

gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes*: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

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

Cit. Against him first*; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

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

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

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

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he

* *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifted a miserable joke, which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes:* for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Cbristianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Cbristians to the pikes.*

WARBURTON.

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

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the clerk's horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

“As leue was his hors as is a rake.”

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

“His body leane and meagre as a rake.”

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

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1587, describing Achæmenides, says:

“A meigre leane rake,” &c.

This passage seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEV.

* *Cit. Against him first, &c.*] This speech is in the old copy, as here, given to a body of the citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen. MALONE.

did

did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude 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 without.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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

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

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

1. *Cit.* Our business * is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

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

1. *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

* *Our business &c.*] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second citizen*. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews 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. MALONE.

Of more strong link asunder,* than can ever
 Appear in your impediment⁵: For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

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

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wond'rous 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 it a little more⁶.

1. *Cit.*

5 — *cracking ten thousand curbs*

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment:] So, in *Othello*:

"I have made my way through more impediment,

"Than twenty times your stop." MALONE.

6 — *I will venture*

To scale it a little more.] To scale is to *disperse*. The word is still used
 in the North. The sense is, Though some of you have heard the story,
 I will spread it wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in
 Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1635. So, in *The History of*
Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c. a play published in 1599:

"The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,

"Are *scaled* from their nestling place, and pleasures page
 find."

In the North they say, *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck
 well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken
 from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the
 Welchmen during the absence of Richard II. says: "—they would no
 longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." In the Glossary to Gawin
 Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is
 given.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, fir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale⁷: 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 instruments⁸

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate⁹, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. * The belly answer'd,—

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

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs⁹, but even thus,

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile¹,

As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly²

As you malign our senators, for that

They are not such as you.

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

given. “*Skail, skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheweler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheweler*, *schewel*, *skail*; but of a more general signification.” STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*skale* it. MALONE.

7 — disgrace with a tale:] *Disgraces* are *hardships*, *injuries*. JOHNS.

8 — where the other instruments—] *Where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in the *Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV.

P. 155:

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The instruments that feel.” MALONE.

9 — participate,] here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

9 Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

1 — I may make the belly smile,] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and fayed,” &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240. edit. 1579. MALONE.

2 — even so most fitly] l. c. exactly. WARBURTON.

The counsellor heart³, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

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

1. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

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

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

1. *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain⁴;

And,

³ *The counsellor heart,—*] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homocordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

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

⁴ *— to th' seat o' the brain;*] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

“ Even to the court, the heart, to the seat, the brain.”

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

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy seat.”

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

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me;—

1. 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 flower of all,

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart;— TYRWHITT.

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

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

"The rightful heir to England's royal seat."

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

"It gives a very echo to the seat

"Where love is throned."

Again in *Othello*:

"Yield up O love, thy crown and hearted throne."

See also a passage in *K. Henry V.* where *seat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. V. p. 470, n. 3. MALONE.

And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

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

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

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

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

5 *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,*

Lead'st first, to win some vantage,—] Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest. See Vol. VI. p. 77, n. 3. Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, Thou worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—

“From *rasicals* worse than they.”

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

The meaning, is perhaps only this: Thou that art a hound, on running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

The

✠ The one side must have bale⁶.—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?

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

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud⁷. He that trusts to 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 it⁸. 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,

⁶ *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *miser* or *calamity*. So, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*:

"For light she hated as the deadly bale." STEEVENS.

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

⁷ *That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you, The other makes you proud.*] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *Your virtue is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it.*] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

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 feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,¹
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands² of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.³

Men.

¹ *What's their seeking?* When I was more fond of conjecture than I am at present, and, like many others, too desirous to reduce our author's phraseology to that of the present day, I proposed to read—What is't they're seeking? but the text certainly is right. *Seeking* is here used substantively.—The answer is, "Their seeking, or *fair*, (to use the language of the time,) is for corn." MALONE.

² —*their ruth*,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. STEEVENS.

³ —*I'd make a quarry*

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

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

"And like a quarry cast them on the land." STEEVENS.

Again, in Fletcher's *Wife for a month*:

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

"Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,—

"He had intrench'd himself in his dead *quarries*." MASON.

Bullokar in his *English Expōitor*, 8vo. 1616, says that "a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. See also Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 3. MALONE.

³ *As I could pick my lance.*] That is, *pitch* it. So, in *An Account of ancient customs in games*, &c. Mss. Harl. 2057, fol. 10. b.

"To wrestle, play at strole-ball, or to runne,

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

The word is again used in *K. Henry VIII.* with only a slight variation in the spelling: "I'll *peck* you o'er the pales-else." See p. 136, n. 2.

MALONE.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; 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 generosity⁴,
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 —'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city⁵,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing⁶.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

The word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke*
me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants.

⁴ — *the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the nobles.
Generosity is high birth. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder
than the rest. MALONE.

⁶ — *unroof'd the city,*] Old Copy—*unroof.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

⁶ *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon.

MALONE.
Mar.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

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

1. Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;
The Volces are in arms ⁷.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

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 the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

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

Tit. Lead you on :—

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority ⁸.

⁷ — 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

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

⁸ *Right worthy you priority.*] You being right worthy of precedence.

MALONE

Com

Com. Noble Lartius⁹!

Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone, [*To the Cit.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth¹: 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 gird² the gods

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him³: he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic.

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

¹ *Your valour puts well forth*.—] That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—To-day he puts forth

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

MALONE.

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

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

³ *The present wars devour him: he is grown*

Too proud to be so valiant.] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder,

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 rob Cominius*.

Bru.

blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republic. *WARBURTON.*

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

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

“*Hast eat thy bearer up.*”

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

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

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

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

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

“—and my demerits

“May speak,” &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his servants, “—I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your demerits.” *STEEVENS.*

Again

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 dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity⁵, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli.⁶ *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

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

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone⁶,
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 power⁷, but it is not known

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

⁵ *More than his singularity, &c.*] We will learn what he is to do,
besides going himself; what are his powers, and what is his appoint-
ment. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*'Tis not four days gone,*] i. e. four days past. STEEVENS.

⁷ *'They have press'd a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old
copy reads—"They have *press* a power," which may signify they have
a power ready, from *pret*, Fr. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"And I am *press* unto it."

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

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were gene-
rally so *spelt* in Shakspere's time: so *distress*, *blest*, &c. I believe *press'd*
in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspere's
time in the sense of *impress'd*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus,
translated by Sir T. North, 1579: "—the common people—would not
appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *press* them for
the warres." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"From London by the king was I *press'd* forth." MALONE.

Whether

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

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

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns^a, 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^b; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

^a To take in many towns—] To take in is here, as in many other places, to subdue. So, in *The Excecration on Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson:

“—The Globe, the glory of the Bank,

“I saw with two poor chambers taken in,

“And raz'd.” MALONE.

^b —for the remove

Bring up your army:] Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli.* If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

—for their remove. JOHNSON.

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

If we and Caius Marcius chauce to meet,
Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

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

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak*. 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,

* — *brows bound with oak:*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—
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 trophy²: 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 Valeria³,

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

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

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.

* — *to retire myself.*] *Retire* was formerly used as a verb active. See Vol. V. p. 40, n. 5. MALONE.

² *Than gilt his trophy:—*] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold; a word now obsolete. So, in *K. Henry V.*:

“Our gaynels and our gilt are all besmirch'd.” STEEVENS.

³ *At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line:

At Grecian sword. Contending, tell Valeria. STEEVENS.

What,

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 school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a
very pretty boy, O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'
Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and
when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again;
and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it
again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he
did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he
mammock'd it⁴.

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam⁵.

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

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

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.*

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

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably:
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

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

Vol. Why, I pray you?

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

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say,

⁴ —mammock'd it.] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear.
So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"That he were chopp'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

⁵ —A crack, madam.] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson: "—
since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, set freely, care-
lessly, and capriciously." Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:
"A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*." *Crack* signifies a boy child.
See Vol. V. p. 356, n. 1. STEEVENS.

all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambricks were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

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

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

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

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

Vir. Indeed, madam?

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

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

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but displease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

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

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

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

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

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

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

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

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

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?

Meſ. Within this mile and half.

