Ant. Now, by my ſword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the beſt: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[3] does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten[4].
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf[5].

Cleo.

3 — Herculean *Roman*—] Antony traced his deſcent from *Anton*, a ſon of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

4 *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgottten.] Cleopatra has ſomething to ſay, which ſeems to be ſuppreſs'd by ſorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, ſhe cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as falſe and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly uſed for *a memory apt to be deceitful.* STEEVENS.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is juſt, and therefore have not encumbered the page with any conjectures upon it. Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deſerting her." It certainly was; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our authour's manner.

MALONE.

5 *But that your royalty*
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.] The ſenſe may be:—*But that your queenſhip abuſes idleneſs for the ſubject of your converſation, I ſhould take you for idleneſs itſelf.* So Webſter (who was often a very cloſe imitator of Shakſpeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— how *idle* am I
"To *queſtion* my own *idleneſs!*"

Or an antitheſis may be deſigned between *royalty* and *ſubject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleneſs in ſubjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I ſhould ſuppoſe you to be the very genius of idleneſs itſelf.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth: But perhaps *your ſubject* rather means, whom being in ſubjection to you can

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But ſir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me[6], when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your ſword
Sit laurel victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Appartment in* Cæſar's *houſe.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor[7]: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: 'is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners: You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are

can command at pleaſure, "to do your bidding," to aſſume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I ſhould ſuppoſe you yourſelf were this capricious being. MALONE.

[6] *Since my* becomings *kill me,*—] There is ſomewhat of obſcurity in this expreſſion. In the firſt ſcene of the play Antony had called her:

"—wrangling queen,
"Whom every thing *becomes.*"

It is to this, perhaps, that ſhe alludes. STEEVENS.

[7] One *great competitor:*—] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

Competitor means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakſpeare, *aſſociate*, or *partner*. MASON.

Evil

Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More firy by night's blackneſs[8]; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd[9]; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: ſay, this becomes him,

[8] *His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heav'n,*
More firy by night's blackneſs;] If by ſpots are meant ſtars, as night has no other fiery ſpots, the compariſon is forced and harſh, ſtars having been always ſuppoſed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this ſimile, which anſwers to night's blackneſs. Hanmer reads:

—— *ſpots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackneſs.* JOHNSON.

The meaning ſeems to be—As the ſtars or ſpots of heaven are not obſcured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackneſs of the night, ſo neither is the goodneſs of Antony eclipſed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults ſeem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which anſwers to the *blackneſs of the night*, in the counterpart of the ſimile, is *Antony's goodneſs.* His goodneſs is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them ſtand out more prominent and conſpicuous.

It is objected, that ſtars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet conſiders them here only with reſpect to their *prominence and ſplendour.* It is ſufficient for him that their ſcintilations appear ſtronger in conſequence of darkneſs, as jewels are more reſplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and *ſplendour* of the ſtars were alone in Shakſpeare's contemplation, appears from a paſſage in *Hamlet*, where a ſimilar thought is leſs equivocally expreſs'd:

"Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
"*Stick firy off* indeed."

A kindred thought occurs in *K. Henry V.*

"—though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs
"As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"And like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
"Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
"Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off." MALONE.

[9] — *purchas'd;*] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

(As

(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh[1],) yet muſt Antony
No way excuſe his ſoils[2], when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs[3]. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,

1 — *ſay, this becomes him*;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;] This ſeems inconſequent. I read:

And *his compoſure*, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and *if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon*; yet, &c. JOHNSON.

Though the conſtruction of this paſſage, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, appears harſh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As you Like it*, we meet with the ſame kind of phraſeology:

" —— what though you *have* more beauty,
" (*As* by my faith I ſee no more in you
" Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
" Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?"

See Vol. III. p. 195, n. 9. MALONE.

2 *No way excuſe his* ſoils,] The old copy has—*foils*. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. In the Mſs of our author's time ſ and ſ are often undiſtinguiſhable, and no two letters are ſo often confounded at the preſs. Shakſpeare has ſo regularly uſed this word in the ſenſe required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the ſmalleſt doubt of the juſtneſs of this emendation. So, in *Hamlet*:

" — and no *foil*, nor cautel, doth beſmirch
" The virtue of his will."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" The only *foil* of his fair virtue's gloſs."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Who is as free from touch or *foil* with her,
" As ſhe from one ungot."

Again, *ibid.*

" My *unfoil'd* name, the auſtereneſs of my life."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" For all the *foil* of the atchievement goes
" With me into the earth."

In the laſt act of the play before us we find an expreſſion nearly ſynonymous:

" —His *taints* and honours
" Wag'd equal in him."

Again, in Act II. ſc. iii.

" Read not my *blemiſhes* in the world's reports." MALONE.

3 *So great weight in his lightneſs.*] The word *light* is one of Shakſpeare's favourite play-things. The ſenſe is, His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

Full

Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't[4]: but, to confound ſuch time[5],
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge[6],
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar[7]: to the ports
The diſcontents repair[8], and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

[4] *Call on him for't:*—] *Call on him*, is, *viſit him*. Says Cæſar, *If Antony followed his debauches at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by ſurfeits*, and *dry bones*. JOHNSON.

[5] — *to* confound *ſuch time*,] See p. 426, n. 7. MALONE.

[6] — *boys*; *who, being mature in knowledge*,] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put:

— *who*, immature *in knowledge*:

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*. JOHNSON.

[7] *That only have fear'd Cæſar*:—] Thoſe whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæſar, now ſhew their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

[8] *The* diſcontents *repair*,—] That is, the *malecontents*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" — that may pleaſe the eye
" Of fickle changelings and poor *diſcontents*."

