order, but having two pages numbered which show where it was intended to have been placed.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

“THE original story,” says Dryden, “was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), *in the apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of Troilus and Cressida.” We shall have occasion to revert to Dryden’s opinion of this play, and to his transmutation of it into what he considered his own fine gold. Chaucer himself speaks of “Myne Auctor Lollius;” and in his address to the Muse, in the beginning of the second book, he says,—

“To every lover I me excuse
That of no sentiment I this endite,
But out of Latin in my tongue it write.”

Without entering into the question who Lollius was, or believing more than that “Lollius, if a writer of that name existed at all, was a somewhat somewhere,”* we at once receive the ‘Troilus and Creseide’ of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare’s play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. The Rape of Lucrece is written precisely in the same versification as Chaucer’s ‘Troilus and Creseide.’ When Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice*, exclaims,—

“In such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night;”—

we may be sure that Shakspeare had in his mind the following passages of Chaucer:—

“Upon the wallés fast eke would he walk,
And on the Greeké’s host he would ysee,
And to himself right thus he would ytalk:
‘Lo! yonder is mine owné lady free,
Or ellés yonder there the tentés be,
And thence cometh this air that is so sote,
That in my soul I feel it doth me bote.’
* * * * *
The day go’th fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Creseid:
He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by grove,
And far his head over the wall he laid.”

Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play:—

“It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer’s poem of ‘Troilus and Creseide’ without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakspeare. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakspeare against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, ‘Shakspeare has in his

* Coleridge. ‘Literary Remains,’ vol. ii., p. 130.

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story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Steevens asserts that 'Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the Troye Booke of Lydgate.' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakspeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. * * * * The fact is, that the play of Shakespear we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. * * * * *

"We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakespear of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman's translation of Homer, the 'Troy Book' of Lydgate, and Caxton's 'History of the Destruction of Troy.' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of 'Troilus and Creseide' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakespear and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakespear has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity; an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer."*

Although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterization, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer."†

Without attempting to exhibit all the materials which Shakspeare has thus made his own, we shall, in the Illustrations to each act, give some passages from Chaucer's poem, Chapman's 'Homer,' Caxton's 'Destruction of Troy,' and Lydgate's 'Troy Book,' in which the reader may trace the resemblances which, however obvious or minute, equally manifest the same power in the dramatic poet of fashioning a perfect whole out of the most incongruous parts.

* 'Life of Chaucer,' vol. i. (4to.), p. 315.

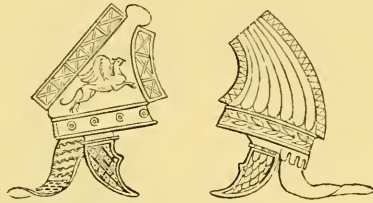
† 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 183.

COSTUME.

IN our notice of the costume for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have given a description of the dress and arms of the Greeks during the heroical ages, illustrated by engravings from the frieze of the Parthenon. To the information there collected may be added on the present occasion that afforded to us by the *Iliad* of Homer, and the vases and statues possessed or described by the late Mr. Hope. According to the latter authorities, the Trojans and other Phrygians appear to have worn the tunic with sleeves to the wrist, the tight trousers or pantaloons, and the cap with the point bending forwards, in the form of which their helmets were made. In war the tunic of mail



[A Trojan.]



[Phrygian Helmets.]

composed of rings sewn flat upon leather or cloth, like those of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans of the 11th century, would seem to have distinguished them in general from the Greeks, who wore the cuirass and the greaves. Homer, however, by his descriptions of the armour of the Trojan heroes, would induce us to believe that it did not always so essentially differ from that of the Greeks. He describes Paris, when arming for the combat with Menelaus, as putting on greaves,* fastened with silver buttons, a thorax, or breastplate, and a helmet with horse-hair crest.† On an old Sicilian vase too, in the Hope collection, Eneas is represented in complete Grecian armour.‡ Again, we gather from the vases that the Phrygian shield, like that of the Amazons, was the Pelta, or small semi-lunar shield, and their favourite weapon the bi-pennis, or double axe. Yet Homer does not make this distinction, but arms the Trojans with the large orbicular shield of the Greeks, the two spears, the sword, &c. He also describes the warriors of both armies as wearing occasionally the skins of beasts over their armour. Is it that some of the poets and painters of Greece, like all those of the middle ages, represented persons of every nation and period in the costume of the country and time in which they themselves wrote or painted; or was there really little or no difference between the Greeks and Trojans when armed for battle?§ In the latter case, are we to look upon the interesting figures of Paris and other Phrygians represented on the ancient vases, &c., as things of no authority? These are questions the discussion of which would require much more time and space than can be afforded to us in the present instance, and we must content ourselves with submitting to our readers the engravings from the antique which are scattered throughout this play, with the avowal that we lean, as in duty bound, to the *pictorial* side, and consider that there *was* that remarkable difference between the Grecian armour and that of the Trojans which may be observed in the specimens given. The Phrygians are represented in shoes, the Greeks in sandals, or with naked feet, when wearing the greaves.

* Ridiculously rendered by Pope as "*purple cuishes*."

† Phrygian helmets, with crests, both of horse-hair and metal, in imitation of the Greek, appear in Hope's collection, and so far bear out the poet's description.

‡ Mr. Hope, however, does not give us his authority for so designating the figure, which in the edition of 1806 is termed "*a Greek warrior*."

§ Then wherefore "*the well-greaved Greeks*?" Does not that designation imply a peculiarity distinguishing them from their Asiatic or other opponents?

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The arms of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, are said by Homer to have been of brass ornamented with gold. Those made for Achilles, by Vulcan, were of various metals,—the greaves of tin, the corslet of gold, the sword of brass, the helmet with a four-fold crest of gilded horse-hair, the shield of the most elaborate workmanship. The arms of Diomed were all brass; those of Ajax steel. Agamemnon's cuirass was composed of steel, tin, and gold, and ornamented with dragons. The hilt of his sword was gold, the sheath silver. His buckler was defended by ten circles and twenty bosses of brass, and in the centre had a Gorgon's head. The helmet was surmounted by a four-fold crest of horse-hair.



[Homer.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *his sons*

} *Trojan commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*
MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*
MENE LAUS, *his brother.*

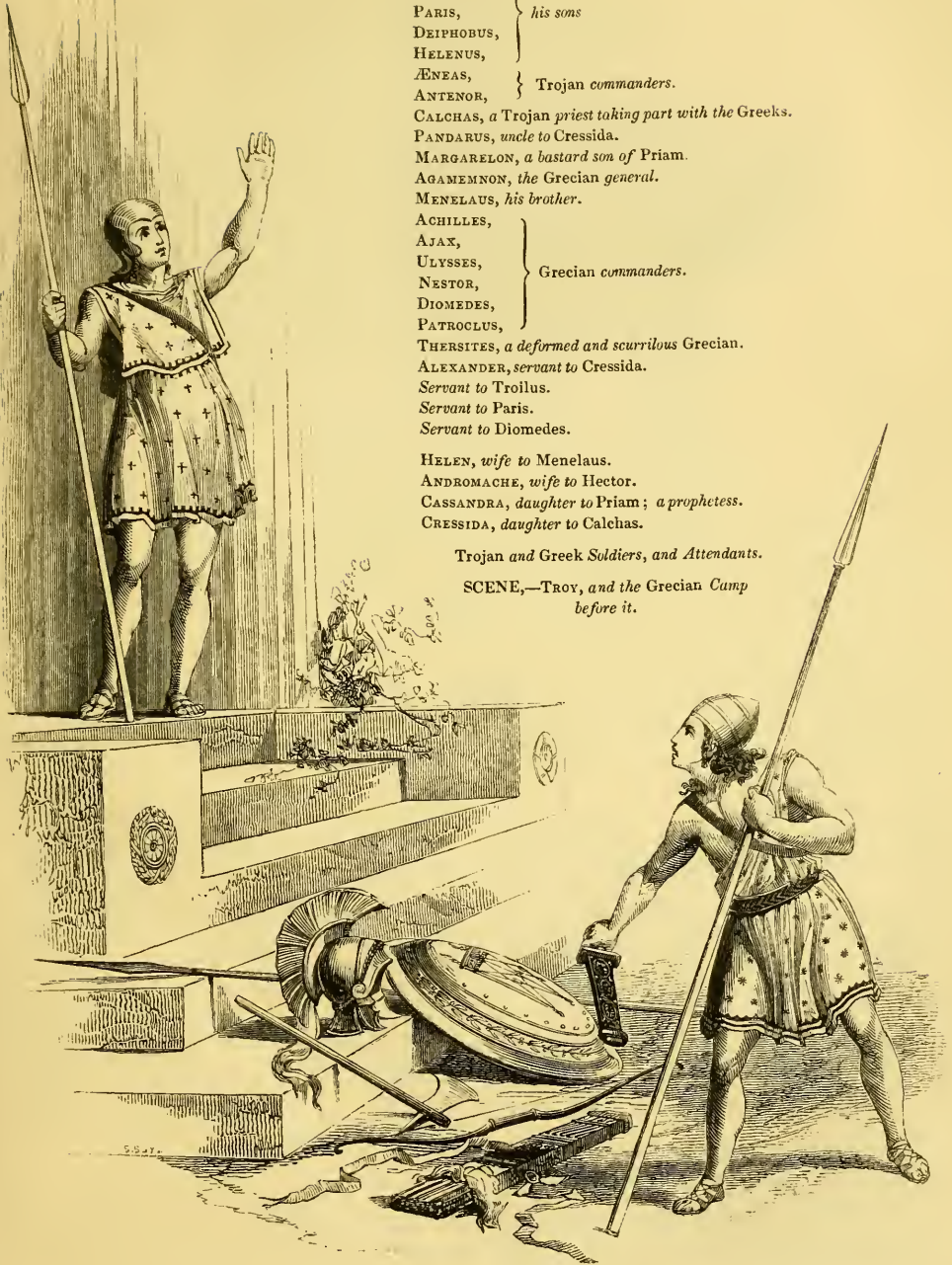
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*
ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*
CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, and the Grecian Camp
before it.





[' To Tenedos they come.]

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of
Greece

The princes orgulous,^a their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the
quarrel.

To Tenedos they come ;
And the deep-draughting barks do there disgorge
Their warlike draughtage : Now on Dardan
plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides,^b with massy staples,

^a *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*. Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word : as, “ The Flemings were great, fierce, and *orgulous*.”

^b The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623 :—
“ Darden and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides.”

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare had before him Caxton's translation of the ‘ Recuyel of the Historie of Troy,’ and there the names of the gates are thus given : “ In this citie were sixe principall gates : of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fifth Troyan, and the sixt Antenorides.” But he was also familiar with the ‘ Troy Boke’ of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult

And corresponsive and fulfilling^a bolts,
Sperr up^b the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,^c—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt^d and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle ; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

to say whether Shakspeare meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate ; or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romances-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the *Antenorides* of the modern editors.

^a *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

^b *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of *sperr up*. Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains ; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of *sperr*, in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's ‘ Troilus and Cressida’ (book v.), which Shakspeare must have had before him in the composition of his play :—

“ For when he saw her dorés *sperred* all,
Wel nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall.”

^c *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's ‘ Annals of the Stage,’ vol. iii., p. 442.)

^d *Vaunt*—the van.



[Scene III. Before Agamemnon's Tent.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,^a I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:
for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must
needs^a tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry
the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the
leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in
the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of

^a *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet*
are the same; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hireling*.

^a *Needs* is not found in the quarto, and is consequently
omitted in all modern editions.

the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she
thence?^a

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my
heart,

As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more
comparison between the women.—But, for my
part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as
they term it, praise her,—But I would some-
body had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I
will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit;
but—

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her check, her gait, her
voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach;^b to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense^c
Hard as the palm of ploughman;—this thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

^a This line as it stands is an ingenious and tasteful correction by Rowe. The line in both the originals appears thus:—

“So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence.”

^b We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning “O! that her hand;” for what does Troilus desire?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

^c Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair 'tis the better for her; an she be not she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. *An alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore
not afield?

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer
sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'—

But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd: He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer; And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*, And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands

and no use; or purblinded^a Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?¹

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

^a Purblinded in the folio—the quarto purblind.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he 's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit^a this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,^b—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?^c

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choos but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that.

'Two and fifty hairs,'^a quoth he, 'and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these

^a So the quarto and folio. All the modern copies read *one and fifty*. "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The Margarelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act v., is one of the additions to the old classical family. We leave the text as we find it.

^a *Wit*.—This is Rowe's correction: both the old copies have *will*.

^b *Compass'd window*—a bow-window.

^c *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shoplifter*.

hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck it out, and give it him.' But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.^a

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That 's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That 's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I 'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That 's Hector,² that, that, look you, that: there 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there 's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man 's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look

you yonder, do you see? look you there! there 's no jesting: there 's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it 's all one: By god 's lid, it does one 's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen 's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That 's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That 's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he 'll fight indifferently well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector 's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

^a *Passed*—was excessive. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—"Why, this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida retorts in the common acceptance of the word.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth,^a the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another^b woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROIILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.^c]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts,^d tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

^a So forth in the folio—the quarto, *such like*.

^b Another in the folio—the quarto *a*.

^c The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^d Gifts is the reading of all the old copies. *Griefs* has crept into all the modern editions.

That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before
Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENE LAUS, and others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad^a and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

^a Broad in the quarto—the folio, *loud*.

Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk !

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize ^a
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and
sway,— [To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out
life,— [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks'
ears ^b

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam.^c Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastick ^a jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

^a *Mastick*.—We retain the word of the original. *Mastiche* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In all modern editions the word is rendered *masstie*. We are inclined to think that *masstie* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, "*Histrio-Mastix: The Player's Scourge*;" but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. We attach little importance to the circumstance that the author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably possession of the stage before Shakspeare's play. But it appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

^a *Brize*—the gad-fly.

^b This is the reading of the folio, except in the substitution of *on* for *in*. The quarto has—

"On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears."

^c This speech of Agamemnon is not in the quarto.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too.

Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives,^a not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogne and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms un-
squar'd,

Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—'Excellent!'—'T is Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
beard,

As he, being 'dress'd to some oration.'

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god^a Achilles still cries, 'Excellent;
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O!—enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

^a Lives in the folio—in the quarto, *stands*.

^a God in the old copies. It is frittered down by the
moderns into *good*.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's
ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!³

If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not
worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord
Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old
now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian mould^a
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn^b this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*,—though, *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me,
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 't is meet, *Achilles* meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better.^a Do not consent
That ever Hector and *Achilles* meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our *Achilles* shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear^b with
him:

But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Afric* sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our-
selves

Give him allowance as the worthier man,^c

^a The quarto reads—

“The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first.”

^b *Wear* in the folio—in the quarto, *share*.

^c So the folio—in the quarto, *for the better man*.

^a *Mould* in the folio—in the quarto, *host*.

^b *Pawn* in the folio—in the quarto, *prove*.

For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him
fall

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy
advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Ulysses.]



[Phrygian Lady, with Casket.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*When were you at Ilium?*”

ILIUM, according to the romance-writers, was the palace of Priam. The author of ‘The Destruction of Troy’ thus describes it:—“In the most open place of the city, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich palace, which was named Ilium: that was one of the richest palaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world.”

² SCENE II.—“*That’s Hector,*” &c.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam’s two valiant sons:—

“Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n’is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God help me, so I know not suché tway.

“Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thiug trow I,
For dredéless* men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear’th him here at homé so gently
To ev’ry wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praised be. †

* Doubtless.

† Whose praise I should most desire.

“Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder’d upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been*
Ne flew, as Greekes from him ’gonnen fleen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but ‘Troilus is there!’

“Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n’as but Greeké’s blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Kings, princes, lords,*” &c.

Stevens says the challenge thus sent “would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas.” Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspeare. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that “they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person.” But would Stevens assert that Shakspeare did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance

* Bees.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

with a principle. The commentators sneer at Shakespeare's violation of chronology, in the mention of Aristotle: what do they say to Chaucer's line in the 'Troilus and Crescide'—

"He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade*?"

Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,

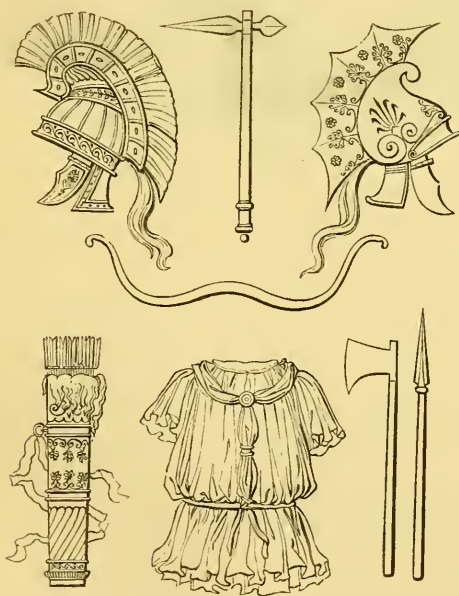
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind

Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife,
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,

Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in flaming funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,
This is his monument whose blood long since did fates embue,

Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die."

Book vii.



[Phrygian Tunic, Bi-pennes, Bow, Quiver, Helmets, &c.]



[Scene II. 'Enter Cassandra, raving.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord! ¹

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'dest ^a leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.^a]

mouldy; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*. The modern editors have retained "*unsalted*," from the quarto. In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have "*fenewed* traditions."

^a These words are not in the folio.

^a *Vinew'dest* — vinewed — vinny — signifies decayed,

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—
Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.
Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun^a thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]
Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego^b may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but^c to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!
Ajax. You dog!
Ther. You scurvy lord!
Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*]
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?
 How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. Ay; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achil. I know that, fool.
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
 [*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]
Ther. Has not so much wit—
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool!
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

^a *Pun*—pound.

^b *Assinego*—an ass.

^c *But*.—Both the quarto and folio so read; but *put* has crept into all modern editions.

That Hector, by the fifth^a hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 't is trash: Fare-
well.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; other-
wise,

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more
of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches
spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
sum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread
Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—'Who knows what fol-
lows?'

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
tion,

Every tittle soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,^b
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him
so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,²

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour

Should have hare^a hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What's aught but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable^b
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

^a *Fifth.*—So the folio; the quarto has *first*, which obtains in all modern editions. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

^b *Dimes*—tenths.

^a *Hare* in the quarto; by a typographical error, *hard* in the folio.

^b *Inclinable* in the folio; the quarto, *attributive*.

When we have spoil'd them : nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective same,^a
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent^b bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale^c the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—'Go, go,')
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried—'Inestimable!') why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled
old,^d

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand ;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :
Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother Hecctor,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it ;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick rap-
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this

^a *Same.*—The word of the folio ; the quarto has *sieve*, which gives us the common reading of *sieve*. The second folio has *place*. The commentators say that *sieve* is a basket, and they tell us that *sieves* and *half-sieves* are well known in Covent Garden. That is true ; but a *sieve* of fruit is a basket of *pitched* fruit—of the finest fruit, sorted from the commoner, according to the original notion of *sieve*, which implies separation. *Same*, on the contrary, is used as a noun in the sense of a heap, or mass, collected in one place, in strict accordance with its Saxon derivation. Such use of the word is uncommon, but it is not the less correct.

^b How forcible is "your breath of full consent,"—compared with the reading of the quarto, which is invariably followed, "your breath, with full consent."

^c *Stale* in the folio—the quarto, *pale*.

^d *Old* in the folio—the quarto, *elders*.

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and re-
 venge,

Have ears more deaf than adds to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 I was advértis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent^a our messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, it is pride: But why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:

His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.³

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously of his own part beheld, Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;

^a *Shent.*—The quarto reads *sate*, the folio *sent*. Theobald made the change to *shent*, meaning to *rebuke*.

Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines,^a his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter
you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats
up himself: pride is his own glass, his own
trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is 't not strange?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with great-
ness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

^a *Lines* in the folio. Hammer changed the word, the
meaning of which is clear enough, into *lines*.

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself.^a What should I say?
He is so plagu^b proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles;

That were to enlarge his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of
him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I 'll
pash him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his
pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should
be the patient.

[*Aside.*

^a 'Gainst itself is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *down*
himself.

^b *Plaguy*.—Stevens, in his horror of a line of more than
ten syllables, calls plagu a "vulgar epithet,—the wretched
interpolation of some foolish player." Malone, with good
sense, says, "the very word explains what follows,—the
death-tokens."

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind!

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. A should not bear it so, a should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you 'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.

Nest. He 's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.^a [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To AGAMEMNON.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud—

Dio. Or covetous of praise—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

^a All this spirited dialogue has been ruined by Steevens, in his attempt to turn the prose into his halting verse. He had no more idea of rhythm than a savage would have of a half-tint in painting.

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here 's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.^a

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to
west,

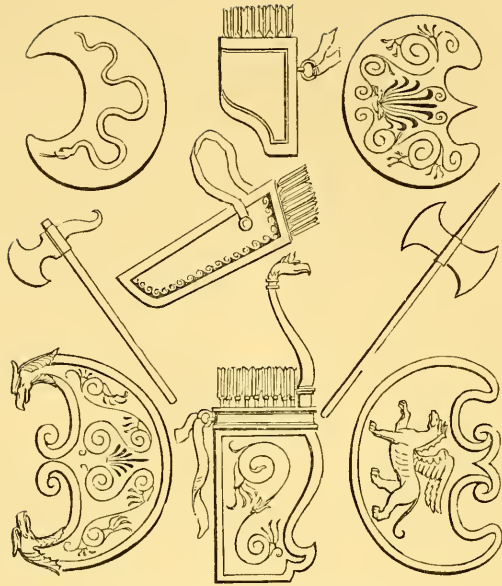
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agan. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats may sail swift, though greater bulks
draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

^a Because Nestor was an old man, the modern editors make *him* reply to the question of Ajax. In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax; Nestor has said nothing.



[Cassandra.]



[Phrygian Shields, Quivers, and Battle Axes.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

1 SCENE I.—“*The plague of Greece upon thee,*” &c.

THERSITES has been termed by Coleridge “the Caliban of demagogic life;” and he goes on to describe him as “the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters.” This is the Thersites of Shakespeare; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches:—

“All sat, and audience gave;
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder’d store
Of words he foolishly pour’d out; of which his mind held
more
Than it could manage; anything with which he could pro-
cure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been
sure
To touch no kings. T’ oppose their states becomes not
jesters’ parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts

In Troy’s brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of
either foot :

So crook-back’d that he had no breast : sharp-headed, where
did shoot

(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all
envied

Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide ;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement
hates sustain,

(Being angry for Achilles’ wrong,) he cried out, railing
thus :—

‘Atrides, why complain’st thou now? what wouldst
thou more of us?

Thy tents are full of brass, and dames; the choice of all are
thine :

With whom we must present thee first, when any towns
resign

To our invasion. Want’st thou then (besides all this) more
gold

From Troy’s knights, to redeem their sons? whom, to be
dearly sold,

I, or some other Greek, must take? or wouldst thou yet
again

Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts
that reign

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

In thy encroaching appetite? It fits no prince to be
 A prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny
 By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
 And ills eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are: Come,
 fly
 Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with
 his preys,
 And try if we help'd him, or not: he wrong'd a man that
 weighs
 Far more than he himself in worth: he forc'd from Thetis'
 son,
 And keeps his prize still: nor think I that mighty man
 hath won
 The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,
 Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries.'
 Thus he the people's pastor chid; but straight stood up to
 him
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
 This bitter check gave: 'Cease, vain fool, to vent thy railing
 vein
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou
 canst restrain
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,
 For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than
 thee
 To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of
 thine
 The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that
 shine
 In their supreme states; wresting thus this motion for our
 home
 To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not
 what will come
 Of these designments,—if it be our good to stay or go:
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general so;
 Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
 But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me
 vow
 (Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear
 This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes,
 weeping hence,
 This glory thou affect'st to rail.' This said, his insolence

He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders so
 That bloody wales rose: he shrunk round, and from his
 eyes did flow
 Moist tears; and, looking filthily, he sat, fear'd, smarted;
 dried
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press (though griev'd to
 be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightfully,
 and spake
 Either to other." (Chapman's 'Homer,' Book ii.)

2 SCENE II.—“*You are for dreams and slumbers,
 brother priest.*”

From his 'Homer' Shakspeare turned to the old
 Gothic romancer, and there he found the reproach
 of Troilus to Helenus, in the following very cha-
 racteristic passage:—

“Then arose up on his feet Troilus, the youngest
 son of King Pryamus, and began to speak in this
 manner:—O noblemen and hardy, how be ye
 abashed for the words of this cowardly priest here?
 * * * If Helenus be afraid, let him go into the
 Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the
 other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by
 strength and force of arms. * * * All they that
 heard Troilus thus speak allowed him, saying
 that he had very well spoken. And thus they
 finished their parliament, and went to dinner.”

3 SCENE III.—“*The elephant hath joints,*” &c.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown wrote his
 'Vulgar Errors' (about 1670), there was a prevail-
 ing opinion that the elephant had no joints, and that
 it could not lie down. Its joints, according to the
 passage before us, were not “*for flexure.*” Sir T.
 Brown refutes the error by appealing to the expe-
 rience of those who had “*not many years past*” seen
 an elephant in England, “*kneeling, and lying
 down.*”



[Head of Paris.]



[Scene I. Helen unarming Hector.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he

desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,*] with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

* The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day,^a but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

[A retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.^b

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROIILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

^a To-day.—So the folio and the quarto. To-night is the reading of all the modern editions.

^b The reading of the quarto is "Sweet, above thought I love her," and the speech is there correctly given to Paris. Thee is the reading of the folio, and the words incorrectly conclude the speech of Helen.

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.^a—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there,

^a Fills—thills—shafts.

carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst

shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my

tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me: ^a Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:

I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I
done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

^a So the folio; the quarto, *my very soul of counsel.*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone:—I speak I know not what.^a

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love :

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not : For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be !
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,

^a We follow the reading of the folio. The sentences are transposed in the quarto.

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said, as
false

As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it ;
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand :
here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one
to another, since I have taken such pains to bring
you together, let all pitiful goers-between be
called to the world's end after my name, call
them all—Pandars ; let all constant men be
Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all
brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a
chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak
of your pretty encounters, press it to death :
away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this
geer ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things to love,^a
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ;¹ séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :

^a The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my prescience in knowing what things I should love. The ordinary reading, unsupported by any authority, is—

¹ "That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy."

The commentators have given us four pages to prove, and disprove, the correctness of the modern reading.

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burthen

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'T is like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:

If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on

A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I 'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,*]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at
all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much con-
sisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

* The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds
forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.^a

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Pa-
troclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;^a
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, ask-
ing for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an
heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying no-
thing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like
an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain
to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a
politic regard, as who should say, there were
wit in this head, an 't would out; and so there
is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint,
which will not show without knocking. The
man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not
his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in
vainglory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good-
morrow, Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Aga-
memnon.' What think you of this man, that
takes me for the general? He is grown a very
land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague
of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides,
like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody;
he professes not answering; speaking is for beg-
gars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will

^a *Airy air* is the reading of the folio; the quarto has *air*,
without the Shakspearean superlative.

put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]



[Achilles.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE III.—“ *Expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes.*”

The ‘Troy Book’ gives a different version of the motives of Calchas in going over to the Greeks. Apollo appeared to the priest,—

“ And said Calchas twice by his name ;
Be right well 'ware thou ne turn again
To Troy town, for that were but in vain ;
For finally learn this thing of me,
In short time it shall destroyed be.”

² SCENE III.—“ *I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.*”

In the ‘Destruction of Troy’ we have the same conception worthy to be received into the poetry of Shakspeare:—

“ The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the teuts of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent ; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before.”



[Æneas meeting Paris.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'T is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-
ness

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow,
lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne.

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:^a
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But, when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

^a The sentence scarcely requires explanation: Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
worse.

Par. This is the most despitest^a gentle
greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'T was to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge,)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,^b
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
But he as he; which heavier for a whore?^c

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris.—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.^a

Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House
of PANDARUS.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys^b no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous
wights she stays,
As tediously^c as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never
tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open
here?

^a Warburton proposed to read *not sell*, which is evidently the meaning,—antithetically opposed to *buy*. Tieck and Voss support the change of reading; but our principle is not to alter the text. In this respect it is the same in both editions, the quarto and the folio.

^b *Jays* in the quarto; the folio, *eyes*.

^c *Tediously* in the quarto; the folio, *hideously*.

^a This is the common construction of the age of Shakspeare: the modern reading is *despiteful*.

^b *Most* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *best*.

^c This is the reading of the folio.

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!^a hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROIUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware: You'll be so true

to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.^a

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.¹

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROIUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

^a *Capocchia*.—Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchio* as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

^a Steevens printed this speech metrically, according to his notion of metre.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremity^a you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it:^b How can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying cross:^a
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

*O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the best gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is 't possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

^a *Extremity* in the folio; the quarto, *extremes*.

^b This is the reading of the folio; the quarto has,

"And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it."

^a *Cross* in the folio; *dross* in the quarto. The folio gives as clear a meaning, without a mixed metaphor.

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting^a with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the
Genius so
Cries, 'Come!' to him that instantly must
die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?^b

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart,—²

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;^c

^a *Distasting* in the folio; the quarto, *distasted*.

^b *Grecians* in all the early editions. The modern editors
have silently given us *Greeks*, in their love of "metre."

^c These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—this
love is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift
(natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts
and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto,
which reads,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The poet strengthened the image in his last copy; but he
did not anticipate that editors would arise, who, having two
readings, would make a hash, and give us,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flow-
ing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach
of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
pects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courte-
ously,

To shame the seal^a of my petition to thee,
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust : And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : To her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be 't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROIUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.]

[*Trumpet heard.*]

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ;^b that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

^a *Seal* is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which everybody follows,—in ignorance of the strong meaning attached to *seal* in Shakspeare's age. Did the commentators never hear of such a line as

“ *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain ?* ”

^b Perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspeare. If it had been reprinted, with a literal attention to the *punctuation* even, up to the present hour, we should have a better copy than England possesses in a hundred shapes. We have an instance before us. *Our* text is pointed as the old copy (which is also the punctuation of the quarto). This is the modern punctuation:—

“ Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet,” &c.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood ;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now :

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;

[And parted thus you and your argument.^a]

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns !

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this,
mine :

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

^a The line in brackets is not in the folio.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There 's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling^a reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROIUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state^b of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprizing^c
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam; a true knight;^a

Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarun.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

^a We take the reading of the quarto. The folio has,

“The youngest son of Priam;

A true knight; they call him Troilus.”

But these words, *they call him Troilus*, are found below; and their introduction here is probably a clerical or typographical error.

^a Tickling in the folio; the quarto, ticklish.

^b You state in the folio; the quarto, the state.

^c Disprizing in the folio; the quarto, misprizing.

Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
 Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
 Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,³
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
 That thou couldst say—'This hand is Grecian
 all,
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
 member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st
 O yes
 Cries, 'This is he,') could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the
 sides, ;
 What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As sold' I have the chance,) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great
 Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
 And signify this loving interview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my
 cousin;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
 here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
 name;
 But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy;
 But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
 husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
 come.^a
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
 memnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
 you. [*To TROIUS.*]
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
 greeting;—
 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.^b
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
 thanks!
 Mock not, that I affect the untraded^c oath;
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to
 you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
 theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
 oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
 seen thee,
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 And seen thee scorning forfeits and subdue-
 ments,^d

^a The quarto has only the two first lines, and the last line, of this noble address; and yet Steevens and Malone talk about the additions and substitutions of "the player-editors."

^b In the quarto, and the folio, this answer to the question of Hector is given by Æneas; in the modern editions it is assigned to Menelaus; and then, without looking at the originals, Reed and M. Mason discuss whether it is proper for Menelaus to call himself "noble."

^c *Untraded*—unused—uncommon.

^d So the folio; the quarto,

"Despising many forfeits and subduements."

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier
good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chro-
nicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that perty front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-
come:

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body

Shall I destroy him?²⁴ whether there, or there, or
there?

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate in nice conjecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;

We have had pelting^a wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

^a Pelting—petty.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;

There in the full convive you : ^a afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus :

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,^b

^a You in the folio ; the quarto, *we.*

^b So the folio ; the quarto,

“ Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth.”

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover
there,

That wails her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their
scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was below'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Aeneas.*]



[Phrygian attired in Coat of Mail.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE II.—“ *We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.*”

This part of the story is thus told in the ‘ Destruction of Troy:’—

“ Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Trojans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troilus, named her Cressida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own laud and his natural lord, for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father.”

² SCENE IV.—“ *Be thou but true of heart.*”

The parting of Troilus and Cressida is very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith. Shakspeare has made her consistent:—

“ And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho,*
Mine owné heartés sothfast suffisance!
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasance
Of other do me from your remembrance,
For I am e'er aghast; for why? men rede†
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

“ For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend!
That so betrayéd were or woe begone
As I, that allé truth in you intend:
And doubtéless, if that I other ween'd,
I n'ere but dead, and ere ye cause yfind,
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

“ To this answeréd Troilus, and said,
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid',
Sith thilké day I saw her first with eye,
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:
At short wordés, well ye may me believe;
I can no more; it shall be found at preve.‡

“ Grand mercy, good heart mine! iwis, (quod she,)
And, blissful Venus! let me never sterve§
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree
To quite him well that so well can deserve;
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so do, so true I have you found,
That aye honour to me-ward shall rebound:

* Then. † Say. ‡ Proof. § Die.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

“ For trusteth well that your estate royal,
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness
Of you in war or tourney martial,
Nor pomp, array, nobley,* or eke richness,
Ne maden me to rue on your distress,
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;—
That was the cause I first had on you ruth :

“ Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite
Every thing that soundēd into† bad,
As rudēness, and peoplish‡ appetite,
And that your reason bridled your delight ;
This made aboven ev’ry creature
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.”—Book iv.

³ SCENE V.—“ *Thou art, great lord, my father’s
sister’s son.*”

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakspeare, following the old romance-writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the ‘ Destruction of Troy :’—

“ As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt : and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother’s side : but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best ad-

* Nobility. † Verged towards. ‡ Vulgar.

vantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Trojans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city.”

⁴ SCENE V.—“ *Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body
Shall I destroy him ?*”

It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspeare to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman :—

“ His bright and sparkling eyes
Look’d through the body of his foe, and sought through all
that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear’d to him ; and this was, where th’ unequal winding
bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where
there lay
The speeding way to death ; and there his quick eye could
display
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend
Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him.” (Book xxii.)



[Hector.]



[Scene IX. Death of Hector.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll beat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!^a

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

^a This is the reading of the quarto. The folio shortens the enumeration of loathsome diseases, with "and the like."

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROIUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROIUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES. and TROJUS. following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL., HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and hell torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.¹

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.^a

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith
you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : Whose was it ?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that loved me better than
you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 't is past:—And
yet it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak
a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes
not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour ?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove !

Do come:—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind :

What error leads must err ; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not
publish more,

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-
ness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here
but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes ?

Tro. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against thyself !

Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !

Within my soul there doth conduce^a a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express ?

^a Conduce in both copies ; the modern reading is *commence*.

^a This is the line of the quarto. The folio has
"He that takes that takes my heart withal."
The modern editors give us "must take."

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exit* TROIUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven; I would bode,
I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything
for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will
not do more for an almond than he for a com-
modious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and
lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning
devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you
gone:

By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.^a

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in in-
tent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count violent
thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.^a

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow:

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROIUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.]

^a This is one of the very few obscure passages in this play. The lines are not in the quarto. In the folio we find,

"Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob," &c.

The ordinary reading is,

"For we would give much, to use violent thefts."

To use thefts is clearly not Shaksperian. Perhaps *count*, or *give*, might be omitted, supposing that one word had been substituted for another in the manuscript, without the erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose *count*, and omit as:—

"For we would give much, to count violent thefts."

We have now a clear meaning:—it is as lawful, because we desire to give much, to count violent thefts as *holy*,

"And rob in the behalf of charity."

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector !

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spir them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take
my leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim :

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*
Alarums.]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune
of this girl; and what one thing, what another,
that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were
cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What
says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]
The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change toge-
ther.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why! but hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.^a
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian
Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one
another; I'll go look on. That dissembling
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same
scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of
Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them
meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that
loves the whore there, might send that Greekish
whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to
the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless
errand. O' the other side, the policy of those
crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-
caten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-
fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:
—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur,
Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles:
and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur
Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon
the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and
policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here
come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROIUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the
river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for
thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the
sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROIUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for
Hector's match?

^a This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again
used by Troilus towards the conclusion of the play—the last
words which Troilus speaks. In all modern editions the
lines are omitted in the close of the third scene. Steevens
says, “the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary
repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus
twice in the same manner.” Why not? Is the repetition
unnecessary? Is not the loathing which Troilus feels towards
Pandarus more strongly marked by this repetition? We have
no doubt about the restoration of the lines.

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy
railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me!
But a plague break thy neck for frightening me!
What's become of the weiching rogues? I
think they have swallowed one another: I
would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort,
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'
horse!³

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corsos of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers;⁴ haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,⁵
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls^a
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy^b Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and
takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

^a *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton
(*Paradise Lost*, book vii.):—

“Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
Bank the mid sea.”

^b *Strawy*. This beautiful epithet is found in the quarto;
the folio has *straying*.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy
head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROIUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Dio-
med.

Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have
at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at
thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROIUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush^a it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmi-
dons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then
THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,

^a *Flush*—break to pieces.

Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good
breath:
Rest, sword:⁶ thou hast thy fill of blood and
death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and darking^a of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike;⁷ this is the man
I seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilium, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like,^b the armies separate.

^a *Darking*—so the folio; the common reading is *dark'ning*.
^b *Stickler-like*.—A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

My half-suppl'd sword that frankly would have
fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts
within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet :—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou,
great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching
bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the
poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds,

how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill
required! Why should our endeavour be so
desired, and the performance so loathed? what
verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me
see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting :
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made :

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]



[Diomedes.]



[Parting of Hector and Andromache.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*”

THE story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakspeare has literally copied one of the incidents:—

“She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.”

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's Cressida. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakspeare has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth. The passages which we give will enable the reader to compare the two characters:—

“The morrow came, and ghostly for to speak,
This Diomed is come unto Creséid’;
And, shortly, lest that ye my talé break,
So well he for himselfen spake and said
That all her sighés sore adown he laid;
And, finally, the sothé for to sain,
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

“And after this the story telleth us
That she unto him gave the fair bay steed
The which she onés won of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little need)
That Troilus' was, she gave this Diomed;
And eke the bet from sorrow him to relieve,
She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

“I find eke in the story ellés where,
When through the body hurt was Diomed
Of Troilus, then wept she many a tear
When that she saw his widé woundés bleed,
And that she took to keepen him good heed,
And for to heal him of his woundés smart:
Men say,—I n'ot,—that she gave him her heart.

“But truely the story telleth us
There maden never women moré woe
Than she when that she falsed Troilus;
She said, Alas! for now is clean ago
My name in truth of love for evermo,
For I have falsed one of the gentillest
That ever was, and one of the worthiest.”

(Book v.)

² SCENE III.—“*My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*”

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the ‘*Canterbury Tales.*’ We find the same relation in ‘*The Destruction of Troy.*’—

“Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision,
and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that

she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus, and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troilus issued first into the battle; after him Eneas. * * And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. * * At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."

³ SCENE V.—“*Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.*”

This circumstance is also minutely copied from ‘The Destruction of Troy:—

“And of the party of the Trojans came the King Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troilus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troilus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troilus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love.”