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

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

They ſound a parley. Enter, on the walls, ſome Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

i. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little⁶. 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, far off;

[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius: liſt, what work he mak's
Amongſt your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.—Ladders, ho!

⁶ — nor a man that fears you leſs than he,

That's leſſer than a little.] The ſenſe requires it to be read:

— nor a man that fears you more than he;

Or, more probably:

— nor a man but fears you leſs than he,

That's leſſer than a little. JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almoſt always entangling himſelf when he uſes *leſs* and *more*. See Vol. IV. p. 177, n. 9; and p. 173, n. 6. *Leſſer* in the next line ſhows that *leſs* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he ſhould have written—but fears you leſs, &c. MALONE.

The Voices 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.

Alarm, and Exeunt Romans and Voices, fighting. 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
Farther 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

7 Re-enter Marcius.] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius cursing.

STEEVENA.

8 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues, &c.] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. II. p. 281, n. 5; p. 328, n. 3; p. 500, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 30, n. 2; Vol. IV. p. 135, n. 4. For the present regulation I am answerable.
“You herd of cowards!” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

“—one's Junius Brutus,

“Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—’sdeath,

“The rabble should have first,” &c.

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

“—Are these your *herd*?

“Must these have voices,” &c.

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

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

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

“Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.

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 Alarm. The Volcians and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volcians retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

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

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarm continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

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

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares⁹ his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:

A car-

⁹ *Who sensible, out-dares—* The old editions read:

Who sensibly out-dares—

Thirlby reads:

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.

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

Sensible is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

MALONE.

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

A carbuncle entire¹, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes²; 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 tremble³.

Re-ent.

"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *A carbuncle entire, &c.*] So, in *Othello*:

"If heaven had made me such another woman,

"Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

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

² — *Thou wast a soldier*

Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes, &c.] The old copy reads—*Calves* wish. The correction was made by Theobald, and is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemies askeard with the sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his countenance." North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder Cato "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even suspect that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Martius* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentic ancient copy. The substitution of *Calves*, instead of *Cato's*, is, easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Cato's* wish; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque*, 1613:

"And what will *Junoes* *lets* do for her?")

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

³ — *as if the world*

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

"— some

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.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours⁵
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them⁶, 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;

“ — some say, the earth

“ Was feverous, and did shake.” STEEVENS.

4 — *make remain* —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANMER.

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

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

6 — *doublets that hangmen would*

Bury with those that wore them,] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. See Vol. II. p. 9, n 6. MALONE.

Whilst

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 the places 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 own⁷;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

⁷ — *The Roman gods,*
Lead their successes as we wish our own;] i. e. May the Roman
gods, &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

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

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

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour?⁹
And bring thy news so late?

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

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'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 man⁹.

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

⁹ — confound an hour,] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterere tempus.* MALONE.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii:

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

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

In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward¹.

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 pitying², 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. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side³
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

¹ — to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

"Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward." STEEV.
Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Leaping, upon a
full stomach, or to bedward, is very dangerous." MALONE.

² Ransoming him, or pitying,—] i. e. remitting his ransom. JOHNSON.

³ — on which side, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

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

Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates⁴,
 On their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
 Their very heart of hope⁵.

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 present⁶; but,
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd⁷, 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 report⁸;

If

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

"Set me against Aufidius, and his *Antiates*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

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

— thy desperate arm

"Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope."

MALONE.

⁶ *And that you not delay the present;—*] Delay for let slip. WARB.

⁷ — *swords advanc'd,*—] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *if any fear*

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

"If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

"That holds his honour higher than his ease,—"

Again

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 disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

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

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
 If these shews 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'd⁹.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour."

In this play we have already had *lesser* used for *less*. See p. 165, n. 6.
 MALONE.

⁹ *Please you to march,*

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

[*Which men are best inclin'd.*] Coriolanus may mean that as all the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie." STEEVENS.

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

SCENE

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 ports¹ be guarded: keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch 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 Volcian Camps.**Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.*

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

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy²: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
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 see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

¹ — the ports] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

² — thy fame, and envy.] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. See p. 42, n. 2. MALONE.

That

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny³,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

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

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me⁴
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcitus.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

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

Com. If I should tell thee⁵ o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where

³ *Wert thou the Hector,*

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,] Dr. Johnson says, "that the Romans boasting themselves to be descended from the Trojans, the meaning may be, that Hector was the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks." This he considers as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was possess'd of."

MALONE.

⁴ — *you have sham'd me*

In your condemned seconds.] For condemned, we may read *condemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise*. JOHNSON.

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

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

⁵ *If I should tell thee, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There the consul Cominius going vp to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddess for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him self sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had

WONNE

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'd⁶, hear more; where the dull Tri-
 bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
 Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—

Yet can'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 ffeed, we the caparison⁷:
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol⁸ 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 country⁹:

wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboue all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and wassa glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To quake is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"—We'll quake them at that bar.

"Where all souls wait for sentence." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Here is the ffeed, we the caparison!*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — *a charter to extol*] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *that's for my country!*] The latter word is used here, as in other places, as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act¹.

Com. You shall not be

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

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

Com. Should they not²,

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! When steel grows soft

¹ He, that hath but effected his good will,

Hath overta'en mine act.] That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd. So in *Macbeth*:

“The flighty purpose never is o'ertook.”

“Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

² Should they not,] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

As the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars³! 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

3 — *When drums and trumpets shall
 The field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-sauc'd soothing! When steel grows soft
 As the parasite's silk, let him be made*

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

“ — when steel grows

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

“ A *cverture* for the wars!”

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

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

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: “An overturning; a sudden change.” The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to

For what he did before Corioli⁴, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus⁵.—
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 power⁶.

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 best⁷, with whom we may articulate⁸,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart.

mean it, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be suddenly converted to the use of war.

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

“Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

“And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns.” MALONE.

⁴ *For what he did, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cornilius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compeell Martius to take these gifts we offer him, if he will not receave them: but we will geue him such a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.” STEEVENS.

⁵ The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *To undercrest your good addition,*

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

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

“To the fairness of my power”—*i.e.* as fairly as I can. MASON.

⁷ *The best*—] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*with whom we may articulate*,] *i. e.* enter into articles. This word occurs again in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“Indeed

Lart. I shall, my lord.

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

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house^o; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
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; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody,
with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

"Indeed these things you have articulated."

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

* *At a poor man's house;*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
"Only this grace (said he) I crave, and beseeche you to grant me.
Among the Volces there is an olde friende and hoste of mine, an honest
wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who living before in great wealth
in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his
enemies: and yet notwithstanding all his miserie and misfortune, he
would doe me great pleasure if I could save him from this one daunger
to keepe him from being solde as a slave." STEEVENS.

* — *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you like it*:

"— I must have liberty,

"Withal, as large a charter as the wind." MALONE.

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

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce¹, 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 would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where²
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way³;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd⁴,

¹ *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian*]. I mention it here, because here this change has spoiled the measure:

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

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*, See Vol. VI. p. 195. n. 4. STEEVENS.

² — *for where*—] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

³ — *I'll potch at him some way*;] The *Revisal* reads *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*. STEEVENS.

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

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

⁴ *My valour's poison'd,*] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

— *my valour, poison'd*

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall flie out of itself. TYRWHITT.

With

With only suffering stain by him; for him⁵
 Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarkements all of fury⁶, 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 guard⁷, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Walk my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
 Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills⁸,) bring me word thither

How

⁵ — for him

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

⁶ — nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.

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

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

"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*."

"An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*."

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

⁷ *At home, upon my brother's guard,*—] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

⁸ ('Tis south the city mills,) But where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium? I believe we should read:

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mills*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy church*—

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

1. *Sol.* I shall, sir.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

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

Bru. Good, or bad ?

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

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you⁹, 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 in¹, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru.

Churchyard. It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell* ; and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

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

“ — underneath the *grove of sycamore*,

“ That *westward* rooteth from the *city's* side.”

Again :

“ It was the nightingale, and not the lark, —

“ Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree*.” MALONE.

⁹ *Pray you, &c.*] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

¹ *In what enormity is Marcius poor in,*] Here we have another of our author's

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

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

Both. Trib. Why, how are we censured?

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

Both. Trib. Well, well, fir, well.