See Vol. V. p. 244, n. 5. MALONE.

Comes

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd [9]. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion [1].

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear [2] and wound

9 — *he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*] The old copy reads—Comes *fear'd*, by being lack'd. The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd till *ne'er* worth love?" I ſuppoſe that the ſecond *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the preſs, and that we ſhould read—till *not* worth love. MALONE.

Let us examine the ſenſe of the old copy in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read:

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occaſioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"I ſhall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*." WARBURTON.

1 *Goes to, and back,* lackying *the varying tide,*
To rot itſelf with motion.] The old copy reads—*lacking*. *Lackying* was introduced by Mr. Theobald: i. e. ſays he, "floating backward and forward with the variation of the tide, like a page or *lacky* at his maſter's heels." MALONE.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by a paſſage in the fifth book of Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"—— who would willingly
"*Lackay* along ſo vaſt a lake of brine?"

Again, in the Prologue to *Antonio and Mellida*, P. II. 1602:

"—O that our power
"Could *lacky* or keep pace with our deſires!"

Again, in *the whole magnificent* entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his wife, &c. March 35, 1609, by Thomas Decker, 1609: "The minutes that *lackey* the heeles of time, run not faſter away than do our joyes."

Perhaps *another meſſenger* ſhould be noted here, as entering with freſh news. STEEVENS.

2 — *which they ear*—] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

See p. 435, n. 7. MALONE.

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't[3], and flush youth[4] revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels[5]. When thou once
Waſt beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa, conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes[6], and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain[7]

3 *Lack blood to think on't,*] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

4 — *and* flush *youth*—] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whoſe blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

5 — *thy laſcivious* waſſels.—] *Waſſel* is here put for intemperance in general. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" At wakes and *waſſels*, meetings, markets, fairs."

For a more particular account of the word, ſee *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. *ult.* The old copy, however, reads *vaſſailes*. STEEVENS.

6 — *Thou didſt drink*
The ſtale of horſes, &c.] All theſe circumſtances of Antony's diſtreſs, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

7 *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain, &c.*] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that ſome word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our authour wrote:

Drive him to Rome *diſgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain, &c.

So, in Act III. ſc. xi:

" —— So ſhe
" From Egypt *drive* her all-*diſgraced* friend." MALONE.

Did

Did ſhew ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble me immediate council[8]: Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this preſent time.

Cæſ. Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you ſhall know mean time
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, ſir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt not, ſir; I knew it for my bond*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora[9].

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo.

[8] Aſſemble me *immediate council:*] Shakſpeare frequently uſes this kind of phraſeology, but I do not recollect any inſtance where he has introduced it in ſolemn dialogue, where one equal is ſpeaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the ſecond folio is right: Aſſemble *we*, &c. So afterwards:

" — Haſte *we* for it:

" Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch *we*," &c.

MALONE.

* —*I know it for my* bond.] That is, to be my bounden duty.

MASON.

[9] — *mandragora.*] A plant of which the infuſion was ſuppoſed to procure ſleep. Shakſpeare mentions it in *Othello:*

" —Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

" Can ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep." JOHNSON.

So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" —Come violent death,

" Serve for *mandragora*, and make me ſleep." STEEVENS.

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon!

Char. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe! for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men[1].—He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?*
For ſo he calls me; Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon:—Think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæſar[2],
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epiſtle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187. lib. 10: "I gave him no poyſon, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of ſuch force that it will cauſe any man to ſleepe, as though he were dead." PERCY.

[1] *And burgonet of men.*—] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. So, in *King Henry VI*:

"This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*."

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"I'll hammer on thy proof-ſteel'd *burgonet*." STEEVENS.

[2] —*Broad fronted Cæſar,*] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæſar*. STEEVENS.

A morſel

A morſel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee [3].—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd,—the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,—
This orient pearl;—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed [4],

Who

[3] — *that great medicine hath*
With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by its touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

" O then, thou *great elixir* of all treaſures."

And on this paſſage he has the following note: " The philoſopher's ſtone, or *philoſophica medicina* is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in the *Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16330:

" —— the philoſophres ſtone,
" *Elixir* cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on." STEEVENS.

[4] — arm-gaunt *ſteed*,] i. e. his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So, Fairfax:

" His *ſtall worn* ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode". WARB.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn*, for *ſtall-worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately

Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him[5].

Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,

borately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean-ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's obſervation, that a worn-out horſe is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war-horſe. Yet as *arm-gaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horſe ſo ſlender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads: —*arm*-girt *ſteed*. JOHNSON.

On this paſſage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. It is clear, that whatever epithet was uſed, it was intended as deſcriptive of a beautiful horſe, ſuch (we may preſume) as our authour has deſcribed in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnſon muſt have look'd into ſome early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *ſeventh* edition he has this note: "I have ſometimes thought, that the meaning may poſſibly be, *thin-ſhoulder'd*, by a ſtrange compoſition of Latin and Engliſh:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*." Mr. Maſon juſtly remarks on the preceding notes, that he "cannot conceive why the joint ſovereign of the world ſhould be mounted on a little worn-out ſtarved poſt-horſe, or why ſuch a poſt horſe ſhould be called, by the pompous appellation of a *ſteed*, (which, he obſerves, is appropriated to horſes for ſtate or war,) and neigh ſo loudly as to dumb-found the ſpectators." Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "in Chaucer (Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1247,) *arm-gret* is uſed in the ſenſe of *as big as the arm*:" but the difficulty ſtill remains; for *arm-gaunt* muſt in this way be interpreted *as thin as the arm*, no very favourable deſcription of a horſe. MALONE.