⁴ SCENE V.—“—*The dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers.*”

In ‘The Destruction of Troy’ we have an account of “a marvellous beast that was called Sagittary.” The qualities of this beast are more circumstantially related by Lydgate:—

“And with him Guido saith that he had
A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
Fro the navel upward he was man,
And lower down like a horse yshaped:
And thilke part that after man was maked
Of skin was black and rough as any bear,
Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.

Passing foul and horrible of sight,
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
As is a furnace with his red leven,
Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven;
Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,
And, as I read, he was a good archer;
And with his bow both at even and morrow
Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow.”

⁵ SCENE V.—“*Now here he fights on Galathe his horse.*”

“Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure, he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horse of the world.” (‘Destruction of Troy.’)

⁶ SCENE IX.—“*Rest, sword.*”

Shakspeare borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers:—

“When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously, * * but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered: and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground.”

⁷ SCENE IX.—“*Strike, fellows, strike.*”

From the same authorities Shakspeare took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector:—

“After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troilus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troilus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight: then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Trojans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troilus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded

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many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troilus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

But Shakspeare again goes to his 'Homer,' when Achilles trails Hector "along the field:"—

"This said, a work not worthy him he set to; of both feet
He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and
then knit

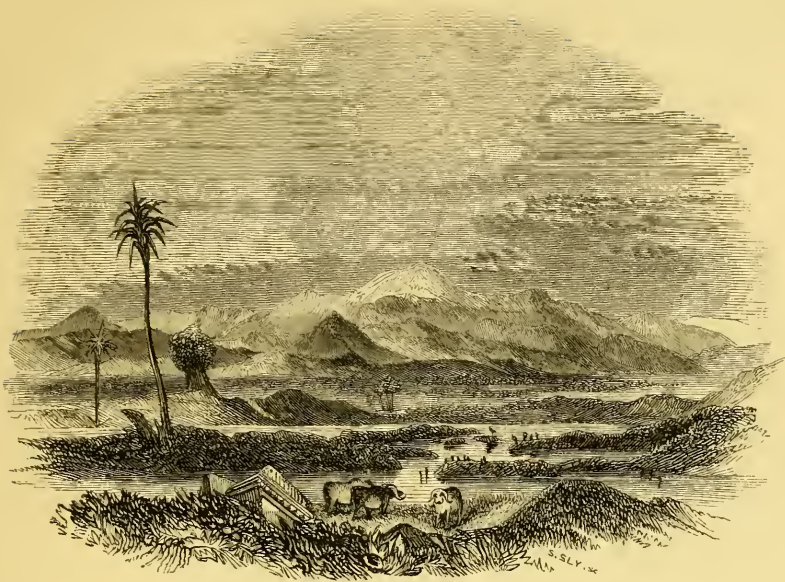
Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely
flew;

A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they
drew,

With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps
and fill'd,

And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,
To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."

(Chapman's Translation, book xxii.)



[Plains of Troy.]

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To Dryden's alteration of *Troilus and Cressida* was prefixed a prologue, "spoken by Mr. Betterton representing the Ghost of Shakspeare." The Ghost appears to have entirely forgotten what he was on earth; and to present a marvellous resemblance, in his mind at least, to Mr. John Dryden. He says,

" In this my *rough-drawn* play you shall behold
Some master-strokes."

Dryden, in his elaborate 'Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy,' thus speaks of Shakspeare's performance:—

" For the play itself, the author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough; but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets them fall; and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who gave name to the tragedy are left alive: *Cressida* is false, and is not punished. Yet, after all, because the play was Shakspeare's, and that there appeared in *some places* of it the admirable genius of the author, *I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried.*"

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The mode in which Dryden got rid of the rubbish, and built up his own edifice, is very characteristic of the age and of the man :—

“ I new-modelled the plot ; threw out many unnecessary persons ; improved those characters which were *begun and left unfinished*,—as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus, and Thersites ; and added that of Andromache. After this I made, with no small trouble, an order and connexion of all the scenes, removing them from the places where they were inartificially set.”

The result of all this is, that the Ghost of Shakspeare, in the concluding lines of the Prologue, thus enlightens the audience as to the dominant idea of the *Troilus and Cressida* :—

“ My faithful scene from true records shall tell
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel ;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain.”

Coleridge says, “ there is no one of Shakspeare's plays harder to characterise.” He has overlooked the circumstance that, when the “ rubbish ” was removed, it became a true record, a faithful chronicle, of the heroic actions of the Trojans,—our “ great forefathers.” With every admiration for “ glorious John ” in his own proper line, we must endeavour to understand what Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* is, by comparing it with what it is *not* in the alteration before us.

The notion of Dryden was to convert the *Troilus and Cressida* into a regular tragedy. He complains, we have seen, that “ the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive : *Cressida* is false, and is not punished.” The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have “ a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre.” To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. *Cressida* is *not* to be false ; but she is to die : and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral :—

“ Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings.”

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and *Cressida*. They formed no part of the “ rubbish ” he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible ; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. *Cressida* is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is *Cressida* from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita ! There is nothing in her which could be called love ; no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject ; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew *Cressida*, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, “ *Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont heureux.* ” Shakspeare has described such happiness :—

“ A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.”

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters. He did not, like the dramatists of the age of the Restora-

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

tion, make purity the exception: his estimate of women was formed upon a truer standard. But when Dryden undertook to remodel Shakspeare, female morality, like every other morality, was merely conventional: virtue was an affair of expediency, and not of principle. With an entire submission, then, to the genius of his age, does Dryden retain and heighten the scenes between Troilus and Cressida until she quits the Trojan camp. But in all this, as we are to see in the sequel, Cressida is a perfectly correct and amiable personage. We are told, indeed, of her frank reception of the welcome of the Grecian chiefs; but there is no Ulysses to pronounce a judgment upon her character. She admits, indeed, the suit of Diomedes, and she gives him pledges of her affection; but this is all a make-believe, for, like a dutiful child, she is following the advice of her father:—

“ You must dissemble love to Diomedes still:
False Diomedes, bred in Ulysses’ school,
Can never be deceiv’d
But by strong arts and blandishments of love.
Put ’em in practice all; seem lost and won,
And draw him on, and give him line again.”

Upon this very solid foundation, then, are built up the terror and pity of Dryden’s tragedy: and so Troilus, who has witnessed Cressida’s endearments to Diomedes, refuses to believe that she is faithful; and then Cressida kills herself; and Troilus kills Diomedes; and Achilles kills Troilus; and all the Trojans are killed: and the Greeks who remain upon the field are very happy; and Ulysses tells us,—

“ Now peaceful Order has resumed the reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew’d.”

Here is a tragedy for you, which “is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented; which, by moving us to fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds.” So Dryden quotes Aristotle; and so, not understanding Aristotle, he takes upon himself to mend Shakspeare, “incomparable,” as he calls him, according to the notions of “my friend Mr. Rymer,” and of “Bossu, the best of modern critics.”

The feeling which the *study* of Shakspeare’s Troilus and Cressida slowly but certainly calls forth, is that of almost prostration before the marvellous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence,—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the ‘Iliad,’ and there he reads of “Achilles’ baneful wrath.” A little onward he is told of the “high threatening” of “the great cloud-gatherer.” The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognisant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a *travestie* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the ‘Iliad’ show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods,—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterisation,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that “The far-sighted Shakspeare most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which pene-

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trated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspeare wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavoured, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that everything that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small." All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced:—is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art. For example, there is no scene in the drama so entirely in accordance with the principle as that in which Ulysses stirs up the slothful and dogged Achilles into a rivalry with Ajax. It is altogether so Shaksperian in its profundity,—it presents such a key to the whole Shaksperian conduct of this wonderful drama,—that we can scarcely be content merely to refer to it.

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself.]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most object in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction."

Now, of this scene Dryden has not a word. This was a part of the "rubbish" which he discarded. But in the place of it he gives us an entirely new scene between Hector and Troilus—"almost half the act." He says, "the occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own." This scene, he admits, was an imitation of the famous scene in Julius Cæsar between Brutus and Cassius. And so Dryden transposes the principle of one play into another; destroys the grave irony of Troilus and Cressida by the introduction of the heroic seriousness which was in its place in Julius Cæsar; and gives us, altogether, a set of mongrel characters, compounded of the commonplace heroic and Shakspeare's reduction of the false heroic to truth and reason. And yet, with all his labour, Dryden could not make the thing consistent. He is compelled to take Shakspeare's representation of Ajax, for example. One parallel passage will be sufficient to show how Dryden and Shakspeare managed these things:—

DRYDEN.

"Thank Heav'n, my lord, you're of a gentle nature,
Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you first the use of arms,
Let Mars divide eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praise your wisdom,
Nestor shall do't; but pardon, father Nestor,
Were you as green as Ajax, and your brain
Temper'd like his, you never should excel him,
But be as Ajax is."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax."

One of the most extraordinary subtleties of Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida arises out of the circumstance that the real heroic tragedy is found side by side with the ironical heroic. Cassandra, short as the character is, may be classed amongst the finest creations of art. Dryden omits Cassandra altogether. Was this a want of a real perception of "the grounds" of tragedy; or an instinct which avoided the higher heroic, when it would come into contrast with his own feebler conceptions? The Cassandra of Shakspeare is introduced to heighten the effect of the petty passions, the worldliness, which are everywhere around her. The solemn and the earnest are in alliance with madness.

Ulrici has a curious theory about this drama. Without yielding our assent to it, we give it as a specimen of very ingenious conjecture:—

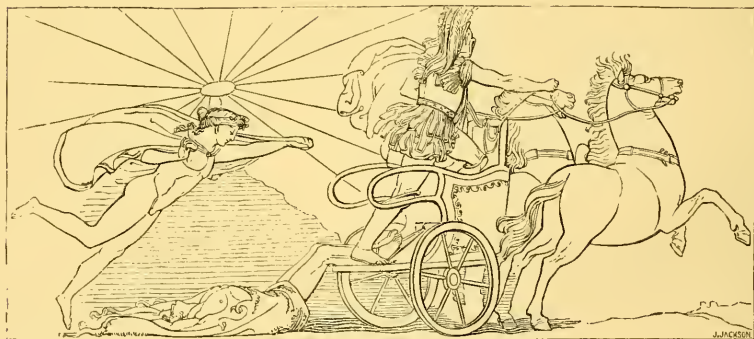
"Shakspeare, in working up these materials, has had another design in the background respecting himself and his art. We know that Ben Jonson, his friend as a man, but his decided opponent as a dramatist, had taken, as the object of his critical and poetical activity, the restoration of the dramatic art in his lifetime to the ancient form according to the (certainly misunderstood) rules of Aristotle; and afterwards, upon that principle, to form the English national drama. Shakspeare, although frequently attacked, has never openly and directly engaged in the advocacy of the contrary principle. He despised the contest; doubtless because nothing was to be decided upon by vague abstract reasoning upon the merits of a theory. But the points of his opponent's arrows were broken off as soon as it was proved, in the most striking manner, that the spirit and character, customs and forms of life, of antiquity were essentially different and distinct from those founded upon Christian opinions and represented in a Christian point of view. It would appear at once as a most contradictory beginning to wish to transfer foreign ancient principles of art into the poetry of Christianity. And how could Shakspeare, the poet, produce a proof more strong, striking,

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and convincing, than to embody his own principles in a poem open to all eyes? But we must not expect to find such a by-end made prominent; the poet, indeed, hedges it round, and scarcely leaves anything palpable. * * * Only one single dismembered feature he suffered to remain, perhaps in order to act as a direction to the initiated. I mean the passage where Hector reproaches Troilus and Paris that they had discussed very superficially the controversy as to the delivering up of Helen:—

' Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.'

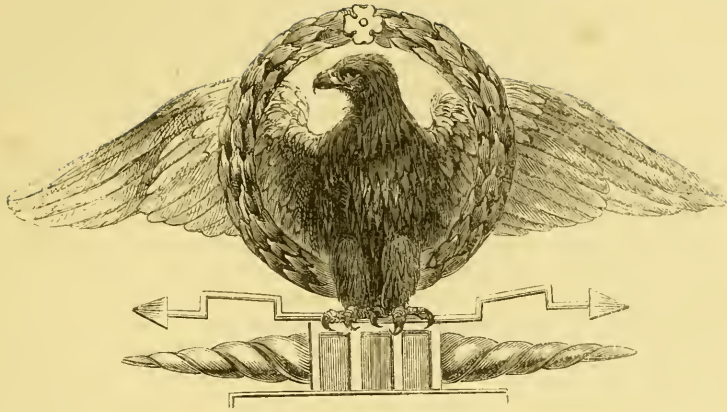
The words have certainly their value in themselves for their comic effect. Nevertheless, may not this very useless and unfitting anachronism contain a satirical horsewhip for Shakspeare's pedantic adversaries, who everywhere invoked their Aristotle without sense or understanding??



[Hector's Body dragged at the Car of Achilles.]



MASON JACKSON Sc
CORIOLANUS



[Roman Eagle.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF CORIOLANUS.

' THE tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. It is entered in the Stationers' registers of that year by the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." In this folio edition it stands the first of the tragedies in the order of paging; but this arrangement, as in every other case, was in all likelihood an arbitrary one. The text is divided into acts and scenes, according to the modern editions; and the stage directions are very full and precise. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate. But Steevens, who is constantly endeavouring to disparage the authority of this edition, that his own ingenuity may have sufficient licence, selects these few errors as examples of "the accuracy of the first folio." The insidious mode in which the most astounding errors creep into printed books, whilst it should make all authors vigilant, ought also to render all critics charitable, in this particular. We have an edition of Shakspeare before us, printed from Steevens's text, and there we find a line of the great speech of Coriolanus, in the last scene, stereotyped thus:—

"Flutter'd your *voices* in Corioli."

Steevens had turned the *Volcians* of the original into *Volces*; but the printer carries the metaphor farther, and destroys the whole passage with his *voices*.

It would be a natural and almost unavoidable consequence of printing blank verse from a posthumous manuscript, that the beginnings and endings of the lines should be occasionally confused, and that therefore the metrical arrangement of the author would not be perfectly represented in the printed copy. We have had occasion frequently to point out the injudicious meddling of the modern editors with the original metre of the text;—this meddling arising in great part from the opposition of their theory of rhythm to that of the poet himself. In the text of Coriolanus the modern editors

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have, in several instances, corrected obvious defects of the original metrical arrangement; but they have more frequently destroyed its harmony and force from their invariable dislike to short lines and alexandrines, and so they piece on and lop off with their usual vigour. In these cases we have, upon our constant principle, adhered to the original. We have also, in several instances, followed the original copy in assigning particular speeches to particular characters. The commentators (and we include the earlier ones—Pope, Theobald, Warburton) have been too ready, we think, to assume the existence of typographical error in this very important matter; and because *Cor.* and *Com.* might be easily mistaken by the printer, they (the commentators) have given the speeches of *Coriolanus* to *Cominius*, and of *Cominius* to *Coriolanus*, upon theories which sometimes appear to us merely fanciful, and sometimes altogether opposed to the spirit of the author.

Malone assigns the tragedy of *Coriolanus* to the year 1610. He has given *Julius Cæsar* to 1607, and *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1608. On the 20th of May of that year Edward Blount enters at Stationers' Hall "a book called *Anthony and Cleopatra*;" but in 1623 Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, enter "Mr. William Shakspeare's *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." Amongst these is *Antony and Cleopatra*. All the plays thus entered in 1623 were unpublished; and not one of them, with the exception of *Antony and Cleopatra*, had been "formerly entered" by name. It is therefore more than probable that the '*Anthony and Cleopatra*' entered in 1608 was not Shakspeare's tragedy; and we therefore reject this entry as any evidence that Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was written as early as 1608. Upon the date of this play depends, according to Malone, the date of *Julius Cæsar*. We state, unhesitatingly, that there is no *internal* evidence whatever for the dates of any of the three Roman plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspeare's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together, properly enough; but in assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608, and 1609, his theory makes Shakspeare almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these plays. The proof which Chalmers offers that *Coriolanus* was written in 1609 is one of the many ingenious absurdities with which he has surrounded the question of the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays. The citizens, he says, are resolved rather to die than to famish;—they require corn cheap; there is a dearth. He adds, very gravely, "Now the fact is, that the years 1608 and 1609 were times of great dearth. . . . And therefore the play was probably written in 1609 while the pressure was yet felt." We say, now the fact is, the *original story* turns upon the dearth. In North's '*Plutarch*' we have the causes assigned "which made the extreme dearth;" and *Plutarch* also tells us there was great scarcity of corn within the city. If Shakspeare found the dearth in the original story, what could the dearth of 1608 possibly have to do with the mode in which he dramatized it?

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

'*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North*,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of *Plutarch* we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of *Coriolanus* told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. *Plutarch*, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity. In the *Illustrations* to each act we have given the parallel passages from *Plutarch*. We here subjoin a summary of the story of *Coriolanus*, which we extract from a work whose articles on classical literature are deservedly valued as authorities.

"*Coriolanus* was in the Roman camp when the consul *Cominius* was laying siege to *Corioli*. The besieged, making a vigorous sally, succeeded in driving back the Romans to their camp; but *Coriolanus*

CORIOLANUS.

immediately rallied them, rushed through the gates, and took the place. Meanwhile the Antiates had come to relieve the town, and were on the point of engaging with the consul's army, when Coriolanus commenced the battle, and soon completely defeated them. From this time he was greatly admired for his warlike abilities, but his haughty demeanour gave considerable offence to the commonalty. Not long afterwards his implacable anger was excited by being refused the consulship; and when, on occasion of a severe famine in the city, corn was at last brought from Sicily (some purchased and some given by a Greek prince), and a debate arose whether it should be given gratis or sold to the plebs, Coriolanus strenuously advised that it should be sold. The people, in their fury, would have torn him to pieces, had not the tribunes summoned him to take his trial. He was banished by a majority of the tribes, and retired to Antium, the chief town of the Volsci, where the king, Attius Tullus, received him with great hospitality. Coriolanus promised the Volsci his aid in their war against Rome, and they forthwith granted him the highest civil honours, and appointed him their general. He attacked and took many towns; among others, Circeii, Satricum, Longula, and Lavinium. At last he directed his march to Rome itself, and pitched his camp only a few miles from the city, where he dictated the terms at which the Romans might purchase a cessation of hostilities. Among other things he demanded that the land taken from the Volsci should be restored, that the colonies settled there should be recalled, and that the whole people should be received as allies and citizens with equal rights; and that all those who had enlisted themselves under his banners should be recalled, as well as himself. Coriolanus allowed them two terms, one of thirty and the other of three days, for making up their minds. After thirty days had expired, a deputation of four leading senators came before his tribunal, but were repulsed with threats if they should again offer anything but unreserved submission.

“On the second day the whole body of priests and augurs came in their official garb, and implored him, but in vain. On the third and last day which he had allowed them he intended to lead his army against the city, but another expedient was tried, and succeeded. The noblest matrons of the city, led by Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife Volumnia, who held her little children by the hand, came to his tent. Their lamentations at last prevailed on his almost unbending resolution, and addressing his mother he said, with a flood of tears, ‘Take then thy country instead of me, since this is thy choice.’ The embassy departed; and, dismissing his forces, he returned and lived among the Volsci to a great age. According to another account, he was murdered by some of the Volsci, who were indignant at his withdrawing from the attack.

“After his death, however, the Roman women wore mourning for him, as they had done for some former heroes. The public gratitude for the patriotic services of Volumnia was acknowledged by a temple, which was erected to Female Fortune.”*

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

It would be extremely difficult to represent the Rome of Coriolanus,—its streets, its market-place, its senate-house,—without a violation of historical propriety. The stage may properly take a greater licence in this matter than we can venture to do. We have therefore judged it best to illustrate this tragedy by engravings which show the unchanging natural localities of Rome, and some of the remains of the ancient city. We do not assume that these remains belong to the Rome of Coriolanus: we know the contrary. But they are the nearest associations which we can offer; and they tell a tale of grandeur and of ruin which harmonizes with the leading idea of the drama.

The general subject of Roman *costume* will be more appropriately examined in the succeeding tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

* Penny Cyclopædia—Art. Coriolanus.



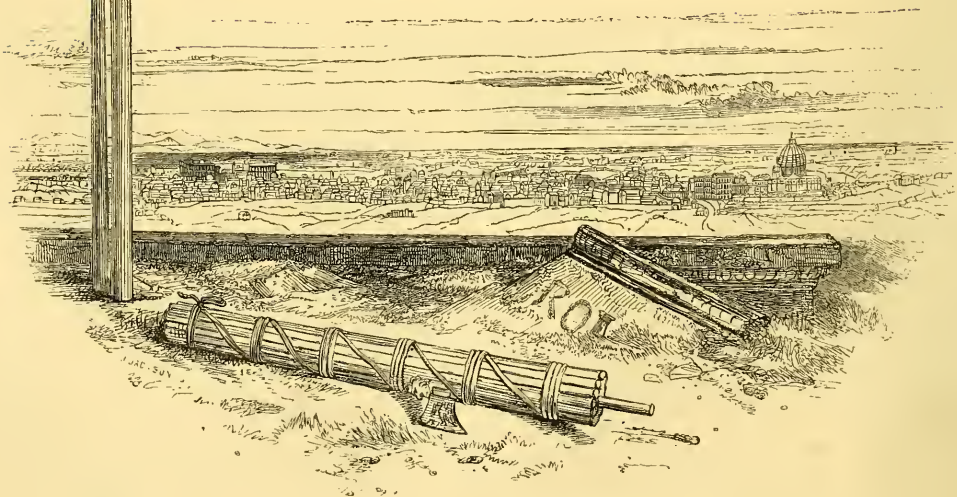
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

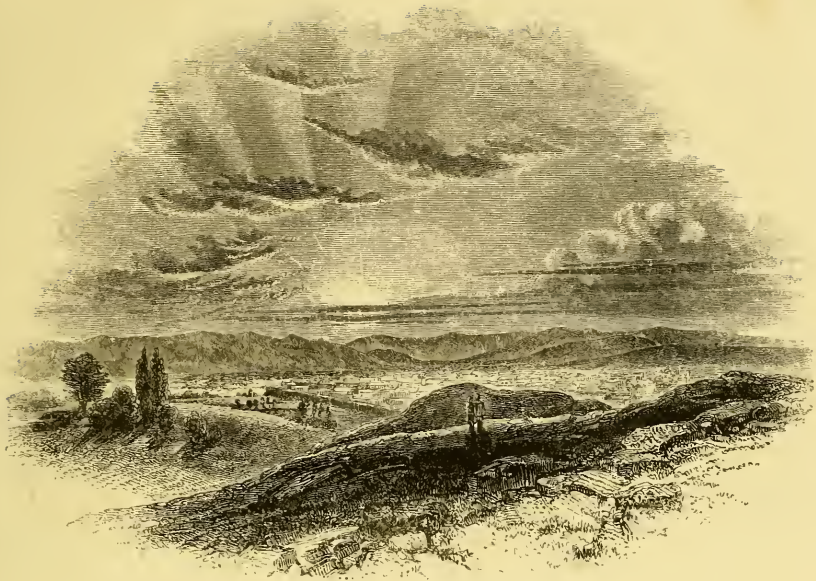
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volces.*
COMINIUS, }
MENEIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volces.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

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

SCENE,—*partly in ROME; and partly in the territories of the
VOLCIANS and ANTIATES.*





[Site of Rome. Tiburtine Chain in the distance.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

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

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

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

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

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

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

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

Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

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

patricians, good:^a What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: 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, ere we become rakes:^b for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

^a *Good*—used in the sense in which Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, says, "Antonio is a *good* man."

^b *Rakes*. Spenser, in the 'Fairly Queen,' has—

"His body lean and meagre as a *rake*."

The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

"As lean was his horse as is a *rake*."

This is the sense, we apprehend, in which the citizens are to "become rakes."

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.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced 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 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 accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*^a Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

^a All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the modern editors to the *first* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given by the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a later of public *men*,—the second of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c. This speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price."

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as 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.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;¹ make edicts for usury, to support usurers;² 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 a little more.

^a To *scale* 't. It is necessary to see how Shakspeare has used this verb in other passages. In the second act Sicinius tells the citizens,

"You have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy."

Dr. Johnson explains this, "*Weighing* his past and present behaviour." This interpretation appears obvious and natural; and none of the commentators object to it with reference to this particular passage. But in Measure for Measure, when the Duke explains his project to Isabella, he says, by this is "the corrupt deputy *sealed*." Upon this passage Johnson says, "To *scale* the deputy may be to reach him, or it may be to strip him." Here he differs from his interpretation of the passage in Coriolanus. But surely "the corrupt deputy" may be "scaled" in the same way that the bearing of Coriolanus is "scaled." We have precisely the same meaning in the Scriptures:—"Weighed in the balance and found wanting." If this interpretation be good for two of the passages, why not for a third,—that of the text before us? Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value, of the "pretty tale" a little more; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it. But here Stevens says, "to scale is to *disperse*: though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it still wider, and diffuse it among the rest." In the same way the corrupt deputy was to be dispersed. Horne Tooke's explanation of all these passages appears to us somewhat fanciful, and assumes that Shakspeare uses the same word in different places under different meanings, that can only be reconciled by an etymologicalference. To *scale*, he says, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: 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

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister^a
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *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, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

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

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *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.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,

scylan, to divide. The deputy, therefore, is scaled by separating from him his covering of hypocrisy; the tale of Menenius is scaled by being divided into particulars; the past and present bearing of Coriolanus is scaled by looking separately at each.

^a This is usually pointed thus:—

“And, mutually participate, did minister,” &c.

Malone tells us that *participate* is participant (the participle). The modern mode of pointing the line, which is not that of the original, appears to us to destroy the freedom and euphony of the whole passage.

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 storehouse, 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,

And through the cranks and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live;^a And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,' (this says the belly,)
mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; 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 flour^b of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

2 *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 public 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?—

^a The usual punctuation of this passage is,—

“I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves,” &c.

This arrangement of the passage involves a difficulty. The “heart” is metaphorically “the court,” the centre to which all tends: but the punctuation also makes it “the seat of the brain.” This, Malone and Douce tell us, is right: the “brain” is here put for the understanding, and according to the old philosophy the “heart” was the seat of the understanding. Now, we do not believe that Shakspeare's judgment would have permitted him to use “heart” in a physical sense, and “brain” in a metaphysical; nor do we see why the belly should not claim the merit of supplying the head as well as the heart. The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

“The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live,”

^b *Flour.* This is certainly the flour of corn opposed to “the bran.” The word in the text is usually spelt *flower*, which, though correct in the original sense of flour, may give an erroneous impression to the reader.

2 *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.—
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.^a—Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 *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. He that trusts to^b you,

Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness

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
Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

^a *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*. Malone tells us the word was obsolete in Shakspeare's time: but it is one of Shakspeare's merits to cling to our fine old language, not ostentatiously, but with a full knowledge of its powers.

^b *To* is omitted in all modern editions.

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

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebly such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,^a
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick^b my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

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

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

^a *Ruth*—pity—another old word.

^b *Pick*—pitch.

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

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

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

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

1 Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility :

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him : he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—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 t' other, Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;

Right worthy you priority.^a

Com. Noble Marcius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow :

The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

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

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

Bru. He has no equal.

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

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird^a the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.^b

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 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^c rob Cominius.

Bru. Come : Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes Upon this present action.

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

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

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

Auf. Is it not yours ? Whatever have^d been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

^a *Gird.* This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, " Every man has a *gird* at me."

^b There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. " The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think ; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man : and then comes the explanation ; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

^c *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in Othello,—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later ; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

^d *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever *things* have.

^a We must here understand, worthy of priority.

Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
'They have press'd a power, 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,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is 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^a many towns, 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; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever^b 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;³ or express

yourself 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-bodied, and the only son of my womb;
when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his
way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a
mother should not sell him an hour from her be-
holding; I,—considering how honour would be-
come such a person; that it was no better than
picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made
it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger
where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war
I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows
bound with oak.⁴ 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.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in
fear,

Though you were born in Rome:' His bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, 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: 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
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

^a Take in—subdue.

^b Ever. The modern editors have strangely changed this to never. By "ever strike" we understand, we shall continue to strike; if we adopt the modern reading of never, we must accept strike in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, 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 schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammed it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

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

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

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

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

Val. 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. 'T is 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 cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

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

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

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

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

Vir. Indeed, madam?

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

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

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

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, 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.⁵

Enter, with drums 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. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

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

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

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

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

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

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work;

That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy
blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than
he:

That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
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, afar
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.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fight-
ing. The Romans are beaten back to their
trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you! look to 't: Come
on;

If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*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
seconds:

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

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

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

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

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

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left,

Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,^a not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world

Were feverous, and did tremble.

^a The original has "Cato's wish." This is evidently a typographical error; but Mr. Monck Mason would have us read *Calvus's wish*: who *Calvus* is he does not explain. We quite agree with Malone that the manuscript was *Cato's*; easily mistaken and rendered by the printer *Calvus*. But we do not agree with him that Shakspeare committed the anachronism in ignorance. Plutarch, describing the valiant deeds of Coriolanus, says (North's translation), "He was even such another as *Cato* would have a soldier and a captain to be." Shakspeare puts nearly the same words in the mouth of *Lartius*; feeling that *Lartius*, in thus conveying the sentiment of Plutarch, was to the audience as a sort of chorus. He had no vision of a critic before him, book in hand, calling out that *Cato* was not born till two hundred and fifty-three years after the death of Coriolanus. Now Mr. Malone, with his exact chronology of the death of Coriolanus, commits in the eyes of modern learning as great a blunder as Shakspeare commits in his eyes. We hold to the reading of "Cato's wish," which Theobald very sensibly gave us.

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

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O! 'tis Marcius :
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

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.

[*Alarun continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

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

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,
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.*]

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 ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

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

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

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Voices
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
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.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you

In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

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

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, 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:

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

Com. Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcus,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, 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;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his dis-
position,

And follow Marcus.

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

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four 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 from all: the
rest

Shall bear 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.

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 be guarded; keep your
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

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

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

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

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

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcus,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

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.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

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

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarm. 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 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,
And, gladly quak'd, 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 TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol 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 :
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving : Rome must know
The value of her own : 't were 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,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
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, Marcus !
Marcus ! cast up their caps and lances :
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers ! Let courts and cities
be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel
grows soft

As the parasite's silk !

Let them be made an overture for the wars !^a

^a We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! 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 ! ”

The commentators have long notes of explanation ; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The stage direction of the original which precedes this speech is, “ *A long flourish.* ” The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus ; but, displeas'd as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may “ never sound more. ” We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers ! ”

The difficulty increases with the received reading ; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus contrasts courts and cities with the field ; he separates them:—

“ Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ; ”

and he adds, as we believe,

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,

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,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
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.

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, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

“Where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!”

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. *When* steel grows soft as the parasite's silk the commentators say that *him* (the steel), used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. “The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

“Let them be made an overture for the wars.”

Let them, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies. We believe that the sense of these lines has been mistaken, in some measure, through the deviations from the metrical arrangement in the original. Our reading follows this arrangement much more closely than that of the modern editors.

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: 't is yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request
you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. 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: 't is 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!

1 Sol. 'T will 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.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst 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,
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;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor faene, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements^a all of fury, 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, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
 the city ;

^a *Embarquements*—embargoes.

Learn how 't is held ; and what they are that
 must

Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go ?

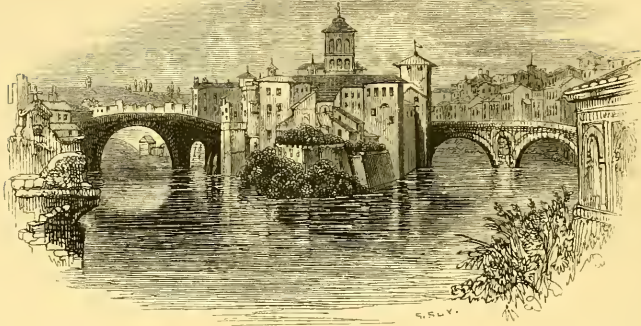
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove :
 I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me
 word thither

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

I Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]



[The Tiber. Mount Aventine in the distance.]



[Isola Tiberiana.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Suffer us to furnish, and their store-houses crammed with grain.*”

PLUTARCH describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. The second was on account of the scarcity of corn, and is thus related:—

“Now, when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the nobility and patricians upon the people’s misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the nobility. Because the most part of the arable land within the territory of Rome was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars, which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers, that sought the people’s good will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city—and, though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it—they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them.”

² SCENE I.—“*Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*”

This was the principal cause of the first insurrection; and it was upon this occasion that Menenius told the “pretty tale” which Shakspeare has so dramatically treated:—

“Now, he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortun’d there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. * * * * * Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people’s request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it; but in the end they con-

cluded nothing. * * * * Of those, Mene-nius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, kuit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he), O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the senate and you; for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sici-nius Velutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition."

Shakspeare found the apologue also in Camden's 'Remains,' and he has availed himself of one or two peculiarities of the story, as there related:—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours: for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There reason laid open before them," &c.

³ SCENE III.—"I pray you, daughter, sing."

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he married, "never left his mother's house;" and Shakspeare has beautifully exhibited Volumnia and Valeria following their domestic occupations together:—

"The only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him; for he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always

see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy. Which desire, they say, Epaminondas did avow and confess to have been in him, as to think himself a most happy and blessed man that his father and mother in their lifetime had seen the victory he won in the plain Leuctres. Now, as for Epaminondas, he had this good hap, to have his father and mother living to be partakers of his joy and prosperity; but Martius, thinking all due to his mother, that had been also due to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore."

⁴ SCENE III.—"To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak."

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus,

"When yet he was but tender-bodied:"—

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

⁵ SCENE IV.—"Before Corioli."

Shakspeare has followed Plutarch very closely in his narrative of the war against the Volces:—

"In the country of the Volces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city, and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore, all the other Volces fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of

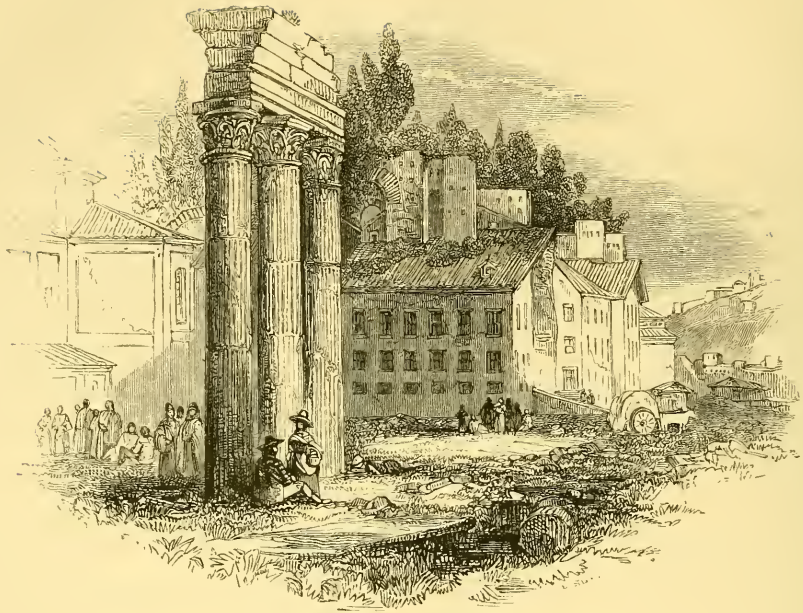
the valiantest men the Romans had at that time), to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a loud voice. For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afear'd with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance. Then there flocked about him immediately a great number of Romans: whereat the enemies were so afear'd, that they gave back presently. But Martius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of war, very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that Fortune had opened the gates of the city more for the followers than the flyers: but all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit, Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their face upon him, or offer to stay him. But, he looking about him, and seeing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and perceiving he was environ'd by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at: that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means, Martius, that was gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow-citizens, peradventure, were fighting with their enemies: and how that, leaving the spoil, they should seek to wind themselves out of danger and peril. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. Wherefore,

taking those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way toward that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and entreating them by the way that followed him not to be faint-hearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when they were put in battle ray, and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afear'd. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the consul Cominius also kiss and embrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of good courage, some hearing him report from point to point the happy success of this exploit, and other also conjecturing it by seeing their gestures afar off. Then they all began to call upon the consul to march forward, and to delay no longer, but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him, how the order of the enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men? the consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the host of their enemies: then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join, advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands; he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Martius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies and brake their array; and, scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him: but Martius answered them that it was not for con-

CORIOLANUS.

querors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners. The next morning, betimes, Martius went to the consul, and the other Romans with him. There the consul Cominius, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory. Then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store), ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides that his ser-

vice had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompense, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: among the Volces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner in the hands of his enemies: and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave. The soldiers, hearing Martius's words, made a marvellous great shout among them. * * * * After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius began to speak in this sort:—We cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination. And so ever since he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.”



[Site of the Roman Forum.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public 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?

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 in,^a that you two have not in abundance?

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

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

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

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

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

Both Trib. Well, weil, sir, well!

Men. Why, 't is 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

^a The repetition of the preposition, as in this sentence, is found in other passages of Shakspeare. In *Romeo and Juliet*,

“That fair, for which love groan'd for:”
in *As You Like It*, “the scene wherein we play in.”

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, sir.

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,^a and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; 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 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 your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass 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, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson^b connectivities 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 anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like

nummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

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

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. 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 botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

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

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

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

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

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is 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 't.

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 is but empiric^{tick}, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

^a Johnson explains, "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."

^b *Bisson*—blind.

^a *Empiric^{tick}*. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*empiricquique*."

Vir. O, no, no, no.

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

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

Vol. On 's brows:^a Menenius, 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 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

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

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

Men. Wondrous ay warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods rant them rue!

Vol. True! pow, wow!

Men. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcins 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.

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 Marcins: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

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

^a Volunmia here answers the question of Menenius, "brings a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcins did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcins;

These in honour follows, Coriolanus:—

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, sir, 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 Marcins, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

But, O thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

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

Vol. I know not where to turn;—O welcome home;

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.

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.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt
not,

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

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

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

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights
Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture^a lets her baby cry,
While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin^b pins
Her richest lockram^c 'bout her reechy neck,
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
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks,^d to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his hon-
ours

^a Rapture—fit.

^b Malkin. A scarecrow—a figure of rags—is called a malkin. Is the kitchen-wench called a malkin from her supposed resemblance to such a figure? On the other hand, Malkin is the diminutive of Mall, Moll; and thus the lady of the May had degenerated into Malkin in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. Is the scarecrow then called after the kitchen-wench? Our readers must decide the question for themselves.

^c Lockram was no doubt a coarse linen. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Spanish Curate' we have—

“ To poor maidens' marriages
I give per annum two hundred ells of lockram.”

^d Shakspeare has the same image in the passage before us the word “ damask ” conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland:—

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

But we are inclined to think that in the passage before us the word “ damask ” conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland:—

“ Her cheeks
Where roses mix ; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.”

From where he should begin, and end ; but
will

Lose those 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 hon-
ours ;

Which that he'll give them, make I as little
question

As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless^a vesture 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. 'T is most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good
wills ;^b

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their pro-
vand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,—(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

^a Napless—threadbare.

^b The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good wills (ironically) of the tribunes ; or as our good, our advantage, wills (a verb).

To kindle their dry stubble ;^a and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul :
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak : Matrons
flung gloves,^b

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,
But hearts for the event.

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

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here :
How many stand for consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

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

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them ; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore : so that if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him,
manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-
position ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets
them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their

^a *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to “ will be his fire.” The double parenthesis makes the sentence involved ; and it is not very certain that *teach* is the right word. Theobald would read *reach*. We do not alter the text, but we incline to think that *touch* is the word ; as in *Othello*,—

“ *Touch* me not so near.”

^b We give the metrical arrangement as well as the words of the original. The versification indicates the freedom which marks all Shakspeare's later plays. Steevens says, “ the words *the* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse.” And so we have Hanmer, and not Shakspeare, in the received text.—

“ You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is 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.*”

love or no, he waded 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. 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.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,^a without any further deed to have 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.