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

Bru. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks², and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, fir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome³.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain, having dismissed the redundant *is* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

² — *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

³ — *a brace of unmeriting—magistrates,—as any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

Men.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; 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 night⁴, 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 say⁵, your worships have deliver'd 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 lye 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 conspectuities⁶ glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs⁷; you wear out a good⁸ wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between

* — one that converses more with the buttock of the night, &c.] Rather a late lye-down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

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

"—Thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

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

⁶ — bisson conspectuities,] *Bisson* (blind,) in the old copies, is *become*: restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

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

"With bisson rheum." MALONE.

⁷ — for poor knaves' caps, and legs—] That is, for their obeisance shewed by bowing to you. To make a leg was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. See Vol. V. p. 180, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ — you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare

between an orange-wife and a fasslet-seller, and then re-journ the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience²; 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 entomb'd 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 plebeians¹: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIGILIA, and VALERIA, and a crowd of people.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthlŷ, 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.

Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfatus urbis* for the tribune's office.

WARBURTON.

² — set up the bloody flag against all patience,] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

¹ — herdsmen of—plebeians:] As kings are called ποιμαίνε; λαόν.

JOHNSON.

Men

Men. Ha! *Marc'us* coming home?

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

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee²:—
Hoo! *Marc'us* coming home!

Two ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

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

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

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

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen*³ is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

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

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

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*⁴: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men.

² *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton knew so little of his author as to propose reading—take my cap, Jupiter.

MALONE.

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

³ — in *Galen*—] An anachronism of near 650 years. *Menenius* flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—*Galen* was born in the year of our Lord 136, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

⁴ *On's brows, Menenius:*] Mr. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after *Menenius*; *On's brows, Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland: "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that *Volumnia* says he had on his brows." But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. *Volumnia* answers *Menenius*, without taking notice of his last words,—*"The wounds become him."* *Menenius* had asked—

Brings

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

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

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so injus'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd 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.

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

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

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

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

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew 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 know⁶.

Vol.

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

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

"Was brow-bound with the oak."

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

⁵ — possess'd of this? [*Possess'd*, in our authour's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

⁶ — seven hurts in the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.] "Seven, one, and two," says Dr. Warburton, "and these make

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

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines⁷; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won. With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus⁸:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd 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

make but nine! "To assist Menenius therefore in his arithmetick, he reads, "one in the neck, and one too in the thigh." It is not without reluctance that I encumber my page by even mentioning such capricious innovations; but I am sometimes obliged to do so, to introduce the true explanation of passages. MALONE.

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

⁷ [*Which being advanc'd, declines,*] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *Coriolanus.*] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus.* STEEV.

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

MALONE.

FOR

For my prosperity.

[Kneels.

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

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

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O welcome home ;
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,

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

" Sententious sorrowers! O! let them fall!

" Their cadence is rhetorical."

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" A lady's tears are silent orators,

" Or should be so at least, to move beyond

" The honey-tongued rhetorician."

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

" Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting gaze!

" Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes!

" Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

" More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!" STEEVENS.

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

" But being season'd with a gracious voice."

Again, in *King John*:

" There was not such a gracious creature born."

Again in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:—"He is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinned, blushing of cheekes, &c, that ever made an old lady gracious by torchlight." MALONE.

That

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 right¹.

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 honours².

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 come forward.*

Bru. All tongue speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture³ lets her baby cry,

While

¹ *Com.* Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.] Rather, I think:

Com. Ever right Menenius.

Cor. Ever, ever.

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

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

² But, with them, change of honours.] Variety of honours; as change of rayment, among the writers of that time, signified variety of rayment. *WARBURTON*.

³ Into a rapture—] Rapture, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, to be rapt, signified, to be in a fit. *WARBURTON*.

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin⁵ pins
 Her richest lockram⁶ '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: feld-shown flamens⁶

Do

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

S. W.

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

4 —the kitchen malkin—] A maulkin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up; thence a dirty wench. HANMER.

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

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

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

"Put on the shape of order and humanity,

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

5 *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says: "His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue." Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,

"I had no wit." STEEVENS.

6 —feld-shown flamens—] I. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves

Do prefs 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 cheeks⁷, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god⁸, who leads him,
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1607: *

"O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."

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

* — a vulgar station—] A station among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"A vulgar comment will be made of it." MALONE.

⁷ Commit the war of white and damask, in

Their nicely gawded cheeks,] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.

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

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

"The silent war of lilies and of roses,

"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"Such war of white and red," &c.

Again, in *Dametas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Amidst her cheek the rose and lilly strive." STEEVENS.

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

"To note the fighting conflict of her hue,

"How white and red each other did destroy." MALONE.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

"— her cheeks,

"Where roses mix: no civil war

"Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

⁸ As if that whatsoever god, &c.] That is, as if that god who leads him, *whatsoever* god he be. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

"Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,

"Points on me graciously with fair aspect."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"— he hath fought to-day,

"As if a god in hate of mankind had

"Destroyed in such a shape." MALONE.

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end⁹; 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 honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't¹.

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 vesture² of humility;
Nor, shewing (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,

⁹ *From where he should begin, and end;*] Perhaps it should be read⁸

From where he should begin & an end,— JOHNSON.

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

¹ *As he is proud to do't.*] Proud to do, is the same as, proud of doing.

JOHNSON.

means here, as *that*. MALONE.

² *The napless vesture*—] The players read—the *Naples*,— STEEVENS.

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

Plutarch's words are, "with a *poore* gowne on their backs." See p.
204, n. 8. MALONE.

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction³.

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
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war⁴; who have their provand⁵
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 people⁶, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,

³ *It shall be to him then, as our good wills;*

A sure destruction.] It shall be to him of the same nature as our
dispositions towards him; *deadly*. MALONE.

⁴ *Than camels in their war;*] *Their war* may certainly mean, the
wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I
suspect Shakspeare wrote—in the war. MALONE.

⁵ — *their provand*—] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the mo-
dern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to esta-
blish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p.
737: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loanne, to find
them and ~~the~~ horse, which was better than the *provant*." Again,
in *Hakevil on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect. 1:
"—At the siege of Luxenburge, 1545, the weather was so cold that
the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was ~~drunk~~
with hatchets, &c." Again, in *Pasquill's Nightcap*, &c. 1623: "At
"

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,"

"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, *provender*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Shall teach the people,*] Thus the old copy. "When his soaring
insolence shall teach the people," may mean,—When he with the inso-
lence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their ra-
lers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without necessity,—shall *reach* the
people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire.⁷
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs⁸ 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 time⁹,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers¹, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many
stand for consulships?

⁷ — *will be his fire*—] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

⁸ *Matrons flung gloves*—

Ladies—their scarfs—] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman was saluted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators would fling a scarf or glove "upon him as he pass'd." MALONE.

— *carry with us ears and eyes, &c.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Enter two officers, &c.*] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capitol could be given. See the *Account of our old theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd² 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 opposite³. 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 those⁴, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report⁵: but he hath so planted his ho-

² *be wou'd*—] That is, *he would wave indifferently*. JOHNSON.

³ — *their opposite*.] That is, their adversary. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5, and p. 70, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ — *as those*—] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

⁵ — *who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report*:] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *being*, and Mr. Pope, for *have*, a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have* them, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *have* themselves, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

Bonnetter, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave. STEEVENS.

nours 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 good 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 met here, both to thank⁶, and to remember With honours like himself.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out⁷. Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body⁸,

6 — whom

We met here, both to thank, &c.] The construction, I think, is, how to thank, &c. (or, for the purpose of thanking whom) we met assembled here. MALONE.

— and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the state rather wants inclination or ability to requite his services, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more simple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his services. MALONE.

⁸ *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interposition with the common people. JONATHAN.

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 assembly⁹,

Bru. Which the rather

We shall be blest 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 off¹;

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 came 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.

⁹ *The theme of our assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De veteri Italiae Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. WAREFURTON.

Had Shakspeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius was necessary: and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate-house at one and the same instant? STEEVENS.

He certainly could not. Yet he has attempted something of the same kind in *King Henry VIII.* See p. 122, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

JOHNSON.

Bru.

Brum. 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 not²: 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 alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter³,
(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, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the reverent: 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 Rome⁴, he fought
By, and the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

² *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ — *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who allows it to much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

⁴ *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republic. MALONE.