5 *Was beaſtly* dumb'd *by him.*] The old copy has *dumb*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (ſays he,) the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he could not have been heard." MALONE.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks ſhe *dumbs*," &c. STEEVENS.

The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.—Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?
Char. O that brave Cæſar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæſar!
Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My ſallad days[6];
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt[7].

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meſſina. *A Room in* Pompey's *Houſe.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS[8].

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

Mene.

[6] *My ſallad days;*
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then!—] *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my ſallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

[7] — *unpeople Egypt.*] By ſending out meſſengers. JOHNSON.

[8] All the ſpeeches in this ſcene that are not ſpoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which muſt ſtand for *Menecrates*. The courſe of the dialogue ſhews that ſome of them at leaſt belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for[9].
Mene. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit,
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full[1]. Mark Antony
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæſar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Men. From Silvius, ſir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan lip[2]!

Let

modern editions; or rather, a ſyllable [*Men.*] has been prefixed, that will ſerve equally to denote the one or the other of theſe perſonages. I have given the firſt two ſpeeches to Menecrates, and the reſt to Menas. It is a matter of little conſequence. MALONE.

[9] *Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays*
The thing we ſue for.] The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is loſing its value. JOHNSON.

[1] *My* power's a *creſcent*, &c.] In the old editions:
My powers are *creſcent, and my auguring hope,*
Says it will come to the full.
What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's alluſion is to the moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb. THEOBALD.

[2] — *thy* wan *lip!*] In the old edition it is—*thy* wand *lip!* Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, ſays Dr. Johnſon. *Wand*, if it ſtand, is either

Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs[3].—How now Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver:

either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet*:

" That, from her working, all his viſage *wan'd*."

Again, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*:

" —— a cheek
" Not as yet *wan'd*."

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreaſed, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

" And, Cleopatra then to ſeek had been
" So firm a lover of her *wained* face."

Yet this expreſſion of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wiſh only, that every charm of love may confer additional ſoftneſs on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to ſhew the ſpeaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Aſiatics are paler than thoſe of European nations. STEEV.

Shakſpeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where ſpelt *vild*. *Laund* is given inſtead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wand* for *wan* here?

If this however ſhould not be accepted, ſuppoſe we read with the addition only of an apoſtrophe, *wan'd*: i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon paſt the full. PERCY.

3 *That ſleep and feeding may prorogue* his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs.] I ſuſpect our authour wrote:
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his *bour*, &c.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" — let not that part of nature,
" Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power
" To expel ſickneſs, but *prolong his hour*."

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in theſe plays. What Pompey ſeems to wiſh is, that Antony ſhould ſtill *remain* with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

" To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at leaſt, any preciſe notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I ſuppoſe Pompey means to wiſh, that ſleep and feaſting may prorogue to ſo diſtant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally ſlide from Antony's mind. MALONE.

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel[4].

Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm[5]
For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope[6],
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him[7]; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare[8] between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough

To

[4] — *ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis*
A ſpace for farther travel.] i. e. ſince he quitted Egypt, a ſpace of time has elapſed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

[5] — *would have* don'd *his helm*] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Call upon our dame aloud,
"Bid her quickly *don* her ſhrowd." STEEVENS.

[6] *I cannot* hope, &c.] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols, 8vo, 1775, obſerves that to *hope* on this occaſion means to *expect*. So, in the *Reves Tale*, v. 4027:

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

[7] — warr'd *upon him*;—] The old copy has *wan'd*. The emendation, which was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, is ſupported by a paſſage in the next ſcene, in which Cæſar ſays to Antony,

"— your wife and brother
"Made *wars* upon me." MALONE.

[8] — *ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel*. So, in the *Shoemaker's Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, 1600:

"What? *ſquare* they, maſter Scott?—
"—— Sir, no doubt:
"Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out." STEEVENS.

See

To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
Our lives upon [9], to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the Houſe of* Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus, *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeeeh.

Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day [1].

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2. Malone.

[9] *Our lives upon,—*] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted. Johnson.

[1] *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*
I would not ſhave't to-day.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undreſſed, without ſhew of reſpect.* Johnson.

Plutarch mentions that Antony "after the overthrow he had at Modena, ſuffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumſtance was in Shakſpeare's thoughts. Malone.

Enter

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæſ. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the foureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter[2].

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.

Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, ſir[3]!

Cæſ. Nay, then—

[2] *Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

[3] Cæſ. *Sit.*

Ant. *Sit, ſir!*] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumſtance which ſeemed to indicate a conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority in his too ſucceſsful partner in power; and accordingly reſents the invitation of Cæſar to be ſeated: Cæſar anſwers, *Nay, then* ——i. e. if you are ſo ready to reſent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reaſon to ſuppoſe you have temper enough for the buſineſs on which at preſent we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

The following circumſtance may ſerve to ſtrengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebaſtian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the firſt exchange of civilities, he ſaid, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being aſked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the ſuperiority expreſſed by ſuch permiſſion, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebaſtian. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate [4], your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion [5].

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war [6].

Ant.

I believe, the authour meant no more than that Cæſar ſhould deſire Antony to be ſeated: "*Sit.*" To this Antony replies, Be you, ſir, ſeated firſt: "*Sit, ſir.*" "*Nay, then*" rejoins Cæſar, if you ſtand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of ſo little moment, I will take my ſeat.—However, I have too much reſpect for the two preceding editors, to let my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's ſpeech, undiſturbed. MALONE.