1 *Off.* No more of him : he is a worthy man :
Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his country : Therefore, please
you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

^a *Bonneted.* The commentators say that to *bonnet* is to take off the bonnet ; as to *cap* in the academic phrase is to take off the cap. In illustration we may remark that in the quarto edition of *Othello* we find “ off capp'd ;” in the folio “ off-capp'd ;” and we believe from the collateral circumstances that the latter is the true reading. (See note on *Othello*, Act I. Scene I.) In a subsequent scene *Othello* says—

“ My demerits
May speak, *unbonneted.*”

This is clearly *without* the bonnet, in whatever sense we receive it. (See note on *Othello*, Act I. Scene II.) But here in the text before us we are told that *bonneted also* means *without* the bonnet. Malone says, “ They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed.” The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning : “ His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people,” *put on* their bonnets “ *without* any farther deed.”

1 *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. Masters o' the
people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'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; ^a
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your
place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: 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,
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[EXIT CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(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.

^a That is nothing to the matter.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
lanus

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, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, ^a and i' the consul's
view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: ^b in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
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,
He lurch'd ^c all swords o' the garland. 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 weeds ^d before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
stamp),

^a A touch of Malone's minute criticism will amuse our readers:—"This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: 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."

^b On his knee—down on his knee.

^c Lurch'd. We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman': "You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a lurch; and the word, as we find in Florio's Italian Dictionary, was in use in Shakspeare's time,—"gioco marzo—a lurch at any game;" and "gioco marcio—a lurch-game."

^d Weeds. The second folio changed this word to waves; and Steevens adopting it, this reading is the common one. Malone supports the original; of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. Waves falling before the stem of a vessel under sail is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles: a ship cuts the waves as a bird the air; there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of weeds encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside; and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Steevens says, "Weeds, instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it." But Shakspeare was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow: the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom.

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 : alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet : 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
 'T were 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

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 ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

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

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

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.

Men. It then remains
 That you do speak to the people.¹

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage :
 please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't :—
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom ;
 And take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

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 unaching 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 ;—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 his intent ! He will
 require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
 Of our proceedings here ; on the market-place
 I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
 ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, 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 :
 for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
 deeds, we are to put our tongues into those
 wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us
 his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
 acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous :
 and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to
 make a monster of the multitude ; of the which,
 we being members, should bring ourselves to be
 monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of,
 a little help will serve : for once, when we stood
 up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call
 us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many ; not
 that our heads are some brown, some black,
 some auburn,³ some bald, but that our wits are
 so diversely coloured : and truly I think if all
 our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
 would fly east, west, north, south ; and their

³ *Auburn.* The word of the original is *abram*, and it so continued until the publication of the fourth folio, when it became *auburn*.

consent of one direct way should be at once to all 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, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, 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.

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 altogether, 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 sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—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.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.^a

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, 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, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 't were to give again,—But 't is 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.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is 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 counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

^a All this dialogue is printed in the original as we print it,—as prose. The modern editors have turned it into limping blank-verse.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolfish gown^a should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom vouches, in all things should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. 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
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more:
your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice:
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

^a *Wolfish gown.* The reading of the first folio is *woolvisk tongue*; of the second, *woolvisk gowne*. We believe the correction of *tongue to gown* is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge*. It is difficult to say whether *woolvisk* means a gown made of wool, or a gown resembling a wolf or *wolfish*. We adopt the latter opinion; for it is no proper description of the napless gown of humility to call it *woollen*. By *wolfish* Coriolanus probably meant to express something hateful. The notion of Steevens that the allusion was to the wolf in sheep's clothing seems merely fanciful.

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 change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself 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 notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used 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; 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,
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?

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, 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 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 tried his inclination; from him pluck'd,
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you
think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to
cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him
yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends
to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
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,
Which most gibingly, 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-occupied 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,²

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]^a
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling^b his present bearing with his past,
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:

^a The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us that was "nobly named:"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."

^b See note, Act I. Scene 1.

And presently, when you have drawn your
number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all repent in their
election.

[*Several speak.*
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.

Sic. To the Capitol!
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people;

And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]



[Roman Victory.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE II.—“*It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.*”

THE circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakspeare has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch:—

“Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness.

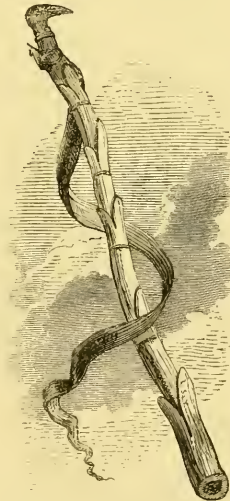
*** Now, Martius, following this custom, showed

many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy.”

² SCENE III.—“*What stock he springs of.*”

The ‘Life of Coriolanus,’ in Plutarch, opens with the following sentence:—

“The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice, through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the censorship twice.”



[Augur's Staff.]



[Old Walls of Rome.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority, 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 noble and the common ?^a

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?—¹

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 ?

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 it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot :

The people cry you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the supplicants for the people ; call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence ?^b

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Com. You are like to do such business.^c

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

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
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.

^a *The noble and the common.* Steevens has changed this reading of the original to the *nobles* and the *commons*.

^b *Sithence*—since.

^c This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. The modern editors give the words to Coriolanus, as a continuation of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus ; whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.^a—This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
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.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons :

For the mutable, rank-scented many,^b

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,

And therein behold themselves : I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle^c of rebellion, 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.

1 Sen. No more dordons, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

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. 'T were well we let the people know 't.

Men. What, what ? his cholera ?

Cor. Cholera !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would 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 ? mark you
His absolute *shall* ?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. *Shall !*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

^a *Set on*—stirred up. These words are ordinarily printed as a complete sentence, having the meaning of go forward.

^b *Many.* This is *meiny* in the original. Shakspeare, in Lear, uses *meiny* as a body of attendants, whence *menials* ; but this is not the sense of the passage before us.

^c *Cockle.* A weed amongst the corn.

That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail^a your ignorance: 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 ple-
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more abso-
lute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: 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
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—' We did re-
quest it;

^a *Vail*—bow down.

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 the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

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,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom

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
follows

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 ou't; that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump^a a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tri-
bunes?

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,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be appre-
hended.

^a *Jump*—in the sense of risk.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments!

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

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:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. 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.^a

^a We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud

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, Marcus 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, Marcus, 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
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 Marcus; 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; be gone,
away!

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!

and sullen rage; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. The editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; but the modern editors must have him talking: and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—"I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Men. 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 ;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

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 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone :
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little ; this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's
his mouth :

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here 's goodly work !

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tyber !—What,
the vengeance,

Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city,
And be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public 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.

[*Several speak together.*]

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace !

Men. Do not cry havoc, 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 :—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no !

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to 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 is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He 's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his
country :

And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.^a

Bru. Merely awry : 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—^b

^a We take this to mean, nothing to the purpose.

^b The speech of Menenius is interrupted. He would ask whether it were just not to respect the "service" of the "gangrened foot."

Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
process ;
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 bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in
peace,^a

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

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

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 at-
tend 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. He must come,
[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; pre-
sent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

^a In peace. So the original. Pope and all the subsequent editors have omitted the words.

Enter VOLUMNIA.
1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse 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 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.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,

With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings^a of your dispositions, 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.

1 Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'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,^b but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
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 ?

^a Thwartings. This is an ingenious correction by Theobald. The original has things.

^b Herd. The original has heart. The words might be easily mistaken in the old spelling of heard ; and we adopt the correction, which is also Theobald's.

Vol. You are too absolute ;
 Though therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you
 say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and
 tell me,
 In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
 That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
 The same you are not, (which, for your best
 ends,
 You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
 That it shall hold companionship in peace
 With honour, as in war ; since that to both
 It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people ; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words that are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
 Than to take in a town 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 will rather show our general lowts
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
 them,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
 Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
 Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
 them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such busi-
 ness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,^a

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry
 That will not hold the handling : Or, say to
 them,

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 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, their hearts were
 yours :

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now
 Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst
 rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place : and,
 sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence ; all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—
 Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
 scence? Must I,
 With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't :
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
 This mould of Marc'us 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
 I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
 said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't :
 Away my disposition, and possess me

^a This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators ; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volunna has just uttered, "Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action :—

waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "correcting thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1814—"Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare."

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an emuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; 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:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
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; 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 thy pride thyself.

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 be-
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us
go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy 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; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry 'fine;' if death, cry 'death;'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

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: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there which
looks

With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sena-
tors, 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.—The ho-
nour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Through our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.²

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

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 accents³ for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

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: 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, 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
people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

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; to the rock with him!

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,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-
sence

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 it shall be so.⁴

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show, from Rome,

² If we turn to the beginning of the scene, we shall find the direction of the tribunes very precise as to the echo which the people were to raise of their words. When, therefore, Sicinius here pronounces the sentence of banishment, he terminates, as he said he should, with "It shall be so;" and the people, true to the instruction, vociferate, "It shall be so." They afterwards repeat the cry in the exact words. Perhaps upon the whole the common text here presents one of Stevens's most atrocious alterations. It can scarcely be conceived that he has had the folly to say, "old copy unmetrically, and it shall be so,"—and to print the passage thus:—

"It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be."

³ Accents. This is a correction by Theobald; the old copy has *actions*.

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, 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! whose breath
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
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,)
Making not^a reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
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 is banish'd!³ he is gone!

Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

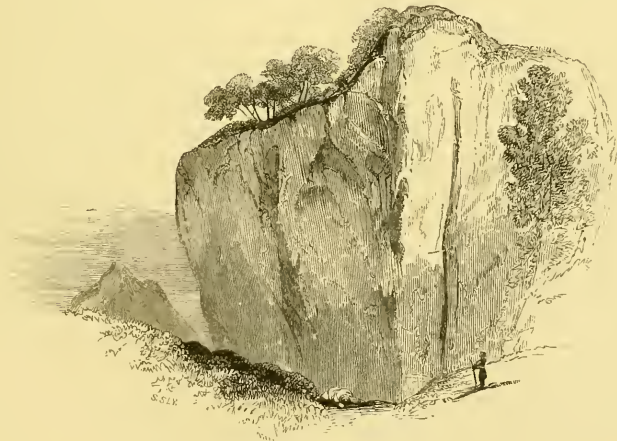
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let's see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Not.* The original has *but*, which Capel corrected.



[Tarpeian Rock.]



[Rome—a Fragment after Piranesi.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Are these your herd?*”

WE continue our quotations from North’s ‘Plutarch’:—

“But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius: but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness.”

² SCENE III.—“*First, hear me speak.*”

“So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear

what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Our enemy is banish’d!*”

“When they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so joyfully from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority.”



[Roman Highway on the Banks of the Tiber.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears;¹ a brief farewell:
—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity^a 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: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

^a *Extremity.* So the second folio; the first *extremities*. This correction of what we call the false grammar, in an edition published so soon after the original, ought perhaps to be adopted in a modern text.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, 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 saltier 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 wo-
men,

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 't is 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^a 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.

Vol. My first^b son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee a while : Determine on some course, More than a wild exposure^c to each chance That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—
Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one That's yet 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.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ? [*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. You shall stay too : [*To SICIN.*] I would
I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?^a

Vol. Ay, fool : Is that a shame ?—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
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 !

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

^a The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

^b *First*—in the sense of noblest.

^c *Exposure*. The original has *exposure*; but we think with Steevens that this is a typographical error, and correct it accordingly.

^a *Mankind*. Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man? Shakspeare, in *A Winter's Tale*, uses the term "*mankind* witch."

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,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—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, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw
you, but your favour is well appear'd^a by your
tongue. 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 in-
surrections: the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Volc. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike pre-

paration, 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 no-
bles receive so to heart the banishment of that
worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apt-
ness 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 ma-
ture for the violent breaking out.

Volc. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Volc. You will be welcome with this intelli-
gence, 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 ap-
pear well in these wars, his great opposer, Co-
riolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Volc. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate
thus accidentally to encounter you: You have
ended my business, and I will merrily accom-
pany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
you most strange things from Rome; all tend-
ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you
an army ready, say you?

Volc. A most royal one: the centurions, and
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the
entertainment,^a 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, sir, heartily well met, and
most glad of your company.

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

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised
and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium:² 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.

^a Well appear'd—rendered apparent.

^a In the entertainment—under engagement for pay.

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! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention 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 birthplace hate^a I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.* A Hall in Aufidius's
House.

Music 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.

^a *Hate.* The original has *have*; and we owe the judicious
correction to Steevens.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon.

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

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: Prithee, 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.

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? Prithee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest 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.*]

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 com'st thou? what wouldst

thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*ummuffling*] 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 Volcian's 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: 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, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

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: 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^a in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims

Of shame 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.^b But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am

Longer to live most weary, and present

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut would show thee but a fool; Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yon cloud speak divine things, And say, 'T is true,' I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke, And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip

The anvil of my sword; 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; 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. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out^a

Twelve several times, 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 with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that 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'erbeat. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

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,—

^a *Wreak*—revenge. ^b *Under fiends*—fiends below.

^a *Out*—complete.

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
struck 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 turned
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 hanged 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 six 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 par-
take.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all na-
tions ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here 's he that was wont to
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general ;
but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends :
he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him
say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to
say the truth on 't : before Corioli he scotched
him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news ?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper
end o' the table : no question asked him by any
of the senators, but they stand bald before him ;
Our general himself makes a mistress of him ;
sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the
white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bot-
tom of the news is, our general is cut i' the
middle, and but one half of what he was yester-
day ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and
grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says,
and sow^a the porter of Rome gates by the ears :
He will mow all down before him, and leave
his passage polled.^b

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.^c

1 *Serv.* Directitude ! what 's that ?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of
their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel
all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon :
't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be
executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring
world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds
peace as far as day does night ; it 's sprightly,
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a
very apoplexy, lethargy ; mull'd, deaf, sleepy,
insensible ; a getter of more bastard children
than war 's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so : and as wars, in some sort,

^a *Sowle*—a provincial word for pull out.

^b *Polled*—cleared.

^c *Directitude*. Malone would read *discreditide*. He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word ?

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 public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather
had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld^a
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
Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most
kind of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed
but with his friends; the commonwealth doth
stand; and so would do, were he more angry
at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
his wife hear nothing from him.^b

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you
all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

^a *Beheld.* The original has *behold*, which is retained in all the modern editions: but we should certainly read *would behold*, or *had beheld*.

^b We print this dialogue in prose, as in the original. Stevens, with some botching, has manufactured us ten lines of his peculiar blank-verse.

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 think-
ing,

Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamenta-
tion,

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. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It can-
not be

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your inform-
ation,

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 coming^a
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!

Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone,^b
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and

To melt the city leads 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

^a *Coming.* Steevens says that the original is *come in*. He prints *come*. But the assertion is a deviation from this editor's usual accuracy. The original has *coming*; and we retain it. The reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image—

“Coming events throw their shadows before.”

^b *Atone*—be reconciled—at one.

You franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your
ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow
fruit:

You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
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 even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

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

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 't was 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!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'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 banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would half my
wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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,
Where'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 to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.^a First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not

^a The force and propriety of this image will be seen from the following extract from Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' describing the osprey, according to the popular notion:—
"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."

Carry his honours even : whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing 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,
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. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :
And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Rights by rights fouler,^a strength by strengths do
fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou
mine. [Exeunt.]

^a *Fouler*. So the original. Malone substitutes *fouder* ; and the emendation has provoked three pages of controversy amongst the commentators. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the *fouler*. In the same manner, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *fouler* is not used in the sense of more polluted ; we have,

“The *fouler* fortune mine, and there an end.”



[Ancient Arch on Road leading into Rome.]



[Old Roman Willow Wood.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Come, leave your tears.*”

THE departure of Coriolanus from Rome is thus described by Plutarch:—

“When he was come home to his house again, and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and striking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance, he went immediately to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number of patricians that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his cholour did stir up.”

² SCENE IV.—“*A goodly city is this Antium.*”

The entry of Coriolanus into the “enemy city,” and the interview between the two rival captians, is most graphically told by Plutarch. Shakspeare has put forth all his strength in working up the scene, and yet has kept to the original with wonderful exactness:—

“It was even twilight when he entered the city

of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius’ house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty 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. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor recompence of the true and painful service I have done, and

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname, a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby,—for if I had feared death I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard,—but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the

Volces: promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then I am also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him—Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volces' hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could."



[Public Place in Rome.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee^a
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.¹

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,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to
pardon

When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?

^a *Knee.* So the original. The second folio, which has been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive verb *kneel*. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in *Lear*:—

“To *knee* his throne.”

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. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard ; what then ?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say 't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake it :
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well : he had not din'd :
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 : therefore I 'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have
knowledge

Of my success. [*Exit.*]

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'T was 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 :^a
So that all hope is vain,
Unless^b his noble mother, and his wife ;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian
Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay : Whence are you ?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well : But,
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence ?

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^c to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Me-
nenius.

1 *G.* Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;

For I have ever verified my friends

(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

^a The commentators suspect some omission here ; but it appears to us that they have mistaken the passage. They conceive that " what he would not " is the matter especially " bound with an oath." Coriolanus sends " in writing " both " what he would do " and " what he would not ; " and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is " bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the " conditions " in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volcians ;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those " conditions."

^b Unless is here used in the sense of *except* : We have no hope except his noble mother, &c.

^c Lots are the whole number of tickets in a lottery ; blanks a proportion of the whole number.

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, 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, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st 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 synd 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, 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,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent^a for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: 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, 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.

^a *Shent*—rebuked.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general : He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly

I have borne this business.

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 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
Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made ? I will not.—

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost ;² 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 curtsy worth ! or those doves' eyes,
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.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. 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, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,^a
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
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 ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I holp^b to frame thee. Do you know this
lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

^a *Prate.* The original has *pray*. We owe the correction to Theobald.

^b *Holp.* In the original *hope*. Pope made the correction.

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 soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—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 anything ;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, 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 re-
quest ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy
victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must
lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy per-
son,
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 through 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 :^a if I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat 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 con-
demn 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 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 with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak ?

Think'st 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

^a Determine—come to an end.

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me
prate,
Like one i' the stocks. 'Thou hast never in thy
life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our
knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold
us:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*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 Au-
fidius,

Were you in my stead, 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
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; 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: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public 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 pre-
vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't;
our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execu-
tion.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub
and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he
has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remem-
bers his mother now than an eight year old
horse. The tartness of his face sours 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, as a thing made for Alexander. What he
bids be done is finished with his bidding. He
wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven
to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
There is no more mercy in him than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banished him we
respected not them: and he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings:
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public 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
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-
en'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 design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a
post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear

With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express 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?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; 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 soldier;³

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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,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, 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 whim'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that
must bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volcians 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?

Cor. Let him die for 't.

[Several speak at once.

Cit. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my
daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He
killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious^a hearing.—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!

Cor. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep.

^a Judicious—judicial.

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. Plead it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

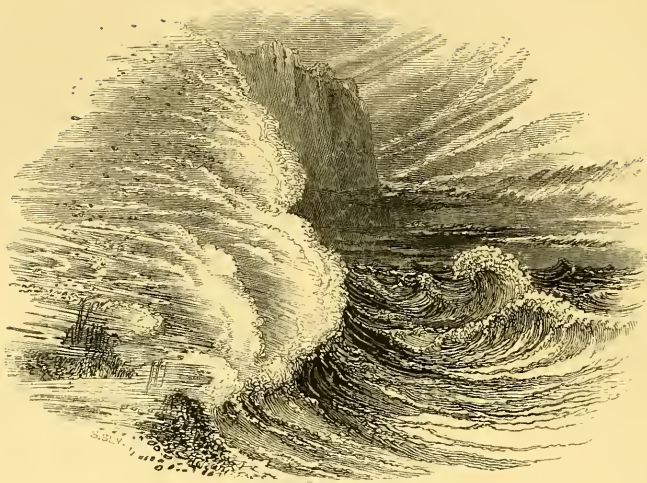
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
one.—

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,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.

[Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.



[Roman Tomb and Fragments.]



[Pebbles on the hungry beach.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 SCENE I.—“*He would not seem to know me.*”

We continue our extracts from North's 'Plutarch:'

“So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volces, he willed them to restore unto the Volces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars; and, moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had no other mean to end this wars if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace.”

2 SCENE III.—“*My wife comes foremost.*”

“She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volces' camp; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volunnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:—‘If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to speak, the

state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shalt carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and,

after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said—'My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volces' country again.'

³ SCENE V.—'Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.'

'Now, when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away, thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater, otherwise, than any other among all the Volces), answered—he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and, moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him : and when they had told their tales, Martius rode up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue ; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure ; and

furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him ; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction ;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him : wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him.”



[Kemble as Coriolanus.]



LEIGG WILLIAMS CO.

W. HARVEY, DESG.

JULIUS CÆSAR.





[Roman Standard-Bearers.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

‘The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar’ was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. This play, as well as Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra, was entered in the Stationers’ registers amongst those copies “not formerly entered to other men.” The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare’s that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition. There are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors, such as occur in every modern book, even when it is printed under the eye of the author. There are one or two others in which we can scarcely venture to make alteration, although it is pretty manifest that error does exist. For example, in the second act, Brutus, addressing Conspiracy, says—

“Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on,” &c.

Johnson explains this, “If thou walk in thy true form.” Coleridge says, “Surely, there need be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint or miscript for *put*.” We are inclined to agree with him, for *putte* might be easily mistaken for *pathe*; but we do not alter the passage, for there is a meaning in it as it stands. On the contrary, when Cæsar says that the couchings of Cimber might

“Turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the *law* of children,”

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we reject the *lane* of the original as clearly wrong. With the exception of some lopping and piecing by Steevens, the modern editors have not done much to spoil this play. The received text has, however, several gross corruptions, of which it is difficult to trace the origin. Without assuming any merit beyond that of having done our duty, we believe that the text of Shakspeare had not been compared with the originals, carefully and systematically, for half a century, until the publication of our edition. If it had been, how could this line be invariably left out in the third scene of Act III. :—

“ I am not Ciinna the conspirator ;”

or why should we without exception find

“ O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,”

instead of “ thou bleeding piece of earth” ?

In the Introductory Notice to Coriolanus we expressed our opinion that the entry in the Stationers' registers in 1608 of ‘ a book called Anthony and Cleopatra ’ did not determine the date of Shakspeare's tragedy ; for the proprietors of the folio enter that tragedy in 1623 as “ not formerly entered.” There was a careful avoidance of publishing any of Shakspeare's dramas after 1603. What were published were piratically obtained. We believe the ‘ Anthony and Cleopatra ’ entered in 1608 was some other work. Malone has very sensibly remarked that there are passages in Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra which appear to discover “ such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited in Julius Cæsar, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspeare would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject.” The passages do not so much point to the general historical notion of the characters as to the poet's own mode of treating them. This would imply that the play of Julius Cæsar had preceded that of Antony and Cleopatra. But there is nothing to fix the exact time when either of them was written. We believe that they were amongst the latest works of Shakspeare.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

WE have given, as Illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North's translation of Plutarch. Shakspeare is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius, and Brutus ; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events which appear to have furnished the poet with the fullest materials.

SCENES.

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Poynter for six designs for this tragedy. The principle by which Mr. Poynter has been guided in making these drawings is thus explained by himself in a note to the editor :—“ Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. I am inclined to think it would be an ungrateful task to illustrate the Rome of brick :—the attempt would produce nothing either true or interesting. I propose, therefore, to give the Forum, the Capitol, &c., not as *scenes* but as *illustrations*, and to represent them as they actually were some two centuries later.”



[Roman Soldiers.]

COSTUME.

From the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans ; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (*fascēs*), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The *toga pura*, *prætexta*, and *picta*, the *trabea*, the *paludamentum*, the *tunica palmata*, and the *curule chairs*, were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B. C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B. C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius Halicarnassus says it was semi-circular; and an ingenious foreigner,* who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The *subucula* of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free.†

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as *pero*, *mulleus*, *phæcasium*, *caliga*, *solea*, *crepida*, *sandalium*, *baxea*, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery,‡ such as had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæcasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the *phæcasium*:—

“Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæcasiasi milites ambulant?”

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal: it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins.§

The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic, consisted, according to Livy, of

* The late Mons. Combre, costumier to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Caesar, and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

† *Vide* Persius, Sat. 5, thus translated by Dryden:—

“What further can we from our caps receive,
But as we please without control to live?”

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lvii.) says, “Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebs pileata tota urbe discurreret.”

‡ Hence Juvenal (Sat. 16) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *caligati* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

§ “Virginibus Tyrriis mos est gestare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.”—Æn. 2.

See many varieties of the *mulleus* and *cothurnus* in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum. Diana is generally represented wearing the *cothurnus*.

the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocrea* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the *lorica*, being of leather, and the latter of metal; but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.*

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati*; the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes*; and the oldest of all were called *triarii*.† The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two pikes or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the *pectorale* of brass; but such as were rated at more than ten thousand *drachmæ* wore a ringed *lorica*. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the *hastati*, except only that the *triarii* carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times, were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The *signiferi*, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The *lictors*, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the *saga*, or *paludamentum*, and sometimes a small kind of *toga*:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The *fascæ* were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by *Publicola*; but *T. Lartius*, the first dictator, restored them. The *augurs* wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "*dibaphus*," twice dyed, for the

* *Vide* Sir S. Meyrick's 'Crit. Inquiry,' Introduction.

† Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery; but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult Mons. le Beau's luminous account in the 'Académie des Inscriptions,' tome xxxv. p. 262.

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augural robe (Epist. Fam., lib. ii. 16) ; and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid trabea is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the toga in the quality of its stuff ; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

" Parvaque sedebat
Succinctus trabea."—Æn. 7—

that it was short, and resembled the paludamentum, for which reason he says the salii (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabeati*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek pallium, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the stola.*

Another exterior habit was called the peplum, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocata*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by women, but by effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons.†

The fashions of ladies' head-dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.‡

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the *calantica*, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks, a ribbon, a fillet, a zone.§ Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the *flammeum*, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *caliendrum*, mentioned by Horace (i. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armillæ*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says "they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermilion were favourite colours both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called "*vestes herbidæ*," from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermilion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "*Floridam discolorumque vestem herbida palla contextuerat.*" At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of.|| Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "*albentes rosas*" (de Art. iii. v. 189) ; and at v. 191 he says—

"Alba decent fuscas : albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage :

"Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla ;
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit."—Eleg. iv. 2.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice

* "Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata Palla."—Horace, lib. i., Sat. 2, 99.

† Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure are generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A. D. 1761.

‡ "Este procul vittæ tænes insigne pudoris."—Metam., lib. i., fab. 9.

And describing the chaste Daphne, he says,

—"Vitta coerebat positos sine lege capillos."—Met., lib. i.

§ "Unde mitram solvere, quod metaphoricè significabat cum virgine concumbere."—Montfaucon, Ant. Explan., tome iii., p. 44.

|| Stuekius, Ant. Con., ii. 26.

such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatis personæ of the Roman plays of Shakspeare.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e. bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny* and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquaries contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.†

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his ‘*Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures*,’ observes that Lampridius, in his ‘*Life of Alexander Severus*,’ says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, “*clavata cocco mantilia*.” These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women “*who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;*” and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of “*clavatum purpura*.”

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have *bordered* the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards,‡ it would have been called *prætexta* (as the *toga* was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

“*Latum demisit pectore clavum*”—Sat. 1, 6, 28—

a commentator (Torrentius) says, “*recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti*”—the clavi sewn on, or woven into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word “*demisit*,” he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the *latus clavus* by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Cæsar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta*, and the *bullæ*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch.§ It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we

* Lib. 9, cap. xxxix.

† Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of unfathomable controversy are recommended to a perusal of the essays of Rubenius and Ferrarius.

‡ Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—“*id est prætextæ*.”

§ An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the bulla, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the "*toga virilis*," and "*libera*:"—" *virilis*," in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from tutela. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of Coriolanus; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the toga and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;* that he wore a red sash and the calcei mullei even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings.† A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's 'Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne,' folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavians, or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His lorica, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the paludamentum, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the cinctura, or belt, he holds in his right hand the paragonium, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his toga neither too scanty nor too full, and the clavus of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick toga, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg;‡ with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon§ or crescent.|| There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ancle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood."—See also President Goguet's 'Origine des Loix et des Arts,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. "In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who

* Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: "Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus."—Phil., 2, 34.

† Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ."—Æn. 9, 616.

‡ "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit cruris

Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."—Horace, i., Sat. 6, v. 27.

Hence also "calceos mutari," to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—Cicero, Phil., xiii. 13.

§ Therefore called "Calcei lunati."—Rubenius apud Philostratus.

|| The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

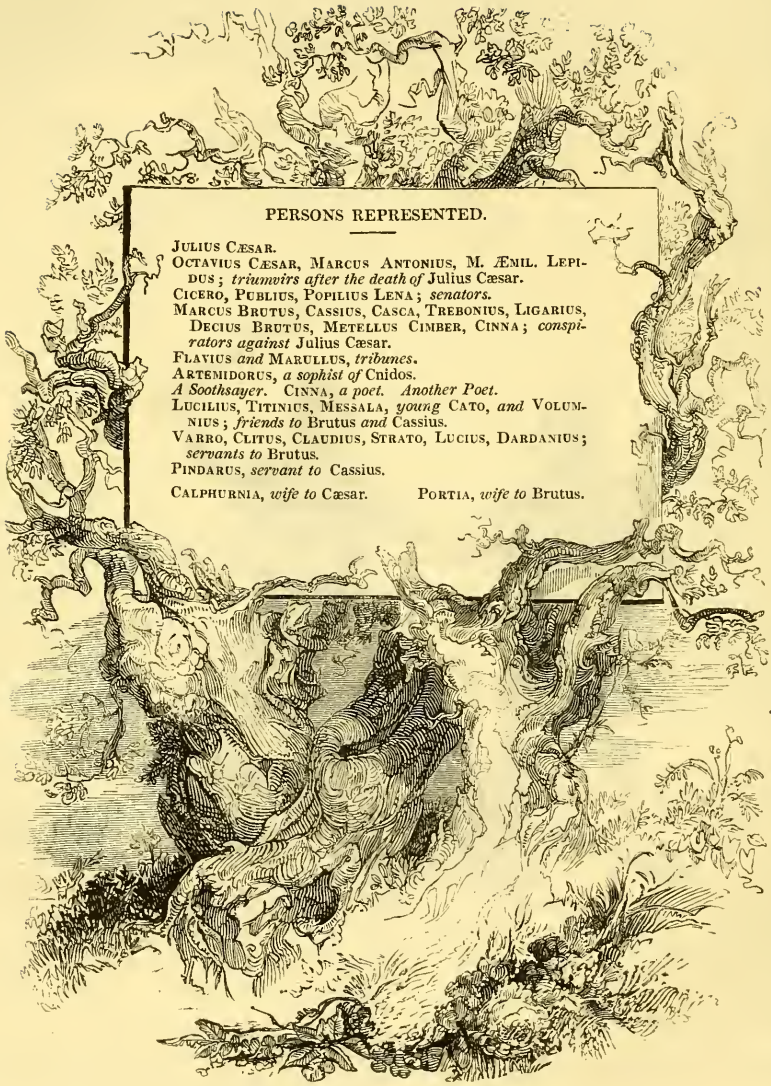
JULIUS CÆSAR.

died during the reign of Augustus ; Pliny, ix. 39), “the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii.” Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius : he says the redness of the purple border of the *toga prætexta* was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen ; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

J. R. P.



[Plebeians.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPI-
DUS; *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA; *conspi-
rators against Julius Cæsar.*
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Chios.*
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.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, 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, sir, a carpenter.

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

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

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

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

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

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

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

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.^b I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper

^a The modern editors give this speech to Marullus; and they propose other changes in the allotment of the speeches to the tribunes. They assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

^b *With all.*—The original has *withal*. The modern editors write *with awl*, offering an equivocal to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

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

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her coneave 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,

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

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

wing

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Will make him fly an ordinary piteh;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, *a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse!

Ant.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

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

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

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

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.?

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

[*Senet.* *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

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

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

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
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,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which givesome 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;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by 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.
And be not jealous on me,^a gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; 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.*]

^a *On mc.* So the original.—We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspeare's time into the *of me* of the modern.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear
the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

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

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,^a
Cæsar cried, '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.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

^a The use of *arrive* without the preposition, has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

"Who shall spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
The happy isle."

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

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

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,

Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some 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 ;
 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 does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art
 sham'd !

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great
 flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
 Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
 jealous ;

What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might 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 ;
 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.

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

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
 turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
 sleeve ;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What has 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 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.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are
 fat ;

Sleek-headed men, 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 dan-
 gerous ;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear
 him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no
 plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
 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 anything.
 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.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
 stays behind.*]

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

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks sò sad ?

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

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

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

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

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

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

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

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and threw up such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

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

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is 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.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything 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 stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything ?

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 promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

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

Cas. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so : 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 he is now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you ; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: Therefore it is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus: If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

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

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

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

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds, Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd ^b upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooping and shrieking.⁶ When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 'These are their reasons,—They are natural;' For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

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

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night: And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone: 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,

glar'd, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow, describing a lion-fight in the Tower:—"Then was the great lion put forth, who *gazed* awhile;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from Macbeth, given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost *glar* with."

^a To bring one on his way was to accompany him.
^b *Glar'd*. The original has *glaz'd*. This is a meaningless word; and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of a *z* for an *r*. *Glar'd* is the reading of Steevens. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been

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,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance,

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,
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 thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-mor-
row
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. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

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

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious^a for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Poupey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's^b 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.

Cas. Am I not staid for? ° Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble
Brutus
To our party——

^a *Factionous.* Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

^b The original has *is favors*. Some would read *is favour'd*; but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.

^c The modern editors have introduced *Cinna* here without authority.

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.*]



[Julius Cæsar.]



[Roman Augur.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II. “Our elders say,
The barren,” &c.

“At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen’s sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child.”

² SCENE II.—“Beware the ides of March.”

“Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to

take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.”

³ SCENE II.—“Will you go see the order of
the course?”

“Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar’s friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then? For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor’s chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look

for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime: but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Let me have men about me that are fat,*” &c.

“Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar’s friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, 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.”

⁵ SCENE II.—“*Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day.*”

“Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chain of gold, appareled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.”

“When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by

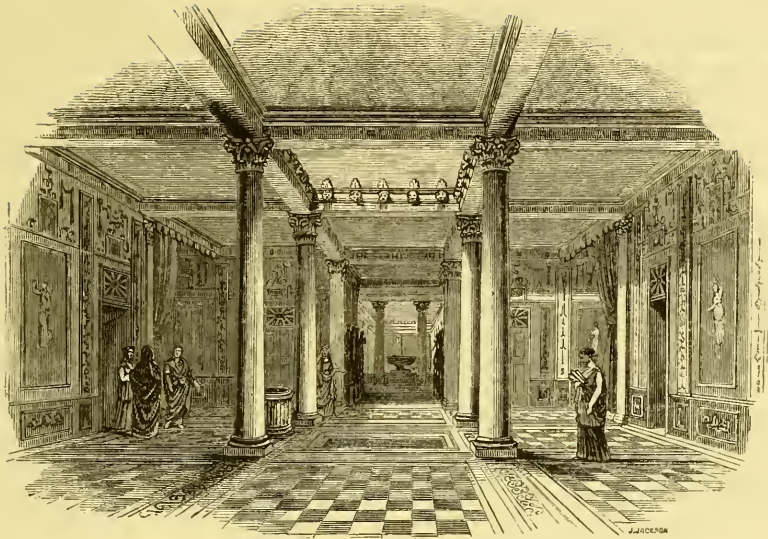
the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting still in his majesty, disdainful to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness.”

⁶ SCENE III.—“*A common slave,*” &c.

“Touching the fires in the elements, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.”

⁷ SCENE III.—“*Good Cinna, take this paper,*” &c.

“But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome) they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! And again, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed.”



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when!^a Awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse^a from power: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common
proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,

^a So in Richard II.

"When, Harry, when!"
A common expression of impatience.

^a Remorse—pity—tenderness. A sense in which it is commonly used by Shakspeare.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?^a

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'—

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

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated^b
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate: somebody
knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

^a *Idea of March.*—In the original the *first of March*. Shakspeare found it so in North's 'Plutarch;' and he adopted the date without consideration. Presently Lucius says, in the original, "March is wasted fifteen days." Theobald made the necessary correction in both instances.

^b Steevens introduces *then* after entreated. He will in no case comprehend that a pause, such as must be made after *redress*, stands in the place of a syllable.

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,^a
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius^b at the
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. Do you know them?

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

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.^c

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st 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,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in^d smiles and affability:
For if thou path,^e thy native semblance on,
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?

^a *A man.*—So the original; but Steevens and other modern editors omit the article, which clearly explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualizes the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

There are few difficulties in this play, and certainly this passage is not one of them; but the commentators cannot be without their work: they give us four controversial pages upon it.

^b Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

^c *Favour*—countenance.

^d *It in.*—By the perpetuation of an error in some edition, all the modern readings have *in it*.

^e *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation.

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

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

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

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'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.

Casca. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,¹ The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? and what other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,² 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 enterprise

Nor the insuppressible metal 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?¹ Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

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

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;

For he will never follow anything That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well lov'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.²

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs; Like wrath in death and envy afterwards: For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar; And in the spirit of men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide them. This shall make Our purpose necessary, and not envious: Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

¹ *Cautelous*—wary—circumspect.

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :^a
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, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether 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 ;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

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

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

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the utter-
most ?

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

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

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;^b
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll
leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-
member
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.³

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

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

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

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

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have un-
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I 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,
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, by my once commended beauty,

^a The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor ; yet all the editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.

^b *By him*—by his house.

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

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

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

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

I grant I am a woman; 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.
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 pa-
tience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

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

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

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

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

To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.⁴

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Liga-
rius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

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

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

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

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, oh! They murder Cæsar!' Who 's
within?⁵

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

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

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

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

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

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

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

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

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled^a in the air,
Horses do neigh,^b and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well

^a *Hurtled*.—This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as hurled; and Shakspeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound. Gray uses it more strictly in its original sense:—

“Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.”

^b *Do neigh*.—Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses, we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker. Horses “*do neigh*” continues the image of

“Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds.”

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were^a two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he 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 greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Least I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

^a *Were*.—The original has *heare*: the correction is by Theobald.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now ; the senate have concluded To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?'

Pardon me, Cæsar : for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason 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:—

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, 't is 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.*

SCENE III.—*The same.* A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Secrecy gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.* Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

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

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

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

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

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. Prithee, listen well.
I hear a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

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

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

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

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him ?

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

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

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing

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

[*Exeunt.*





[Roman Matron.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*But what of Cicero?*”

“THEY durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.”

² SCENE I.—“*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*”

“After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy.”

³ SCENE I.—“*Let not our looks,*” &c.