When

When with his Amazonian chin⁵ he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman⁶, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene⁷,
 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 since⁸,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland⁹. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,

⁵ — his Amazonian chin —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *spinne*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE

⁶ — be bestrid

An o'er-press'd Roman,] This was an action of singular friendship in our old English armies; [see Vol. V. 245, b. 9, and Vol. VI. p. 256, n. 9.] but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman soldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been — "Martius hastened to his assistance, and standing before him, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also p. 199, n. 8. MALONE.

⁷ *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,*—] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custom, shewed many wounds and cuts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battles." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous, for from Coriolanus's last campaign to his death, was only a period of eight years. MALONE.

⁹ *He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.*] To *lurch* is properly to *part*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Tho. Nashe, 1594: "I see othert of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostilities, and laughing at the punies they had *lurch'd*." MALONE.

Ben Jonson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

I cannot

I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport : as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem¹ : his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took² ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries³ : alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate⁴ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunleß destiny ; aidleß came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement 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 over the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood

¹ — as weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

And fell below his stem : The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*; and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *fir* Coriolanus, for "*fit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting* : but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived. MALONE.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem to stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil*.

"Orontes' bark—

"From *stem to stern* by waves was over-boorne." STEEVENS.
Where it did mark, it took ; In the old copy there is no point after the word *took*, and a colon at the end of this line. The true punctuation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

² — every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries : The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The mortal gate*—] The gate that was made the scene of death.

JOHNSON.

To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours³
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 give⁶ ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it⁷.

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 people⁸.

³ *He cannot but with measure fit the honours—*] That is, no honour will
be too great for him ; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation.

⁶ *Than misery itself would give ;*] *Misery* for avarice ; because a
miser signifies an avaricious. JOHNSON.
WARBURTON.

⁷ *— and is content*

To spend the time to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will
be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote
thus :

— he rewards

His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time to spend it.

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them ; to spend his life, for the
sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.

MALONE.

⁸ *It then remains,*

That you do speak to the people.] Dr. Warburton observes, that
at this time both the consuls were chosen by the Senate, and that it

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

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;—
Shew 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,

was not till 131 years afterwards that one of them was elected by the people. But the inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to P. Rartach, who expressly says, in his life of Coriolanus, that "it was a custome of Rome at that time, that such as dyd sue for any office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to praye the people to remember them at the day of election." North's translation, p. 244. MALONE.

9 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them.] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

MALONE.

As

As if he did condemn 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.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once¹, 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 do²: for if he shew 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 all tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude, 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 we stood up about the

¹ *Once*,] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all*.

WARBURTON.

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

"Once, twenty-four ducattes he cost me." FARMER.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means, "if he do but so much as require our voices;" as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "—they left many of their servants and it in a war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their dards." MALONE.

² *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do*:] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

"Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,

"That gave thee power to do."—JOHNSON.

corn,

corn³, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude⁴.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn⁵, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull⁶, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* I 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 resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would ~~have~~ to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIO LANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his

3 — *for once we stood up about the corn,*] That is, as soon as ever we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. "Once the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read — *for once, when we stood up, &c.* MALONE.

4 — *many-headed multitude.*] Hammer reads, *many beaded monster*, &c. without necessity. To be *many-headed* include *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

5 — *some auburn,*] The folio reads, *some Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

6 — *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.*] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WAREBTON.

behaviour.

behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O 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 breth'ren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must leave them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang ^{it}! 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.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1. *C.*

⁷ *I wish they would forget me, like the virtues,*

Which our divines lose by them.] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.

THEOBALD.

⁸ — not mine own desire.] The old copy has—but mine own desire. The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. But and not are often confounded

1. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir: 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, fir;
What say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy voices
begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1. *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2. *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

[*Enter two other Citizens.*]

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-
tomary gown.

1. *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1. *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed,
loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I
have not been common in my love. I will, fir, flatter my
sworn brother the people, to earn a deare estimation of
them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since
the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than

in these plays. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1. and Vol. V. p. 234, n. 5;
and p. 252, n. 1.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 377, from the reluctance
which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered not
to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand;
but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

“By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.” MALONE.

my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, fir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

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

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

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁹ with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, fir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire² which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here²,

To

⁹ *I will not seal your knowledge—*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

² — *the hire—*] The old copy has *higer*, and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another.

² *Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,*] The meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf as expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems also to think, by the common expression,—"a wolf in sheep's cloathing." Mr. Mason says, that this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

"O ye on wolves, that march in masking clothes."

The

To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
Their needles vouches³? Custom calls me to't:—

What

The *woolwisp* *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

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

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find "*tongued consuls*," for *toged consuls*.—The particle *in* shews that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb skins. How comes it then to be called *woolwisp*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with my usual severity*? We may perhaps more distinctly read:

— with this *woolwisp* tongue,
unless *tongue* be used for *tog*, or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *togs*, which is used in *Othello*. Shakespeare, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown.

Since this foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Mémoire of a Man called Howleglas," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who "caste unto him a husbandle mans gowne, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Than cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the master, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandmans gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolwisp* gown, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakespeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare his *dress* of a Roman candidate to the coarse frock of a ploughman, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEVENSON.

³ To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needles vouches.] Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as make their appearance here, their unnecessary voices?

JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Mintheu's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakespeare's time. "A QUINTAINE OF

What custom wiks, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice fix'd
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices;
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
 honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and ANIUS.

Men. You have flood your limitation; and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

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

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

QUINTELL, a gamester in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom,
 Dic, Hob, and Will, strive for the gay gariand." MALONE.

* *Battles thrice fix, &c.*] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

— battles thrice fix

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
 Done many things, &c.* FARMER.

Sic.

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 down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
In scornfully: he should have shew'd us

His main^s of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Well, 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 shew
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*^s,

But

^s — *aged custom*,] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 201, n. 4: but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think

*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't⁶?
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 potency⁷, 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 you⁸ for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

It more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 204, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ — Ignorant to see't?] *Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — arriving

A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act. V. sc. iii:

“—those powers that the queen

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

⁸ *Would think upon you—*] *Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c.* MALONE.

Or

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 contempt⁹,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues¹?

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,—
Phrygia, whose 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 pride²,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

9 —free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained.

1 Your su'd-for tongues,] Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—Your sued-for tongues, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which so many make suit to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

2 —Enforce his pride,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance³,
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-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither :
And Censorinus, darling of the people⁴,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,

Was

³ — *his present portance,*] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello* :

" And portance in my travel's history." STEEVENS.

⁴ And Censorinus, darling of the people,] This verse I have supplied ;
a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any
one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from
whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus : " The house of
the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which
hath sprung many noble personages : whereof Ancus Martius was one,
king Numa's daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullius
Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought
to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came
of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen
him censor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the
ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Marcius Rutilius did
not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the

Marcian

Was his great ancestor⁵.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past⁶,
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 on⁷:
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.]

Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 168. MALONE.

⁵ *And Censorinus—*

Was his great ancestor.]. Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as *Bope* observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*. Who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his ancestors and of his posterity, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas—*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these; Mordake earl of Fife, son to the governor Archibald earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *by our putting on:*] By our instigation. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—as putter on

“Of these exactions.”— See p. 21, n. 4.

MALONE.

Bru.

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 answer²
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
 We will be there before the stream o' the people³ ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
 TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'⁴
 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 consul⁵, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; 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 ?

² — observe and answer

The vantage of his anger,] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

³ — the stream of the people ;] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" — The rich stream

" Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

" To a prepar'd place in the choir," &c. MALONE.

⁵ — lord consul,] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers ; thus, lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general, &c. MALONE.

Lart.

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,¹
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. Is he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

Bru. Cor. inus, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your of-
fices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?²

¹ —prank them in authority,] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Dress in a little brief authority.” STEEVENS.

² —why rule you not their teeth?] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

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 shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd

3 — *since.*] The old copy—*subence.* STEEVENS.

4 Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:

Why then should I be consul? WARRINGTON.

5 *Sic. You shew too much of that, &c.*] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 — *This palt'ring*

Becomes not Rome:] That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling.