4 *Did* practiſe *on my ſtate,*—] To *practiſe* means to employ unwarrantable arts or ſtratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into Engliſh by the counteſs of Pembroke, 1595:

"—— nothing kills me ſo
"As that I do my Cleopatra ſee
"*Practiſe* with Cæſar." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 113, n. 7. MALONE.

5 — *my queſtion.*] i. e. my theme or ſubject of converſation. So again, in this ſcene: "Out of our queſtion wipe him." See Vol. IV. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

6 — *their conteſtation*
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæſar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context,

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
Did urge me in his act[7]: I did enquire it;

context, which ſhews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

—— *and their conteſtation*
Was them'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection. WARBURTON.

I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read:

—*their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you, you were the word of war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition:

—— *their conteſtation*
You were theme for, *you were the word*— JOHNSON.

Was theme for you, I believe means only, *was propoſed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extenſive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakſpeare, however, may prove the beſt commentator on himſelf. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i:

" —— throw forth greater *themes*
" For inſurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, " — the *theme* of our aſſembly." STEEV.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a juſt one, as the words now ſtand; but the ſenſe of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apoſition with what has preceded, ſhews that there muſt be ſome corruption. If their conteſtation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow*, what congruity is there between theſe words and the concluſion of the paſſage—" *you were the word of war*: i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their ſtandard? On the other hand, " their conteſtation *derived* its *theme* or ſubject from you; you were their word of war," affords a clear and conſiſtent ſenſe. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the ſenſe deſired, we ſhould read—

Was *them'd from* you,—

So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— So like the king,
" That was and is the *queſtion* of theſe wars."

In almoſt every one of Shakſpeare's plays, ſubſtantives are uſed as verbs. That he muſt have written *from*, appears by Antony's anſwer.

" You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
" Did urge *me* in his act.

i. e. never made *me* the *theme* for " inſurrection's arguing." MALONE.

7 — *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act:] i. e. never did make uſe of my name as pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

And

And have my learning from ſome true reports [8],
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe [9]? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with [1],
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

[8] — *true* reports,] *Reports* for *reporters*. Mr. Tollet obſerves that Holinſhed, p. 1181, uſes *records* for *vouchers*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Having alike your cauſe?*] That is, *I* having alike your cauſe. The meaning is the ſame as if, inſtead of "againſt *my* ſtomach," our authour had written—againſt *the ſtomach of me*. Did he not (ſays Antony,) make wars againſt the inclination of me alſo, of me, who was engaged in the ſame cauſe with yourſelf? Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed that *having* meant, *be* having, and hence has ſuggeſted an unneceſſary emendation. MALONE.

The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me*. But why, becauſe he was offended with Antony, ſhould he make war upon Cæſar? May it not be read thus:

—— *Did he not rather*
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?* JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cauſe againſt which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

[1] *As matter whole you* have not *to make it with*,] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have *to make it with*.

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have neceſſarily taken. JOHNSON.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The ſtructure of the ſentence, "*As* matter," &c. proves deciſively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the preſs, omiſſion is the moſt frequent. MALONE.

The old reading may be right. It ſeems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæſar; but yet Antony does not allow himſelf to be faulty upon the preſent cauſe alledged againſt him. STEEVENS.

Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes[2] attend thoſe wars
Which fronted[3] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another[4]:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myſelf[5]; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

[2] — *with* graceful *eyes*] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe rightly. We ſtill ſay, *I could not look* handſomely *on* ſuch or ſuch a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*fronted*—] i. e. *oppoſed*. JOHNSON.

[4] *I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:*] Antony means to ſay, I wiſh you had the ſpirit of Fulvia, embodied in ſuch another woman as her; I wiſh you were married to ſuch another ſpirited woman; and then would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, you the management of ſuch a woman is not an eaſy matter.

By the words, you *had* her ſpirit, &c. Shakſpeare, I apprehend, meant, you were *united to*, or poſſeſſed of, *a woman with* her ſpirit.

Having formerly miſapprehended this paſſage, and ſuppoſed that Antony wiſhed Auguſtus to *be attuated* by a ſpirit ſimilar to Fulvia's, I propoſed to read—*e'en* ſuch another, *in* being frequently printed for *e'en* in theſe plays. But there is no need of change. MALONE.

[5] *I told him of myſelf*;—] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience. WARBURTON.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it[6]: But on, Cæſar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæſ. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it[7]: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as beſits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis noble ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs[8] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, Mecænas.

[6] *The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,*
Suppoſing that I lack'd it:] Lepidus interrupts Cæſar, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about to ſay will be too harſh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak; the ſecurity of* honour on which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now*, is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before. JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to ſay,—The theme of honour which he now ſpeaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he ſuppoſes me not to have a due regard, is ſacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myſelf. MALONE.

[7] — *nor my power*
Work without it:] Nor my greatneſs work without mine honeſty. MALONE.

[8] *The griefs*—] i. e. grievances. See Vol. V. p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your conſiderate ſtone[9].

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but

9 —*your conſiderate ſtone.*] This line is paſſed by all the editors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you *conſiderate* ones.

You who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, *go to*, do your own buſineſs. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your conſiderate ſtone*, means only this: *If I muſt be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble ſtatue, which ſeems to think, though it can ſay nothing. As ſilent as a ſtone*, however, might have been once a common phraſe. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" Bring thou in thine, Mido, and ſee thou be *a ſtone*.

" *Mido*] *A ſtone!* how ſhould that be, &c.