“Furthermore the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by

manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake, all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because

she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I, being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

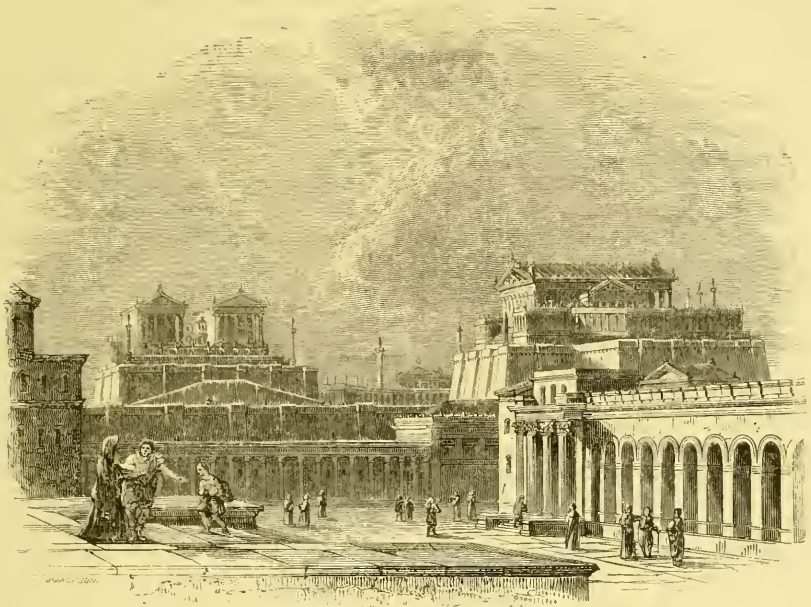
⁴ SCENE I.—"*Here is a sick man,*" &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

⁵ SCENE II.—"*Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,*" &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his man-

ner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; in-somuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day; and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that when he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate, but in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and, furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."



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.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great
Cæsar.

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

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.
All the Senators rise.¹

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

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

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

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

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

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

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

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

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat 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-ordination, and first decree, Into the law^b of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished; If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him, I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.^c

^a Address'd—ready.

^b Law.—The original has *lane*,—an easy misprint for *lawe*.

^c In Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' there is the following passage, referring to Shakspeare: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line; and maintains that Shakspeare did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power which sometimes required him to punish. We believe Jonson was as good a judge of the sense in which words were intended to be used;

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; Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: 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?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

and that, although the expression was somewhat forced, Shakspeare meant Cæsar to say that even the wrongs he did should not be questioned, for his motives had a justice in them which authorized the commission even of wrong.

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 : so tell them, Publius.

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

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

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is 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 ; 't is but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.^a

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,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords : Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ; And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

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

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their^b country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :

Brutus shall lead : and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say : Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest : Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving : Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him ; Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

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

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ; I never thought him worse.

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

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit* Servant.]

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

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

Re-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 : 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,

^a The modern editors give this speech to Cassius.

^b Their in the original—the modern reading is *our*.

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

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

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, 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;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

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, 't is 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.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

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

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

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

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

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

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: Do not consent
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:—
I will myself into the pulpit first,

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

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

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

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

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

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

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
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

^a We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text is invariably corrupted in all modern editions into—

"O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

^b *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which a declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*²

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 public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

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! 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 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 shall do to

Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

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 be crown'd in Brutus.

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, oh!

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 public chair.

We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

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

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain: We are bless'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 judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *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, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *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 stoues, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is 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'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

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

Cit. The will! the testament!

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

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

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

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

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

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

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

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

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, 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 statue,^a
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint^b of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but be-
hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

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 sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,
—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there;—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and
honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

^a *Statue.*—In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration.

^b *Dint*—impression.

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 public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,^a nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which your 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 conspira-
tors!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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; 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.
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 anything.

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.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*³

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

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 wisely.

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

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

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are
fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

^a *Wit.*—The folio of 1623 has *writ*—that of 1632 *wit*. *Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of understanding.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

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

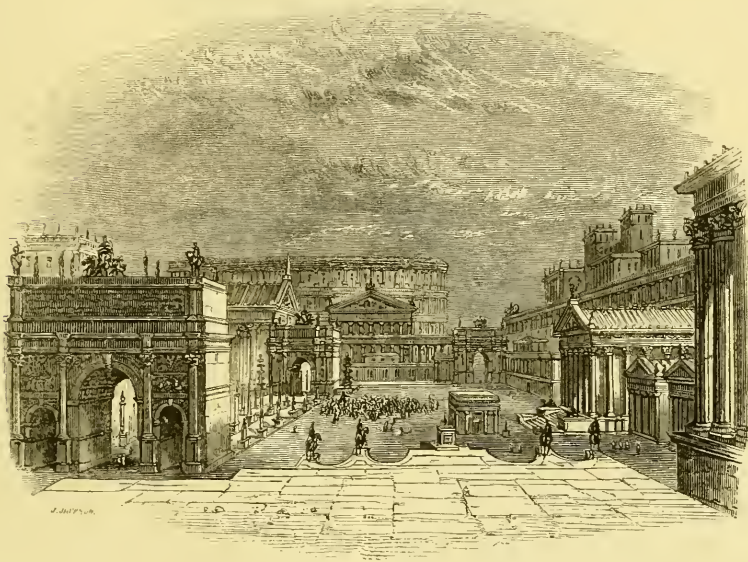
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.^a

^a Through a most extraordinary licence, or indolence in the

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

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

collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in all modern editions.





[Roman Consul.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *All the Senators rise.*”

“ A SENATOR called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out. * * * * * When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed

plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's

hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again."

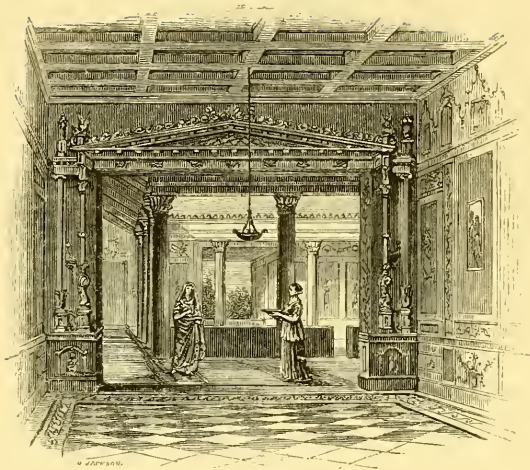
2 SCENE II.—"*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*"

"A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. * * * * * Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that

his body should be honourably buried, and not in lugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murderers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

3 SCENE III.—"*Enter Cinna, the Poet.*"

"There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar had him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place."



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*^a

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.¹

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,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I
damn him.

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

^a The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription.—(See Illustration.)—But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

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,
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,
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,^a
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make
head:

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;^b
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

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

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the
Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,
and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS
meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!^c

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

^a In the original there is a full point at the end of this line; and in modern editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows: This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts; and he proposes to read *object arts*. This is something too violent; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon? It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

"On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion."

^b We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly:—

"Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out."
This is the common reading. Malone reads,

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost."

^c *Stand, ho!*—This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to *stand here*.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

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

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand
I shall 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 used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

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

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

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.²

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

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

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs^a softly,—I do know you
well:—

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

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

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

Bru. Lucilius, do you^a the like; and let no
man
Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the tent of Brutus.*^b

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

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

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

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

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

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 cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

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

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

Cas. Brutus, bait^a not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

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

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

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

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your
proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

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

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

Cas. I durst not?

^a *Bait*.—So the original. Steevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspeare uses the word here as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

“Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?”

^a Steevens omits *you*.

^b This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shaksperian theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage. — See *Othello*. Illustration of Act v.)

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash

By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—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.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
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 beest a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied 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.

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

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O, Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful?

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

Poet. *[Within.]* Let me go in to see the gen-
erals;

There is some grudge between them, 't is not
meet

They be alone.

Luc. *[Within.]* You shall not come to them.

Poet. *[Within.]* Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals: What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

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

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

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

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

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 'scaped I killing when I cross'd
you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark An-
tony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

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'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

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

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

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

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

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

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. ^a Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. 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,
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 as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

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

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'T is 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,

^a Steevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse," by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic.

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
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now 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 erept 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 'twixen our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and
sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

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

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good
sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

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

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

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

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

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

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

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?³

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?

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?

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
criedst out?

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

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see
anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1 SCENE I.—“*These many then shall die.*”

“ALL three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius’ will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.”

2 SCENE II.—“*Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.*”

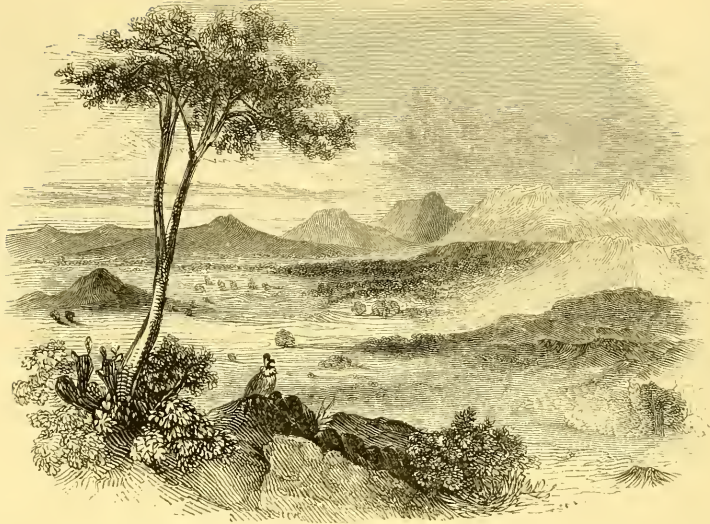
“About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: * * * This Phaonius at that time, in spite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

‘My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.’

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. * * * The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, * * * for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: * * * and therefore he greatly reprovèd Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meet to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority.”

3 SCENE III.—“*How ill this taper burns!*”

“But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night.”



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^a us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show:

^aTo warn—to summon.

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

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

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. 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.

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;^a
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen 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,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

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

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

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 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?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that, against my will,¹
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^a
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give 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?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

^a Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a licence warranted by the best examples. Our language in becoming more correct has lost something of its spirit.

^b *Three-and-thirty.*—The ordinary reading is *three-and-twenty*; which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

^a *Former ensign.*—The ensign in the van.

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

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

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
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;
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, 't is 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.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
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.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;²
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

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

[*Exit.*]
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
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,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

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! they shout for joy.^a
[*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

"Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he 's ta'en;—and
hark!
They shout for joy."

That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now, Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

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

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

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

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

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child! Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd, Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel, and darts 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 everything. 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 Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [*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, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field.— Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:— 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, 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 over-
powered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.³

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general :—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough ;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth ; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness, I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see wher Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.⁴

Cl. Statilius show'd the torchlight ; but, my
lord,
He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the
word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.—[*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall^a I do such a deed ?

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a
word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

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

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest 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 to-
gether ;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my
lord. [*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying
here.

Bru. Farewell to you—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

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

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly !*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.^b

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VO-
LUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

^a Steevens omits *shall*.

^b The same authority here adds *thence*.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. 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?

Str. 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.

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

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good^a Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

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

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

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

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.*]

^a He here omits *good*. These three examples are very sufficient specimens of the mode in which the received text of Shakspeare is made up.



[Medal of Brutus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 SCENE I.—“*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*” &c.

“WHEN they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. * * * And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcasses. * * * The which began somewhat to alter Cassius’ mind from Epicurus’ opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to fry this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. * * * But Brutus, in contrary manner, did always before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. * * * Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek,—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was), to ‘jeopard’ the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus’ and Cassius’ camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest

and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle.”

2 SCENE III.—“*Fly further off, my lord.*”

“So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus’ horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius’ chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all: for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken

of the enemies, he then spake these words:—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, escaped from that overthrow. But then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more: whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the mean time, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he 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 breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder.”

3 SCENE IV.—“*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*”

“So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for where-soever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself:—I am come

unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.”

4 SCENE V.—“*Come, poor remains of friends,*” &c.

“Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

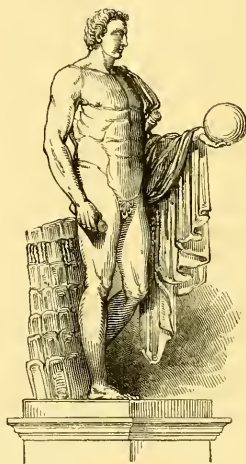
‘Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;’—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand 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 said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, we must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having

said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium."



[Pompey's Statue.]



ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective. The positive errors are very few. Some obscure passages present themselves; but, with one or two exceptions, they are not such as to render conjectural emendation desirable.

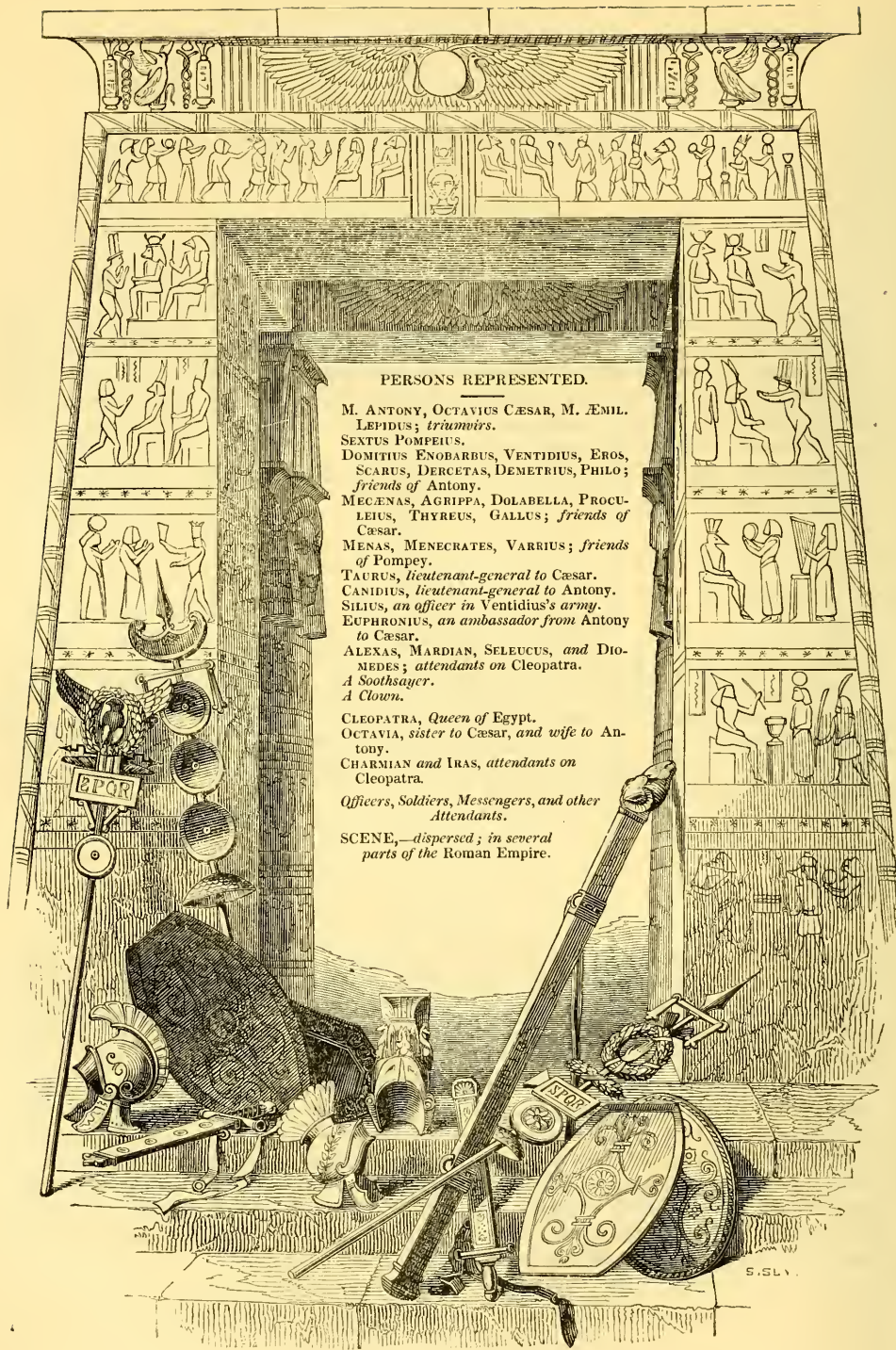
We have already stated our views of the chronology of this tragedy, in the Introductory Notices to Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE Life of Antonius, in North's Plutarch, has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius. That this may be properly felt we have given very copious extracts from the Life of Antonius, as Illustrations of each Act.

COSTUME.

FOR the costume of the Roman personages of this play, we, of course, refer our readers to the Notice prefixed to that of Julius Cæsar: but for the costume of Egypt during the latter period of Greek domination we have no satisfactory authority. Winkelman describes some figures which he asserts were "made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts; while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages." But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the costume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on Egyptian Antiquities published in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson: but it would be worse than useless for us to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL.
LEPIDUS; *triumvirs.*
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS,
SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO;
friends of Antony.
MÆCENAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCU-
LEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS; *friends of*
CÆsar.
MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS; *friends*
of Pompey.
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony*
to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIO-
MEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to An-*
tony.
CHARMIAN and IRAS, *attendants on*
Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.
SCENE,—*dispersed; in several*
parts of the Roman Empire.



[Room in Cleopatra's Palace.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, renegues^a all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple^a pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—

Ant. Grates me:^b—The sum.

^a *Renegues*—renounces. This is usually spelt *reneges*; but Coleridge suggested the orthography we have adopted, which gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *lague*. Steevens proposes to read *ren-eyes*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense.

^a *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in *All's Well that Ends Well* we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

^b *Grates me*—offends me;—is grating to me.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, ' Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, An-
tony.—

Where's Fulvia's process ?^a Cæsar's, I would
say.—Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays
shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide
arch

Of the raug'd empire^b fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weat^c
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.^d—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-
night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives

^a *Process*—summons.

^b *Rang'd empire.* Capell, the most neglected of the com-
mentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose
parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-
built edifices." He refers to a passage in Coriolanus,—

"Bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin."

^c *To weat*—to know.

^d Johnson explains this as if *but* had the meaning of *except*
—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in
commotion. Monck Mason objects to this ; and interprets
the passage,—*if* but stirred by Cleopatra. Surely the mean-
ing is more obvious. Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of
what he will be. He will be himself ; but still under the
influence of Cleopatra ; and to show what that influence is,
he continues, "Now, for the love of Love," &c.

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people.¹ 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, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a
Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen ? O, that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must change^a his horns with
garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that
know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving than be-
lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with
drinking.

^a *Change*—vary—give a different appearance to. *Change* is
the word of the original. Warburton and others propose to
read *charge*.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

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: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile^a every wish, a million.

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

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

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

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

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, 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 worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune;—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow 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

^a Fertile. The original has *foretel*. The emendation, which is very ingenious, was made by Warburton.

of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here,^a at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exit CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.²

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drove them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. 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.—'T is thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,

^a Steevens here introduces *madam*, "as a proper cure for the present defect in metre."

Extended^a Asia from Euphrates ;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. 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,

Is as our earing.^b Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such
an one ?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 *Mess.* 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

The opposite of itself ;^c she 's good, being gone ;

^a *Extended*—seized upon. In North's Plutarch we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short. Drayton, for example,—

"That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates*."

^b Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds* ; and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds ?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust ; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther : the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough ; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earring."

^c Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course ; which, rising in the east, and by revolution lower-

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her
on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women : We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if
they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die : It were pity to cast them away for nothing ;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment : I do think there is mettle in death, which
commits some loving act upon her, she hath
such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love : We
cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and
tears ; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report : this cannot be cun-
ning 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 won-
derful piece of work ; which not to have been
blessed 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 sacri-
fice. 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, that
when old robes are worn out there are members
to make new. If there were no more women
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented ; this grief is crowned with
consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new
petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an
onion that should water this sorrow.

ing, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself." But, taking revolution simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean (and this is the interpretation of Steevens) that the pleasure of to-day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself.

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

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

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part.^a For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

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

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

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

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine,
and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-
ness,

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 stay-
ing,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst 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 with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

^a Some of the commentators would read "*leave* to part." To get her *love*, here, is to prevail upon her love that we may part.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown
to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pom-
pey,
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 safe^a my
going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils^b she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
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.^c

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:^d Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel^a victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 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: from Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy^b
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You
shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:

^a *Laurel.* The use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.

^b All the modern editions omit *of*, reading "the queen Ptolemy."

^a *Safe*—render safe.
^b *Garboils*—disorders, commotions; probably derived from the same source as *turmoil*.

^c This passage is usually pointed with a colon after "well;" and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, "such is Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health." We follow the punctuation of the original, which is more consonant with the rapid and capricious demeanour of Cleopatra.—I am quickly ill, and I am well again, so that Antony loves.

^d *Egypt*—the queen of Egypt.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let's grant it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
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 be-
comes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils,^a when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

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 fear'd^b by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying^c the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

^a *Soils*—defilements, taints. The original has *foils*, which Malone amended.

^b *Fear'd* in the original: the general reading is *dear'd*. But it must be remembered that Cæsar is speaking; and that, in the notions of one who aims at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous.

^c *Lackeying*—the original has *lacking* (not *lashing* as the commentators state); but the reading is evidently corrupt, and we may properly adopt Theobald's emendation of *lackeying*.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menebrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth re-
volt:

No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious vassals.^a When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me^b 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 meantime

^a *Vassals*. The spelling of the original is *vassails*. The modern reading is *vassals*. Now, in three other passages of the original, where the old English word *vassal* is used it is spelt *vassals*. *Vassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.

^b *Assemble me*. So the original. The modern reading is *assemble we*; and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

"What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker."

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason !

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has : 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed ?

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do
nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done :
Yet I have 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^a of men.—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, ' Where 's my serpent of old
Nile ?'

For so he calls me : Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony !

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl :—His speech sticks in my
heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, ' The firm Roman to great 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 an arm-gaunt^a steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes

Of hot^b and cold : he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man ; but
note him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Beest thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

^a *Arm-gaunt.* So the original. Some propose to read *termagant* ; but *arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour ; and the epithet therefore is not to be lightly replaced by any other.

^b *Hot.* So the original. Steevens reads *heat*.

^a *Burgonet*—helmet. In Henry VI. we have, " I wear aloft my *burgonet*."

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

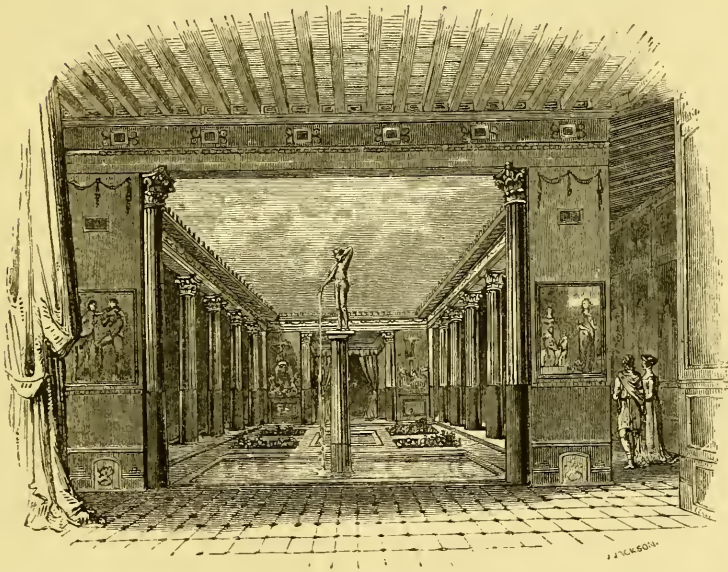
Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Scene IV. Atrium in Cæsar's House.]



[Medal of Antony and Cleopatra.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*To-night we ’ll wander through the streets,*” &c.

IN this, and the subsequent Illustrations in each act, the quotations are from North’s Plutarch, unless otherwise distinguished.

“But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men’s windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid’s array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men disliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look.”

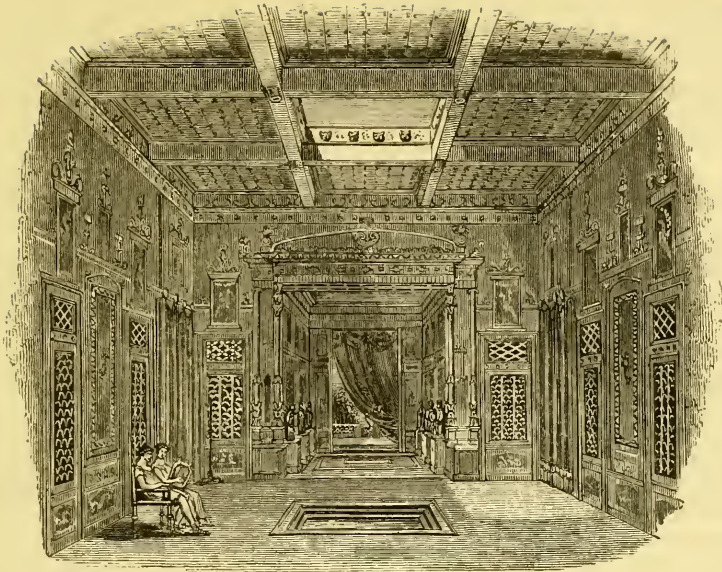
² SCENE II.—“*Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.*”

“Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred

sail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicion: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easier made friends again.”

³ SCENE IV.—“*When thou once wast beaten from Modena,*” &c.

“Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do; but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and dislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before.”



[Room in Pompey's House.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

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, decays

The thing we sue for.

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:

The people love me, and the sea is mine; My power 's a crescent,^a 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? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter A better ear.—Menas, I did not think

^a The original has "My powers are crescent." The use of *it* in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive. The correction, which we give in the text, was made by Theobald.

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm

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 pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope^a
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd^b upon him ; 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,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves ;

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 to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of
Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is 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 shave 't to-day !

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose^a well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble part-
ners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is 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.^b

Cæs. Nay, then.

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 sound
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
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

^a *Compose*—agree—come to agreement.

^b In the modern editions a note of admiration is here put, it being explained by Steevens that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated. That invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone that they each desired the other to be seated ; and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

^a *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect*. Chaucer employs the word in this sense ; but the inaccuracy of this use was exemplified in Shakspeare's time, by Puttenham, who quotes the speech of the Tanner of Tamworth to Edward IV. : "I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow."

^b *Warr'd*. The original, by a typographical error, has *warr'd*.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,^a
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects
of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your
excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable,^b 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; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

^a This is the reading of the original; but the ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been

"As matter whole you have *not* to make it with."

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us—if you'll *patch* a quarrel so as to seem the *whole* matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

^b *Uncurable*. The modern octavo editions have all, without the slightest authority, *uncurable*.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I re-
quir'd them;
The which you both denied.

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. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore
speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.^a

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,¹
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

^a This is most probably an illusion to the old saying "as silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison amongst our ancient writers.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.^a

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 mar-
riage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, ' Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly 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 's 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 ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing :
But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-
cænas !—my honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there : Is
this true ?²

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we
had much more monstrous matter of feasts,
which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,³ she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed ; or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you :

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick : with them the oars
were silver ;^a

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

^a The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause at *love-sick*. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-sick with them." The reading which the old punctuation gives is surely more poetical.

^a *Of rashness*—on account of rashness.

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings:^a at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
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.

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 public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 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
sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in
my tongue: But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine?⁴

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou 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, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

^a Warburton proposed to read *adorings*; and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the *adornings* of the original.

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. 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.*]

SCENE 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.

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 the Mount^a
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.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm issore, 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't
come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd^b fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry when
You wanger'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.^s

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. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
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.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!^a If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. 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, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

^a How full of characteristic spirit is this passage, in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original! But the editors are not satisfied with it. According to them, something is wanting both to the sense and to the metre, and so they render it as follows:—

“ 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?”

^a *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum. The original has not the article.

^b *Tawny-finn'd.* The original has *tawny finc.*

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet :'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithæe, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He 's friends with
Cæsar ;

Instate of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :

He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. 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 hates him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. 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.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*—

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run :—
What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
yourself ;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but led ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou
hold there still ?

Mess. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst ;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence :
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mess. 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 !^a—Get thee
hence :

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me ; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint ; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter :—

Go the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination ; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair :—bring me word
quickly.— [*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian,

^a Such is the reading of the original. The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained :—Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee. Several emendations have been proposed ; and one suggested by Monck Mason has been adopted by Steevens :—

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not !—What ? thou 'rt sure of 't ?"

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he 's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas
[To MARDIAN.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me,
Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my cham-
ber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with
drum and trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LE-
PIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBRABUS, MÆCÆNAS,
with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.⁶

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 't will 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,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what
Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would
Have one man but a man ?—And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratiate that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails,
We 'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou
know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house ;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be 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 unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targes 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 brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks
to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, lither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed ;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

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 : 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, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

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.

Pom. I know thee now: How far'st 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, LEPI-
DUS, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—]You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.'

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me ; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety ; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever
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 turned 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, sir. We looked not for
Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married
to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir ?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit
together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity: Octa-
via is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so ; which
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian
dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia
blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said be-
fore, that which is the strength of their amity
shall prove the immediate author of their vari-
ance. Antony will use his affection where it
is ; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard ? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir ; we have used our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley,
lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with
a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their
plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind
i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-
drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out 'no more;' reconciles
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great
men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that
will do me no service, as a partizan I could not
heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and
not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes
where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster
the cheeks.

A senet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MENCÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 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 crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine. A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

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.*]

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 quicksands, 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 though 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,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me, 't is villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must
know,

'T is 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 more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

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. A bears the third part of the world,
man: Seest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would
it were all, that it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,
ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:

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;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall
sing;

The holding^a every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:

^a *Holding*—the burden of the song.

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-house,—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the
boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I'll not
on shore. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR,*
ANTONY, and Attendants.

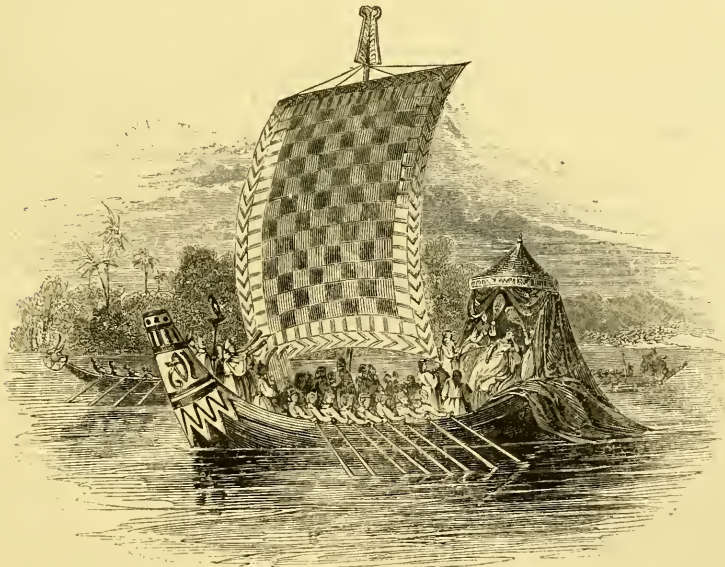
Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*



'The barge she sat in,' &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

1 SCENE II.—“*Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.*”

“The friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister, Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. * * * Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him.”

2 SCENE II.—“*Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.*”

“I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other

great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.”

3 SCENE II.—“*When she first met Mark Antony,*”
 &c.

“The manner how he fell in love with her was this:—Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. * * * * So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, haut-boys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet favour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup

with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

⁴ SCENE III.— "Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?"

"With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome."

⁵ SCENE V.— "'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling," &c.

"On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore she secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing."

⁶ SCENE VI.—"Your hostages I have, so have you mine," &c.

"Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: 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. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily."

⁷ SCENE VII.—"They take the flow o' the Nile," &c.

Shakspeare might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's 'History of Africa,' translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.



[The Promontory of Actium.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia,¹ art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: A lower place note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this,
Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's
away.²

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.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

¹ We print these lines as in the original. Steevens omits *to*, and regulates the passage thus:—

"Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away."

But 't would offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony ?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

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.*]

SCENE 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. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves
Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the non-
pareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;
—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excel-
lent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves
Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
his love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

So,— [*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 ;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it : for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort !^a fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes : It is love's
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;
and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia ?

Oct. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can

Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the^b full of tide,
And neither way inclines^c.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

^a Johnson explains this after a somewhat mystical fashion :
—"May the different elements of the body, or principles of
life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep
you cheerful." It is more probable that the poet only
intended that Cæsar should wish his sister a propitious
voyage.

^b The is omitted in all modern editions ; and thus the
freedom of the rhythm is destroyed, whilst the image is
weakened.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So 's 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^b he wail'd:
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*—

SCENE 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.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. 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?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is
low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is 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.

Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station^a are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. 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 judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear 'st thou her face in mind? is 't
long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried^b him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

^a *Station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.

* Steevens says, without offering any authority, that "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."

^b *Confound*—destroy.

^b *Harried*. To *harry* is to vex, to torment, to annoy; the same as harass: and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hærgan*. The word had originally reference to military plunder and ravage.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 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
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.^a

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,²
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
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.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-
gins,

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.]

SCENE 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
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
rivality; would not let him partake in the glory
of the action: and not resting here, accuses
him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;
upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor
third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, 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?

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 rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

^a We follow the original in the punctuation of these two lines, and in retaining the word *look'd*. The modern reading is—

"When the best hint was given him, he not look'd"; by which we are to understand he did not take the hint. We believe, on the contrary, that although it was hinted to Cæsar when speaking that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and stekly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He *looked* not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he *spoke* from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

Eno. 'T will be naught :
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more ;

In Alexandria^a—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publiely 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,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, quasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' 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. 'T is 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
conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus ?
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation^a of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. 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
My pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract^b 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath as-
sembled

^a *Ostentation* in the original. Steevens reads *ostent*.

^b *Abstract*. This is the word of the original ; and, although it may be used with sufficient licence, it gives us the meaning which the poet would express, that Octavia was something separating Antony from the gratification of his desires. Warburton reads *obstruction* ; but we have no example of such an abbreviation of *obstruction*. There are difficulties in either reading ; and it is better, therefore, to hold to the original, seeing that Shakspeare sometimes employs words with a meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not be justified by example,—but his meaning has always reference to the original sense of the word.

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lyaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome lither:
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 their^a ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of com-
fort;

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^b to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray
you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp near to 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^c my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

^a *Their.* The original has—

“And the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his ministers.”
Here is a false concord; and to correct it we ought to read
make their. But the modern editors read *make them*, which
is a deviation from the principle upon which a correction can
be authorized.

^b *Regiment*—government, authority.

^c *Forspoke*—spoken against.

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Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd^a against us, why
should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely^b lost; the mares would
bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle An-
tony;

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 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.⁴

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 it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in^c Toryue?—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?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

^a The modern reading is—

“Is 't not? Denounce against us why should not we.”

We follow the original, the meaning of which is, if there be
no especial denunciation against us, why should we not be
there?

^b *Merely*—entirely.

^c *Take in*—gain by conquest.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:⁵
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No dis-
grace
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
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is de-
seried;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impos-
sible?

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!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;⁶
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,^a
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.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time 's with labour: and
throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 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, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

^a *Distractions*—detachments.

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle^a of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,^b
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid^c nag of
Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst of the
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize^d upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
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. 'T is 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, though my
reason

Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon 't,

It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come
hither,^a

I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :^a—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 ;
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :

My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them

For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straight-
way :

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,
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 ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes :—He, at Philippi,
kept

His sword e'en like a dancer ;^b while I struck

^a In *Macbeth* we have—

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace."

Here is the same image ; but *lated* and *letted* each have the sense of obstructed, hindered.

^b A passage in *All's Well that Ends Well* explains this allusion :—

"Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with."

^a *Cantle*—a portion. See *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act III., Scene 1.

^b *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.

^c *Ribald-rid*. The original has *ribaudred*.

^d *The brize*—the gad-fly.

The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,^a and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No
matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen ap-
proaches ;
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her ;
but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;

A most noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ?
See,

How I convey my shame 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,
And thou shouldst tow me after : O'er my
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them
rates

All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-
master,

Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—
Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

^a Made war by lieutenants.

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from An-
tony.—
Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :
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 EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. 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.^a

Cæs. Be it so : Declare thine office.

Eup. 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 for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there ; This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

To try thy eloquence, now 't is 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
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning,
Thyreus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

^a Capell explains this passage thus: "The sea, that he (the dew-drop) arose from."

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.^a

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges

Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered^b question : 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithce, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so
she will yield

Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled 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 there-
fore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd,^a sword against sword,
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar
will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworler.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast sub-
dued

His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.¹⁰

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my
women !

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square.

[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, 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 ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.^b

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore,
he,

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

^a Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hammer reads "drink and die;" Tyrwhitt proposes to read "wink and die." We may here very safely trust to the original.

^b *Mered.*—Mere is a boundary ; and to mere is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb.

^a Johnson explains the passage thus : "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."

^b This is the reading of the second folio. The first edition has "Further than he is Cæsar's."

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 art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you 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,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am
prompt

To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is 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 to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father,
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—
Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I
cried 'ho!'

Like boys unto a muss,^a kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and
whip him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

^a A muss—a scramble.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest
tributarities

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony.—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*

You were half-blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'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?^a

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth; ^b drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a frag-
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should
be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were

^a Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia: "One that looks on feeders" is one that bestows favours on servants. *Eaters, feeders*, were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has clearly shown, in a note to 'The Silent Woman,' that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus,—by one that looked on whilst others fed.

^b We follow the original punctuation. The ordinary reading is

"The wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;"

the only recommendation of which appears to be that it gives occasion for a note by Steevens, emulating many others that have rendered the variorum edition of Shakspeare one of the filthiest books in our language. If there be a possibility of distorting Shakspeare into indelicacy, Steevens in his own name, or under the disguise of Amner or of Collins, never misses the opportunity.

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare^a about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried 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:
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me
angry;

And at this time most easy 't is to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[*Exit THYREUS.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrestre moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first
stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the discandering^a of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,^b threat'ning most
sealike.

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;
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night:^c call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once
more;

Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night
I 'll force

^a *Discandering*.—This is the word of the original; but the invariable modern reading is *discandying*. Theobald, treating the original as a corruption, "reformed the text;" and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next act. But how is it used?"

"The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,
On blossoming Cæsar."

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandying*. We refer our readers to a note in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 1., Scene III., upon the passage "Other ventures he hath *squandered* abroad." To *squander* is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:—

"They drive, they *squander* the huge Belgian fleet."

To *dis-scander*, we believe, then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, "frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation or partition, and augmenting the force of those words." We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original *discandering*, in the sense of *dis-squandering*.

^b *Fleet*. The old word for *float*.

^c *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing. A gaudy day in the Universities and Inns of Court is a feast day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—

"A foolish utensil of state,
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day 's
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all."

^a *Yare*—nimble.

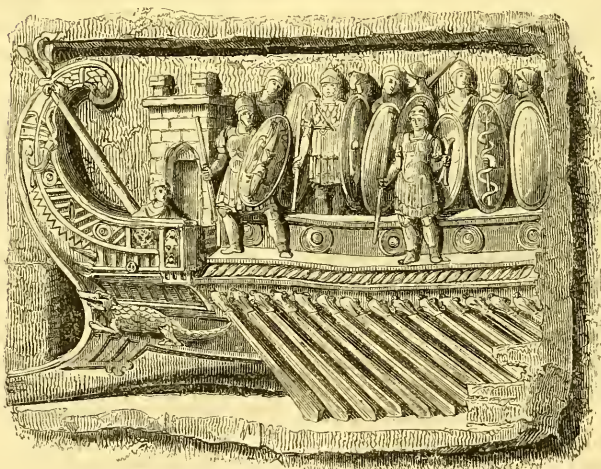
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
 my queen ;
 There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I 'll make Death love me ; for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

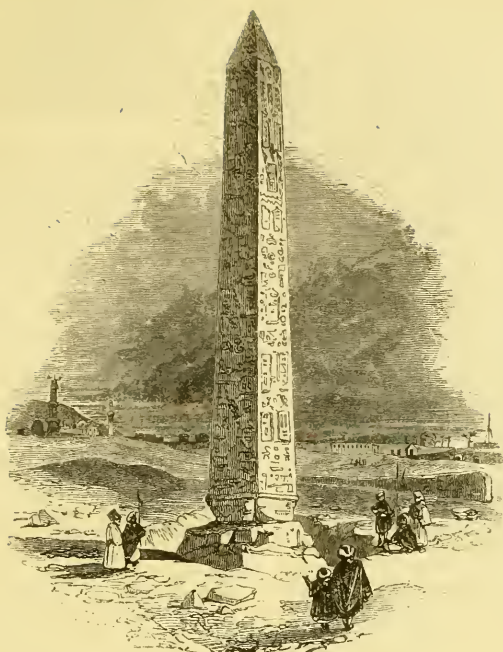
Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To
 be furious,

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 rea-
 son,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
 Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]



[Prow of a Roman Galley.]