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely,⁷
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, fir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves⁸: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion⁹; 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 words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels¹,

⁷ — rub, laid falsely, &c.] *Falsely for treacherously.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — let them

⁹ — let them

¹ — those meazels,] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a

leper. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Predigal*, 1605.
STEEVENS.

Which

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows²? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon³.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians⁴, why,

² — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

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

³ [*'Twas from the canon.*] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

⁴ O good, but most unwise patricians,] The old copy has—O Gods, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it in the present edition, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "O Gods," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but O God, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "good but unwise" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave and reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn, and noise⁵ o' the monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then veil your ignorance⁶: if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs⁷. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes⁸,
 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.

⁵ *The horn and noise*.—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Then veil your ignorance*;—] *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gives him veil or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 99, n. 2; and p. 410, n. 4. MALONE.

⁷ — *You are plebeians,*

If they be senators; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs.] I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.

Dr. Johnson would read—*Must palate theirs.* “When the *taste* of the great, the patricians, *must palate*, *must please* [or *must try*] that of the plebeians.” MALONE.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* STEEV.

⁸ — *and my soul akes*, &c.] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

Cor.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel*, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; 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 gates¹: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,

¹ *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.]* So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and perswaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to doe in citties of Greece, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their service, sithence they know well enough they haue so ofte caused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinie when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue receiued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abusing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still growe worse and worse: and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulsshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwaye a ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be vnited into one bodie."

STEEVENS.

¹ *They would not thread the gates:]* That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

Their

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native²
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break open
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 more⁴;

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part⁵ 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,—

² — *could never be the native*—] *Native* is *natural parent, or cause of birth.* JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in *K. Henry V.*

“A many of our bodies shall no doubt

“Find *native* graves.” MALONE.

³ — *this bosom multiplied*—] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MALONE.

⁴ *No, take more: &c.*] The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See Briffon *de formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

⁵ *Where one part*—] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. IV. p. 511, n. 7. MALONE.

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of t⁶; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick⁷
 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 judgment⁸, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it⁹;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.⁶

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,

⁶ *That love the fundamental part of state,*

More than you doubt the change of t⁶;] *To doubt is to fear.* The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

⁷ *To jump a body—*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read: *To vamp—*. *To jump* anciently signified *to jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion*. So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "If we looke for good success in our cure by ministering ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jump*, or great hazard." STEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that "*to jump a body*," meant *to risk a body*; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us. MALONE.

⁸ *Mangles true judgment,*] *Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Of that integrity which should become it;*] *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. *To become*, is to *suit*, to *besit*. JOHNSON.

Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet¹,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments².

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

¹ Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,] Let it be said by you, that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.

MALONE.

² — shake thy bones

Out of thy garment:] So, in *K. John*:

“ — here's a stay,

“ That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“ Out of his rags!” STEEVENS.

To the people³,—Coriolanus, patience :—
 Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people :—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak, speak,
 speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
 Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
 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.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
 To bring the roof to the foundation ;
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

³ To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—] I would read :
 Speak to the people.—Coriolanus, patience :—
 Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Mason would point :

Confusion's near ; I cannot.—Speak you, tribune,
 To the people.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

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, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
people, are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house⁵; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast!
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put so that?

1. Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

* — *very poisonous,*] I read:—*are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

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

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

⁶ *Cor. Stand fast; &c.*] In the old copy several of the speeches here
are attributed to wrong persons. The present speech is given to Comi-
nius, instead of Coriolanus, as that below, “Come, sir, along with us,”
is given to Coriolanus, instead of Cominius. Dr. Warburton pointed out
the former error. The two speeches of Coriolanus and Menenius af-
terwards—“I would they were barbarians,”—and “Be gone,” &c. in
the old copy form but one speech, of which Menenius is the speaker.
The present regulation of that speech was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore upon us,
You cannot sent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though call'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—

Men. Begone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another⁷.

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 tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return⁸? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

⁷ *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this
place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be
admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us*
power in some other times; or, *this time* of the people's predominance
will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and ex-
pose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be, *One time will compensate for another*.
Our time of triumph will come hereafter; time will be in our debt,
will *owe us* a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futu-
rity. MALONE.

⁸ *Before the tag return?*—] The lowest and most despicable of the
populace are denominated by those a little above them, *tag, rag, and*
scabail. JOHNSON.

Men.

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 Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
 Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of the publick power,
 Which he so sets at nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands!

Cit. He shall, sure on't? [*Several speak together.*

2. *He shall, sure on't.*] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *fore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall *sure out*; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd therefore that the rabble should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned, and which, when he does *afterwards* mention it, he disapproves of:

“ — to *eject* him hence

“ Were but one danger.”

I have therefore left the old copy undisturbed. MALONE.

Q 4

Men.

Men. Sir, fir;²—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock³, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
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.

² *Do not cry, havock,*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 47, n. 7. MALONE.

Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.] *To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *bajac*, which in Saxon signifies a hawk. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John*:

"— *Cry havock, kings.*"

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

"*Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.*"

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in the *Ordonnances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

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

The second article of the same *Ordonnances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little piece*.

"Item que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le vestel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre traînez & pendu, et la teste avoir coupe." M. S. Cotton. Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

Men.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children² 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 kam³.

Bru. Merely awry⁴: 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 was⁵;—

Bru.

² Towards her deserved children—] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

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

³ This is clean kam.] i. e. *awry*. So Cotgrave, interprets, *Tout va à contrepoin*, All goes clean kam. Hence a *kamhrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: “But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn.”

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *him kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

“*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*”

“The wavering commons in *him kam* sects are haled.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ Merely *awry*:] *Merely* is absolutely. See Vol. I. p. 7, n. 3.

MALONE.

⁵ — is not then respected

For what before it was;—] You alledge, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the 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 tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftnefs, 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 ye not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him⁶
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning⁷.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

fact, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“*Is this just?*” Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood.

MALONE.

⁶ — *to bring him*—] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the MS. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ — *the end of it*

Unknown to the beginning.] So, in the *Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:

“The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.”

STEVENS.

Bru.

Bro. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He must
come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1. *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels⁸;
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.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse⁹, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To Vol.*]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

⁸ *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;*] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince. MALONE.

⁹ *I muse,*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 371, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ — *my ordinance*—] *My rank,* JOHNSON.

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir,
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 of your dispositions², if
You had not shew'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;³
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,⁴
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd⁵, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

² *The thwartings of your dispositions,*] The folio reads—*The things*
of your disposition. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who
improved on Mr. Rowe's correction—

The things *that thwart* your dispositions.

Some of the letters probably dropped out at the press, and the com-
positor afterwards restored the word by conjecture, and produced *things*.

MALONE.

³ —*stoop to the herd,*] The old copy has—to the *beast*. The emen-
dation, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. So before:

"You shames of Rome! you *beast* of—"

Again: "Are these your *beast*?"

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

MALONE.

Which

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak⁴. 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 ~~companion~~ 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 you⁵,

But

⁴ — *You are too absolute,*

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak.] Except in cases of urgent necessity,
when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other
times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

⁵ *Why force you—*] Why urge you. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“If you will now unite in your complaints,

“And force them with a constancy—” MALONE.

⁶ *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,*] Perhaps, the
meaning is, which your heart prompts you to. We have many such
elliptical expressions in these plays. See p. 128, n. 8. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“From what it is dispos'd [to].

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the
theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests to you;
which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player
with

But with such words that are but rotes 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 town⁸ 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 nobles⁹;
And you will rather shew our general lowts¹
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want² might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards: "Come, come, we'll prompt you." The editor of the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—prompts you to, and so all the subsequent copies read. MALONE.

⁷ — bastards, and syllables

[Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.] I read: "of no alliance;" therefore bastards. Yet allowance may well enough stand, as meaning legal right, established rank, or settled authority. JOHNSON.

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

" — his pilot

" Of very expert and approv'd allowance." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, to your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But allowance has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, not the lawful issue of your heart. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are put in apposition with bastards, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

⁸ Than to take in a town—] To subdue or destroy. See p. 160, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁹ — I am in this

Your wife, your son; the senators, the nobles;] I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, In this advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are at stake. MALONE.

¹ — our general lowts.—] Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

² — that want—] The want of their loves. JOHNSON.