" *Rebecca.*] I meant *thou ſhouldſt nothing ſay.*"

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Guy let it paſſe *as ſtill as ſtone*,

" And to the ſteward word ſpake none.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. ſc. i:

" A *ſtone is ſilent*, and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

" To riden by the way, *dombe as the ſtone.*"

Mr. Tollet explains the paſſage in queſtion, thus: " I will henceforth ſeem ſenſeleſs as a ſtone, however I may obſerve and conſider your words and actions." STEEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the ſenſe rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

" ——your conſiderateſt one."

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever uſed in the ſuperlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. BLACKSTONE.

Your, like *heur*, &c. is uſed as a diſſyllable; the metre therefore is not defective. MALONE.

The

The manner of his ſpeech[1]: for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar,—

Cæſ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, Agrippa[2];
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd[3] of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,

[1] *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his ſpeech:—] I do not, ſays Cæſar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition; *for it cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendſhip: yet if it were poſſible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Say not* ſo, *Agrippa;*] The old copy has—Say not *ſay*. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[3] — *your reproof*
Were well deſerv'd—] In the old edition:
— *your* proof
Were well deſerv'd—
which Mr. Theobald, with his uſual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inſerted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

The emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in conſequence of the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another ſcene of this play, we find in the firſt copy—*mine* nightingale, inſtead of *my* nightingale; in *Coriolanus*, news is *coming*, for news is *come in*; in the ſame play, *bigber* for *hire*, &c. &c. MALONE.

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

Cæſ. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would ſay, *Agrippa, be it ſo,*
To make this good?

Cæſ. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæſ. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report[4];
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us[5] muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

[4] *Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;*] Leſt I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I muſt barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

[5] *Of us,* &c.] in the language of Shakſpeare's time, means—by us. MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæſ. About the Mount Miſenum.

Ant. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, ſir.

Eno. Half the heart of 'Cæſar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her [6].

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

[6] — *be ſquare to her.*] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or ſuits with her merits. STEEVENS.

The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfum'd, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee[7]
The fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did[8].

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes[9],

[7] *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,* &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10. WARBURTON.

[8] *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read leſs harſhly:
And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans ſeemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminiſh or allay, *they did*, i. e. they ſeem'd to produce. MALONE.

[9] — *tended her i' the eyes,*] Perhaps *tended her* by the *eyes*, diſcovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

So, Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. III.

"—— he wayted diligent,
"With humble ſervice to her will prepar'd;
"*From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,*
"*And by her looks conceited her intent.*"

Again, in our authour's 149th Sonnet,

"Commanded by the motion of thine eyes."

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the ſight of their miſtreſs. So, (as Mr. Steevens, if I recollect right, once obſerved to me,) in *Hamlet*:

"We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
"And let him know ſo." MALONE.

And

And made their bends adornings[1]: at the helm
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackle
Swell

[1] *And made their bends adornings:*] "This may mean," (ſays Dr. Warburton,) "her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them."—Not chooſing to encumber my page with fanciful conjectures, where there is no difficulty, I have omitted the remainder of his idle note.

A paſſage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may ſerve to illuſtrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, ſome up, ſome downe deſcending,
"Small ſcattering flowres one at another ſlung,
"With *pretty turns* their lymber bodies *bending*,"—.

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants, in order to learn their miſtreſs's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the* bends *or movements of which added new luſtre to her beauty.* See the quotation from Shakſpeare's 149th Sonnet, above.

In our authour we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the firſt Act of this play:

"—thoſe his goodly *eyes*
"—— now *bend*, now turn," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
"Of the king's looks."

Again, more appoſitely in *Julius Cæſar*:

"And that ſame *eye*, whoſe *bend* doth awe the world."

Mr. Maſon, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that "*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* muſt refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be abſurd to ſay that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Aſſertion is much eaſier than proof. In what does the abſurdity conſiſt? They thus ſtanding near Cleopatra, and diſcovering her will by the eyes, *were the cauſe* of her appearing more beautiful, in conſequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakſpeare's language,) this their ſituation and office was the cauſe, &c. We have in every page of this authour ſuch diction.—But I ſhall not detain the reader any longer on ſo clear a point; eſpecially as I now think that the interpretation of theſe words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly ſometimes uſed for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly ſuppoſes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE.

The whole paſſage is taken from the following in ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "She diſdained to ſet forward otherwiſe, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of gold, the ſailes of purple, and the owers of ſilver, which kept ſtroke in rowing after the ſounde of the muſicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, viols, and ſuch other inſtruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the perſon of her ſelfe: ſhe was layed vnder a pauillion

Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy [3],
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:

of cloth of gold of tiſſue, apparelled and attired like the Goddeſſe Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do ſet forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen alſo, the faireſt of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters,) and like the Graces, ſome ſtearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull paſſing ſweete ſauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes ſide, peſtered with innumerable multitudes of people, Some of them followed the barge all alongſt the riuer ſide: others alſo ranne out of the citie to ſee her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne ſuch multitudes of people one after another to ſee her, that Antonius was left poſt alone in the market place, in his imperiall ſeate to geve audience:" &c. STEEV.

[3] — *which, but for vacancy,*] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* WARBURTON.

For *vacancy*, means, for *fear* of a *vacuum*. MALONE.

And

And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale [4]
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies [5]. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her [6]; that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh [7].
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him [8].

Agr.

4 — *nor cuſtom* ſtale] This verb is uſed by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632: "One that hath *ſtal'd* his courtly tricks at home." STEEVENS.

5 — *Other women cloy*
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.] Almoſt the ſame thought, cloathed neatly in the ſame expreſſions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*:
"Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,
"The more ſhe gives them ſpeech."
Again, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
"But rather famiſh them amid their plenty." MALONE.