[Cleopatra's Needle.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

1 SCENE I.—“*Now darting Parthia,*” &c.

“IN the mean time Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius's displeasure by it. * * * * Having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family, who only

came to that he attained unto through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet, to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves.”

2 SCENE IV.—“*A more unhappy lady,*” &c.

“But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail; and because those of Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went further unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. She put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mecenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and

with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

³ SCENE VI.—"*In Alexandria.*"

"And to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans; for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships she lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again,—That for Lepidus, he had indeed despoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for

the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain."

⁴ SCENE VII.—"*'Tis said in Rome,*" &c.

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius's empire."

⁵ SCENE VII.—"*Your ships are not well mann'd.*"

"Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did press by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundisium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius, on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before."

⁶ SCENE VII.—"*O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.*"

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these

vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself."

⁷ SCENE VIII.—"*Naught, naught, all naught!*"

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships, for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction."

⁸ SCENE IX.—"*Friends, come hither.*"

"Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carects, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar."

⁹ SCENE X.—"*Let him appear that's come from Antony.*"

"They sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. * * * Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country."

¹⁰ SCENE XI.—"*A messenger from Cæsar.*"

"Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich."



[Ancient Egyptian Palace.]

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; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.¹

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 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,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight
well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants;² let's to-
night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy
hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;

Thou, a—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks which
sorrow 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

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: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for 't!^b

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!^c

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For I spake to you for your comfort: did desire
you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper;
come,

And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

^a *Thou.* Hammer reads *and thou*, which all the editors follow. They cannot understand how the pause, which is necessary in addressing various persons, stands in the place of a syllable.

^b In *As You Like It* we have the familiar expression "God 'ild you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God reward you. So in the passage before us.

^c These interjections have the sense of *stop*.

SCENE 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?

2 *Sold.* Belike 't is but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, 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.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?³

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does 't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should
this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'T is 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: 'T is
strange. [Exeunt.

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.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

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.—Seest thou, my good
fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Despatch.—O
love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

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 't with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair. Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well
said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic 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 ANTONY, 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,—Butnow,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

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,
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;—despatch: Enobarbus!^a

[*Exeunt.*

^a We follow the words of the original, but not the punctu-
ation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may
possibly mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is
more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says "de-
spatch;" and then, thinking of his revolted friend, pro-
nounces his name. The second folio changes the words,
having "Eros, despatch."

SCENE 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;
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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you saf'd^a 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. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^b my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,
I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

^a *Saf'd*—made safe.

^b *Blows*—swells.

Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 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
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I
have yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan-
tage serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is 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.*]

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.—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the
blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,

Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss

Thy honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy
hand; [To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'
the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap'thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumping.

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 younger^a brown;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold
this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:

Had our great palace the capacity
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;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

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: The
night

Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

^a *Younger.* Steevens omits the epithet in his "regulation of the metre."

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 him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did

Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon
me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

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 sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*

Demurely 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.*

SCENE 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:^a—
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [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; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond
pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:¹
My foul hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
[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^b me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

^a The sentence—

“Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven”—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

“Where their appointment we may best discover.”

The editors allow nothing for the rapidity of utterance, and the modulation with which such parenthetical passages are given upon the stage; and they therefore corrupt the text by the feeble addition of “*Let's seek a spot*, where their appointment,” &c. This is Malone's cobbling. Others give us “*further on*.”

^b *Spaniel'd*. The original has *paniel'd*. The emendation, which is by Hamner, is judicious; and it is supported by the fact that *spaniel* was formerly spelt *paniel*.

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,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy de-
serving,
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, for dolts;^a and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.] 'T is
well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and
I fall

Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa!
[Exit.]

SCENE 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; the boar of Thes-
saly
Was never so emboss'd.

^a We follow the original. The ordinary reading is

“For poor'st diminutives to dolts;”

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the smallest pieces of money. Others read “for *dolts*,” diminutives and dolts each meaning small moneys. We believe that the “poor'st diminutives” are the lowest of the populace, as the “dolts” are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of; or adopt a suggestion by Malone, be shown *forc*, &c.

Char. To the monument ;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument :—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

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 dragon-
ish :

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen
these signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.^a

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought

The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, 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.—

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.^b

Ant. Hence, saucy cunuch ; 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 wouldst
do

Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is
done,

And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck
off ;— [*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides !

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a
while.— [*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.^a—
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for
me :

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze :

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

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

^a T. Warton remarks upon this passage, "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." Whiter adds that "The rack dislimns" is a continuation of the same allusion.

^a The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in King Henry V. :—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love."

Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,

Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me:^a do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd^b arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble counte-
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

^a The passage is regulated thus in the original:—

“When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That, on my command, thou then wilt kill me.”

The ordinary metrical arrangement is—

“When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me.”

We trust our change is an improvement.

^b *Pleach'd*—folded.

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 couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard—how?—O, despatch me.

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.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio.

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio.

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio.

Now, my lord.

Ant.

Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with^b Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

^a The original has *how*, with a note of interrogation. The ordinary reading is *ho!*

^b *Dispos'd with*—made terms with.

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 prithee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

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, sir, 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.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.^a

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,^a

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—dark-
ling stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras,
help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

^a *O sun.* The ordinary reading is "O thou sun." Pope added *thou*.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here imp'rtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,^a
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd^b with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Anto-
ny,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee
up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools:—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd:

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so
high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,^c

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.
—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

^a Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

^b *Brooch'd*—adorned, as with a brooch.

^c Johnson calls this a "despicable line." There are not many such despicable lines in 'Irene.'

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' 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 is fallen; young boys and
girls

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en^a a woman; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.^b—It were for me
To throw my sceptre 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 sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, wo-
men?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart: [To the Guard below.]

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

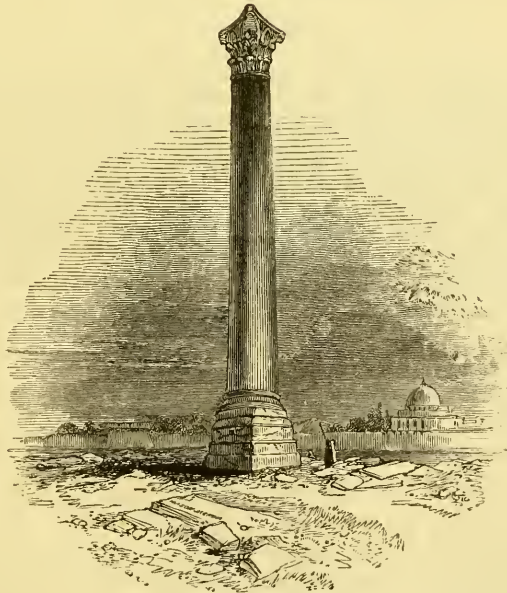
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S
body.]

^a *E'en*. The original has *in*.

^b *Chares*. A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work,—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn. Hence, a charwoman.



[Pompey's Pillar.]



[Pyramid and Sphynx.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.— “*Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die,*” &c.

“So Cæsar came, and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar’s horsemen back, fighting with his men, even into their camp. Then he came 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-at-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; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so.”

² SCENE II.—“*Call forth my household servants.*”

“Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could,

for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Peace, what noise?*”

“Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus’ feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

4 SCENE X.—“*This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.*”

“The next morning by break of day he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar’s men, and then Cæsar’s men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake.”

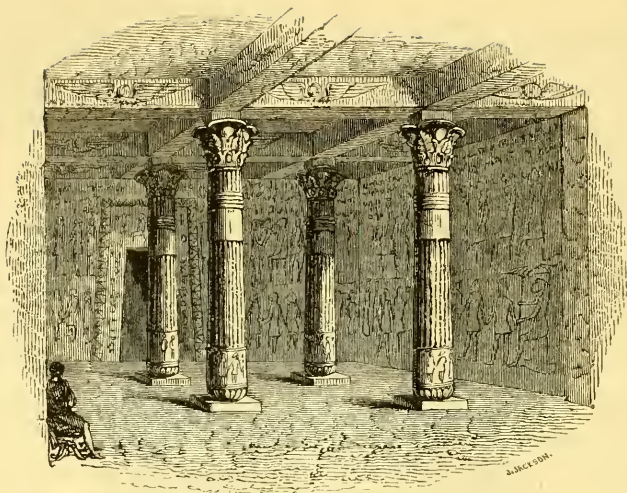
5 SCENE XII.—“*My mistress lov’d thee,*” &c.

“Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. 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 command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master’s foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to de-

spatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men’s arms into the entry of the monument.”

6 SCENE XIII.—“*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*”

“Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, ‘trised’ Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that hade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that 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.”



[Interior of an Egyptian Monument.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by^a]
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou
that dar'st
Appear thus to us?¹

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master: and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:^a—The death of

Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

^a The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them, and Steevens adopts them with some hesitation, saying, "We are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the word *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare." It is difficult, however, to render the passage intelligible without some such words as those inserted.

^a The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities, as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set be-
fore him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:^a—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: 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 did kindle,—that our
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Ourequalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are
you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be gentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.

^a Follow'd thee to this—driven thee to this.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Do-
labella,

To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]
Agr., Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed; 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.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.^a

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
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.^b

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCU-
LEIUS, 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;

^a Malone says, "Our author here (as in King Henry VIII., Act v. Scene 1.), 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." Our readers will recollect what we have so often said about the secondary stage of the old theatre, which contrivance got rid of the difficulty here pointed out. See *Othello*, illustrations of Act v.

^b *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's* is unquestionably *death*; not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar.

You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing: Make your full reference freely to my lord, Who is so full of grace that it flows over On all that need: Let me report to him Your sweet dependency: and you shall find A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness, 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. 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 pitied Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'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.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.²

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

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 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!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither: ^a This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chástis'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 unto me! rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! rather make My country's high pyramids^a my gibbet, And hang me up in chains!

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: 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 dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertyed As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

^a Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "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."

^a *Pyramids*—the Latin plural of pyramid; used as a quadrisyllable.

There was no winter in 't; an autumn^a 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and is-
lands were

As plates^b dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be,
such a man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

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 pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, ME-
CÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?³

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cæs. Arise, 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.

^a *Autumn.* The original has *Antony*; evidently a mistake. The correction was made by Theobald.

^b *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*. So in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,'—

"Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates*?"

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than 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: 't is
yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my
good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! 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, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern^a friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
 me

Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;
 [To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou
 a man,

Thou wouldst 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.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
 ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
 cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
 queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend: And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit 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.

^a Modern—common.

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:
 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 DOL.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
 In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
 With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be encloused,
 And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: Saucy
 lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald
 rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
 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
 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.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
 thee leave

To play till doomsday.—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 denied your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor 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.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit *Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus 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 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 : 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.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted, but in the keeping of wise people : for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson 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 : Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grapes shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men,
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou^a
mortal wretch,

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay—[Falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild^b world ?—So, fare thee
well.—
Now boast thee, Death ! in thy possession lies

^a Steevens omits the impressive thou.

^b Wild. Some of the modern editions have turned this
into wide. Steevens suggests that the true word was wild-
vile.

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown 's awry ;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[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.

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 sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last ;
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their
deaths ?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought
her figs.

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and
spake :

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—

If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

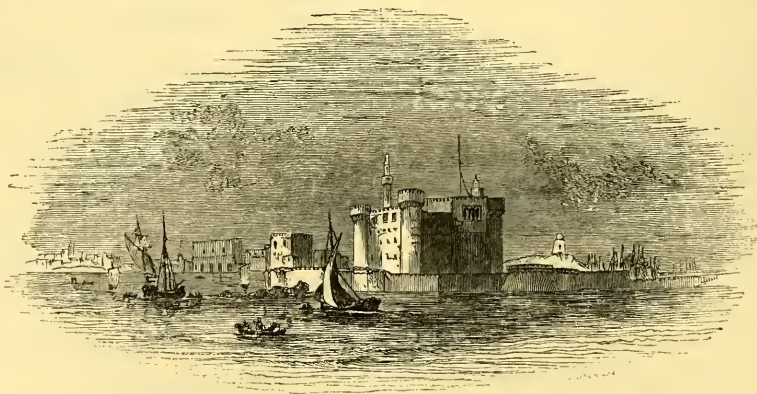
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail : and these
fig-leaves

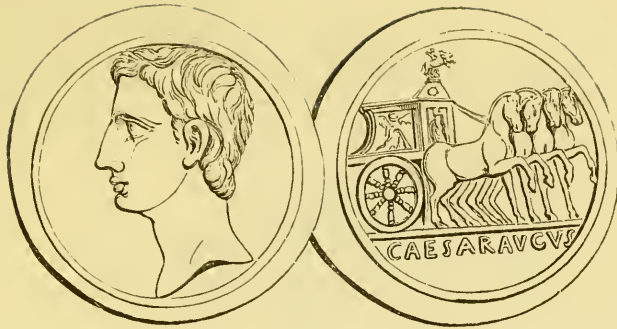
Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable

That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt.*



[Alexandria.]



[Augustus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st.*

Appear thus to us?”

“ AFTER Antonius had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Derce-tæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph.”

² SCENE II.—“ *Guard her till Cæsar come.*”

“ But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the

place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was 'trised' 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 the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw 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 suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, 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 took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her.”

³ SCENE II.—“ *Which is the queen of Egypt?*”

“ Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. * * * * * When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But

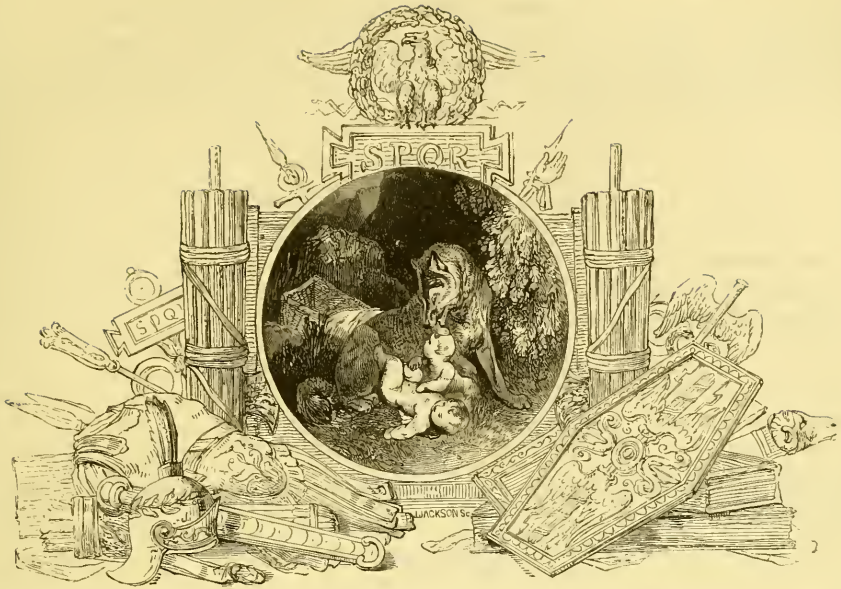
by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favourably. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a 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 unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

4 SCENE II.—

*"Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey."*

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dobbella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table, written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded

them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid 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, tripping the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this asp was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs the asp should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the asp to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the asp, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an asp biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

THE German critic, Horn, concludes some remarks upon Shakspeare's *King John* with a passage that may startle those who believe that the truth of History, and the truth of our great dramatic teacher of history, are altogether different things:—

“The hero of this piece stands not in the list of personages, and could not stand with them; for the idea should be clear without personification. The hero is England.

“What the poet chose to express of his view of the dignity and worth of his native land he has confided to the Bastard to embody in words:—

‘This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.’

But Shakspeare is immeasurably more than *Falconbridge*, and he would have the reader and the spectator more also. These lines are not intended to be fixed upon England at the beginning of the fourteenth century alone; they are not even confined to England generally. They are for the elevation of the views of a state—of a people. Happy for England that she possesses a poet who so many years since has spoken to her people as the highest and most splendid teacher! The full consequences of his teaching have not yet been sufficiently revealed; they may perhaps never wholly be exhibited. We, however, know that in England a praiseworthy zeal for their country's history prevails amongst the people. But who first gave true life to that history?”

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In the three great dramas that are before us, the idea, not personified, but full of a life that animates and informs every scene, is *ROME*. Some one said that Chantrey's bust of a great living poet was more like than the poet himself. Shakspeare's Rome, we venture to think, is more like than the Rome of the Romans. It is the idealized Rome, true indeed to her every-day features, but embodying that expression of character which belongs to the universal rather than the accidental. And yet how varied is the idea of Rome which the poet presents to us in these three great mirrors of her history! In the young Rome of *Coriolanus* we see the terrible energy of her rising ambition checked and overpowered by the factious violence of her contending *classes*. We know that the prayer of *Coriolanus* is a vain prayer:—

“The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Through our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!”

In the matured Rome of *Julius Cæsar* we see her riches and her glories about to be swallowed up in a domestic conflict of *principles*:—

“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?”

In the slightly older Rome of *Antony*, her power, her magnificence, are ready to perish in the selfishness of *individuals*:—

“Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide, arch
Of the rang'd empire fall!”

Rome was saved from anarchy by the supremacy of one. Shakspeare did not live to make the *Cæsars* more immortal.

Schlegel has observed that “these plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he [Shakspeare] found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed.” In our edition of these plays we have given, with great fulness, the passages from *Plutarch*, as translated by *North*, which the poet followed—sometimes even to the literal adoption of the biographer's words. This is the “apparent artlessness.” But Schlegel has also shown us the principles of the “uncommon art:”—“Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history, without in any degree changing them.” But he adopts the literal only when it enters into “the true poetical point of view;” and is therefore in harmony with the general poetical truth, which in many subordinate particulars necessarily discards all pretension of “adhering closely to history.” *Jonson* has left us two Roman plays produced essentially upon a different principle. In his ‘*Sejanus*’ there is scarcely a speech or an incident that is not derived from the ancient authorities; and *Jonson*'s own edition of the play is crowded with references as minute as would have been required from any modern annalist. In his *Address to the Readers* he says—“Lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story.” The character of the dramatist's mind, as well as the abundance of his learning, determined this mode of proceeding; but it is evident that he worked upon a false principle of art. His characters are, therefore, puppets carved and stuffed according to the descriptions, and made to speak according to the very words, of *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*;—but they are not living men. It is the same in his ‘*Catiline*.’ *Cicero* is the great actor in that play; and he moves as *Sallust*, corrected by other authorities, made him move; and speaks as he spoke himself in his own orations. *Jonson* gives the whole of *Cicero*'s first oration against *Catiline*, in a translation amounting to some three hundred lines. It may be asked, what can we have that may better present *Cicero* to us than the descriptions of the Roman historians, and *Cicero*'s own words? We answer, six lines of Shakspeare, not found in the books:—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

“ 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 and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross’d in conference with some senators.”

Gifford, speaking of Jonson’s two Roman tragedies, says—“ He has apparently succeeded in his principal object, which was to exhibit the characters of the drama to the spectators of his days precisely as they appeared to those of their own. The plan was scholastic, but it was not judicious. The difference between the *dramatis personæ* and the spectators was too wide ; and the very accuracy to which he aspired would seem to take away much of the power of pleasing. Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured.”* We presume to think that there is here a slight confusion of terms. If Jonson had succeeded in his principal object, and had exhibited his characters precisely as they *appeared* in their own days, his representation would have been the truth. But he has drawn, according to this intelligent critic, Romans instead of men, and therefore his success was not perfectly assured. Not drawing *men*, he did not draw his characters as they appeared in their own days ; but as he pieced out their supposed appearance from incidental descriptions or formal characterizations—from party historians or prejudiced rhetoricians. If he had drawn *Romans* as they were, he would have drawn *men* as they were. They were not the less men because they were Romans. He failed to draw the men, principally on account of the limited range of his imaginative power ; he copied instead of created. He repeated, says Gifford, “ the ideas, the language, the allusions,” which “ could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius.” He gave us, partly on this account also, shadows of life, instead of the “ living features of an age so distant from our own,” as his biographer yet thinks he gave. Shakspeare worked upon different principles, and certainly with a different success.

The leading idea of *Coriolanus*—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age—under a republic or a monarchy—in England under Queen Victoria, in the United States under President Tyler. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in *Coriolanus* are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy ; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of *Coriolanus*, was probably dealing only with a legend ; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period ; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome ; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch : further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art ; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. A polite democracy, a humane oligarchy, would be better. Johnson somewhat rejoices in the amusing exhibition of “ plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence.” Hazlitt, who is more than half angry on the other side of the question, says—“ The *whole* dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left.” Let us see.

With his accustomed consummate judgment in his opening scenes, Shakspeare throws us at once

* ‘Memoirs of Jonson,’ p. ccxx.—Works, 9 vols.

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into the centre of the contending classes of early Rome. We have no description of the nature of the factions; we behold them:—

“ 1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish.
Cit. Resolved, resolved!
 1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to
 the people.
Cit. We know 't, we know 't.
 1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own
 price.
Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done.”

The foundation of the violence is misery;—its great stimulant is ignorance. The people are famishing for want of corn;—they will kill one man, and that will give them corn at their own price: the murder will turn scarcity into plenty. Hazlitt says that Shakspeare “spared no occasion of baiting the rabble.” If to show that misery acting upon ignorance produces the same effects in all ages be “baiting the rabble,” he has baited them. But he has not painted the “mutinous citizens” with an indiscriminating contempt. One that displays a higher power than his fellows of reasoning or remonstrance, and yet is zealous enough to resist what he thinks injustice, says of Caius Marcius,

“ Consider you what services he has done for his country.”

The people are sometimes ungrateful; but Shakspeare chose to show that some amongst them could be just. The people have their favourites. “Worthy Menenius Agrippa” has the good word of the mutinous citizens. Shakspeare gave them no unworthy favourite. His rough humour, his true kindness, his noble constancy, form a character that the people have always loved, even whilst they are rebuked and chastened. But if the poet has exhibited the democratic ignorance in pretty strong colours, has he shrunk from presenting us a full-length portrait of patrician haughtiness? Caius Marcius in the first scene claims no sympathies:—

“ Would the nobility lay aside their rath,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.”

Till Caius Marcius has become Coriolanus, and we see that the popular violence is under the direction of demagogues—the same never-varying result of the same circumstances—we feel no love for him. It is under oppression and ingratitude that his pride becomes sublime. But he has previously deserved our homage, and in some sort our affection. The poet gradually wins us to an admiration of the hero, by the most skilful management. First, through his mother. What a glorious picture of an antique matron, from whom her son equally derived his pride and his heroism, is presented in the exquisite scene where Volumnia and Valeria talk of him they loved, according to their several natures! Who but Shakspeare could have seized upon the spirit of a Roman woman of the highest courage and mental power bursting out in words such as these?—

“ *Vol.* His bloody brow
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, 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: 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.”

This is a noble preparation for the scenic exhibition of the deeds of Caius Marcius. Amidst the physical strength, and the mental energy, that make the triumphant warrior, the poet, by a few of his magical touches, has shown us the ever-present loftiness of mind that denotes qualities far beyond those which belong to mere animal courage. His contempt of the Romans who are “beaten back,” and the “Romans with spoils,” is equally withering. It is not sufficient for him to win one battle. The force of character through which he thinks that nothing is done whilst anything remains to do, shows that Shakspeare understood the stuff of which a great general is made. His remonstrance to Cominius—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

“Where is the enemy? Are you lords o’ the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?”—

is not in Plutarch. It is supplied to us by a higher authority—by the instinct by which Shakspeare knew the great secret of success in every enterprise—the determination to be successful. One example more of the skill with which Shakspeare makes Caius Marcius gradually obtain the uncontrolled homage of our hearts. The proud conqueror who rejects all gifts and honours, who has said,

“I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember’d,”

asks a gift of his superior officer:—

“*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man’s house; he us’d me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o’erwhelm’d my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.”

We now see only the true hero. He realizes the noble description of the “Happy Warrior” which the great poet of our own days has drawn with so masterly a hand:—

“Who, doom’d to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature’s highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives,
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, render’d more compassionate.”

We have forgotten the fierce patrician who would make a quarry of the Roman populace.

And this, we suppose, is what Hazlitt objects to in Shakspeare’s conduct of this play. The character of Coriolanus rises upon us. The sufferings and complaints of his enemies are merged in their factious hatred. “Poetry,” says the critic, “is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right.” Now we apprehend that Shakspeare has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare’s insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—“Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years’ service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy.” But in his representation of this fact Shakspeare had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is “bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean.” He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation. He betrays his contempt for the canvassed, even whilst he is canvassing:—

“I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; ’t is 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 counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.”

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The satire is not obsolete. The desperation with which he at last roars out his demand for their voices, as if he were a chorus mocking himself and the people with the most bitter irony, is the climax of this wonderful exhibition :—

“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
 I have seen and heard of ; for your voices
 Have done many things, some less, some more : your
 voices :
 Indeed, I would be consul.”

The people have justice enough to elect the man for his deeds ; but they have not strength enough to abide by their own election. When they are told by the Tribunes that they have been treated scornfully, they can bear to be rebuked by their demagogues—to have their “ignorant election” revoked—to suffer falsehoods to be put in their mouth—to be the mere tools of their weak though crafty leaders. It is Shakspeare's praise, in his representation of this plebeian and patrician conflict, that he, for the most part, shows the people as they always are—just, generous, up to a certain point. But put that thing called a demagogue amongst them,—that cold, grovelling, selfish thing, without sympathies for the people, the real despiser of the people, because he uses them as tools,—and then there is no limit to their unjust violence. In the subsequent scenes we see not the people at all in the exercise of their own wills. We see only Brutus and Sicinius speaking the voice, not of the people, but of their individual selfishness. In the first scene of the third act the Tribunes insult Coriolanus ; and from that moment the lion lashes himself up into a fury which will be deadly. The catastrophe is only deferred when the popular clamour of the Tarpeian Rock subsides into the demand that he should answer to them once again in the market-place. The mother of Coriolanus abates something of her high nature when she counsels her son to a dissembling submission :—

“*Fal.* 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,
 But with such words as are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.”

This is the prudence even of an heroic woman ; but she fears for her son. She is somewhat lowered by the instruction. But the poet knew that a real contempt for the people, allied to a strong desire for the honours which the people have to bestow, must produce this lip-service. Coriolanus does not heed the instructions of his mother. He approaches temperately to his questioners ; he puts up vows for the safety of Rome from the depths of his full heart ; he is in earnest to smother his pride and his resentment, but the coarse Tribune calls him “traitor.” There can be but one issue ; he is banished.

Some of the historians say that, although Coriolanus joined the enemies of his country, he provoked no jealousies amongst the native leaders of those enemies ; that he died honoured and rewarded ; that his memory was even revered at Rome. Shakspeare probably knew not this version of the legend of Coriolanus. If he had known it he would not have adopted it. He had to show the false step which Coriolanus took. He had to teach that his proud resentment hurried him upon a course which brought evils worse than the Tarpeian Rock. And yet we are compelled to admire him ; we can scarcely blame him. It has not been our good fortune to see John Kemble in this his greatest character : if we had, we probably should have received into our minds an embodied image of the moral grandeur of that scene when Coriolanus stands upon the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, and says—

“My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
 To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
 Great hurt and mischief.”

The words are almost literally copied from Plutarch ; but the wondrous art of the poet is shown in the perfect agreement of these words with the minutest traits of the man's character which had preceded them. The answer of Aufidius is not in Plutarch ; and here Shakspeare invests the rival of Coriolanus with a majesty of language which has for its main object to call us back to the real greatness of the banished man :

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

“ Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married : never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; 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.”

Brief and rapid is their agreement to make war upon Rome. In the great city herself “ Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends,” according to the Tribune ; no harm can come to Rome ; the popular authority will whip the slave that speaks of evil news. Shakspeare again “ baits the rabble,” according to Hazlitt ; though he reluctantly adds, “ what he says of them is very true :”—

“ *Cit.* Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 't was 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.”

When Shakspeare made Coriolanus ask the freedom of the poor man that had used him kindly he showed the tenderness that was at the bottom of that proud heart. When Rome is beleaguered Cominius reports thus of his unsuccessful mission to her banished son :—

“ *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, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.”

His old general and companion in arms touched nothing but his pride. Menenius, his “belov'd in Rome,” undertakes a similar mission. The answer of Coriolanus is—

“ Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others.”

But the moment that Coriolanus has declared to Aufidius

“ Fresh embassies
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.”

his mother, his wife, his child appear. But he will stand

“ As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.”

What a scene follows ! The warrior is externally calm, as if he were a god, above all passions and affections. The wondrous poetry in which he speaks seems in its full harmony as if it held the man's inmost soul in a profound consistency. But the passion is coming. “ I have sat too long” is the prelude to

“ O mother, mother,
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.”

Volumnia speaks no other word. The mother and the son, the wife and the husband, the child and the father, have parted for ever. The death of Coriolanus in the “goodly city” of Antium is inevitable :—

“ *Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

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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."

The struggle for power amongst the CLASSES of young Rome ends in the death of the proud patrician by the swords of those whom he had conquered. He had presented his throat to Tullus Aufidius,

"Which not to cut would show thee but a fool."

But Aufidius would first use him who said he would fight

"Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends."

The retribution is a fearful one. Hazlitt observes, "What Shakspeare says of them [the rabble] is very true; what he says of their betters is also very true; *though he dwells less upon it.*" Shakspeare teaches by action as well as by words. The silly rabble escape with a terrible fright: Coriolanus loses his home, his glory, his life, for his pride and his revenge.

Years, perhaps centuries, had rolled on. Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Shakspeare, in the opening scene of his Julius Cæsar, has marked very distinctly the difference between the citizens of this period, and the former period of Coriolanus. In the first play they are a turbulent body, without regular occupation. They are in some respects a military body. They would revenge with their pikes: the wars would eat them up. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, they are "mechanical"—the carpenter or the cobbler. They "make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph." The speech of Marullus, the Tribune, brings the Rome of the hour vividly before us. It is the Rome of mighty conquests and terrible factions. Pompey has had his triumphs; and now the men of Rome

"Strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood."

But the triumphant man himself appears. When he speaks, the music and the shouts are silent. When he speaks not, the air is again filled with sounds of greeting. There is a voice in the crowd, "shriller than the music." The Soothsayer cries, "Beware the Ides of March;" but "he is a dreamer." The procession passes on; two men remain who are to make the dream a reality. Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend.

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Cassius does not, like a merely crafty man, use only the arguments to conspiracy which will most touch Brutus; but he mixes with them, in his zeal and vehemence, those which have presented themselves most strongly to his own mind. He had a personal dislike of Cæsar, as Cæsar had of him. Cassius begins artfully: he would first move Brutus through his affection, and next through his self-love. He is opening a set discourse on his own sincerity, when the shouting of the people makes Brutus express his fear that they "choose Cæsar for their king." Cassius at once leaves his prepared speeches, and assumes that because Brutus fears it he would not have it so:—

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

Cassius sees that the love which Brutus bears to Cæsar will be an obstacle; and he goes on to disparage Cæsar. He could not buffet the waves with Cassius: when he had a fever in Spain,

"Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'"

Brutus answers not: but marks "another general shout." Cassius then strikes a different note:—

"Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

At last Cassius hits upon a *principle*:—

"O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

The Stoic is at last moved:—

"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."

In the next scene, when Cæsar is returning from the games, the great dictator describes Cassius—the Cassius with "a lean and hungry look," the "great observer,"—as one whom he could fear if he could fear anything. In the subsequent dialogue with Casca, where the narrative of what passed at the games is conducted with a truth that puts the very scene before us, Cassius again strikes in with the thought that is uppermost in his mind. Brutus says that Cæsar "hath the falling-sickness:" the reply of Cassius is most characteristic:—

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

Brutus goes home to meditate. The energy of Cassius is never weary. In the storm he is still the conspirator. The "impatience of the Heavens" furnishes him an argument against the man

"Prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are."

The plot is maturing. Brutus especially is to be won.

Coleridge, who, when he doubts of a meaning in Shakspeare,—or, what is rarer, suggests that there is some inconsistency in the conduct of the scene, or the development of character,—has the highest claim upon our deferential regard, gives the soliloquy of Brutus in the beginning of the second act with the following observations:—"This speech is singular; at least, I do not at present see into Shakspeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight only modified by my experience in how many instances I had ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults)—surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none—in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakspeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity.

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What character did Shakspeare mean his Brutus to be?"* To this question we venture to reply, according to our imperfect conception of the character of Brutus. Shakspeare meant him not for a conspirator. He has a terror of conspiracy:—

" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?"

He has been "with himself at war," speculating, we doubt not, upon the strides of Cæsar towards absolute power, but unprepared to resist them. Of Cæsar he has said, "I love him well;" he now says—

" I know no personal cause to spurn at him."

We are by no means sure of the correct punctuation of this passage as it is usually given. Brutus has come to a conclusion in the watches of the night:—

"It must be by his death."

He disavows, however, any personal hatred to Cæsar:—

" And for my part,
I know no *personal* cause to spurn at him."

He then adds—

"But for the *general*—he would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question."

He goes from the personal cause to the general cause: "He would be crown'd." As a triumvir, a dictator, Brutus had no personal cause against Cæsar; but the name of king, which Cassius poured into his ear, rouses all his speculative republicanism. His experience of Cæsar calls from him the acknowledgment that Cæsar's affections sway not more than his reason; but crown him, and his nature might be changed. We must bear in mind that Brutus is not yet committed to the conspiracy. The character that Shakspeare meant his Brutus to be is not yet fully developed. He is yet irresolute; and his reasonings are therefore, to a certain extent, inconsequential:—

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is instigated from without; the principles associated with the name of Brutus stir him from within:—

" My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

The "faction" come. Cassius and Brutus speak together apart. Let us turn aside for a moment to see how Shakspeare fills up this terrible pause. Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange oaths, and cross hands, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius; and the others, knowing it so depends, speak thus:—

" *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 deceiv'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."

Is this nature? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii, p. 139.

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themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is a real relief, if some accidental circumstance, like

“The grey lines that fret the clouds,”

can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness.

But Brutus is changed. We have no doubt *now* of his character. He is the leader, Cassius the subordinate. He is decided in his course: he will not “break with” Cicero; he will not destroy Antony. We recognise the gentleness of his nature even while he is preparing for assassination:—

“O, that we then could come by Cæsar’s spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar!”

In the exquisite scene with Portia which follows, our love for the man is completed; we learn what he has suffered before he has taken his resolution. There is something more than commonly touching in these words:—

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

The pathos in some degree depends upon our knowledge of the situation of the speaker, which Portia does not know.

The scenes which we have now run over bring us to the end of the second act. Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand; and we have furnished the ready means of doing so in our Illustrations. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvass; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian’s picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakspeare’s mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says—“Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him.” The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hazlitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakspeare in this play, says—“If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his ‘Commentaries.’ He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot.” The echoes of this opinion are many; and the small critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says—“There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare’s deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them.” Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of Henry VIII., the somewhat bold assertion “that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters.” Upon the character of Julius Cæsar he says that Plutarch having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is “a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakspeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble.” This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakspeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself

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a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At *the exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied:—

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor:—

"I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear: for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims—

"The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth."

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language," which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife—

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

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakspeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?—

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

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other circumstances of Cæsar's life, suggested this:—"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." We have already noticed the skill with which Shak-

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spere, upon a very bald narrative, has dramatized the last sad scene in which Cæsar was an actor. The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful—

“ I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he
Let me a little show it.”

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

We have seen the stoic Brutus—in reality a man of strong passions and deep feelings—gradually warm up to the great enterprise of asserting his principles by one terrible blow, for triumph or for extinction. The blow is given. The excitement which succeeds is wondrously painted by the poet, without a hint from the historian. The calm of the gentle Brutus is lifted up, for the moment, into an attitude of terrible sublimity. It is he who says—

“ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !”

From that moment the character flags; the calmness returns; something also of the irresolution comes back. Brutus is too high-minded for his position. Another comes upon the scene; another of different temperament, of different powers. He is not one that, like Brutus, will change “offence” to “virtue and to worthiness” by the force of character. He is one that “revels long o' nights.” But he possesses courage, eloquence, high talent, and, what renders him most dangerous, he is sufficiently unprincipled. Cassius knew him, and would have killed him. Brutus does not know him, and he suffers him “to bury Cæsar.” The conditions upon which Brutus permits Antony to speak are Shakspeare's own; and they show his wonderful penetration into the depths of character :—

“ You shall not in your funeral speech blame me,
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.”

The opportunity is not lost by Antony. Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play :—“ Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it : that of Brutus certainly is not so good.” In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

“ I am no orator as Brutus is.”

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory : when he addresses the conspirators—“No, not an oath;” and after the assassination—“Stoop, Romans, stoop.” He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this :—

“ I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.”

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And he docs show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "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'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—“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.” The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote ‘A Fragment on Shakspeare,’ in a style sufficiently hyperbolic, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that “the barbarian,” Shakspeare, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony’s speech he thus expresses his opinion:—“Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better.” There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

“In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,”

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

“Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.”

He is already preparing in mind for “the pulpit.” He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the “reason of our Cæsar’s death.” He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspeare knew, and he painted Antony. Another great poet made the portrait a description:—

“He seem’d
For dignity compos’d and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp’d manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear.”

The end of Antony’s oratory is perfect success:—

“Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!”

The rhetoric has done its work: the conflict of principles is coming to a close; the conflict of individuals is about to begin; it is no longer a question of republican Rome, or monarchical Rome. The question is whether it shall be the Rome of Antony, or the Rome of Octavius; for Lepidus there is no chance:

“This is a slight unmeritable man.”

But even he is ready to do his work. He can proscribe; he can even consent to the death of his brother, “upon conditions.” He requires that “Publius shall not live.” Antony has no scruples to save his “sister’s son:”—

“He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.”

Such an intense representation of selfishness was never before given in a dozen lines. What power have Brutus and Cassius to oppose to this worldly wisdom? Is it the virtue of Brutus? Of him who

“Condemn’d and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians.”

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Of him who

“ Had rather be a dog and bay the moon ”

than

“ Contaminate his fingers.”

Of him who says—

“ I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!”

No; the man of principles must fall before the men of expediency. He can conquer Cassius by his high-mindedness; for Cassius, though somewhat politic, has nobility enough in him to bow before the majesty of virtue. Coleridge says—“ I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius.” This language has been called idolatry: some critic we believe says “ blasphemous;” yet let any one with common human powers try to produce such a scene. The wonderful thing in it, and that which,—in a subsequent sentence, which we scarcely dare quote,—Coleridge points out, is the complete preservation of character. All dramatic poets have tried to imitate this scene. Dryden preferred his imitation, in the famous dialogue between Antony and Ventidius, to anything which he had written “ in this kind.” It is full of high rhetoric, no doubt; but its rhetoric is that of generalizations. The plain rough soldier, the luxurious chief, reproach and weep, are angry and cool again, shake hands, and end in “ hugging,” as the stage direction has it. They say all that people would say under such circumstances, and they say it well. But the matchless art of Shakspeare consists as much in what he holds back as in what he puts forward. Brutus subdues Cassius by the force of his moral strength, without the slightest attempt to command the feelings of a sensitive man. When Cassius is subdued he owns that he has been hasty. They are friends again, hand and heart. Is not the knowledge of character something above the ordinary reach of human sagacity when the following words come in as if by accident?—

“ *Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.
Cass. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cass. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?”