Come

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what³ is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand⁴;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling⁵: Or, say to them,

Thou

³ *Not what*—] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *with this bonnet in thy hand*;] Surely our author wrote—*with thy bonnet in thy hand*; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

⁵ *Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,*

That will not hold the handling;] Thus the old copy; and I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which, &c.* is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It often,*

&c.—*So, in The Winter's Tale:*

“— This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *K. John*:

“— he that wins of all,

“ Of kings and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

“ *Who* having no external thing to lose

“ But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.”

In the former of these passages, “*whom* heavens directing,” is to be understood as if Shakespeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum deo ducente*;) and in the latter, “*who* having” has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.* See Vol. IV. p. 488.

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakespeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author; for in R. Raignold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5. b. I find the same construction: “— as Pompey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who* hoping by killing of him to purchase the friendship of

Cæsar.

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way⁶, which, thou dost confess,

Were

Cæsar.—Who now being come unto the shore, and entering Alexandria, had suddenly presented unto him the head of Pompey the great," &c.

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

Dr. Warburton, for *head*, substitutes *hand*, and instead of *often* reads *soften*. "Do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution (says he,) prescribe the waving of the *head*, when they talk of action? "Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy head."

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

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's correction is ingenious, but I think, not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the *hand*, but in considering the authour's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—waving thy head,

With *often*, thus, correcting thy stout heart.

That is, shaking thy head, and striking thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"And thrice his head waving thus, up and down." STEEVENS.

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

—waving thy head,

(Which bumble thus;) correcting thy stout heart,

Now softened as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHITT.

—bumble as the ripest mulberry.] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

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

Αὐτὸς δ' ἁλίστος ἢ τῶν μούρων. MURGRAVE.

* —and, being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way—] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

"—Rude am I in my speech,

"And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace;—

And

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. Pr'ythee 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, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, go, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd scone? Must I,

“And little of this great world can I speak,

“More than pertains to feats of broils and battles.” MALONE.

7 — my unbarb'd scone?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in fordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed scone is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“*Grim.* — you are so clean a young man.

“*Ros.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

“*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

“*Ros.* I know him not; is he a *barber*?”

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

“The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.”

Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy* speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:

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

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 plot² to lose,
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
 You have put me now to such a part, which never^{*}
 I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before⁹.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
 Which quired with my drum¹, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks²; and school-boys' 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

² —single plot—] i. e. piece, portion, applied to a piece of — and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

^{*} —such a part, which never, &c.] 'So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Vol. VI. p. 297:

"— he would avoid such bitter taunts

"Which in the time of death he gave our father."

Again, in the present scene:

"But with such words that are but rotes," &c.

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which the third part of *K. Henry VI.* was founded, reads—As in the time of death. The word as has been substituted for which by the modern editors in the passage before us.

MALONE.

⁹ —perform a part

Thou hast not done before.] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you. MALONE.

¹ Which quired with my drum,] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

² Tent in my cheeks;—] To tent is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

That

CORIO LANUS.

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth;³
 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 stoutness⁴; 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 pride⁵ 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 belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*

³ — to honour mine own truth,]

Πάσαν δὲ μάστις ἀσχεύεις αὐτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

⁴ — let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means,
Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride
can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.

JOHNSON.

⁵ But owe thy pride—] That is, own thy pride. See Vol. IV.
 p. 473, n. 7. MALONE.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affect
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce 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: 'tis 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*
T' 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^o.

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
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

^o — *T' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read:

— *o'er the truth of the cause.* JOHNSON.

When

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 contradiction⁷: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance⁸; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck⁹.

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

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume¹.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples² with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1. Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A nobl' wish.

And to have his worth

[*Of contradiction:*] The modern editors substituted *word*; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now." MALONE.

⁸ *Be rein'd again to temperance;*] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of *Leland's Collections*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented "holding in hyr haund a *bitt of an horse*." TOLLET.

⁹ — *which looks*

With us to break his neck.] To look is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there to help us to break his neck. JOHNSON.

¹ *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

² *Throng our large temples*—] The old copy reads—*Through our*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shews of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

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

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

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 upon the wounds his body bears,

Which shew like graves i' the holy church-yard.

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 you⁴.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being past for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

³ *His rougher accents*—] The old copy reads—*actions*. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher accents are the harsh terms that he uses. MALONE.

⁴ *Rather than envy you*.] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 42, n. 1. MALONE.

From Rome all season'd office^s, 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, slaying; 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

^s — season'd office,—] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people⁶, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last⁷
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence⁸
 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.

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 shew from Rome⁹,
 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,

⁶ Envy'd against the people.] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

⁷ — as now at last,] Read rather:

— has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *at*, in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁸ — not in the presence] Not stands again for not only. JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8.

⁹ "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man but God, &c."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — and can shew from Rome,—] He either means, that his wounds were got out of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for* Rome; and supports his emendation by these passages:

"To banish him that struck more blows for Rome," &c.

Again:

"Good man! the wounds that he does bear for Rome,—"

MALONE.

My dear wife's estimate¹, 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 curs²! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you³;
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 feels⁴.)

Making

¹ *My dear wife's estimate,*— I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHNSON.

² *You common cry of curs!* Cry here signifies a troop or pack. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

— You have made good work,

“ You, and your cry.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

“ To a deep cry of dogs.” MALONE.

³ *I banish you;* So, in Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: “ When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them.*” MALONE.

⁴ — *Have the power still*

To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our
author's

Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives^s, 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, MENE-
 NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;

author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

"The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1775,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression."—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of "*Making but reservation of yourselves*," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, &c. a nodoubt that we should read, as I have printed, "*Making not reservation of yourselves*," which agrees with the subsequent words—"*fill your own foes*," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to shew that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republic without any reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "*fill their own foes*." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

^s Abated captives.] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. So, in *Cæsar*, 1604, by Lord Sterling:

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

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbis.

Abated has the same power as the French *abattu*. STEEVENS.
 See Vol. III. p. 304, n. 2. MALONE.

Give

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt*].

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 fears; a brief farewell;—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremities were the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning; you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The hearts that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

—fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning;] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently wounded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

I shall

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:—Farewel, 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 women,
 'Tis fond⁷ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice⁸.

Vol. My first son⁹,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course
 More than a wild exposure to each chance¹⁰
 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

⁷ 'Tis fond—] i. e. foolish. STEEVENS.

⁸ — cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

⁹ My first son,] i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARR.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

My fierce son. STEEVENS.

¹⁰ More than a wild exposure to each chance—] I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's 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^a, 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 shewn 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.

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

Bru.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :
Keep on your way.

Gl. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*to Brutus*]
Vir. You shall stay too : [*to Sicin.*] I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool ; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father³? Hadst thou foxship⁴
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 wife words ;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Yet go :—

³ *Sic.* Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool ; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

[*Was not a man my father?*] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out :

—Note but this fool.—

[*Was not a man my father?*] JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman* :

" O mankind generation ! "

Shakespeare himself, in the *Winter's Tale* :

" — a mankind witch. "

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso* :

" See, see this *mankind* strumpet ; see, she cry'd,

" This shameless whore. " STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 163, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ [*Hadst thou foxship, &c.*] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Nay,

May, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

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

Bru. I would he had.³

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 home³,
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:

³ — You have told them home,] So again, in this play:

“I cannot speak him home.” MALONE.

Leave this faint pulling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, fir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, fir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue⁶. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that

⁶ — *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] Dr. Johnson would read *appear'd*, "i. e. strengthened, attested." If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue. MALONE.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i:

"That, if again this apparition come,

"He may *approve* our eyes, and *speak* to it." STEEVENS.

they

they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment⁷, 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.

Vol. 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, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,

[*— already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 209, n. 1. MALONE.

VOL. VII.

S

'Tis

'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir⁸,
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Let that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

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

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. *[Exit Citizen.]*

O, world, thy slippery turns⁹! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love¹⁰,
Unseparable,

⁸ *Many an heir, &c.*] I once thought that *heir* might mean here possessor; (So Shakspeare uses to *inherit* in the sense of to possess;) but *heir* I now think is used in its ordinary signification, for presumptive successor. So, in *Act V. sc. ult.*

“And patient fools,

“Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,

“With giving him glory.”