6 — *for* vileſt things
Become *themſelves in her*;] So, in our authour's 150th Sonnet:
"Whence haſt thou this *becoming of things ill?*" MALONE.

7 — *when ſhe is* riggiſh.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a ſtrumpet. So, in Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:
"Immodeſt *rigg*, I Ovid's counſel uſe." STEEVENS.
Again, in J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:
"When wanton *rig*, or lecher diſſolute,
"Do ſtand at Paules Croſs in a—ſuite." MALONE.

8 — *Octavia is*
A bleſſed lottery *to him.*] Dr. Warburton ſays, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no reaſon for this aſſertion. The ghoſt of Andrea in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, ſays:
"Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
"Drew forth the manner of my life and death. FARMER.
So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, 1582:
"By this hap eſcaping the filth of *lotterye* carnal."

Again,

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; Attendants, and a Soothſayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow my prayers[9]
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, ſir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, ſir[1].

Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in
My motion[2], have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie

Again, in the *Honeſt Man's Fortune*, By B. and Fletcher:

" — fainting under
" Fortune's falſe *lottery*."— STEEVENS.

[9] — *ſhall bow my prayers*] The ſame conſtruction is in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i:

" *Shouting their* emulation."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II. ſc. ii:

" *Smile you* my ſpeeches?" STEEVENS.

[1] *Good night, dear lady.*—
Good night, Sir.] Theſe laſt words, which in the only authentick copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editors have aſſigned to Octavia. I ſee no need of change. He addreſſes himſelf to Cæſar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

[2] *I ſee it in*
My motion,] i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Mr.

Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.
Therefore, O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear [3], as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Mr. Theobald reads, with ſome probability, I ſee it in my *notion*. MALONE.

[3] *Becomes a* Fear,—] Our authour has a little lower expreſſed his meaning more plainly:

" —— I ſay again, *thy ſpirit*
" Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him.

We have this ſentiment again in *Macbeth*:

" —— near him,
" My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
" Mark Antony's was by Cæſar's." MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:

Becomes a fear'd,—

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a perſonage in ſome of the old moralities. Fletcher alludes to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aſpaſia is inſtructing her ſervants how to deſcribe her ſituation in needle-work:

" —— and then a *Fear*:
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."—

The whole thought is borrowed from ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " With Antonius there was a ſoothſayer or aſtronomer of Egypt, that coulde caſte a figure, and judge of mens natiuities, to tell them what ſhould happen to them. He, either to pleaſe Cleopatra, or elſe that he founde it ſo by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it ſelfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether bleamiſhed, and obſcured by Cæſar's fortune: and therefore he counſelled him vtterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon ſaid he, (that is to ſay, the good angell and ſpirit that keepeth thee) is afraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neere vnto the other." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*that* thy ſpirit. The correction, which was made in the ſecond folio, is ſupported by the foregiong paſſage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is neceſſary. MALONE.

Sooth.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away[4], 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him:—

[*Exit* Soothſayer.

He ſhall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails[5] ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds[6]. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the eaſt my pleaſure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,

[4] — *But, be* away,] Old Copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. POPE. MALONE.

[5] — *his quails*—] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "For, it is ſaid, that as often as they drew cuts for paſtime, who ſhould haue any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway loſt. Oftentimes when they were diſpoſed to ſee cockfight, or quailes that were taught to fight one with an other, Cæſars cockes or quailes did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

[6] — *inhoop'd, at odds.*] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editors read:

Beat mine in whoop'd-at *odds*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occaſion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

"He ſets cocke *on* the hoope, *in*, you would ſay;
"For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

At odds was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, no date:

"She ſtraight begins to bandy him about,
"*At* thouſand *odds*, before the ſet goes out." MALONE.

You

You muſt to Parthia; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount [7]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food [8]
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The muſick, ho!

[7] — *at mount*] i. e. Mount *Miſenum*. STEEVENS.
Our authour probably wrote—*a' the* mount. MALONE.

[8] — *muſick*, moody *food*—] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental diſpoſition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the Engliſh begins, *Grootmoedig Volk* [*great-minded nation*]. Perhaps here is a poor jeſt intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of muſick. JOHNSON.
Moody, in this inſtance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triſte*. STEEVENS.
So, in *the Comedy of Errors*:
" Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
" But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?" MALONE.

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards [9]: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, ſir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, though it come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes [1]; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook [2], which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippan [3]. O! from Italy;—

Enter

9 — *let us to* billiards:] This is one of the numerous anachroniſms that are found in theſe plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

1 *Tawny*-finn'd *fiſhes*;] Old Copy.—Tawny *fine* fiſhes. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

2 *Did hang a ſalt-fiſh*, &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

3 ——— *whilſt*
I wore his ſword Philippan.—] We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any warrant from hiſtory, that Antony had any particular ſword ſo called. The dignifying weapons, in this ſort, is a cuſtom of much more recent date. This therefore ſeems a compliment à poſteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boaſting of his own proweſs at Philippi.

Ant.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears [4],
That long time have been barren.

Meſ. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thon kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free [5],
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; We uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Meſ. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer; while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; &c.

That was the greateſt action of Antony's life; and therefore this ſeems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his ſword ought to be denominated from that illuſtrious battle, in the ſame manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their ſwords pompous names. THEOBALD.

4 Ram *thou thy fruitful tidings* in mine ears,] Shakſpeare probably wrote, (as ſir T. Hanmer obſerves) *Rain thou*, &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

" *Rain* ſacrificial whiſp'rings in thine ear."

Again, in the *Tempeſt*:

" — Heavens *rain* grace!" STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the ſtyle of the ſpeaker; and is ſupported inconteſtably by a paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*:

" —— I go to meet
" The noble Brutus, *thruſting* this *report*
" *Into his ears.*" MALONE.