This is not in Plutarch.

The shade of Cæsar has summoned Brutus to meet him at Philippi. The conversation of the republicans before the battle is well to be noted:—

“ *Cass.* 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?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind.”

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The parallel passage in Plutarch is as follows:—

“ Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I *trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune.”

The critics say that Shakspeare makes Brutus express himself inconsistently. He will await the determination of Providence, but he will not go bound to Rome. Mr. Courtenay explains how “the inconsistency arises from Shakspeare’s misreading of the first speech; for Brutus, according to North, referred to his opinion against suicide as one that he had entertained in his youth, but had now abandoned.” This writer in a note also explains that the perplexity consists in North saying *I trust*, instead of using the past tense. He then adds,—“Shakspeare’s adoption of a version contradicted not only by a passage immediately following, but by the event which he presently portrays, is a striking instance of his careless use of his authorities.”* Very triumphant, no doubt. Most literal critics, why have you not rather confided in Shakspeare than in yourselves? When he deserts Plutarch he is true to something higher than Plutarch. In Brutus he has drawn a man of speculation; one who is moved to kill the man he loves upon no personal motive, but upon a theory; one who fights his last battle upon somewhat speculative principles; one, however, who, from his gentleness, his constancy, his fortitude, has subdued men of more active minds to the admiration of his temper and to the adoption of his opinions. Cassius never reasons about suicide: it is his instant remedy; a remedy which he rashly adopts, and ruins therefore his own cause. Brutus reasons against it; and he does not revoke his speculative opinions even when the consequences to which they lead are pointed out to him. Is not this nature? and must we be told that this nicety of characterization resulted from Shakspeare carelessly using his authorities; trusting to the false tense of a verb, regardless of the context? “But he contradicts himself,” says the critic, “by the event which he presently portrays.” Most wonderfully has Shakspeare redeemed his own consistency. It is when the mind of the speculative man is not only utterly subdued by adverse circumstances, but bowed down before the pressure of supernatural warnings, that he deliberately approaches his last fatal resolve. What is the work of an instant with Cassius is with Brutus a tentative process. Clitus, Dardanius, Volumnius, Strato, are each tried. The irresistible pressure upon his mind, which leads him not to fly with his friends, is the *destiny* which hovers over him:—

“*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear’d to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.”

The exclamation of Brutus over the body of Cassius is—

“The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!”

Brutus himself is the last assertor of the old Roman *principles*:—

“This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.”

* ‘Commentaries on the Historical Plays,’ vol. ii. p. 255.

The scene is changed. The boldest, perhaps the noblest, of the Roman triumvirs has almost forgotten Rome, and governs the Asiatic world with a magnificence equalled only by the voluptuousness into which he is plunged. In Rome, Octavius Cæsar is almost supreme. It is upon the cards which shall govern the *entire* world. The history of *individuals* is henceforth the history of Rome.

“Of all Shakspeare’s historical plays,” says Coleridge, “Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful.” He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, “The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello.”* The epithet “wonderful” is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder. We can comprehend it, reduce its power to some standard, only by the analysis of a *part*. Mrs. Jameson has adopted this course in one of her most brilliant ‘Characteristics of Women.’ Treading in her steps timidly, we may venture to attempt a companion sketch to her portrait of ‘Cleopatra.’ It is in the spirit of the play itself, as the last of the Roman series, that we shall endeavour to follow it, by confining ourselves as much as may be to an *individual*. We use the word in the sense in which Mr. Hare uses it, after some good-natured ridicule of the newspaper “individuals:”—a man “is an individual, so far as he is an integral whole, different and distinct from other men; and that which makes him what he is, that in which he differs and is distinguished from other men, is his individuality, and individualizes him.”†

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar’s mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, “This was a man.” We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the “masker and the reveller;” we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes: Cæsar thus apostrophizes him:—

“When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew’st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought’st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer.”

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

“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.”

This is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene. Rome is to him nothing. He will hear not its ambassadors:—

“There’s not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now.”

But “a Roman thought hath struck him.” He does hear the messenger. Labienus has overrun Asia. He winces at the thought of his own inertness, but he will know the truth:—

“Speak to me home: mince not the general tongue.”

* ‘Literary Remains,’ vol. ii., p. 142.

† ‘Guesses at Truth,’ p. 139

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Another messenger comes. Brief is his news:—

“ Fulvia thy wife is dead;”

and brief is the question which follows:—

“ Where died she ?”

The comment shows the man:—

“ There 's a great spirit gone : *thus did I desire it.*”

We learn why he did desire it, in the scene with Cleopatra, in which he announces his departure. Often has he heard, from the same lips, the bitter irony of

“ What says *the married woman ?*”

He has been bound to Cleopatra not only by her “ infinite variety,” but by her caprice and her force of ridicule. His moral power is as weak as his physical courage is strong. Cleopatra paints the magnificent soldier and the infatuated lover in a few words:—

“ The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burghet of men. He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring ‘ Where 's my *serpent* of old Nile ?
For so he calls me.”

He has fled from Cleopatra, but he sends her his messenger:—

“ All the east, }
Say thou, shall call her mistress.”

In this temper he meets Cæsar, and he marries Octavia.

The interview between Antony and Cæsar is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar—the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune, and yet apparently so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony—all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least five hundred lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or an elevation of the voice. It is solid business throughout. Antony, we might think, was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion. Wonderfully has he described Cleopatra; and when Mecænas says,

“ Now Antony must leave her utterly.”

the answer is prophetic:—

“ Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

Against this power Enobarbus knows that the “ beauty, wisdom, modesty” of Octavia will be a fragile bond. And Antony knows this himself. He knows this while he protests,

“ I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule.”

And yet he is not wholly a dissembler. Shakspeare has most skilfully introduced the soothsayer, at the moment when Antony's moral weakness appears to have put on some show of strength. He found the incident in Plutarch; but he has made his own application of it:—

“ Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.”

Therefore,

“ I will to Egypt.”

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

To establish an independent throne?—to entrench himself against the power of Augustus in an Asiatic empire? No.

“ And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I’ the east my pleasure lies.”

The reckless, short-sighted voluptuary was never drawn more truly. His entire policy is shaped by his passion. The wonderful scene in which his marriage with Octavia is made known to Cleopatra assures us that in the extremest intemperance of self-will he will have his equal. Cleopatra would have Antony unmarried,

“ So half my Egypt were submerg’d, and made
A cistern for scal’d snakes.”

According to Enobarbus, the unmarrying will scarcely be necessary for her gratification:—

“ *Eno.* Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.
Mcn. Who would not have his wife so?
Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark
Antony.”

The drinking scene between the Triumvirs and Pompey is one of those creations which render Shakspeare so entirely above, and so utterly unlike, other poets. Every line is a trait of character. We here see the solemn, “unmeritable” Lepidus; the cautious Cæsar; the dashing, clever, genial Antony. His eye dances; his whole visage “doth cream and mantle;” the corners of his mouth are drawn down, as he hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling:—

“ *Lep.* What manner o’ thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it
bath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its
own organs,” &c.
“ *Lep.* ’T is a sharp serpent.”

The revelry grows louder and louder, till “the Egyptian bacchanals” close the scene. Who can doubt that Antony bears “the holding” the loudest of all?—

“ As loud
As his strong sides can volley.”

These are not the lords of the world of the French tragedy. Grimm, who, upon the whole, has a leaning to Shakspeare, says—“Il est assez ridicule sans doute de faire parler les valets comme les héros; mais il est beaucoup *plus ridicule encore* de faire parler aux héros le langage du peuple.”* To make them drunk is worse even than the worst of the ridiculous. It is impossible to define such a sin. We think, with Dogberry, it is “flat burglary as ever was committed.” Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak “the language of the people.” Upton says—“Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. * * * * * This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony’s speeches.”† Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover that knew no limits to his devotion because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia’s weeping at the parting with her brother?—

“ The April’s in her eyes: it is love’s spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.”

And, higher still:—

* ‘Correspondance Littéraire, Troisième Partie,’ tom. i. p. 129.

† ‘Critical Observations,’ p. 100.

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“ Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan’s down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.”

This, we think, is not “the Asiatic manner of speaking.”

Cold is Antony’s parting with Octavia :—

“ Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.”

Rapid is his meeting with Cleopatra. She “hath nodded him to her.” The voluptuary has put on his eastern magnificence :—

“ I’ the market-place, on a tribunal silver’d,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned.”

He rejects all counsel :—“ I ’ll fight at sea.” And so

“ The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance.”

Now comes the generosity of his character—of the same growth as his magnificence and his recklessness. He exhorts his friends to take his treasure and fly to Cæsar. His self-abasement is most profound :—

“ I have offended reputation.”

But he has not yet learnt wisdom. Cleopatra is present, and then—

“ Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won or lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.”

He then becomes a braggart ; he will challenge Cæsar “sword against sword.” Profound is the comment of Enobarbus :—

“ I see, men’s judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.”

Cæsar’s ambassador comes to Cleopatra. He tempts her ;—and it almost looks as if she yielded to the temptation. He kisses her hand, at the instant Antony enters :—

“ Moon and stars !
Whip him.”

This is partly jealousy ; partly the last assertion of small power by one accustomed to unlimited command. Truly Enobarbus says—

“ ’T is better playing with a lion’s whelp,
Than with an old one dying.”

Shakspeare makes this man the interpreter of his own wisdom :—

“ 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.”

Enobarbus *does* leave him. But he first witnesses

“ One of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.”

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Antony puts forth the poetry of his nature in his touching words to his followers, ending in

“ Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration.”

When he hears of the treachery of Enobarbus he again tasks the generosity of his spirit to the utmost :—

“ Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it :
Detain no jot, I charge thee.”

He has driven Cæsar “ to his camp.” All Cleopatra’s trespass is forgotten in one burst of enthusiasm :—

“ My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown ;
Yet ha’ we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth.”

Another day comes, and it brings another note :—

“ All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.”

Cleopatra says truly—

“ He is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield.”

The scene which terminates with Antony falling on his sword is in the highest style of Shakspeare—and that is to give the highest praise. Hazlitt has eloquently said of its magnificent opening—“ This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness.” But, be it observed, the poetry is all in keeping with the character of the man. Let us once more repeat it :—

“ *Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me.
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish :
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body ; here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.”

The images describe the Antony melting into nothingness ; but the splendour of the imagery is the reflection of Antony’s mind, which, thus enshrined in poetry, can never become “ indistinct,”—will always “ hold this visible shape.” Dryden has also tried to produce a poetical Antony, precisely under the same circumstances. We transcribe a passage :—

“ *Ant.* My eyes
Are open to her falsehood : my whole life
Has been a golden dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I 'm like a merchant, rous'd
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman !

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Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake ;
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar."

All for Love, Act V.

We hasten to the end. The magnificence of Antony's character breathes out of his parting spirit:—

" The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' 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."

END OF THE TRAGEDIES.





TITUS ANDRONICUS,

AND

PERICLES;

WITH NOTICES OF THEIR AUTHENTICITY.





TITUS
ANDRONICUS.





[Pontine Marshes, Rome.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

RESERVING the consideration of the external and internal evidence of the authorship of this tragedy, we here supply the facts connected with its publication, and the supposed period of its original production.

The earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of *Titus Andronicus*, appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—‘The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.’

The next edition appeared in 1611, under the following title:—‘The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times bene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Servants. London, printed for Eedward White, 1611.’

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of ‘The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.’ It follows *Coriolanus*; and precedes *Romeo and Juliet*.

The only copy known of the quarto edition of 1600 belongs to Lord Francis Egerton. This copy was collated by Mr. Todd, previous to the publication of the variorum edition of 1803; and the differences between the first and second quartos are inserted by Steevens in that edition. They are very trifling. The variations, on the other hand, between both the quartos, and the folio of 1623, are more important. The second scene of the third act, containing about eighty lines, is only found in the folio; and there are one or two other changes which are evidently the work of an author,

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and not of an editor or printer. We have, of course, noticed them in our foot-notes. In the quartos, also, we have no division into acts, as in the folio. The stage directions, in each copy, are nearly alike; and these we have copied with scarcely any variation. But, with these exceptions, we may say that the folio of 1623 is printed from the quarto of 1611, as that was probably printed from the quarto of 1600. The accuracy of all the copies is very remarkable.

But Gerard Langbaine, in his 'Account of the English Dramatick Poets,' 1691, says of Titus Andronicus, "This play was first printed 4to, *Lond.* 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants." This circumstantiality would show that Langbaine had seen such an edition; and his account is confirmed by an entry in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Feb. 6, 1593: "John Danter. A booke entitled a noble Roman Historie of Tytus Andronicus." This entry is accompanied by the following: "Entered also unto him, by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof." The ballad here entered was most probably that printed by Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;' and which we here insert:—

" You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give care to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fülle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe;
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
To Caesar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slaine, was cast in cruell sie
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruel Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonour unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wish this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The empress then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they,)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines^a a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, serve in stately wise,
Before the empress set this loathsome meat ;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselſe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empress then I slewe with bloody knife,
And stabb'd the emperor immediatlie,
And then myself : even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

Percy has pointed out the variations between this ballad and the tragedy; and inclines to the opinion that the ballad preceded the tragedy, for the reason that it "differs from the play in several particulars; which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian." The terms of the entry of the ballad in the Stationers' Registers—if the ballad printed by Percy be one and the same—would appear to show that the ballad had been in existence longer than the tragedy, for it is assigned by a previous publisher to John Danter, who enters the "booke," or play. We have unquestionable authority, however, that the tragedy was popular as an acted play before 1593, as the ballad may also have had an earlier popularity. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,' first produced in 1614, has a passage which carries the date of Titus Andronicus further back than twenty years from that period:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." We know that Kyd's 'Jeronimo' belongs to the earliest period of our regular drama. It was acted by "the Lord Strange's men" in 1591. Twenty-five years earlier than 1614 would give us the date of 1589 for both plays;—the medium of twenty-five or thirty years would give us the date of 1586-7.

^a *Veines*—humours.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,

QUINTUS,

MARTIUS,

MUTIUS,

} *sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus the tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,

CHIRON,

DEMETRIUS,

} *sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

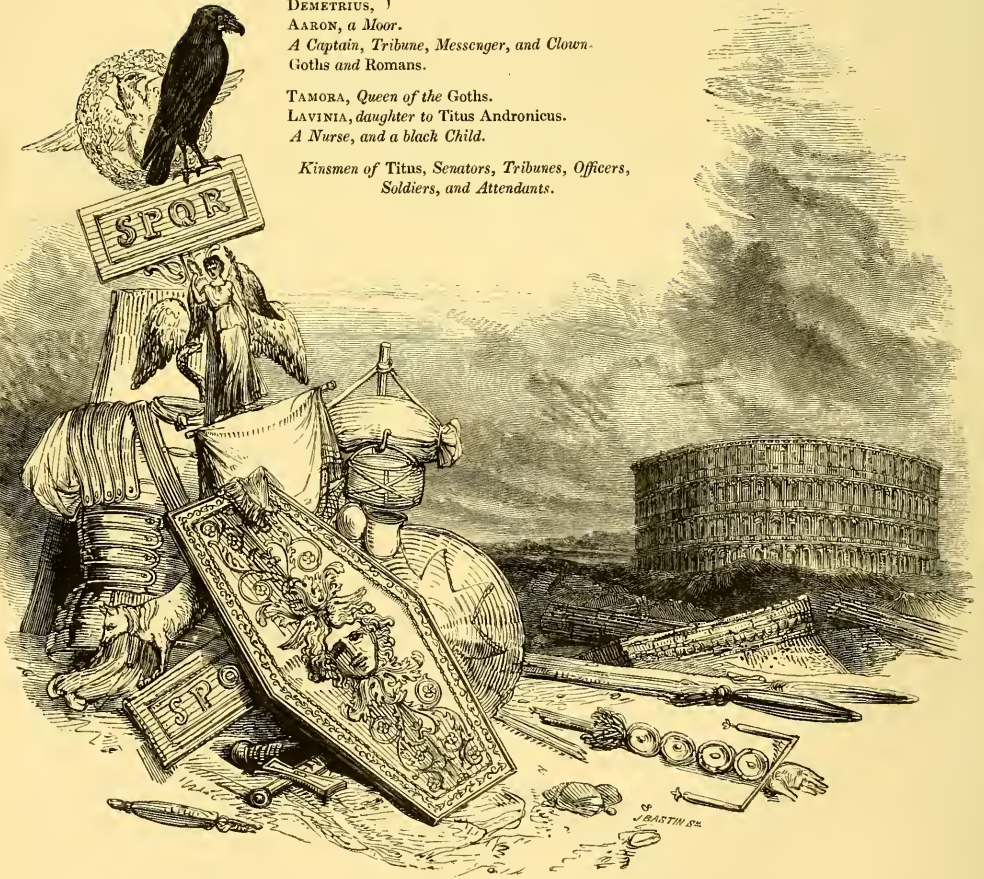
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*





ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords: I am his^a first-born son, that was the last That wore^b the imperial diadem of Rome: Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age^c with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right, If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour to approach Th' imperial seat; to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence, and nobility:

^a *Am his.* The folio, *was the.*

^b *Wore.* The quarto, *ware.*

^c *Age—seniority.*

But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*]

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy^a prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this^b distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:

^a *Earthy*, in both quartos. The folio, *earthly*.

^b *This*, in the folio. The quarto, *his*.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient^a yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are the^b brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire
straight ;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' SONS *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Demet. Oppose not^c Scythia to ambitious
Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of
Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen,)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have per-
form'd

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish.* *Sound trumpets, and they lay
the coffin in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in
rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps :
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus
long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears

I render for my brethren's obsequies :

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed down the earth for thy return to Rome.

O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes^a Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly re-
serv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved bro-
ther,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from success-
ful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,^b

That in your country's service drew your swords.

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament^c of white and spotless hue,

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late deceased emperor's sons :

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.

What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day,

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all ?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

And led my country's strength successfully,

And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country ;

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

^a Patient—as a verb.

^b The, in the folio. The quarto, *their*.

^c *Not.* So the quarto. The folio, *me*.

^a *Fortunes*, in the quarto. The folio, *fortune*.

^b The folio has, "all alike in all."

^c *Palliament*—robe.

But not a sceptre to control the world!^c
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's^a tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, 'Long live our emperor, Saturnine!'

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon^b her espouse:

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor; [To TAMORA.]

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew:
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.]

^a *People's*, in the quarto. The folio, *noble*.

^b *Pantheon*, in the second folio. All the earlier copies,
Pathan.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in
Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Titus kills him.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than
so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her
two Sons, and AARON the Moor.

Sat. No, Titus, no: the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?^a

Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome
I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords,
accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SAT. and his Followers; TAMORA,
and her Sons; AARON, and Goths.]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.

Marc. O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast
done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of
mine,—

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will ac-
company.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake
that word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place
but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my de-
spite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

^a The second folio has—

“Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale,
But Saturnine?”

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself;^a let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself : and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals :
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise !
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome :
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
[*They all kneel and say,*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

Marc. My lord,—to step out of these sudden^b dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus : but I know it is ;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell ;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Yes ; and will nobly him remunerate.^c

^a *With himself*, in the quarto. The folio omits *with*.

^b *Sudden*, in the folio. The quarto, *dearly*.

^c This line, found in the folio, is wanting in the quarto. It is, probably, not intended to be spoken by Titus.

Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons, with the Moor, at one side ; enter at the other side, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,

Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,

My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;

Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir ; you are very short with us ;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know :

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :

'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.

Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak, indifferently for all :

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you.

But on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all ;

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him :

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose ;

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all ;
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
 And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[*The preceding fourteen lines are spoken
 aside.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

King. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath pre-
 vail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable :
 And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his
 highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do pro-
 test.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no
 more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all
 be friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
 here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a
 churl,

I found a friend : and sure as death I swear,^a
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound, we'll give your grace
bon-jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Swear*, in the folio. The quarto, *swore*.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora,
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy
thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

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Away with slavish weeds and servile^a thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,^b
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Demet. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:

^a *Servile*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio, *idle*, and so the quarto of 1611.

^b *Nymph*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio, and the quarto of 1611, *queen*.

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace.

Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advis'd,

Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your
friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I
have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[*They draw.*]

Aaron. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aaron. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all!

Why, lords,—and think you not how dan-
gerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware; and should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the music would not
please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not,
in Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I pro-
pose,
To achieve her whom I do love.

Aaron. To achieve her, how?

Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should he despair that
knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain
snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?^a

Chi. Faith, not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for
that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than^b ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:

^a This line is omitted in the folio: the sense is incomplete
without it.

^b *Then*—in the original copies, *this*.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred^a wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull :
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
 your turns.

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
 eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demet. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Forest.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three Sons, and
 MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and
 horns.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
 grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal ;
 then enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
 LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their at-
 tendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords ;
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say no :

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let
 us have,

And to our sport : madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
 game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
 nor hound ;
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I
 had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy :
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
 thou sad,

When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
 The birds chant melody on every bush ;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping^a noise :
 And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
 While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your
 desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine :

^a Sacred—in the Latin sense, accursed.

^a Yelping. So the folio—commonly, yelling.

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venerable signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be.

Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,

Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,

Had I the power that some say Dian had,

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,

'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,

And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;

'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestered from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but^a with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness: I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;

Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I^b patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs him.*]

Chi. And this for me struck home to show my strength. [*Stabs him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

^a *But.* The edition of 1600 has this word.

^b *Have I.* The original copies, *I have.*

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs
to her;

First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope, braves your mighti-
ness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your
glory

To see her glow, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove my-
self a bastard?

Lav. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a
lark:

Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with
her!

Lav. O let me teach thee! For my father's
sake,

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That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman,
let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too
long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly
creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring
thou her husband:

[*Dragging off* LAVINIA.]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make
her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it
bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*]

Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briars,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,^a

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quint. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

^a *Hart.* In the quarto of 1600.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The plot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She gives SATURNINE a letter.*]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree :
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to TITUS] fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life :
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accused, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail :

For by my father's reverent tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk
with them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;

And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my cause,^a I should go hang myself.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt DEMET. and CHI.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,^b
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

^a *Cause.* So the old editions. In modern copies, *case*.

^b So the folio. The quarto of 1600,

“A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met.”

He would not then have touch'd them for his
life.

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's
eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[*Exeunt.*]





[Scene I.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.*]

For these, tribunes,^a in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad
tears:

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

^a Malone reads "good tribunes."

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did
hear

They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me:^a

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless^b to the
stones,

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax,^c tribunes more hard than
stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh, happy man, they have befriended
thee:

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble^d eyes to
weep,

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon
her:

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
thee?

Marc. Oh, that delightful engine of her
thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done
this deed?

Marc. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the
park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrequiring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;

And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madd'd me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

^a So the folio of 1623. The quarto of 1600—

“Or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.”

The quarto of 1611 omits “Yet plead I must,” but retains
“All bootless unto them.”

^b *Bootless* is omitted in modern editions.

^c *As soft wax.* So the folio: the quartos, “soft as wax.”

^d *Noble.* The common reading is *aged*.

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they
kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd like^a meadows yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us that have our tongues

Plot some device of further misery

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at
your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I
wote

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;

As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the em-
peror

Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the king: he, for the same,

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my
hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you,

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not de-
fended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?^a

Oh, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle: let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall
go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my
hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them
both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

^a *Castle.* Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

^a *Like.* The old copies have *in*. Rowe made the change.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be is
despatch'd:

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand;
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean: oh, how this villainy

[*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. Oh, here I lift this one hand up to
heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt^a thou kneel with
me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,^b
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:^c
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

^a *Wilt*, in the folio; the quartos, *would*.

^b *Possibilities*, in the folio, and quarto of 1611. That of
1600, *possibility*.

^c *Blow*, in the second folio. The earlier copies, *flow*.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-
paid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal;

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfort-
less,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
end?

Marc. Now farewell flattery: Die Androni-
cus;

Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control my^a griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threaten me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.

^a *My*, in all the early copies. Theobald changed it to *thy*.
We see no necessity for the change.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear.
 And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these
 things.^a

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth :

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay ;
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
 The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome :
 Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again :
 He leaves^b his pledges, dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
 But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs :
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A
 Banquet set out.*^c

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young
 LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no
 more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of
 mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 And^d when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—

^a Things in the folio. The quartos, *arms*.

^b *Leaves*. The old copies have *loves*. Rowe made the
 change, which appears judicious.

^c This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson
 says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The
 poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose
 was wanting.

^d *And*. The original has *who*.

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !
 [To LAVINIA.]
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
 beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus
 to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote
 already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of
 hands ;—

To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
 Lest we remember still that we have none.—
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
 Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she
 says ;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her
 cheeks :—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
 heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy mean-
 ing.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
 laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of
 tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a
 fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are ^a cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
 I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
 Poor harmless fly!
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast
 kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

^a *Are* is omitted in the original.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
 Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought
 on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS; *then* Young LUCIUS, *and* LAVINIA *running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her. Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her son than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see :
Which is it, girl, of these ? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :
Come, and take choice of all my library ;
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What book ?^a

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think she means that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :
Or else to heaven she leaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! How^b busily she turns the leaves !
Help her : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall
I read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes^c
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?
See, see ! Ay, such a place there is where we
did hunt,

(O had we never, never hunted there !)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit
down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.

My lord, look here ; look here, Lavinia.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with feet and mouth.*]

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,

This, after me. I have writ my name,^a
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift !
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and
guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath
writ ?

'Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Ta-
mora,

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord ; although
I know

There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.

My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,^b

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it
alone ;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where 's your lesson then ? Boy, what say
you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy ; thy father hath
full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

^a This hemistich is found only in the folio, and is omitted
in modern editions.

^b *How.* The early copies read *so*. The modern reading
is, *See how*. The pause after *Soft* is a metrical beauty.

^c *Quotes*—observes, searches through.

^a The modern editors read—

"This after me, *when* I have writ my name."

^b *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband. (See Illustrations
of Henry IV., Part I., Act 1.)

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both :
Come, come, thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I 'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come ; Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court :
Ay, marry will we, sir ; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens ! can you hear a good man
groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his extasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS *at one door ; at another door* Young LUCIUS *and* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I
may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus ;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the
news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that 's
the news,^a

For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May
it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bad me say :
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

^a This line is omitted in the folio ; a typographical error, which has arisen through the preceding line ending with the same word.

You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both : [*Aside*] like bloody
villains. [*Exeunt* Boy and Attendant.]

Demet. What 's here ? a scroll ; and written
round about ?

Let 's see :

' *Integer vita, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'*

Chi. O 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace ;^a right,
you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here 's no sound jest ! the old man hath found
their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick :
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. [*The
preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*]

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demet. But me more good, to see so great a
lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman
dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to
say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the
gods,
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils ; the gods have
given us over.

[*Aside.* *Trumpets sound.*]

Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flou-
rish thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demet. Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter Nurse, *with a blackamoor child.*

Nurse. Good morrow, lords ;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor ?

^a *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just ! A verse," &c.

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron. Out, you a whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse.]

Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood:

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.^a

Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.^b

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

^a *Out you* is the reading of the folio. The quartos, *Zounds, ye.*

^a *Ignominy*, in the folio; the quartos, *ignomy.*

^b *Leer*—complexion, hue.

And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords : When we^a join
in league

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed^b boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :

Two may keep counsel when the third's away :
Go to the empress, tell her this I said :

[*He kills her.*

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? where-
fore didst thou this ?

Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives,^c my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack^d with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
with secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing
off the Nurse.*

^a The ordinary reading is, "all join."

^b *Chafed*, in the old copies ; the modern reading, *chased*.

^c *Lives*, which is not in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

^d *Pack*—contrive, arrange.

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends :
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, and other
Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the
arrows with letters on them.

Tit. Come, Marcus ; come, kinsmen ; this is
the way :

Sir boy,^a let me see your archery ;

Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there
straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit, be you remember'd,
Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your
tools ;

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find^b
her in the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land :

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah, Rome ! well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd :
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence ;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us con-
cerns,

By day and night t' attend him carefully ;

^a The reading of the second folio is, *Sir boy, now.*

^b *Find.* So the folio, and quarto of 1611 ; that of 1600, *catch.*

And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my mas-
ters?

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have revenge from hell you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with
delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
can bear:

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Mar-
cus. [*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you; here, *ad Apollinem*:

Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,^a
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said,
Lucius! [*They shoot.*]

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the
moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of 'Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when
Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress'
villain:

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lord-
ship joy.^a

*Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons
in it.*

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the
post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that
he hath taken them down again, for the man
must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came
there. God forbid I should be so bold to press
to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take
up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to
serve for your oration; and let him deliver the
pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say
grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplica-
tion?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach
you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver
up your pigeons; and then look for your reward.
I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

^a The old copies read—

“To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine.”

Rowe corrected the passage.

^a The quarto of 1600, “his lordship.” That of 1611 omits
the line, which we print as in the folio.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*]

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at him.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do^a the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath
pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he^b sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd
his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,

^a *As do.* These words were inserted by Rowe.

^b *He.* So the original copies. The antecedent being considered *Justice*, the modern reading is *she*. But the change is scarcely necessary.

Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that helpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much!

Myself hath often heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
 emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
 strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
 thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wing^a

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

^a *Wing.* The originals, *wings.* But the lines are meant to
 rhyme alternately.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises, that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before to be our ambassador;

[*To ÆMILIUS.*

Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him
 best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly,^a and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Successantly* in the old copies; in the modern, *successfully.*





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter Lucius, with an army of Goths, with drum.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
 ' Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do get a coal-black calf :
 Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the
 babe,—

' For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
 devil

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
 And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou
 convey

This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?
 Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ?^a not a word ?
 A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal
 blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder !^b Lucius, save the
 child,

And bear it from me to the empress :
 If thou do this, I 'll show thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear ;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I 'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou
 speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. And if it please thee ? why, assure
 thee, Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and mas-
 sacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd ;
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall
 live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will
 begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st
 no God ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not :
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
 And keeps the oath which by that God he
 swears ;

To that I 'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the
 empress,

Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of
 charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou
 sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that
 trimming ?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
 trimm'd,

And 't was trim sport for them that had the
 doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-
 self !

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct
 them :

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set :
 That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head :
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd ;
 Confederate with the queen and her two sons.
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;

^a The second folio here inserts *no*.

^b *Get me a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all the editions. He may mean, Execute me, but save the child ! In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme
laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous
deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand
more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears:

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends'
door,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not
die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a
devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: What's the news from
Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before TITUS's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguised.*

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock' at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my
talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?^a
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
son lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Ta-
mora;

^a *It action.* So the folio. The quartos, *that accord.*

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes :
Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me

To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands !
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge ;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as
jet,^a

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers^b in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rape and Murder ; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons
they are,

And you the empress ! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*TITUS closes his door.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches ;

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies :
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter *TITUS.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor !
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome as you are : What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Demet. Show me a murderer : I'll deal with him.

Chl. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor ;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee do on them some violent death :
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;

^a Modern editors write the line,

"Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet."

^b *Murderers.* The early copies, *murther.*

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel ;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay ; let Rape and Murther stay
with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you bide
with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose
me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices :
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure : leave us
here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus ; Revenge now
goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAM.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-
ploy'd ?

Tit. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron,
Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ; thou art too much de-
ceiv'd :

The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name ;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius :

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.^a

[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress'
sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.

Stop close their mouths ; let them not speak a
word ;

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.^b

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and
LAVINIA with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are
bound :

Sirs, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius !
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me ;
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin^c I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own^d increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on :
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter ;
And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats : Lavinia, come,

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

^b There is a stage-direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

^c *Coffin*—the crust of a raised pie.

^d The folio omits *own*.

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it,
 And in that paste let their vild heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.
 [He cuts their throats.
 So; now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
 And see them ready against their mother comes.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Titus's House. A Pavilion.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with
 AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's
 mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what
 fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
 Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' a face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

[Flourish.

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and
 TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
 than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
 the parle!^b
 These quarrels must be quietly debated.
 The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
 Hath ordained to an honourable end;
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to
 Rome:
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
 places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys.

Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on
 the table; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face;
 Young LUCIUS, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,
 dread queen;
 Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
 And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
 'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
 To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andro-
 nicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
 were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
 Was it well done of rash Virginius,
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
 Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and de-
 flour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
 shame,
 And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
 A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
 Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and
 unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
 made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
 And have a thousand times more cause than he
 To do this outrage; and it is now done.^a

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did
 the deed?

Tit. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your
 highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daugh-
 ter?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.
 They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
 And they, 't was they, that did her all this
 wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that
 pie,
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

^a *Empress'*, in the quarto of 1600. The quarto of 1611, and the folio, *emperor's*.

^b Begin the parley.

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point. [*He stabs TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*He kills TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed. [*He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.*]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body—

Rom. Lord. Lest^a Rome herself be bane unto herself;

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend, [*To LUCIUS*] as erst
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,

^a *Lest.* The originals, *let.*

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child;

Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd^a as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause^b had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal em-
peror!^c

Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*To Attendants.*]

Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern
so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:

^a *Damn'd.* The old copies, *And.*

^b *Cause.* The earliest copies, *course.* The fourth folio gave the correction.

^c This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
 For nature puts me to a heavy task!
 Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
 Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
 [Kisses TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
 Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
 learn of us
 To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect, then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
 spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
 Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
 Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all
 my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again!
 O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with
 woes!

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and
 famish him:

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
 Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and
 fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
 hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.
 My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument:
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
 No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of^a
 prey:

Her life was beastly^b and devoid of pity,
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on^c Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Of*, in the folio. The quartos, *to*.

^b *Beast-like*, in the folio. The quartos, *beastly*.

^c *On*, in the quartos. The folio, *to*.



NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHENTICITY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE external evidence that bears upon the authorship of Titus Andronicus is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly, or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598,—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, “for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.”

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and “fellows;” and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of Henry VI. to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

NOTICE ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Against this testimony of the editors of the first folio, that Shakspeare was the author of Titus Andronicus, there is only one fact to be opposed—that his name is not on the title-page of either of the quarto editions, although those editions show us that it was acted by the company to which Shakspeare belonged. But neither was the name of Shakspeare affixed to the first editions of Richard II., Richard III., and Henry IV., Part I.; nor to the first three editions of Romeo and Juliet; nor to Henry V. These similar facts, therefore, leave the testimony of Hemings and Condell unimpeached.

But the evidence of Meres that Shakspeare was the author of Titus Andronicus, in the same sense in which he assigns him the authorship of Romeo and Juliet—that of being the sole author—is supposed to be shaken by the testimony of a writer who came nearly a century after Meres. Malone says—“On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet’s plays admitted this into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. ‘I have been told’ (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687), ‘by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakspeare’s], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.’” A few lines further on Malone quotes Langbaine, who refers to this tradition; and he therefore ought to have told us what Langbaine says with regard to Ravenscroft’s assertion. We will supply the deficiency. Langbaine first notices an early edition of Titus Andronicus, now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—“’Twas about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft.” Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his ‘Account of the English Dramatic Poets,’ in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—“Though he would be thought to imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men.” This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakspeare, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to Titus, “That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money;” and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft’s practice “agrees not with his protestation,” by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon plagiaries, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakspeare only gave some master-touches to Titus Andronicus, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived “about the time of the Popish Plot,”—1678. It was first *printed* in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then *suppresses* the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—“I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost*; and, if he desire it, send him the whole:—

‘To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
Shakspear, by him reviv’d, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
Safe from the blast of any critic’s frown.
Like other poets, he’ll not proudly scorn
To own that he but winnow’d Shakspear’s corn;
So far he was from robbing him of’s treasure,
That he did add his own to make full measure.’”

Malone, we think, was bound to have given us all this—if the subject, of which he affects to make light, was worth the production of any evidence. We believe that, with this

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commentary, the tradition of Edward Ravenscroft will not outweigh the living testimony of Francis Meres.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of Titus Andronicus. There are two modes of viewing this portion of the evidence; and we first present it with the interpretation which deduces from it that the tragedy was *not* written by Shakspeare.

We have mentioned in our Introductory Notice to this play—but it is necessary to repeat it—that Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ first acted in 1614, says—“He that will swear Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well.” Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his ‘Reliques of Ancient Poetry:’—“There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson’s ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited ‘five-and-twenty or thirty years;’ which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces.” It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare’s career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of Titus Andronicus thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable; and here, for the present, we leave it.

We can scarcely subscribe to Mr. Hallam’s strong opinion, given with reference to this question of the authorship of Titus Andronicus, that, “in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary.”* The *res ipsa* may be looked upon through very different media by different minds: *testimony*, when it is clear, and free from the suspicion of an interested bias, although it appear to militate against conclusions that, however strong, are not infallible, because they depend upon very nice analysis and comparison, *must* be received, more or less, and *cannot* be doggedly resisted. Mr. Hallam says, “Titus Andronicus is now, by common consent, denied to be, in *any* sense, a production of Shakspeare.” Who are the interpreters of the “common consent?” Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, M. Mason. These critics are wholly of one school; and we admit that they represent the “common consent” of their own school of English literature upon this point—till within a few years the only school. But there is another school of criticism, which maintains that Titus Andronicus is, in *every* sense, a production of Shakspeare. The German critics, from W. Schlegel to Ulrici, agree to reject the “common consent” of the English critics. The subject, therefore, cannot be hastily dismissed; the external testimony cannot be doggedly resisted. But, in entering upon the examination of this question with the best care we can bestow, we consider that it possesses an importance much higher than belongs to the proof, or disproof, from the internal evidence, that this painful tragedy was written by Shakspeare.

* ‘Literature of Europe,’ vol. ii. p. 385.

The question is not an isolated one. It requires to be treated with a constant reference to the state of the early English drama,—the probable tendencies of the poet's own mind at the period of his first dramatic productions,—the circumstances amidst which he was placed with reference to his audiences,—the struggle which he must have undergone to reconcile the contending principles of the practical and the ideal, the popular and the true,—the tentative process by which he must have advanced to his immeasurable superiority over every contemporary. It is easy to place Titus Andronicus by the side of Hamlet, and to say,—the one is a low work of art, the other a work of the highest art. It is easy to say that the versification of Titus Andronicus is not the versification of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is easy to say that Titus raves and denounces without moving terror or pity; but that Lear tears up the whole heart, and lays bare all the hidden springs of thought and passion that elevate madness into sublimity. But this, we venture to think, is not just criticism. We may be tempted, perhaps, to refine too much in rejecting all such sweeping comparisons; but what we have first to trace is relation, and not likeness;—if we find likeness in a single “trick and line,” we may indeed add it to the evidence of relation. But relation may be established even out of dissimilarity. No one who has deeply contemplated the progress of the great intellects of the world, and has traced the doubts, and fears, and throes, and desperate plunges of genius, can hesitate to believe that excellence in art is to be attained by the same process through which we may hope to reach excellence in morals,—by contest, and purification,—until habitual confidence and repose succeed to convulsive exertions and distracting aims. He that would rank amongst the heroes must have fought the good fight. *Energy* of all kinds has to work out its own subjection to principles, without which it can never become *power*. In the course of this struggle what it produces may be essentially unlike to the fruits of its after-peacefulness:—for the good has to be reached through the evil—the true through the false—the universal through the partial. The passage we subjoin is from Franz Horn: and we think that it demands a respectful consideration:—

“A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.

“Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakspeare, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation,—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher,—without the possession of ancient or modern languages,—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances,—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little;—But also with nature, with himself, and with God:—What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatise? Let us not demand anything superhuman: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

“The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakspeare. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon de-

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sired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspeare), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him,—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root,—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this Titus. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in Lear, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion,—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them;—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

The eloquent critic adds, in a note,—“Is it not as if there sounded through the whole piece a comfortless complaint of the incomprehensible and hard lot of all earthly? Is it not as if we heard the poet speaking with Faust—‘All the miseries of mankind seize upon me?’ Or, with his own Hamlet,—

‘How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on’t! O, fie! ’t is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.’