The words of Aufidius in the same scene may support either interpretation:

“—Though in this city he,

“Hath widow'd and unbilded many a one,—” *MALONE.*

⁹ *O, world, thy slippery turns! &c.*] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. *WARRBURTON.*

¹⁰ *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love,*] Our author, has again used this verb in *Orbello*:

“And he that is approv'd in this offence,

“Though he had twin'd with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

“Have with our needs created both one flower,

“Both

Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a diffention of a doit, break out,
 To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
 My birth-place hate I², 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.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
 Cotus! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
 Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
 you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

“Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 “Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 “As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 “Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 “Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 “But yet a union in partition,
 “Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
 “So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 “Two of the first,” &c. MALONE.

² *My birth place hate I,]* The old copy instead of *bate* reads—*have*.
 The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. “I’ll enter,” means
 I’ll enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
 In letting Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes
 in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions³?
 Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
 anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

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

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot
 get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you,
 avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
 other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid:
 come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
 And batten on cold bits.

[pushes him away.]

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master
 what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall.

[Exit.]

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

³ — that he gives entrance to such companions? *Companion* was formerly
 used in the same sense as we now use the word *felicit*. MALONE.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

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

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

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*beats him away.*]

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 fords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [unmuffling.
Not

* *If Tullus, &c.]* These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhapes beleue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitee bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull seruice I haue done, and the extreme daunges I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In dede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spire and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: 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 memory³,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dallard 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,

fight more valiantly, who know the force of their 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 am I 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." STEEVENS.

³ — *a good memory*.] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory*
was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

See the preceding note, and Vol. iii. p. 146, n. 7. MALONE.

To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee⁶, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame⁷ 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 fiends⁸. 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 shew 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.

Ans. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spok'st hath weeded from my heart

⁶ *A heart of wreak in thee.*—] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.
Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus* 2

"Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:

"She saith that hir selfe she sholde"

"Do wreche with hir owne honde." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *mains*

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

⁸ — *with the spleen*

Of all the under fiends.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends subordinate, or in an inferior station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd"

"Out of the powerful regions under earth," &c.

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

A root of ancient ~~envy~~. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters¹! 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 marry'd; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath²; 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
 Twelve several times³, 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 nothing³. Worthy Marcius,
 Had

¹ And scarr'd the moon—] * Thus the old copy, and, I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened*; a reading to which the following line in *K. Richard III.* certainly adds some support:

"Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." MALONE.

² — never man

Sigh'd truer breath;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind

"Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

"— Lover never yet made sigh

"Truer than I." MALONE.

³ — Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times,] Out here means, I believe, *fully, completely*. MALONE.

³ And wak'd half dead—] Unless the two preceding lines be considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's concluding

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'er-beat. 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,—
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 wel-
come! [*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

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

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

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

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

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

cluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed dif-
ferently. "We have been down," must be considered as if he had
written—I have been down with you, in my sleep, and wak'd, &c. See
p. 76, n. 8; and Vol. III. p. 356, n. 8, and p. 466, n. 9. MALONE.

2. *Serv.*

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 partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too⁴.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mis-

⁴ — *he might have broil'd and eaten him too.* J The old copy reads—*boil'd.* The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

• trefs of him; sanctifies himself with's hand^s, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears⁶: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd⁷.

2. Serv.

* — sanctifies himself with's hand,] Alluding, improperly, to the act of crossing upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

Neither imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion: I should rather suppose it to be to the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

• He will—sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears.] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. SCULLER, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *seu*, i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals. So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"Venus will sowle me by the ears for this."

Perhaps Shakespeare's allusion is to Hercules dragging out Cerberus.

STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. "A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage *to sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYNWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere*. MALONE.

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

7 — *his passage poll'd*.] That is, *bared, cleared*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by T. Nashe, 1594: "— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be enviered, or any in them prove unruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconfeionably."—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damata's Madrigall in praise of his Daphnia*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

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

It

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude².

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, 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: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing², 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 vent³. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd², deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men³.

It likewise signify'd to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden Field:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

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

* — *whilst he's in directitude*.] I suspect the authour wrote:—whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. MALONE.

* — *in blood* —] See p. 152, n. 5. MALONE.

² *This peace is nothing, but to rust, &c.*] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:

This peace is good for nothing, but, &c. MALONE.

³ — *full of vent*.] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. JOHNS.

² — *mull'd*.—] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

³ — *than wars a destroyer of men*.] i. e. than wars are a destroyer of men. Our authour almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*than war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

3. *Serv.*

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money, I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace⁴ And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, where he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if

⁴ *His remedies are tame i' the present peace*] I suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this: *His remedies are tame*, i. e. *ineffectual*, in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

STEEVENS.

In, [*i' the present peace*] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

He

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1. *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Corio-
lanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens,*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance^s.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers

^s — affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other
suffrage. JOHNSON.

Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumour whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow⁶,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come in,
That turns their countenances⁷.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising?
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

⁶ *reason with the fellow,*] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

⁷ *That turns their countenances,*] i. e. that renders their aspect sour. This allusion to the ascension of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

“Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
“It turns in less than two nights?” MALONE.

Sic.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone^s,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. 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'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads^{*} upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore^o.

^s — can no more atone,] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is used by our authour. To atone here, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite. JOHNSON.

Atone seems to be derived from at and one;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form, "—to reconcile and make them at one." MALONE.

^{*} — the city leads —] Our authour, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

^o — confin'd

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

"—our fate hid in an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

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 garlick-eaters²!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit³:
You have made fair work!

Eru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. *All the regions
Do smilingly revolt⁴; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?

¹ Upon the voice of occupation,] Occupation is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. So, again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii. "An I had been a man of any *Occupation*," &c.

So, Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*.

"*Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes*

"*Infra se positas.*" MALONE.

² The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "—he would mouth with a beggar, though the smell'd brown bread and garlick." MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

"—*quis tecum scætile porrum*

"*Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?*" STEEVENS.

³ As Hercules, &c.] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Do smilingly revolt,] To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

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 him⁵ even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,

And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand

That should consume it, I have not the face

To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

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

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,

They'll roar him in again⁶. 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

⁵ —they charg'd him, &c.] Their charge or injunction would shew them insensible of his wrongs, and make them shew like enemies.

JOHNSON.

They charg'd, and therein shew'd, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein shew*. MALONE.

⁶ They'll roar him in again.—] As they booted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

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 dismay'd;
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew 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 ba-
nish'd him.

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Brn. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Brn. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

7 You and your cry! Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Ham-
let*, a company of players are contemptuously called a cry of players.

STEVENS.

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, fir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now; Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier[?] Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, fir, (I mean, for your particular,) you had not Join'd in commission with him: but either Had borne* 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 shews good husbandry for the Volcian state; Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: The senators, and patricians, love him too: The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

* — *more proudlier*—] We have already had in this play—*more overbier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 1. we have *more kinder*; yet the modern editors read here—*more proudly*. MALONE.

* Had borne —] The old copy reads—*have borne*; which cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am answerable. MALONE.

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^s, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether^p defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 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^r. So our virtues

^s *As is the osprey*.—] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *offisraga*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
 "Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,
 "But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
 "Turning their bellies up, although their death they saw,
 "They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

LANGTON.

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

^p — *whether 'twas pride,*

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether, &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*: but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

^r — *he has a merit*

To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

T 3

Lie

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 done².

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler³; strengths 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.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICIINIUS, 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 bayn'd him,

² *And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*

To extol what it hath done.] The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations.—*unto itself most commendable*, i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our authour meant to place Coriolanus in this chair, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear "his nothings monster'd." But I rather believe, "in the utterance" alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends; and then the lines of Horace quoted in p. 273, n. 1, may serve as a comment on the passage before us. MALONE.

³ *Rights by rights fouler, &c.*] These words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, to what follows, and not to what went before. *As one nail, says Aufidius, drives out another, so the strength of Coriolanus shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less fair perhaps, but more powerful.* Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him. The modern editors read—*Rights by rights fouler, &c.* which Mr. Steevens explains thus: "What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs." MALONE.

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
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.

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, no; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome⁴,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory⁵!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition⁶ 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

⁴ — that have rack'd for Rome,] To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

“The commons hast thou rack'd; the Mercury's bags

“Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

⁵ — A noble memory!] Memory for memorial. STEEVENS.