5 *But well and free*, &c.] This ſpeech is but coldly imitated by B. and Fletcher in *The Falſe One*:

" *Cleop.* What of him? ſpeak of ill, Apollodonus,
" It is my happineſs: and for thy news
" Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
" And kiſs my hand." STEEVENS.

But

But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings[6]? If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man[7].

Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar[8], or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with Cæſar.

Cleo. Thou art an honeſt man.

Meſ. Cæſar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

[6] —*If Antony*
Be free and healthful,—ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings?] I ſuſpect a word was omitted at the preſs, and that Shakſpeare wrote,
—If Antony
Be free, and healthful, *needs* ſo tart a favour, &c. MALONE.

[7] *Not like a* formal *man.*] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.
By a *formal* man, Shakſpeare means, a man *in his ſenſes*. *Informal* women, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, is uſed for women *beſide themſelves*. STEEVENS.
A formal man, I believe, only means, a man *in form*, i. e. *ſhape*. You ſhould come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608:
"The very devil aſſum'd thee *formally*."
i. e. aſſumed thy form. MALONE.

[8] *Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,*
Or friends with Cæſar, &c.] The old copy reads—*'tis* well. MALONE.
We ſurely ſhould read—*is well*. The meſſenger is to have his reward, if he ſays, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him*. TYRWHITT.

Some

Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack [9] of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæſar;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Meſ. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Meſ. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*draws a dagger* [1].

Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.—

[9] *Pour out the pack*—] I believe our authour wrote—*thy* pack. *The*, *thee*, and *thy*, are frequently confounded in the old copy. MALONE.

[1] —*draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife.* STEEVENS. See Vol. IV. p. 297, n. 8. MALONE.

Melt Egypt into Nile[2]! and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents!—Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf[3]; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir.

Re-enter Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.

Meſ. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, Yes.

Meſ. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?

[2] *Melt Egypt into Nile!*—] So, in the firſt ſcene of this play:
"Let Rome in Tyber *melt*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike*
A meaner than myſelf;—] This thought ſeems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar*:
"Stay; underſtand'ſt thou well the points of duel?
"Art born of gentle blood, and pure deſcent?—
"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?
"Baſtard, or baſtinado'd? is thy pedigree
"As long and wide as mine?—for otherwiſe
"Thou wert moſt unworthy, and 'twere loſs of honour
"In me to fight." STEEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect cenſure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Eſſex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a ſtroke at her proud and paſſionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her Majeſty uſed to chaſtiſe *them* too) might be ſafely hazarded. In a ſubſequent part of this ſcene there is (as Dr. Grey has obſerved) an evident alluſion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the perſon of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

Meſ.

Meſ. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd[4], and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'ſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly. He is married?

Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of[5]!—Get thee hence:
The

[4] —*were* ſubmerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

"—ſpoil'd, loſt, and *ſubmerg'd* in the inundation, &c."

STEEVENS.

[5] *That art not what thou'rt* ſure *of!*—] For this, which is not eaſily underſtood, ſir Thomas Hanmer has given:

That ſay'ſt but *what thou'rt ſure of!*

I am not ſatisfied with the change, which, though it affords ſenſe, exhibits little ſpirit. I fancy the line conſiſts only of abrupt ſtarts.

O that this fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou'rt ſure on't.—Get thee hence:
That this fault ſhould make a knave of thee that art—but what *ſhall I ſay thou art not?* Thou art then ſure of this *marriage*.—Get thee hence.

JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this paſſage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herſelf, and to be aſhamed of having ſtruck the ſervant for the fault of his maſter. She then very naturally exclaims,

"O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
"That art not what thou'rt *ſore* of!"

for ſo I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not ſtrange, that the fault of Antony ſhould make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cauſe of that ill news, in conſequence of which thou art yet *ſore* with my blows!

If it be ſaid, that it is very harſh to ſuppoſe that Cleopatra means to ſay to the meſſenger, that *he* is not himſelf that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him ſmart, let the following paſſage in *Coriolanus* anſwer the objection:

"Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your *information*,
"And beat the meſſenger that bids beware
"Of what is to be dreaded."

The merchandiſe, which thou haſt brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Char. Good your highneſs, patience.

Cleo. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia [6], her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go [7]:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars [8]:—Bid you Alexas
[*To* Mardian.

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information*.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is, Strange, that his fault ſhould make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringeſt ſuch certain aſſurance. MALONE.

[6] — *the* feature *of Octavia,*] By *feature* ſeems to be meant the caſt and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have ſignified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewel to Folly*, 1617: "—rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art." Spenſer uſes *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8:

"Thus when they had the witch diſrobed quite,
"And all her filthy *feature* open ſhown."

Again, in b. iii. c. 9:

"She alſo doft her heavy haberjeon,
"Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide." STEEVENS.

Our authour has already in *As you Like it*, uſed *feature* for the general caſt of face. See Vol. III. p. 185, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] *Let him for ever go:*—] She is now talking in broken ſentences, not of the meſſenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

[8] *The other way he's a Mars:*—] In this paſſage the ſenſe is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her paſſion upon the news of Antony's marriage, ſays:

Let him for ever go:—Let him not— *Charmian,*—
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more ſpirited thus:

Let him for ever go:—let him—no,—*Charmian;*
Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

Bring me word, how tall ſhe is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not ſpeak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Miſenum.