And now, let us bethink ourselves, in opposition to this terrible feeling, of the sweet blessed peacefulness which speaks from out of all the poet’s more matured dramas; for instance, from the inexhaustibly joyful-minded ‘As You Like It.’ Such a contest followed by such a victory!”

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this argument of the German critic is founded upon the simple and intelligible belief that Shakspeare is, in every sense of the word, the author of Titus Andronicus. Here is no attempt to compromise the question, by the common English babble that “Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it.” This is Malone’s opinion, founded upon Ravenscroft’s idle tradition; and in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, “those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced are marked with inverted commas.” This was the system which Malone pursued with Henry VI.; and, as we there endeavoured to show, it was founded upon a most egregious fallacy. The drama belongs to the province of the very highest poetical art, because a play which fully realises the objects of a scenic exhibition requires a nicer combination of excellences, and involves higher difficulties, than belong to any other species of poetry. Taking the qualities of invention, power of language, versification, to be equal in two men, one devoting himself to dramatic poetry, and the other to narrative poetry, the dramatic poet has chances of failure which the narrative poet may entirely avoid. The dialogue, and especially the imagery, of the dramatic poet are secondary to the invention of the plot, the management of the action, and the conception of the characters. Language is but the drapery of the beings that the dramatic poet’s imagination has created. They must be placed by the poet’s power of combination in the various relations which they must maintain through a long and sometimes complicated action: he must see the whole of that action vividly,

with reference to its capacity of manifesting itself distinctly to an audience, so that even the deaf should partially comprehend: the pantomime must be acted over and over again in his mind, before the wand of the magician gives the agents voice. When all this is done, all contradictions reconciled, all obscurities made clear, the interest prolonged and heightened, and the catastrophe naturally evolved and matured, the poet, to use the terms of a sister-art, has completed that design which colour and expression are to make manifest to others, with something like the distinctness with which he himself has seen it. We have no hesitation in believing that one of the main causes of Shakspeare's immeasurable superiority to other dramatists is that all-penetrating power of combination by which the action of his dramas is constantly sustained; whilst in the best pieces of his contemporaries, with rare exceptions, it flags or breaks down into description,—or is carried off by imagery,—or the force of conception in one character overpowers the management of the other instruments—cases equally evidencing that the poet has not attained the most difficult art of controlling his own conceptions.—And thus it is that we so often hear Christopher Marlowe, or Philip Massinger,—to name the very best of them,—speaking themselves out of the mouths of their puppets, whilst the characterization is lost, and the action is forgotten. But when do we ever hear the individual voice of the man William Shakspeare? When does he come forward to bow to the audience, as it were, between the scenes? Never is there any pause with him, that we may see the complacent author whispering to his auditory—This is not exactly what I meant; my inspiration carried me away; but is it not fine? The great dramatic poet sits out of mortal ken. He rolls away the clouds and exhibits his world. There is calm and storm, and light and darkness; and the material scene becomes alive; and we see a higher life than that of our ordinary nature; and the whole soul is elevated; and man and his actions are presented under aspects more real than reality, and our control over tears or laughter is taken away from us; and, if the poet be a philosopher,—and without philosophy he cannot be a poet,—deep truths, before dimly seen, enter into our minds and abide there. Why do we state all this? Utterly to reject the belief that Shakspeare was a line-maker;—that, like Gray, for example, he was a manufacturer of mosaic poetry;—that he made verses to order;—and that his verses could be produced by some other process than an entire conception of, and power over, the *design* of a drama. It is this mistake which lies at the bottom of all that has been written and believed about the two Parts of 'The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster' being polished by Shakspeare into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. The elder plays—which the English antiquarian critics persist in ascribing to Marlowe, or Greene, or Peele, or all of them—contain all the action, even to the exact succession of the scenes, all the characterization, a very great deal of the dialogue, including the most vigorous thoughts: and then Shakspeare was to take the matter in hand, and add a thousand lines or two up and down, correct an epithet here and there, and do all this without the slightest exercise of invention, either in movement or characterization; producing fine lines without passing through that process of inspiration by which lines having dramatic beauty and propriety can alone be produced. We say this, after much deliberation, not only with reference to the Henry VI. and to the play before us, but with regard to the general belief that Shakspeare, in the outset of his career, was a mender of the plays of other men; or that, in any part of his career, he was associated with other men in writing plays. We know that this is a hazardous assertion, which militates against many received notions, some of which have been very ably set forth; but we, nevertheless, make it upon conviction. Timon, according to our belief, is the only exception; and we regard that not as an exception to the principle, because there the characterization of Timon himself is the Shaksperian creation; and that depends extremely little upon the general action, which, to a large extent, is episodal. We say,

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then, that we hold Malone's principle of marking with inverted commas those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced in this play of Titus Andronicus to be based upon a vital error. It is not with us a question whether the passages which Malone has marked exhibit, or not, the critic's poetical taste: we say that the passages could not have been written except by the man, whoever he be, who conceived the action and the characterization. Take the single example of the character of Tamora. She is the presiding genius of the piece; and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral depravity which Shakspeare was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select a few specimens (Act II., Scene III.):—

“ The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down.”

Again, in the same scene:—

“ A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful missestoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.”

In Act IV., Scene IV.:—

“ King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.”

And, lastly, where the lines are associated with the high imaginative conception of the speaker, that she was to personate Revenge:—

“ Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light.”

The first two of these passages are marked by Malone as the additions of Shakspeare to the work of an inferior poet. If we had adopted Malone's theory we should have marked the

two other passages; and have gone even further in our selection of the poetical lines spoken by Tamora. But we hold that the lines could not have been produced, according to Malone's theory, even by Shakspeare. Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work,—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelling and enamelling. The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspeare's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvass, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspeare to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspeare, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child:—

"Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp."

Did Shakspeare put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspeare put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?—

"Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so."

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts? Malone marks with his commas the address to the tribunes at the beginning of the third act. The lines are lofty and rhetorical; and a poet who had undertaken to make set speeches to another man's characters might perhaps have added these. Dryden and Tate did this service for Shakspeare himself. But Malone does not mark *one* line which has no rhetoric in it, and does not *look* like poetry. The old man has given his hand to the treacherous Aaron, that he may save the lives of his sons: but the messenger brings him the heads of those sons. It is for Marcus and Lucius to burst into passion. The father, for some space, speaks not; and then he speaks but one line:—

"When will this fearful slumber have an end?"

Did Shakspeare make this line to order? The poet who wrote the line conceived the whole situation, and he could not have conceived the situation unless the whole dramatic movement had equally been his conception. Such things must be wrought out of the red-heat of the whole material—not filled up out of cold fragments.

Accepting Titus as a play produced somewhere about the middle of the ninth decade of the sixteenth century, it possesses other peculiarities than such as we have noticed, which, upon the system of Malone's inverted commas, would take away a very considerable number from the supposed original fabricator of the drama, and bestow them upon the reviser. We must extract a passage from Malone before we proceed to point out these other peculiarities:—"To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of 'Appius and Virginia,' 'Tancred and Gismund,' 'The Battle of Alcazar,' 'Jeronimo,' 'Selimus, Emperor of the Turks,' 'The Wounds of Civil War,' 'The Wars of Cyrus,' 'Lochrine,' 'Arden of Feversham,' 'King Edward I.,' 'The Spanish Tragedy,' 'Solyman and Perseda,' 'King Leir,' the old 'King John,' or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint." What Malone requests to be perused is limited to "a few lines" of these old plays; if he could have bestowed many words upon the subject he would have examined "particular passages." Such an examination has of course reference only to the versification. It is scarcely necessary to say that we do not agree with the assumption that the pieces Malone has mentioned were exhibited "before the time of Shakspeare." It is difficult, if not impossible, to settle the exact time of many of these; but we do know that one of the plays here mentioned belongs to the same epoch as Titus Andronicus. "He that will swear Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." We shall confine, therefore, any comparison of the versification of Titus Andronicus entirely to that of 'Jeronimo.'

Titus Andronicus contains very few couplets, a remarkable thing in so early a play. Of 'Jeronimo' one half is rhyme. Of the blank verse of 'Jeronimo' we will quote a passage which is, perhaps, the least monotonous of that tragedy, and which Mr. Collier has quoted in his 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' pointing out that "Here we see trochees used at the ends of the lines, and the pauses are even artfully managed; while redundant syllables are inserted, and lines left defective, still farther to add to the variety."—

"Come, valiant spirits;* you peers of Portugal,
That owe your lives, your faiths, and services,
To set you free from base captivity:
O let our fathers' scandal ne'er be seen
As a base blush upon our free-born cheeks:
Let all the tribute that proud Spain receiv'd,
Of those all captive Portugales deceas'd,
Turn into chafe, and choke their insolence.
Methinks no moiety, not one little thought
Of them whose servile acts live in their graves,
But should raise spleens big as a cannon-bullet
Within your bosoms: O for honour,
Your country's reputation, your lives' freedom,

* Ordinarily pronounced in early dramatic poetry as a monosyllable.

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Indeed your all that may be term'd revenge,
Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea ;
And all those wounds that you receive of Spain,
Let theirs be equal to quit yours again.
Speak, Portugales : are you resolv'd as I,
To live like captives, or as free-born die ?"

We have no hesitation in saying (in opposition to Malone's opinion) that the freedom of versification which is discovered in Titus Andronicus is carried a great deal further than even this specimen of ' Jeronimo ;' and we cannot have a better proof of our assertion than this—that Steevens anxiously desired, and indeed succeeded, in reducing several of the lines to the exact dimensions of his ten-syllable measuring-tape. We will give a few parallel examples of the original, and of what Steevens did, and what he wished to do :—

QUARTOS AND FOLIO.

" Rome's readiest champions, repose you here *in rest*."
" A barren detested vale, you see, it is."

" Therefore away *with her*, and use her as you will."
" Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart."
" And make the silken strings delight to kiss them."
" For these, tribunes, in the dust I write."
" Soft! How busily she turns the leaves!"
" Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?"

" Titus, I am come to talk with thee."
" Witness this wretched stump, *witness* these crimson lines."

STEEVENS.

" Rome's readiest champions, repose you here."
" A *bare* detested vale, you see, it is."

(" As the versification of this play is by no means *inharmonious*, I am willing to suppose the author wrote, A *bare*, &c."—STEEVENS.)

" Therefore away, and use her as you will."
[Untouched, by marvellous forbearance.]
[Also untouched.]

" For these, *good* tribunes, in the dust I write."
" Soft! *See* how busily she turns the leaves!"
" Why dost not speak? What, deaf? *No*: not a word?"

" Titus, I'm come to talk with thee *awhile*."
" Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines."

We think that we have done enough, even in these instances, to establish that the Shaksperian versification is sufficiently marked in Titus, even to the point of offending the critic who did not understand it. But the truth of the matter is, that the comparison of the versification of Titus with the old plays mentioned by Malone is altogether a fallacy. Like the Henry VI. it wants, for the most part, the

" Linked sweetness long drawn out"

of the later plays, and so do The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Comedy of Errors. But to compare the play, as a whole, even with ' Jeronimo'—and Kyd, in freedom and variety of rhythm, whatever he may want in majesty, is superior to Marlowe—argues, we think, an incompetent knowledge of the things compared. To compare it with the old ' King Leir,' and the greater number of the plays in Malone's list, is to compare the movement of the hunter with that of the horse in the mill. The truth is, that, after the first scene of Andronicus, in which the author sets out with the stately pace of his time, we are very soon carried away, by the power of the language, the variety of the pause, and the especial freedom with which trochees are used at the ends of lines, to forget that the versification is not *altogether* upon the best Shaksperian model. There is the same instrument, but the performer has yet not thoroughly learnt its scope and its power.

Horn has a very just remark on the language of Titus Andronicus :—" Foremost we may recognise with praise the almost never-wearying power of the language, wherein no *shift* is ever used. We know too well how often, in many French and German tragedies, the princes and princesses satisfy themselves to silence with a necessary *Hélas! Oh Ciel! O Schicksal!* (O Fate!) and similar cheap outcries; but Shakspeare is quite another man,

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who, for every degree of pain, knew how to give the right tone and the right colour. In the bloody sea of this drama, in which men can scarcely keep themselves afloat, this, without doubt, must have been peculiarly difficult." We regard this decided language, this absence of stage conventionalities, as one of the results of the power which the poet possessed of distinctly conceiving his situations with reference to his characters. The *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Heavens!* of the English stage, as well as the *O Ciel!* of the French, are a consequence of feebleness, exhibiting itself in commonplaces. The greater number of the *old* English dramatists, to do them justice, had the same power as the author of *Titus Andronicus* of grappling with words which they thought fitting to the situations. But their besetting sin was in the constant use of that "huffing, braggart, puft" language, which Shakspeare never employs in the dramas which all agree to call his, and of which there is a very sparing portion even in *Titus Andronicus*. The temptation to employ it must have been great indeed; for when, in every scene, the fearful energies of the action

"On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

it must have required no common forbearance, and therefore no common power, to pre-
scribe that the words of the actors should not

"*Outface* the brow of bragging horror."

The son of Tamora is to be killed; as he is led away she exclaims—

"Oh! cruel, irreligious piety!"

Titus kills Mutius: the young man's brother earnestly says—

"My lord, you are unjust."

When Tamora prescribes their terrible wickedness to her sons, Lavinia remonstrates—

"O! Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face."

When Marcus encounters his mutilated niece there is much poetry, but no raving. When woe upon woe is heaped upon Titus we have no imprecations:—

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Euvirion'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him."

In one situation, after Titus has lost his hand, Marcus says—

"Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes."

What are the deep extremes? The unhappy man has scarcely risen into metaphor, much less into braggardism:—

"O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers:
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms."

[To LAVINIA.]

And in his very crowning agony we hear only—

"Why, I have not another tear to shed."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It has been said, "There is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron."* Eleazar is a character in 'Lust's Dominion,' incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in "King Cambyses' vein," as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

" Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me,—
Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy."

But enough of this. It appears to us manifest that, although the author of Titus Andronicus did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgment, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his "verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun."†

It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit." Lamb adds, "writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality." The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona,' Shakspeare had produced Lear and Othello. But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of Titus Andronicus—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The "old Jeronimo," as Ben Jonson calls it,—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and, in many respects, a work of great power,—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost:—

* C. A. Brown's 'Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare.'

† Greene, 1588.

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“ Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
 When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
 Horatio murder'd in his father's bower ;
 Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain ;
 False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
 Fair Isabella by herself misdone ;
 Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
 The duke of Castille, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 By Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.”

Here is murder enough to match even Andronicus. This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story ; and when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call “bustle,” as the wonderful things of the modern stage:—“To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pushing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander.”* With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful that the boy Shakspeare should have written a Tragedy of Horrors?

But Shakspeare, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of Titus Andronicus. Are we quite sure? Do we know what the first Hamlet was? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance ; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the Hamlet which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by Nash (see Introductory Notice to Hamlet, page 92), “has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected Hamlet, which was published in 1604.”† When we compare the quarto of 1603 with the perfected play, we have the rare opportunity, as we have formerly stated, “of studying the growth not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect, his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives.”‡ All the *action* of the perfect Hamlet is to be found in the sketch published in 1603 ; but the profundity of the character is not all there,—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of Hamlet. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of Hamlet's character may have been still more unformed ; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make Hamlet a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtlest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action* ; and of what materials is it made? A ghost described ; a ghost appearing ; the play within a play, and that a play of murder ; Polonius killed ; the ghost

* ‘An Apology for Actors.’

† ‘Edinburgh Review,’ vol. lxxi. p. 475.

‡ Introductory Notice to Hamlet, p. 88.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

again; Ophelia mad and self-destroyed; the struggle at the grave between Hamlet and Laertes; the queen poisoned; Laertes killed with a poisoned rapier; the king killed by Hamlet; and, last of all, Hamlet's death. No wonder Fortinbras exclaims—

“ This quarry cries on havoc.”

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published in 1597—Romeo and Juliet. We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house “ a feasting presence full of light.” But imagine a Romeo and Juliet conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspeare's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an un instructed audience: the contest between the houses; Mercutio killed; Tybalt killed; the apparent death of Juliet; Paris killed in the churchyard; Romeo swallowing poison; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that Romeo and Juliet can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspeare made in Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.

We might deduce, from the foregoing imperfect observations, some general principles to apply as a test to the authenticity, not only of Titus Andronicus and Pericles, but of the more apocryphal plays ascribed to Shakspeare. We may more conveniently, however, endeavour to discover these general principles, when we have presented Pericles to our readers; and have noticed the very different aspects of authenticity which that remarkable drama exhibits.



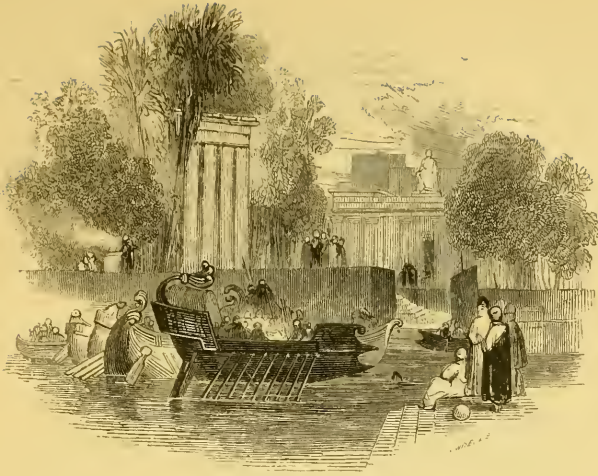




J. JACKSON.

PERICLES.





INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE first edition of *Pericles* appeared in 1609, under the following title:—‘The late and much admired play, called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter *Mariana*. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609.’ In the British Museum there are two copies bearing this date; and we mention this to state that there are minute differences in these copies, such as present themselves to a printer’s eye, and show that the types were what is technically called kept standing, to meet a constant demand. Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 *Pericles* first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare’s works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—“Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio.” This folio edition varies very slightly indeed from the quarto of 1635; and that varies, as we have said, very slightly from the original quarto. It is probable that the first edition was printed, without authority, from a very imperfect copy. It was produced, as we see upon the title-page, at Shakspeare’s theatre, and it bore his name; but his fellow-shareholders in that theatre did not re-publish it after his death. Had it been re-published in the folio of 1623, we should, most probably, have had a copy very different from that upon which the text must now be founded. All the copies have been carefully collated for the purposes of our own edition; but we have been able to add little to what Malone’s careful editorship effected in 1778. The text manufactured by Steevens is the received text of modern editions. He went upon his ordinary principle of adjusting the versification to a syllabic regularity, and especially the lines spoken by Gower. These he has reduced to octo-syllabic verse, by the most merciless excision of “superfluuous” words; and, whilst we lament the perverseness of the man, we cannot but admire the ingenuity with which he has cut his cloth to the exact dimensions, and sewn it together again with surprising neatness. The manipulation of Steevens has been carried so far in this play that it would have been waste of time to have called attention to it in our foot-notes.

The Illustrations to each act contain very full extracts from Gower’s ‘*Confessio Amantis*,’ upon which the author of ‘*Pericles*’ founded his legendary drama. The *chronology* of the play belongs to the question of its authenticity.



GOWER.

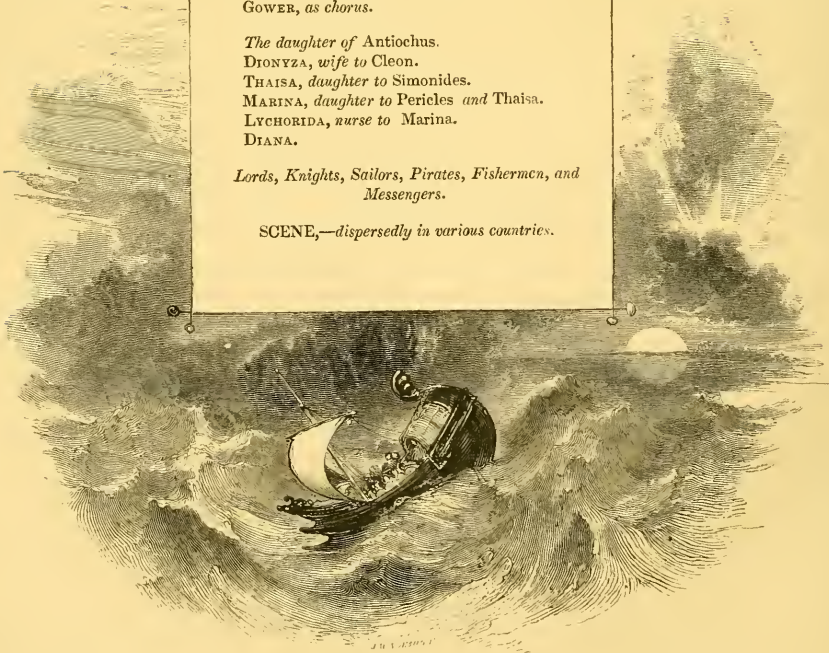
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis,*
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 THALIARD, *servant to Antiochus.*
 LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A pander and his wife.
 BOULT, *their servant.*
 GOWER, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
 THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
 MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
 Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*
 DIANA.

Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE,—*dispersedly in various countries.*





ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of^a old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung, at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;^b
 And lords and ladies, in^c their lives,
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purpose^d is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.

^a *Of.* The early editions, *that.*

^b The early copies, *holy-days.* Farmer suggested *holy-ales.*

^c *In their lives,* in all the copies. During their lives.

^d *Purpose.* In the originals, *purchase.*

If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;
 The fairest in all Syria ;
 (I tell you what mine authors say :)
 This king unto him took a pheere,^a
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blythe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace :

^a *Pheere.* In the originals, *peer.* *Pheere,* or *ferre,* is a mate. See *Titus Andronicus,* Act IV., Sc. 1.

With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke;
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By^a custom, what they did begin
 Was with long use account'd no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.*

Enter ANTIUCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[*Musick.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
 bride,^b

For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIUCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the
 spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever 'ras'd,^c and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.

^a *By.* The originals, *but.*

^b The old copies read,

"Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride."

Musick was evidently a marginal direction.

^c 'Ras'd. The first quarto reads *racte*—the subsequent copies, *ruckt*. The verb *raze*, or *erase*, was formerly written *race*, and *racte* was the past participle.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must
 die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
 pale,

That, without covering save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's
 wars;

And with dead checks advise thee to desist
 For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must:
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it error.
 I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling
 woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIUCHUS.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice; read the conclusion
 then;^a

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove
 prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness?^b

^a The early editions give these lines confusedly:—

"I wait the sharpest blow, (Antiochus.)

Scorning advice; read the conclusion then."

The name of the character was evidently mistaken for a part of the dialogue.

^b *Of all say'd yet* is the ancient reading; which Percy sug-

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

“ I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.”

Sharp physic is the last : but O, ye powers !
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to
hearken ;

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's ex-
pir'd ;

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown :
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see
clear ;

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
mole casts

Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd ^a

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth
die for 't.

gested meant—of all who have essay'd yet. The modern is,
“ In all save that,” in both passages.

^a Steevens reads *wrong'd*.

Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their
will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had thy head ! he has
found the meaning !
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young
prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ; ^a
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :
And, until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father) ;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun ^b no course to keep them from the
light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIQCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the
which we mean
To have his head ;

^a The quartos, *counsel of* ; the folio (1664), *cancel off* .

^b *Shun*. The original copies, *show* .

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and
our mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here 's poison, and here 's gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him ;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my
pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough : so
farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : why should this
charge of thoughts,—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed
me quiet? ^a

^a In the first line of this speech in the original the word now printed *charge* is *chage*. Douce thinks the reading of *change* may be supported :—" Let none disturb us ; why should this *change* of thoughts [disturb us] ?" *Charge* appears to be the likeliest word, in the sense of burthen. But we do not make the sentence end at *charge of thoughts*, as is usually done. The *sad companion* is that *charge*. The passage is usually printed thus :—

" Let none disturb us : Why this charge of thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest *is*, not an hour," &c.

Malone reads—

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me :
Then it is thus ; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence ;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,^a
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being
known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be
known ;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,^b
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought
offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am^c no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return
to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue :

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

" By me 's so us'd a guest, as not an hour."

In following the original we must understand the verb *be* :—

" Why should, &c.

By me [be] so us'd a guest as not an hour."

^a *Him* was added by Rowe.

^b *Stint*, " which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before ?—

" He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;"
He will stop it, by the *stint* of war. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

^c *Am.* The original has *owe*. Farmer suggested *am*.

To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our
face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy
life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself; do but
you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise; sit down, thou art no
flatterer;

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-
self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-
canus;

That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Whereas,^a thou know'st, against the face of
death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate;
Are arms^b to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful
father,

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:^c but thou
know'st this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

^a *Whereas*, in the sense of *where*.

^b Which are arms, &c., is here understood.

^c To smooth signifies to flatter.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being
here,
Bethought me what was past, what might suc-
ceed;

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;

When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not inno-
cence:

Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think; you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my ab-
sence—

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack
both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-
vince,^a
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it
not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dan-
gerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow,
and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask
what he would of the king, desired he might
know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had
some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a
villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath
to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of
Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of
Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know
not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd
so:

And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or
death.

Thal. Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king sure must please^b
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of
Tyre.

^a *Convince*, in the sense of *overcome*.

^b The original copies have——

“But since he's gone, the king's seas must please.”

We adopt the principle of Steevens's alteration, who reads——

“But since he's gone, the king it sure must please.”

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-
come.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown
travels;

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen^a with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher
rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our
woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues^b
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder,
that

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers^c to comfort
them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with
tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, over which I have the
government,

^a *And seen*. Thus in the original copies. Malone pro-
posed *unscent*; but Dionyza means to say that here their
griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of
discontent and suffering; but if topp'd with other tales—
that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will
rise higher, be more unbearable.

^b *Tongues*, in all the early editions. Steevens changed the
word to *lungs*, which is the received reading.

^c *Helpers*, in the original. The modern reading is *helps*.

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abun-
dance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's sa-
vour,^a

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and
wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them
fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
it.

Cle. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour-
ing shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath^a stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the sem-
blance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most de-
ceit.

But bring they what they will, and what they
can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way
there:

Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace con-
sist;^b
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you
are,

Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd^c within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow)
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;

^a This is Malone's reading. All the early copies have—
"Those pallats, who, not yet too savers younger."

^a *Hath.* The original copies, *that.*

^b *Consist*—stands on.

^c *War-stuff'd.* This is Steevens's ingenious emendation of
was stuff'd.

We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils!

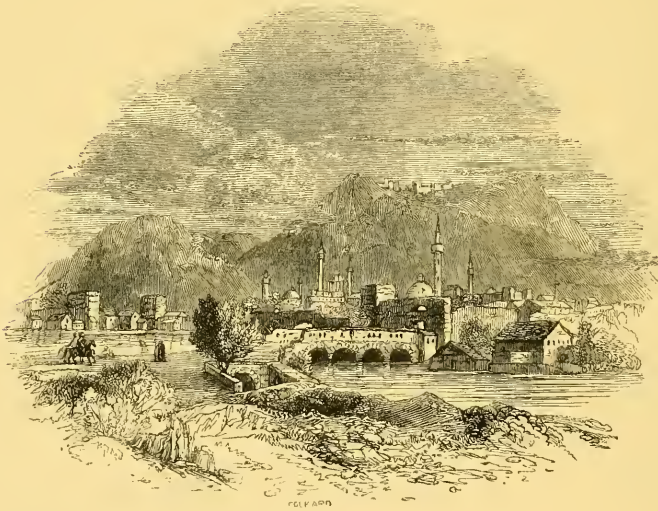
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
seen),

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
a while,

Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Antioch.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

To enable the reader to judge how closely the author of *Pericles* has followed the course of the narrative in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' we shall make some considerable extracts from that poem; following the exact order of the poem, so as to include the events of each Act. It will be unnecessary for us to trace the association by reference to particular scenes and passages. We have modernized the orthography, so that the comparison may be pursued with more facility; and we give an interpretation of some obsolete words:—

“ The father, when he understood
That they his daughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he might find a let;
And thus a statute then he set,
And in this wise his law he taxeth—
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he coult^a his question
Assoil,^b upon suggestion
Of certain things that befell,
The which he would unto him tell,
He should in certain lose his head.

And thus there were many dead,
Their heads standing on the gate,
Till at last, long and late,
For lack of answer in the wise,^c
The remnant, that weren wise,
Eschewden to make essay.”

* * * * *

“ The king declareth him the case
With stern look, and sturdy cheer,
To him, and said in this manner :
With felony I am up bore,
I eat, and have it nought forbore,
My mother's flesh, whose husband
My father for to seek I fonde,^d
Which is the son of my wife.
Hereof I am inquisitive,
And who that can my tale save,
All quite^e he shall my daughter have
Of his answer; and if he fail
He shall be dead without fail.
For thee, my son, quoth the king,
Be well advised of this thing
Which hath thy life in jeopardy.”

* * * * *

“ This young prince forth he went,
And understood well what he meant,
Within his heart, as he was lered;^f
That for to make him affered^g
The king his time hath so delayed.
Whereof he dradde,^h and was amayedⁱ

^a *Coult*—was able. ^b *Assoil*—answer.
^c *In the wise*—in the manner. ^d *Fonde*—try.
^e *Quite*—free. ^f *Lered*—taught.
^g *Affered*—afraid. ^h *Dradde*—dreaded.
ⁱ *Amayed*—dismayed.

Of treason that he die should,
For he the king his soth^a told :
And suddenly the night's tide,
That more would he not abide,
All privily his barge he hent^b
And home again to Tyre he went.
And in his own wit he said,
For dread if he the king bewray'd,^c
He knew so well the king's heart,
That death ne should he not asterte,^d
The king him would so pursue.
But he that would his death eschew,
And knew all this to fore the hand
Forsake he thought his own land,
That there would he not abide ;
For well he knew that on some side
This tyrant, of his felony,
By some manner of treachery
To grieve his body would not leave.”

* * * * *

“ Antiochus, the great sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His heart beareth so, as ye heard,
Of that this prince of Tyre answer'd.
He had a fellow-bachelor,
Which was the privy councillor,
And Taliart by name he hight,
The king a strong poison dight
Within a box, and gold thereto,
In all haste, and bad him go
Straight unto Tyre, and for no cost
Ne spare, till he had lost
The prince, which he would spill.
And when the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galley
With all haste he took his way.
The wind was good, and suileth blive,^e
Till he took land upon the rive^f
Of Tyre, and forthwith all anon
Into the burgh he 'gan to gon,
And took his inn, and bode a throw,^g
But for he would not be know,
Disguised then he goeth him out,
He saw the weeping all about,
And axeth what the cause was.

And they him tolden all the case,
How suddenly the prince is go,
And when he saw that it was so,
And that his labour was in vain,
Anon he turneth home again :
And to the king when he came nigh,
He told of that he heard and sihe,^h
How that the prince of Tyre is fled,
So was he come again unsped.

^a *Soth*—truth.
^b *Hent*—took to. ^c *Bewray'd*—discovered.
^d *Asterite*—escape. ^e *Blive*—quick.
^f *Rive*—coast.
^g *Throw*—time. ^h *Sihe*—Saw.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

The king was sorry for a while,
But when he saw, that with no wile
He might achieve his cruelty,
He stint his wrath, and let him be."

* * * * *

" But over this now for to tell
Of adventures, that befell
Unto this prince of whom ytold :
He hath his right course forth hold
By stern and needle,^a till he came
To Tharse, and there his land he name.
A burgess rich of gold and fee
Was thilke time in that city,
Which cleped was Strangulio ;
His wife was Dionise also.
This young prince, as saith the book,
With him his herbergage ^b took ;
And it befell that city so,
By fore time and then also,

^a *Stern and needle*—stars and compass.
^b *Herbergage*—lodging.

Thurh ^a strong famine, which them lad,^b
Was none that any wheat had.
Appollinus, when that he heard
The mischief how the city ferde,^c
All freely of his own gift,
His wheat among them for to shift,
The which by ship he had brought,
He gave, and took of them right nought.
But sithen first the world began
Was never yet to such a man
More joy made, than they him made ;
For they were all of him so glad,
That they for ever in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of him, and in common place
They set it up ; so that his face
Might every manner man behold,
So that the city was behold.
It was of laton^d over-gilt ;
Thus hath he not his gift spilt."

^a *Thurh*—through. ^b *Lad*—lead.
^c *Ferde*—terrified. ^d *Laton*—mixed metal.



ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring :
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath past necessity.
 I 'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good, in conversation
 (To whom I give my benizon)
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can :^a

^a The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue^a to make him glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ;

^a *Build his statue.* All the old copies read *build* ; but the word is invariably changed to *gild*, because in the ' *Confessio Amantis* ' we find, with regard to this statue—

" It was of laton *over-gilt*."

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority :—

" For they were all of him so glad,
 That they for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of him, and in a common place
 They set it up."

Why not then *build* as well as *gild* ?

all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.

[Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.]

Good Helicane hath^b stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word^c of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He, knowing so,^d put forth to seas,
Where when men bin, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen'd but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardou old Gower; this 'longs the text.^e

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
man
Is but a substance, that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;

^a We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

^b *Hath*. In the old copies, *that*.

^c *Sends word*. In the old copies, *saw'd one*.

^d In the old copies, *he doing so*.

^e Douce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text*; I need not comment upon it; you will see it."

And having thrown him from your wat'ry
grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!^a

2 Fish. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now: come
away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us, even
now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! it griev'd my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to
help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much,
when I saw the porpus how he bounced and
tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh;
a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to
be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live
in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great
ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our
rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a
plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before
him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful.
Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who
never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the
whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton,
I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he
should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,
church, and parish, up again. But if the good
king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject^b of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

^a *Pilche* is most probably a name; as we have afterwards
Patch-breech. The old copies have "What to pelch?"

^b *Finny subject*. The original has *fenny*. *Subject* must be
taken as a plural noun.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.^a

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.^b

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity
him;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man through'd up with cold; my veins are
chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, noth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,^c fish for fasting days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if

^a This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (*i. e.* a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not in) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)? Steevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

^b *Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, *scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.*

^c This is the reading of the folio.

^d The old copies have *all day*.

all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.^a

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour!

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine
heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace);
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! 't may
defend thee.'^b

^a We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of Antiochus.

^b The old copies read—

"The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they 've given it
again :

I thank thee for it ; my shipwrack now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth,

For it was some time target to a king ;
I know it by this mark ; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I 'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your
debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in
arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give
thee good on 't.

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was
we that made up this garment through the rough
seams of the water : there are certain condole-
ments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,
you 'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will ;

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding^a on my arm ;
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.^b

2 *Fish.* We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll
bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, lead-
ing to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it,
for the reception of the King and Princess.*^c

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attend-
ants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph ?

^a *Biding.* The old copies, *buylding.*

^b *Armour for the legs.*

^c This description of the scene is modern.

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature
gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express

My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain a
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll
perform.

[*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage,
and his Squire presents his shield to the
Princess.*]

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of
you. [*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Più per dulcura que
per fuerça.* [*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what 's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me ponpa
provenit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside
down ;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with
clouds,

^a *Explain.* The old copies read *entertain.*

Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone
tried :

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the sixth and last, the which
the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his
present

Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top :
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend :

For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with-
draw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight!*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet
prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants,
and the Knights from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :

You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by
merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your
place :

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Si-
monides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour
we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gen-
tlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.^a

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant gen-
tleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman; has done
no more

Than other knights have done; has broken a
staff,

Or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit like stars about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;

Where^b now his son's like a glow-worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

^a This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line under this arrangement, we read, "*she* not thought upon." But throughout the remainder of the scene Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the Princess. The King, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—"these cates resist me"—although he (Pericles) is "not thought upon." This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles, are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech Simonides continues the idea of "he not thought upon," by attempting to depreciate Pericles—"He's but a country gentleman."

^b *Where*—whercas.

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd^a unto the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while; yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is't to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd
at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine
to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move
me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better. [*Aside.*]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know
of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to
you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your
life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of
you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Peri-
cles;

My education has been in arts and arms;)

Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfor-
tune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other
revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance:^a
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well per-
form'd.

Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing
too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are,
my lord.

Sim. Oh, that's as much as you would be
denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done
well,

But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings:
Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing' (black letter, no date):—

"There is a dance call'd Choria,
Which joy doth testify;
Another called Pyrricke,
Which warlike feats doth try.
For men in armour gestures made,
And leap'd, that so they might,
When need requires, be more prompt
In public weal to fight."

^a *Stor'd.* The first quarto has *sturd*; the subsequent copies *stirr'd*—each the same word.

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
 For which, the most high gods not minding
 longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in
 store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot of
 An inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd
 up
 Those bodies, even to loathing: for they so
 stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them^a ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no
 guard

To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.*Enter three Lords.*

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

^a An elliptical construction—all those eyes *which* ador'd them.

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest
 in our censure:^a

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof
 Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

Ommes. Live, noble Helicane.

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your sufferings:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,^b
 Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your king;
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous
 worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
 yield;

And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.^c

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
 clasp hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake

A married life:

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

^a *Censure*—opinion. We believe, says the speaker, that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom is without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.

^b *Seas.* Malone proposed to read *seat*.

^c It has been added to the old reading.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't, Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd:

Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think

Of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

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A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life. [*Aside.*]

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods I have not;

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be a king), That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence

At that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*]

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections upon a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*]

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or^a blood that fosters it.

^a *Or*, in the old copies. Malone reads—

“Even as my life *my* blood,” &c.

Even as my life loves my blood. The original answer is clear enough—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed:

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Tyre.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' *continued.*

" WHEN him thought all grace away,
There came a fisher in the way,
And saw a man there naked stond,
And when that he hath understond
The cause, he hath of him great ruth,^a
And only of his poor truth,
Of such clothes as he had
With great pity this lord he clad,
And he him thanketh, as he should,
And saith him that it shall be gold,
If ever he get his state again ;
And pray'd that he would him seyn^b
If nigh were any town for him ?
He said, Yea, Pentapolim,
Where both king and queen dwellen.
When he this tale heard tellen
He gladdeth him, and gan beseech
That he the way him would teach ;
And he him taught, and forth he went,
And prayed God with good intent
To send him joy after his sorrow.
It was not yet passed mid-morrow."

* * * * *

" Then thitherward his way he name,^c
Where soon upon the noon he came.
He eat such as he might get,
And forth anon, when he had eat,
He goeth to see the town about ;
And came there as he found a rout
Of young lusty men withal ;
And as it should then befall,
That day was set of such assise,
That they should in the land's guise,
As he heard of the people say,
The common game then play :
And cried was, that they should come
Unto the game, all and some
Of them that bend deliver^e and wight,^f
To do such mastery as they might."

* * * * *

" And fell among them into game,
And there he won him such a name,
So as the king himself accounteth
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the prize above them all.
The king bade that into his hall,
At supper-time, he shall be brought :
And he came there, and left it nought
Without company alone.
Was none so seemly of person,
Of visage, and of limbs both,
If that he had what to clothe.
At supper time, pathless,
The king amid all the press
Let clap him up among them all,
And bade his marshal of his hall

To setten him in such degree
That he upon him might see.
The king was soon set and serv'd,
And he which hath his prize deserv'd,
After the king's own word,
Was made begin a middle board,
That both king and queen him sihe.^a
He sat, and cast about his eye,
And saw the lords in estate,
And with himself wax in debate,
Thinking what he had lore ;^b
And such a sorrow he took therefore,
That he sat ever still, and thought,
As he which of no meat rougt."^c

* * * * *

" The king beheld his heaviness,
And of his great gentleness
His daughter, which was fair and good.
And at the board before him stood,
As it was thilke^d time usage,
He bade to go on his message,
And fonde^e for to make him glad,
And she did as her father bade,
And goeth to him the soft pace,
And axeth whence and what he was ?
And prayeth he should his thoughts leave."