See p. 262, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ It was a bare petition—] A bare petition, I believe, means only a mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. STEEVENS.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word bare is used in the sense of thin, easily seen through; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, (See Vol. V. p. 136, n. 4.) the editor of the first folio substituted bare for bare, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps bare was the authour's word. MALONE.

Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed 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 he 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

[*He was not taken well; he had not din'd, &c.*] This observation is
not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably besits the
mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he
loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

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.^s [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold⁹, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless and: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions¹:

So,

^s *I shall ere long have knowledge*

Of my success.] Mr. Mason says, there could be no doubt that Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his success; and therefore, for I, would read you. That Menenius at some time would have knowledge of his success, is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would ere long gain that knowledge. That this is not always the case, when applications for favours are made to persons in high station, is well known to all who have ever been solicitors in courts; and if poetical authority be wanting, Spenser furnishes me in these well known lines:

“ Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,

“ What hell it is in suing long to bide;

“ To loose good dayes that might be better spent,

“ To waite long nights in penfive discontent, &c.

Mother Hubbard's Tale. MALONE.

⁹ *I tell you, he does sit in gold.*—] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χειροβόλον &c. *Hgn.*—*HOM.* JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “—he was set in his chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestie.” Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. i:

“ All clinquant, all in gold, like beaten gods.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.*] This whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

— *What he would do,*

He sent in writing after; what he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions,—

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this:

T.

So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. 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 ye?

2. G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. G. You may not pass, you may not return: our general
 Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before

*To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that
 all hope is vain. JOHNSON.*

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was
 the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of
 the next. See Vol. IV. p. 324, n. 1. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his
 conditions*, means—to yield only to his conditions; referring these words
 to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but
 such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

I surmise, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the
 conditions, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

FARMER.

2 So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;] That this passage has
 been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays
 have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was pec-
 uliar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the
 present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mo-
 ther and his wife are our only hope,—his meaning could not have been
 doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have
 now no other hope, nothing to rely upon but his mother and his wife,
 who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*. MALONE.

You'll

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks³,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover⁴: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, hardly, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd my friends⁵,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without slipping suffer: nay, sometimes,
• Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground⁶,

I have

³ — lots to blanks,] A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* was the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a lottery, which took its name from thence. So, in the continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The *lots* were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

⁴ The general is my lover:] This also was the language of Shakespeare's time. See Vol. III. p. 67, n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ For I have ever verifi'd my friends, &c.] To verify is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, he brought false witness to verify his title. Shakespeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather testimony than truth, and only means to say, I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer. JOHNSON.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is, "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go confidently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth. MALONE.

⁶ — upon a subtle ground,] Subtle means smooth, level. So, Jonson, in one of his masques:

"Tityus's

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing⁷: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, sir, if you have told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-
nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

1. G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you,
when you have push'd out of 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
daughters⁸, or with the pass'd intercession of such a
decay'd 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 deceiv'd;
therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execu-

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all
Tartary."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-
greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*? MALONE.

⁷ Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:] I have almost given the *lie* such
a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

⁸ — the virginal palms of your daughters,] The adjective *virginal* is
used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

"She to them made with mildness *virginal*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"— tears *virginal*

"Shall be to me even as the dew to fire." MALONE.

tion?

tion: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

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,—

Ent. CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, your companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant⁹ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: ~~guess~~¹⁰ but by my entertainment¹¹ with him, if thou stand'st not¹² the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod 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 dogs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a clock, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

⁹ — a Jack guardant—] See Vol. V. p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

¹⁰ — ~~guess~~ but by my entertainment—] The old copy reads—~~guess but~~ my, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson, and had likewise been proposed by Mr. Edwards in his Mf. notes. It had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed ~~but~~ to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
 My revenge properly², 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. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You
 know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent³ 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 himself⁴,
 fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst.
 For you, be that you are, honest; and your misery increase
 with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the
 rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow

² — *Though I owe*

My revenge properly,—] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge,
 in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

³ — *how we are shent*—] Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his
 Latin Dict. 1679, renders to *shend*, increase. It is so used by many of
 our old writers. MALONE.

⁴ — *by himself*—] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business⁵.

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 shew'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.—Hail! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habit, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young Marcius VALENTIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes⁶,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

⁵ — *how plainly*

I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly, how remotely from*
artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *those dove's eyes,*] So, in the *Canticles*, v. 12. "—his eyes are
the eyes of doves." STEEVENS.

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 gossling to thy instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so?

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace⁸. Be it 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 heaven⁹, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate¹,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*kneels*.
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common song.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

⁷ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
[*Makes you think so.*] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation
of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning,
that he has things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on
the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNS.

⁸ — *like a dull actor now,*

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet:

"As an imperfect actor on the stage,

"Who with his fear is out beside his part,—" MALONE.

⁹ *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*—] That is, by Juno, the
guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial per-
fidy. JOHNSON.

¹ *I prate.*] The old copy—*I pray*. The merit of the alteration is
Theobald's. So, in *Otello*: "*I prattle out of fashion.*" STEEVENS.

I kneel before thee ; and improperly
Shew 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 beach²
Fill up the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;

I help to frame thee³. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola⁴,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle⁵,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,

And

² — on the hungry beach —] The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ — mine is all as hungry as the sea.”

I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that “the hungry beach” means the *sterile, unprofitable* beach. “Every writer on husbandry (he adds,) speaks of hungry soil, and hungry graves, and what is more barren than the sands on the sea-shore?” He acknowledges, however, it may admit the explication already given. MALONE.

³ I help to frame thee.] Old Copy—*help*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many instances, in which corruptions have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

⁴ The noble sister of Publicola,] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without taking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volunna for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently interchanged by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she comes with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

⁵ — chaste as the icicle, &c.] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful passage from Shilley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

“ — thou art chaste

“ As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

“ Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

“ Trembling with fear to touch the impure earth.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdied*; but *curdied* is
VOL. VII. U the

And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours⁶,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw⁷,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks⁸:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;

the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. *So, in ~~Alas~~ well that ends well.*"—"I am now, fir, muddied in fortune's mood." We should now write *muddled*, to express *begrimed, polluted with mud*. MALONE.

⁶ — *epitome of yours,*] I read:—*epitome of you*.

An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

⁷ *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"O no! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,

"*That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*" MALONE.

Every *flaw*, is every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

That

That, if you fail in our request^a, the blame
May hang upon your hardnes: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment^b
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

^a *That, if you fail in our request,—*] That is, if you fail to grant us
our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your coun-
try, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been
made to you, the blame, &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that
was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and
his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

^b *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.*] ^c The speeches
copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well
made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from
Cicero, in *Cataline*, of Ben Jonson's. Let us inquire into this matter,
and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Vo-
lumbia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words
of North into blank verse.

^d If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake,
the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would
easily bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile
and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much
more unfortunately then all the women liuinge we are come hether,
considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other
to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us; making
my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, be-
sieging the wallles of his native countrie. So as that which is the only
comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the
goddess, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing, which length-
us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot ~~(as)~~ ^{pray}, ~~pray~~,
both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also; but a
worlde of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemy can heape
upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter scope of
most harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one
of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their
native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarry,
till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I can-
not perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to over-
throwe and destroy: the one, preferring loue and nature before the ma-
lice and calamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto
it, thou shalt no sooner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy
foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into
this world." FARMER.

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 person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. ' For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine^{*}: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend

^{*} *Constrains them weep, and shake—*] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.

^{*} *These wars determine;*] That is, *end.* See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1.
 MALONE.

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
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 honour²,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur³ 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
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks⁴. Thou hast never in thy life

² — *the fine strains of honour*,—] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. II. p. 512, n 7. MALONE.

³ *And yet to charge thy sulphur*.—] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. sc. i. *change* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Like one i' the stocks*.] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

Shew'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^s 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 dispatch;
 I am hush'd until our city be a fire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother⁶!

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent,

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

^s Does reason our petition—] Does argue for us and our petition.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Mother, mother!—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone," STEVENS.

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 fortune⁷. *[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 you⁸: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, espe-

* — *heard* —] is here used as a dissyllable. See Vol. V. p. 209, n. *. The modern editors read—*say*, would you have heard—.

MALONE.

⁷ — *I'll work*

Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To have a temple built you*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.