* * * * *

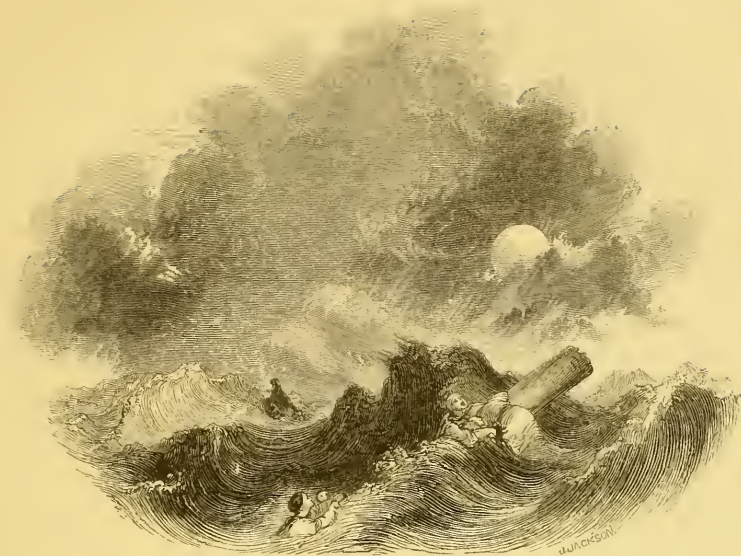
" When he hath harped all his fill
The king's hest to fulfil,
Away goeth dish, away goeth cup,
Down goeth the board, the cloth was up.
They risen, and gone out of hall.
The king his chamberlain let call,
And bade that he by all way
A chamber for this man purvey,
Which nigh his own chamber be.
It shall be do, my lord, quoth he."

* * * * *

" And when that he to chamber is come,
He hath into his council nome^f
This man of Tyre, and let him see
This letter, and all the privity
The which his daughter to him sent.
And he his knee to ground bent,
And thanketh him and her also ;
And ere they went then a two,^g
With good heart, and with good courage,
Of full love and full marriage
The king and he ben whole accorded.
And after, when it was recorded
Unto the daughter how it stood,
The gift of all the world's good
Ne should have made her half so blithe."

^a *Sihe*—saw. ^b *Lore*—lost. ^c *Rougt*—care'd.
^d *Thilke*—that same. ^e *Fonde*—try. ^f *Nome*—taken.
^g *A two*—apart.

^a *Ruth*—pity. ^b *Seyn*—say. ^c *Name*—takes.
^d *Ben*—are. ^e *Deliver*—nimble. ^f *Wight*—active.



ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked bath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,^a
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches from^b the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 Are^c the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded:—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,

^a *The house about.* In the original, "about the house."

^b *From*—before—a short distance off.

^c *Are.* So the original. *As* is the modern reading.

With your fine fancies quaintly eche;^a
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him.^b Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.

^a *Eche*—eke out.

^b Malone says, "The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of TYRO."

Gow. By many a derne^a and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,^b
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd,^c
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;
I will relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.—
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Ly-
chorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venom-
ously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife,^d gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the
pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the
storm.

Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh ye gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here
below,

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this
world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-
lows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can
make,

To herald thee from the womb:
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

^d *Midwife.* The old copies, *my wife.*

^a *Derne*—solitary.
^b *Coignes.* The old copies have *crignes.*
^c *Fortune mov'd.* So the old copies. Steevens reads,
"fortune's mood."

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What! courage, sir! God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the
love

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed; and we are strong in, astern.^a
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-
board straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my
dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;^b
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining^c lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin:^d lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

^a *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong in *easterne*." Stevens first proposed to read, "we are strong in *credence*;" and subsequently, "we are strong in *earnest*." Boswell would read, "we are strong in *custom*." It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it; and he points out the danger. Thus Malone receives "we are strong in *easterne*" as, "there is a strong easterly wind." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea-room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—"We are strong in [driving strongly in shore] *astern*."

^b *Ooze.* The originals have *oare*. Stevens made the ingenious correction.

^c *And aye-remaining.* The originals have "The *ayre-remaining*." Malone made the alteration, which gives a clear meaning, monuments being surrounded with constantly-burning lamps.

^d *Coffin*, and *coffer*, are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your *coffer*."

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caul'k'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast
is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thittler, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course for Tyre.^a When canst thou
reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good ma-
riner;

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A room in Cerimon's
house.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons
who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night
as this,

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothe-
cary,

And tell me how it works. [*To PHILEMON.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon
the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals^b did seem to rend,

And all to topple: pure surprise and fear

Made me to leave the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early;

'T is not our husbandry.

^a Pursue not the course for Tyre.

^b *Principals.* The strongest timbers of a building.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having Rich tire about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose : It is most strange, Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever, Virtue and cunning^a were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend ; But immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have (Together with my practice) made familiar To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me

A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death.^b

2 Gent. Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd forth Your charity, and hundreds call themselves . Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd : And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What 's that ?

Ser. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore This chest ; 't is of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let's look upon it.

2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be, 'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ; If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold, It is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us .

^a *Cunning*—knowledge.

^b So, in Measure for Measure—

“ Merely thou art *death's fool*, For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun, And yet runn'st toward him still.”

2 Gent. It is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd ! Did the sea cast it up ?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ; Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it. Oh you most potent gods ! what 's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ! Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices ! A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me In the characters ! [*He reads out of a scroll.*]

“ Here I give to understand
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king ;
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart That even cracks for woe ! This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ; For look how fresh she looks !—They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within ; Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead, Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.— The rough and woeful music that we have, Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The viol^a once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block !—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air ;— Gentlemen, this queen will live : Nature awakes ; a warmth breathes out of her ; She hath not been entranc'd above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again !

1 Gent. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder, And set up your fame for ever .

^a *The viol.* So the first quarto. The second and subsequent editions, *the viol.*

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O
live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture,

Rare as you seem to be ! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world
is this ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours ;
Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear
her.

Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Esculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's
House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone ;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.^a

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd
so,)

Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching
you

^a This is Steevens's reading. The originals have *shakes* (not shafts), and *haut* (not hurt). The use of *glance* decides the value of the correction.

To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord ; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,)

Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.^a So I take my leave :
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
o' the shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's
House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at
sea

I well remember, even on my yearning time ;
But whether there delivered or no,

^a The original has "*unsister'd* shall this *hair*." He will not marry ; she shall be *unsister'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth act discovers his daughter, he will "*clip to form*" what makes him "*look so dismal* ;" and beautifully what for "*fourteen years no razor touch'd*." Steevens has the merit of this construction of the passage.

By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;
 But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
 I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
 Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you
 speak,
 Diana's temple is not distant far,

Where you may 'bide until your date expire :^a
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
 [*Exeunt.*]

^a Until you die.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' continued.

"THEY axen when the ship is come?
From Tyre, anon answered some.
And over this they saiden more,
The cause why they come for
Was for to seek, and for to find,
Appollinus, which is of kind
Their liege lord; and he appeareth,
And of the tale which he heareth
He was right glad; for they him told
That for vengeance, as God it would,
Antiochus, as men may wete,^a
With thunder and lightning is sore smete.^b
His daughter hath the same chance,
So be they both in o^c balance."

* * * * *
"Lychorida for her office
Was take, which was a nourrice,
To wend with this young wife,
To whom was shape a woeful life.
Within a time, as it betid,
When they were in the sea amid,
Out of the north they saw a cloud:
The storm arose, the winds loud
They blewen many a dreadful blast,
The welkin was all overcast.
The dark night the sun hath under,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moon, and eke the stars both,
In black clouds they them clothe,
Whereof their bright look they hid.
This young lady wept and cried,
To whom no comfort might avail:
Of child she began travail,
Where she lay in a cabin close.
Her woeful lord from her arose,
And that was long ere any morrow,
So that in anguish and in sorrow
She was deliver'd all by night,
And dead in every man's sight.
But nathless for all this woe
A maid child was bore tho.^d"

* * * * *
"The master shipman came and pray'd,
With other such as be therein,
And said that he may nothing win
Again the death, but they him rede,^e
He be well ware, and take heed.
The sea by way of his nature
Receive may no creature,
Within himself as for to hold
The which is dead; for this they would,
As they counzellen all about,
The dead body casten out:
For better it is, they saiden all,
That it of her so befall,
Than if they sholden all spill."

* * * * *
"I am, quoth he, but one alone;
So would I not for my person
There fell such adversity,
But when it may no better be,
Do then thus upon my word:
Let make a coffer strong of board,

That it be firm with lead and pitch.
Anon was made a coffer such
All ready brought unto his hand;
And when he saw, and ready found
This coffer made, and well enclosed,
The dead body was laid
In cloth of gold, and laid therein."

* * * * *
"I, king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Do all manner men to wit,
That hear and see this letter writ,
That, helpless without rede,^a
Here lieth a king's daughter dead;
And who that happeth her to find,
For charity take in his mind,
And do so that she be begrave,^b
With this treasure which he shall have."

* * * * *
"Right as the corpse was thrown on land,
There came walking upon the strand
A worthy clerk, a surgeon,
And eke a great physician,
Of all that land the wiest one,
Which hight master Cerymon:
There were of his disciples some.
This master to the coffer is come,
And peyseth^c there was somewhat in,
And bade them bear it to his inn,
And goeth himself forth withal.
All that shall fall, fall shall."

* * * * *
"They laid her on a couch soft,
And with a sheet warmed oft.
Her cold breast began to heat,
Her heart also to flack^d and beat.
This master hath her every joint
With certain oil and balm anoint,
And put a liquor in her mouth,
Which is to few clerks couth,^e
So that she 'covereth at the last.
And first her eyen up she cast;
And when she more of strength caught,
Her arms both forth she straught,^f
Held up her hand, and piteously
She spake, and said, Ah! where am I?
Where is my lord? What world is this?
As she that wot nought how it is."

* * * * *
"My daughter Thayse, by your leave,
I think shall with you bileave^g
As for a time; and thus I pray
That she be kept by all way:
And when she hath of age more,
That she be set to books' lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My beard for no liking shave,
'Till it befall that I have,
In convenable time of age,
Beset her unto marriage."

^a *Wete*—know.
^c *O*—one.

^d *Tho*—then.

^b *Smete*—smitten.
^e *Rede*—advise.

^a *Rede*—counsel; perhaps here medical aid.

^b *Begrave*—buried.

^c *Peyseth*—considereth.

^d *Flack*—flutter.

^e *Couth*—known.

^f *Straught*—stretched.

^g *Bileave*—leave behind.



ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.^a

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder.^a But, alack!
 That monster Envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,^b
 Even right for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be.

^a The old copies have—

“Which makes *high* both the *art* and *place*.”

^b The old copies read,

“And in this kind our Cleon hath
 One daughter and a full-grown wench.”

Steevens transposed the words to produce the rhyme.

^a In the early quartos there is no division into acts and scenes, which first occurs in the folio of 1664. In that edition this chorus, and the two following scenes, belong to Act III.

Be 't when she^a weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute
 That still records^b with moan ; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina : so
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest^c for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content :
 Only I carried winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it.

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known,
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 In flame too nicely ;^d nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

^a *She.* The old copies, *they*.

^b *Records*—makes music—sings.

^c *Prest*—ready.

^d Much of this scene, though evidently intended to be metrical, is printed as prose in the old copies. This passage runs thus : " Let not conscience, which is but cold, in flaming thy love bosom, inflame too nicely." The passage is usually printed " inflame love in thy bosom." We gain a better construction by departing less from the original.

Leon. I'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death,^a

Thou art resolv'd ?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No : I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green^b with flowers : the yellows,
 blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall as a carpet^c hang upon thy grave,
 While summer days do last. Ah me ! poor
 maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?

How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have
 A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's
 chang'd

With this unprofitable woe !

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar
 them.^d

Walk with Leonine ; the air's quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come ;

I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

^a Malone prints this,

" Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
 Death—thou art resolv'd."

Percy suggested that the passage should be altered to " weeping for her *old nurse's* death." We follow the original ; though probably *mistresse* is a misprint for *nourice*.

^b *Green*, in the quartos. The folio of 1664, *grave*. See the next note.

^c *Carpet*. So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables ; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

^d *Them*. The early copies read *it* ; and Malone has,

" Give me your *wreath* of flowers, ere the sea mar *it*."

The change of *it* to *them* is less violent.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve^a
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while;

Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit* DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never
fear,

But cried, 'Good seamen,' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEON. runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's
dead,

And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this
mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of crea-
tures. We have but poor three, and they can
do no more than they can do; and they with
continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, what-
e'er we pay for them. If there be not a con-
science to be used in every trade, we shall never
prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing

^a Reserve—preserve.

up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling; but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in
MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*] My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were

as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but overboard Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I

Was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do

you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles.

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere^a profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?

Pray you, will you go with us?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, 'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent,^a he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then: Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find,

^a *Pre-consent.* The first quarto has *prime* consent; the second quarto, *whole* consent. Steevens made the judicious alteration.

It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn: her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the
 flies:

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA
 at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
 leagues make short,

Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
 Making (to take your imagination)
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language, in each several clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
 you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
 you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.^a

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
 brought

This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
 on),

To fetch his daughter home, who first is
 gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move a
 while;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

^a In the old copies these lines are thus misplaced:—

“ Old Helicanus goes along behind
 Is left to governe it: you beare in mind
 Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
 Advancde in time to great and hie estate.”

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train;
 CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON
 shows PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA];
 whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts
 on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul
 show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old
 woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
 o'ershow'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He
 swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit^a
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S
 monument.*]

“ The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
 Making raging battery upon shores of flint.”

No vizer does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our tears^b must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the
 Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place
 as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there!
 did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more
 bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

^a *Please you wit*—be pleased to know.

^b *Tears.* In the old copies, *stears.*

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lowly, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to

thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle

Fortune have plac'd me in this loathsome sty,
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest
bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold
for thee:

Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,
And I doubt not but thy training hath been
noble.

Hold; here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me

It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse,
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for
me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*]

Boult. How 's this? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity,
which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest
country under the cope, shall undo a whole
household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken
off, or the common hangman shall execute it.
Come your way. We'll have no more gentle-
men driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has
here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to
stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with
her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as
cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and
make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of
ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would
she had never come within my doors! Marry
hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you
not go the way of womenkind? Marry come
up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with
me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold
so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to
be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my mas-
ter, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou
art,

Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every
coyst'rel

That comes inquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to
the wars, would you? where a man may serve
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this :
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
 speak,
 Would own a name too dear. That the gods
 would safely
 Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold
 for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak
 of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home
 again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for
 thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little
 amongst them. But since my master and mis-
 tress have bought you, there's no going but by
 their consent: therefore I will make them ac-
 quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not
 but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
 I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Mitylene.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' *continued.*

"AND for to speak how that it stood
Of Thyase his daughter, where she dwelleth
In Tharse, as the chronique telleth.
She was well kept, she was well looked,
She was well taught, she was well booked;
So well she sped in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seek in every land
No wise another no man found,
Ne so well taught at man's eye;
But woe-worth, ever falls envy."

* * * * *

"The treason and the time is shape,
So fell it that this churlish knape
Hath led this maiden where he would
Upon the strand, and what she should
She was a drad; and he out braid^a
A rusty sword, and to her said,
Thou shalt be dead: alas, quoth she,
Why shall I so? So thus, quoth he,
My lady Dionise hath bade
Thou shalt be murder'd in this stede.

This maid then for fear shrihte,^b
And for the love of God all-might
She pray'th, that for a little stound^c
She might kneel upon the ground
Toward the heaven, for to crave
Her woeful soul that she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry
Out of a barge fast by,
Which hid was there on scomerfarc,
Men start out, and weren ware
Of this felon: and he to go,
And she began to cry tho.^d

^a *Braid*—started, drew.
^c *Stound*—moment.

^b *Shrihte*—shrieked.
^d *Tho*—then.

Ha, mercy, help, for God's sake!
Into the barge they her take,
As thieves should, and forth they went."

* * * * *

"If so be that thy master would
That I his gold increase should,
It may not fall by this way;
But suffer me to go my way
Out of this house, where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place else of the town,
Be so it be of religion,
Where that honest women dwell.
And thus thou might thy master tell,
That when I have a chamber there,
Let him do cry ay wide-where^a
What lord that hath his daughter dear,
And is in will that she shall lere^b
Of such a school as is true;
I shall her teach of things new,
Which that none other woman can
In all this land."

* * * * *

"Her epitaph of good assise^c
Was writ about, and in this wise
It spake: O ye that this behold,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was hold
The fairest, and the flower of all,
Whose name Taysis men call.
The king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Her father was: now lieth she thus.
Fourteen year she was of age
When death her took to his viage.^d"

^a *Wide-where*—far and near. ^b *Lere*—learn.
^c *Assise*—situation. ^d *Viage*—journey.



ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays:
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need
 composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him on the sea. We there him
 lost:
 Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
 coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from
 whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich ex-
 pense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight.
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, and die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; A man, who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance, But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperance?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat; But the main grief of all springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may, But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*]

This was a goodly person, Till the disaster that, one mortal night,^a Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,

Royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony, And other chosen attractions, would allure, And make a battery through his deafen'd parts, Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all, And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you, That for our gold we may provision have, Wherein we are not destitute for want, But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy, Which if we should deny, the most just God For every graff would send a caterpillar, And so inflict our province.—Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you. But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O here 's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd

Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty^b

^a *Night.* The old copies, *wight.*

^b *Bounty.* The old copies have *beauty.* Steevens made the correction.

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat^a
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
 And the gods make her prosperous !

[*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord,
 Lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha !

Mar. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gaz'd on like a comet : she
 speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, ' Go not till he
 speak.' [Aside.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent-
 age—

To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
 parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
 upon me.

You are like something, that—What country-
 woman ?

Here of these shores ?^b

Mar. No, nor of any shores :
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
 weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
 one

My daughter might have been : my queen's
 square brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
 As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cas'd so richly : in pace another Juno ;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
 hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
 you live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the
 deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
 And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
 You make more rich to owe ?^a

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
 seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithce speak ;
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
 Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I'll believe
 thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
 (Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou
 cam'st

From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
 said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
 mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no
 more

But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;

If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
 smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
 How lost thou them ?^b Thy name, my most
 kind virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incens'd god sent hither
 To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

^a *Feat.* The old copies, *fate*. Percy suggested *feat*.

^b *Shores.* The old copies, *shewes*.

^a *Owe—own.*

^b *Them* is not found in the old copies.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient ;
Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me
By one that had some power ; my father and a
king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter, and call'd
Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy-
motion ?

Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?^a
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ? who was thy mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well ;—where
were you bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce^b believe me ; 't were best
I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts ? where were you
bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus
leave me ;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither
Will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It may
be

You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

^a Malone reads,

"Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
Motion ?—Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?"

This reading was probably adopted from the desire to avoid
an alexandrine. A "fairy-motion" appears to us in the
poet's best manner.

^b You'll scarce. The old copies have *you scorn*. Malone
made the change.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general ; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage ;
Being demanded that, she would sit still and
weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Steevens this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O come
hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again !—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre ; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name : as in the rest you
said,

Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of
kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise ; thou art
my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
she is ;^a

Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes ; I am wild in my beholding.

^a Malone prints the passage thus :—

"Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead," &c.
Steevens omits *she is*.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.^a

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES *on deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the like.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

[*To* HELICANUS.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, what pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus; THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess*; a number of Virgins *on each side*; CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

^a Malone thinks this sentence should be spoken by Marina to her female companions.

^a *Suit.* The old copies have *sleight*.

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she 's but o'er-
joy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look upon him!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death!

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd
And dead.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your pre-
sent kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may;
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISIA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
through whom

The gods have shown their power; that can
from first

To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods

Can have no mortal officer more like

A god than you. Will you deliver how

This dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her;

How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit,

Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
keen)

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at
last.

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murther seemed so content
To punish them ;^a although not done, but
meant.

So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath
ending.

[*Exit* GOWER.]

^a *Them* is omitted in the old copies.



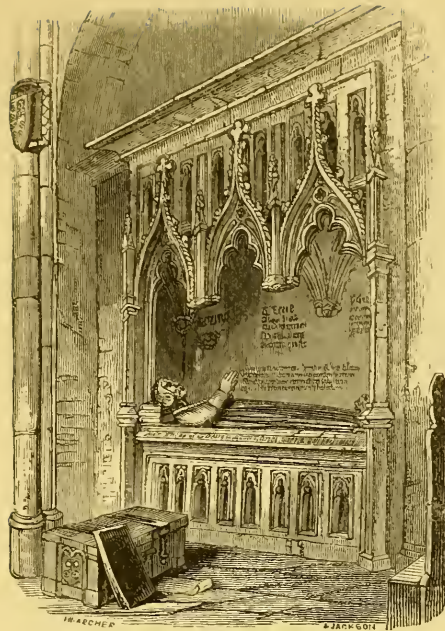
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

His wife, as it was God's grace,
 Which was professed in the place
 As she that was abbess there,
 Unto his tale hath laid her ear.
 She knew the voice, and the visage :
 For pure joy, as in a rage,
 She stretch'd unto him all at once,
 And fell a swoon upon the stones
 Whereof the temple-floor was paved.
 She was anon with water laved,
 Till she came to herself again,
 And then she began to seyn—
 Ah, blessed be the high soonde,^a
 That I may see mine husband,
 Which whilom he and I were one."
 * * * * *

^a *Soonde*—gift.

"Attaint they weren by the law,
 And doomed for to hang, and draw,
 And brent, and with the wind to blow,
 That all the world it might know.
 And upon this condition
 The doom in execution
 Was put anon without fail.
 And every man hath great marvel
 Which heard tellen of this chance,
 And thanketh God's purveyance,
 Which doth mercy forth with justice.
 Slain is the murd'rer, and murd'ress,
 Through very truth of righteousness ;
 And through mercy safe is simplese^a
 Of her, whom mercy preserveth.
 Thus hath he well, that well deserveth."

^a *Simplese*—simplicity.



[Gower's Monument.]

NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHENTICITY OF PERICLES.

THE *external* testimony that Shakspeare was the author of Pericles would appear to rest upon stronger evidence, as far as regards the fact of publication, than that which assigns to him the authorship of Titus Andronicus. That play was not published as his work till after his death: Pericles was published with Shakspeare's name as the author during his lifetime. But this evidence is not decisive. In 1600 was printed 'The first part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, &c. Written by William Shakspeare;' and we should be entitled to receive that representation of the writer of 'Sir John Oldcastle' as good evidence of the authorship, were we not in possession of a fact which entirely outweighs the bookseller's insertion of a popular name in his title-page. In the manuscript diary of Philip Henslowe, preserved at Dulwich College, is the following entry:—"The 16th of October, 99. Received by me Thomas Downton of Philip Henslowe, to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway, for The first part of the Lyfe of Sir Jhon Ouldcastell, and in earnest of the Second Pte, for the

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use of the company, ten pound, I say received 10 lb."* The title-page of *Pericles*, in 1609, might have been as fraudulent as that of 'Sir John Oldcastle' in 1600.

The play of *Pericles*, as we learn by the original title-page, was "sundry times acted by his Majesty's servants at the Globe." The proprietary interest in the play for the purposes of the stage (whoever wrote it) no doubt remained in 1623 with the proprietors of the Globe Theatre—Shakspeare's fellow-shareholders. Of the popularity of *Pericles* there can be no doubt. It was printed three times separately before the publication of the folio of 1623; and it would have been to the interest of the proprietors of that edition to have included it amongst Shakspeare's works. Did they reject it because they could not conscientiously affirm it to be written by him, or were they unable to make terms with those who had the right of publication? There was an entry at Stationers' Hall on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, of "The book of *Pericles Prynce of Tyre*;" and Blount at the same time enters "A book called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." But *Pericles* was first published by Henry Gosson. Blount was one of the proprietors of the folio of 1623. He seems to have possessed the right of printing *Pericles* in 1608; and he probably assigned it to Gosson, who (upon a similar probability) subsequently assigned it to S. S. (Simon Stafford?), who printed it in 1611, and who again assigned it to Thomas Pavier, who printed it in 1619. A question then naturally arises, whether Blount, the proprietor of the folio, was unable to recover back what he had assigned as a separate publication; and whether the non-admission, therefore, of *Pericles* in the folio of 1623 was not wholly a commercial matter, depending upon the claim to copyright. It is obvious that this is a question which is not likely to be decided.

It is a most important circumstance, with reference to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*, that Meres, in 1599, ascribed that play to Shakspeare. We have no such testimony in the case of *Pericles*; but the tradition which assigns it to Shakspeare is pretty constant. Malone has quoted a passage from "The Times displayed, in Six Sestiads," a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke:—

" See him, whose tragic scenes Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakspeare: Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display:
Witness The Prince of Tyre, his *Pericles*:
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
Did understand the depth of poesie."

Six years later, another writer, J. Tatham, in verses prefixed to Richard Brome's '*Jovial Crew*,' 1652, speaks slightly of Shakspeare, and of this particular drama:—

" But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."

Dryden, in his prologue to Charles Davenant's '*Circe*,' in 1675, has these lines:—

" Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no *Volpone*, nor no *Arbaces*, write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some slighted maid.

* Boswell's '*Malone*,' vol. iii. p. 329.

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Shakspeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'T is miracle to see a first good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

The mention of Shakspeare as the author of Pericles in the poems printed in 1646 and 1652 may in some respect be called traditionary; for the play was not printed after 1635 till it appeared in the folio of 1664. Dryden, most probably, read the play in that folio edition. In 1691 Langbaine receives the play without any doubt of the authorship; but he also accepts, as written by Shakspeare, the six other doubtful plays which appeared in the folio of 1664. On the other hand, Gildon, in 1709, in his remarks subjoined to Rowe's edition, treats Pericles as a genuine play by Shakspeare; but of the six other ascribed plays he says, they "are none of Shakspeare's, nor have anything in them to give the least ground to think them his." Rowe himself speaks more cautiously: "It is owned that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, particularly the last act."

Before we proceed to the internal evidence of the authenticity of Pericles, it will be necessary to ascertain the date of its production. The title-page of the first edition calls it "The late and much admired play." In modern phraseology "the late" would be *the new or the recent*. That edition was printed in 1609. The play was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608. There are other circumstances leading to the belief that, about the period of its publication, Pericles was a new play, in some sense of the word. Malone has extracted six lines from a metrical pamphlet entitled 'Pimlyco,' which he originally thought was printed in 1596, but subsequently found bore the date of 1609. They are as follow :—

" Amazed I stood, to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud :
As at a *new play*, all the rooms
Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms ;
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see *Shore or Pericles*."

Malone quotes these lines, not to fix the date of the play, but to show that it is mentioned "as a very popular performance." Mr. Collier holds that this passage from 'Pimlyco' is decisive as to the date: "In this year (1609) it is actually spoken of by the anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap*, as a new play."* Receiving, as Mr. Collier does, the metrical tract of 'Pimlyco' as first published in 1609 (although Malone says "it might have been a republication"), there is a very obvious question suggested by the last of these six lines, which Mr. Collier has not adverted to in the elaborate particulars which he has so industriously collected on the subject of Pericles. That question is this—Was *Shore* as well as *Pericles* a *new play* in 1609? Mr. Collier shall himself answer that question in his extracts from, and observations upon, Henslowe's Diary, preserved at Dulwich College, which Malone had previously noticed:—"The '*Jane Shore*,' assigned to Chettle and Day in January, 1601–2, was only a revival of an older play, as Henslowe then gave forty shillings to those poets, in order that 'the booke of Shoare' might be 'now newly written for the Earl of Worcester's players.'"† In Malone the entry stands under date March, 1602–3: "Jane Shore, by Henry Chettle and John Day." Here we have the unquestionable fact that in 1602, or in 1603, 'Shore' was brought out by Henry Chettle and John Day; and yet in 1609, if the date of 'Pimlyco' is to be relied upon, it was a *new play*. What, then, is the argument worth, that the lines in 'Pimlyco' show that *Pericles* was first produced in or about

* 'Farther Particulars,' &c., p. 31.

† 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' p. 91.

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1609? "The anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap,*" has proved too much. Is the entry at Stationers' Hall in 1608 more decisive? We think not; for the first entry of *Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1597, is made in 1606, at which time the entry was also made of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed in 1598. Is the expression upon the title-page of 1609, "*The late and much admired play,*" more decisive? We think not. For in the edition of 1619 it is still "*The late and much admired play,*" in 1630 still the same; in 1635 still the same. If the evidence of '*Pimlyco*' had not broken down, the collateral evidence of the entry at Stationers' Hall, and of the title-page of 1609, might have strengthened that direct testimony. Of themselves they prove little. The first known edition of *Titus Andronicus* bears the date of 1600; and of that edition only one copy is supposed to be in existence. But Langbaine, a hundred and fifty years ago, mentions a copy bearing the date of 1594. The date of 1600, therefore, is no evidence as to the date of the play's production. So it may be with the *Pericles* of 1609; for "the late" upon that title-page might have been copied from some previous edition now lost; as the title-page of that of 1619 was a copy of that of 1609. But Mr. Collier has one other witness to produce: "I think the piece of evidence I am now about to introduce must be considered decisive. It is a prose novel, *founded upon Shakespeare's Pericles*, in consequence, in all likelihood, of the great run it was experiencing. . . . It must have been hastily put together, and published while *Pericles* was enjoying extraordinary popularity, in order to forestal the appearance of the printed play, because Nat. Butter, the bookseller, hoped to derive a profit from the desire of people to read a story which on the stage was so remarkably attractive. Had the play not then been a *new production*, and had it not been 'fortunate' by being performed in 'oft-crammed theatres,' Butter would have had no inducement to enter into the speculation." Mr. Collier then subjoins the title-page, which we copy: 'The Painfull Aduentures of *Pericles* Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter. 1608.' Although we admit that there cannot be a doubt that this remarkable tract is, as it professes to be, "A true history of *the Play* of *Pericles*"—that is, a reduction of the play into a story-book—we are sceptical enough not to receive the other words of that title-page, "as it was lately presented," as an absolute proof that the play was then a new production. The play was popular as an acting drama a hundred years after this. *Pericles* was one of Betterton's favourite parts. In 1629, when Jonson wrote his famous ode, "Come, leave the loathed stage," he adverts to *Pericles* as a play so popular that it kept the stage to the exclusion of what he considered better performances:—

"No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like *Pericles*, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish,—
Scraps out of every dish,
Thrown forth, and rak'd into the common tub,—
May keep up the Play-club.
There, sweepings do as well
As the best-order'd meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit."

In Owen Feltham's Answer 'to Jonson's Ode, *Pericles* is again mentioned, with an inference that its plot is offensive to a critical judgment:—

"Your jests so nominal
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain

PERICLES.

Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles."

We hold, therefore, that if Butter's story-book had borne the same date as Pavier's third edition of *Pericles*, namely, 1619, in the same way that the continued popularity of *Pericles* demanded that third edition, and allowed it to be called "the late and much-admired play," so the story-book might even then have said, 'The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented.' By parity of reasoning the story-book of 1609 might have reference to a play which was a new play in 1602, according to the testimony of that honest witness, 'Pimlyco,' who tells us that he was in a crowd where gentlemen were mixed with grooms, as though they came to see a new play, 'Shore,' or 'Pericles.' That other unexceptionable witness, Mr. Henslowe, we have called to prove that 'Shore' was a new play in 1602. We therefore cannot receive the indirect testimony that *Pericles* was a new play in 1609, any more than we should receive the same testimony that 'Shore' was a new play in 1609.

But what, in the natural construction of the language of the writer of 'Pimlyco,' was a new play? 'Shore' and 'Pericles,' according to him, are new plays. But Henslowe has left it upon record that in 1602 he gave the large sum of forty shillings to two poets, that "the book of *Shoare* might be now newly written." There was an old book of 'Shore,' then, which was to be modernized,—in which the action, probably, was to be kept, but the dialogue was to be rendered acceptable to a more critical audience than had been familiar with it in its original state. In this sense of the word was 'Shore' a new play. It is in this sense of the word that *Pericles*, whether produced when 'Shore' was produced, or some seven years later, was a new play. In our original Introductory Notice to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we incidentally mentioned our belief that *Pericles* was a very early play of Shakspeare's, saying, "We have Dryden's evidence that

'Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore.'

Mr. Collier has been kind enough to notice this opinion; although, of course, he differs from us: "Malone was mistaken in supposing that there was an older edition of '*Pimlyco*' than that of 1609. It was then first published, and not in 1596. If *Pericles* had been produced before 1590, as the Editor of the '*Pictorial Shakspeare*' conjectures, it would not have been mentioned as a new play even in 1596, much less in 1609."* But 'Shore' was "mentioned as a new play;" and we know that it was not a new play, in the strict sense of the term. The parts that were "now newly written" of *Pericles* might have entitled it to be called a new play; just as the parts "now newly written" of 'Shore' might have entitled that to be called a new play. We hold it to be impossible that Shakspeare could have written *Pericles*, for the first time, in the seventeenth century; although he then might have written parts of it for the first time. This opinion is not manifestly inconsistent with our former and our continued belief in what Mr. Collier calls "Dryden's *obiter dictum*," that

"Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore."

Mr. Collier says, "I do not at all rely upon Dryden's evidence farther than to establish the belief as to the authorship entertained by persons engaged in theatrical affairs after the Restoration." But is such evidence wholly to be despised? and must the belief be necessarily dated "after the Restoration?" Dryden was himself forty-four years of age when he wrote the line in question. He had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was the friend of Davenant, who wrote for the stage in 1626. Of the original

* 'Farther Particulars,' Note, p. 31.

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actors in Shakspeare's plays Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man,—John Lowin, who kept the Three Pigeons Inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played Hamlet under Shakspeare's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I., and has an historical importance through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms, with this exclamation from the stern republican, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently." It is impossible to doubt then that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage, and not necessarily of the traditions that survived after the Restoration. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakspeare as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of puritanical intolerance. We accept, then, Dryden's assertion with little doubt; and we approach to the examination of the *internal* evidence of the authenticity of *Pericles* with the conviction that, if it be the work of Shakspeare, the foundations of it were laid when his art was imperfect, and he laboured somewhat in subjection to the influence of those ruder models for which he eventually substituted his own splendid examples of dramatic excellence.

There is a very striking passage in Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy,' which may be taken pretty accurately to describe the infancy of the dramatic art in England, being written some four or five years before we can trace any connexion of Shakspeare with the stage. The passage is long, but it is deserving of attentive consideration:—

"But they will say, how then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calecut: but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

"Lastly, if they will represent an History, they must not (as Horace saith) begin above, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus, to Polymnestor king of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and to spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it."

Between this notion which Sidney had formed of the propriety of a tragedy which should understand "the difference betwixt reporting and representing," there was a long space to be travelled over, before we should arrive at a tragedy which should make the whole action manifest, and keep the interest alive from the first line to the last, without any

“reporting” at all. When Hamlet and Othello and Lear were perfected, this culminating point of the dramatic art had been reached. But it is evident that Sidney described a state of things in which even the very inartificial expedient of uniting description with representation had not been thoroughly understood, or at least had not been generally practised. The “tragedy-writers” begin with the delivery of the young Polydorus, and travel on with him from place to place, till his final murder. At this point Euripides begins the story, leaving something to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. It is not difficult to conceive a young dramatic poet looking to something beyond the “tragedy-writers” of his own day, and, upon taking up a popular story, inventing a machinery for “reporting,” which should emulate the ingenious device of Euripides in making the ghost of Polydorus briefly tell the history which a ruder stage would have exhibited in detail. There was a book no doubt familiar to that young poet; it was the ‘*Confessio Amantis*, the Confessyon of the Louer,’ of John Gower, printed by Caxton in 1493, and by Berthelet in 1532 and 1554. That the book was popular the fact of the publication of three editions in little more than half a century will sufficiently manifest. That it was a book to be devoured by a youth of poetical aspirations, who can doubt? That a Chaucer and a Gower were accessible to a young man educated at the grammar-school at Stratford we may readily believe. That was not a day of rare copies; the bountiful press of the early English printers was for the people, and the people eagerly devoured the intellectual food which that press bestowed upon them. ‘*Appollinus, The Prince of Tyr*,’ is one of the most sustained, and, perhaps, altogether one of the most interesting, of the old narratives which Gower introduced into the poetical form. What did it matter to the young and enthusiastic reader that there were Latin manuscripts of this story as early as the tenth century; that there is an Anglo-Saxon version of it; that it forms one of the most elaborate stories of the ‘*Gesta Romanorum*?’ What does all this matter even to us, with regard to the play before us? Mr. Collier says, “The immediate source to which Shakespeare resorted was probably Laurence Twine’s version of the novel of ‘*Appollonius King of Tyre*,’ which first came out in 1576, and was afterwards several times reprinted. I have before me an edition without date, ‘*Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman*,’ which very likely was that used by our great dramatist.”* Mr. Collier has reprinted this story of Laurence Twine with the title—“*Appollonius, Prince of Tyre*; upon which Shakespeare founded *Pericles*.” We cannot understand this. We have looked in vain throughout this story to find a single incident in *Pericles*, suggested by Twine’s relation, which might not have been equally suggested by Gower’s poem. We will not weary our readers, therefore, with any extracts from this narrative. That the author of *Pericles* had Gower in his thoughts, and, what is more important, that he felt that his audience were familiar with Gower, is, we think, sufficiently apparent. Upon what other principle can Gower perpetually take up the dropped threads of the action? Upon what other principle are the verses spoken by Gower, amounting to several hundred lines, formed upon a careful imitation of his style; so as to present to an audience at the latter end of the sixteenth century some notion of a poet about two centuries older? It is perfectly evident to us that Gower, and Gower only, was in the thoughts of the author of *Pericles*.

We call the play before us by the name of *PERICLES*, because it was so called in the first rudely printed copies, and because the contemporaries of the writer, following the printed copies, so called it in their printed books. But Malone has given us an epigram of Richard Flecknoe, 1670, ‘*On the Play of the Life of PYROCLES*.’ There can be little

* ‘*Farther Particulars*,’ p. 36.

doubt, we think, as Steevens has very justly argued, that Pyrocles was the name of the hero of this play. For who was Pyrocles? The hero of Sidney's 'Arcadia.' Steevens says, "It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that Pyrocles, their leader, should be overlooked?" To a young poet, who, probably, had access to the 'Arcadia,' in manuscript, before its publication in 1590, the name of Pyrocles would naturally present itself as worthy to succeed the somewhat unmanageable Appollinus of Gower; and that name would recommend itself to an audience who, if they were of the privileged circles, such as the actors of the Blackfriars often addressed, were familiar with the 'Arcadia' before its publication. After 1590 the 'Arcadia' was the most popular work of the age.

It will be seen, then, that we advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. The writer, in constructing the plot, had not arrived to a perfect conception of the principle "That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience." But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted; and thus it is that, in "the true history" formed upon the play which Mr. Collier has analysed, the unity of idea is kept in the expression of the title-page, "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower." Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that Pericles ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than Pericles, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."* This theory of companionship in the production of the play is merely a repetition of the theory of Steevens: "The *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the productions of some inglorious and forgotten playwright." We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterization, looking at the whole merely as a col-

* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

lection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."* Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Sidney has given us a most distinct description of that drama; and we can thus understand how the author of Pericles improved upon what he found. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. Horn, with the eye of a real critic, has pointed out the deep poetical profundity of one apparently slight passage in these unpleasant scenes:—

"*Mar.* Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman."

Touches such as these are not put into the work of other men. Who but Shakspeare could have written

"The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't."

And yet this passage comes naturally enough in a speech of no very high excellence. The *purpurei panni* must be fitted to a body, as well for use as for adornment. We think that Shakspeare would not have taken the trouble to produce these costly robes for the decoration of what another had essentially created. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, he would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the Pericles of the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.

* 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 569.