Enter POMPEY, *and* MENAS, *at one ſide, with drum and trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with ſoldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent:
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon, and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? And
What made all-honour'd, honeſt, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpightful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.
Cæſ. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us[9], Pompey, with thy ſails,

[9] *Thou canſt not fear us*—] Thou canſt not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe[1]:
But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf[2],
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent,) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates: then, to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæſ. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

[1] *At land, indeed,*
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:] At land indeed thou doſt exceed me in poſſeſſions, having added to thy own my father's houſe. *O'er-count* ſeems to be uſed equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to inſinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered*, but had *over-reached*, him. The circumſtance here alluded to our authour found in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's houſe was put to open ſale, Antonius bought it; but when they aſked him money for it, he made it very ſtraunge, and was offended with them."

Again: "Whereupon Antonius aſked him [Sextus Pompeius,] And where ſhall we ſup? There, ſayd Pompey; and ſhewed him his admiral galley, which had ſix benches of owers: that ſaid he is *my father's houſe* they have left me. He ſpake it to taunt Antonius, becauſe *he had his father's houſe*, that was Pompey the great." See p. 497, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] *But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf,*] Since, like the cuckoo, that ſeizes the neſts of other birds, you have invaded a houſe which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:
"Theſe (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' neſts." STEEV.

I came

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to ſome impatience:—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, You muſt know,
When Cæſar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, ſir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpoſe, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh fortune caſts upon my face[3];
But in my boſom ſhall ſhe never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope ſo, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written,
And ſeal'd between us.

Cæſ. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who ſhall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, firſt,
Or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, ſir[4].

3 *What* counts *hard fortune* caſts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in caſting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

4 *I have fair* meanings, *ſir.*] The old copy has *meaning*; the tranſcriber's ear being probably deceived, in conſequence of the next word beginning with the final letter of this. The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Heath. MALONE.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then ſo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did ſo.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæſar[5] in a mattreſs.

Pom I know thee now; How far'ſt thou, ſoldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæſ. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, ſir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*aſide.*]—You and I have known, ſir.

Eno. At ſea, I think.

Men. We have, ſir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me[6]: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

5 — *to Cæſar*—] i. e. to Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

6 *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me*;] The poet's art in delivering this humourous ſentiment (which gives us ſo very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character like the ſpeaker's: and the moral leſſon infinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflection. WARBURTON.

Men.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæſar's ſiſter is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, ſir; ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But ſhe is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, ſir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard?

I have

I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's *Galley, lying near* Miſenum.

Muſick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet[7].

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants[8] are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink[9].

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition[1], he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan[2] I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be

[7] —*with a* banquet.] A banquet in our authour's time frequently ſignified what we now call a deſert; and from the following dialogue the word muſt here be underſtood in that ſenſe. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our banquet after dinner." Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "*After dinner*, he was ſerved with a *banquet*, in the concluſion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." MALONE.

[8] *Some o' their plants*—] *Plants*, beſides its common meaning, is here uſed for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

[9] *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phraſe amongſt good fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to Cæſar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

[1] *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition*,—] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place*. WARBURTON.

[2] —*a partizan*—] A pike. JOHNSON.

ſeen

ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks [3].

A ſennet ſounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, ſir: [*to* Cæſar.] They take the flow o' the Nile [4]
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean [5], if dearth,

3 *To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks*]. This ſpeech ſeems to be mutilated; to ſupply the deficiencies is impoſſible, but perhaps the ſenſe was originally approaching to this.

To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in it, is a very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.* JOHNSON.

I do not believe a ſingle word has been omitted. The being called into a huge ſphere, and not being ſeen to move in it, theſe two circumſtances, ſays the ſpeaker, reſemble ſockets in a face where eyes ſhould be, [but are not,] which *empty* ſockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The ſphere in which the eye moves, is an expreſſion which Shakſpeare has often uſed. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

"How have mine eyes out of their *ſpheres* been fitted, &c.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their *ſpheres*."

MALONE.

4 *They take the flow of the Nile, &c.*] Pliny ſpeaking of the Nile ſays, "How it riſeth, is known by markes and meaſures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is ſixteen cubits. Under that gage the waters overflow not all. Above that ſtint, there are a let and hindrance, by reaſon that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By theſe the ſeed-time is much of it ſpent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all by reaſon that the ground is dry and thirſtie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. But when it is no higher than 12 cubits, it findeth extreme famine; yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger ſtill: 14 cubits comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties.—And ſo ſoon as any part of the land is freed from the water, ſtraight waies it is ſowed." *Philemon Holland's* Tranſlation, 1601, B. V. c. 9. REED.

5 — *the mean,*—] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

Or

Or foizon, follow[6]: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sit,—and ſome wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramiſes are very goodly things[7]; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.*

And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

[6] *Or foizon, follow:*] *Foizon* is a French word ſignifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is ſtill in common uſe in the North. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 40, n. 6. MALONE.

[7] *I have heard the Ptolemies'* pyramiſes *are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common uſe in our authour's time. So, in Biſhop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boaſt, whoſe *pyramis*
"Above the hoſt and altar reared is."

From this word Shakſpeare formed the Engliſh plural, *pyramiſes*, to mark the indiſtinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whoſe tongue is now beginning to "ſplit what it ſpeaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was conſtantly uſed by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides*—".

Again, in Sir Aſton Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

"Neither adviſe I thee to paſs the ſeas,
"To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a ſecond *pyramides* in the air." MALONE.

Lep.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhaped, ſir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo. And the tears of it are wet*.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to* Menas *aſide.*] Go, hang, ſir hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool. [*Aſide.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*riſes, and walks aſide.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: What's elſe to ſay?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips[§],
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

* — *the tears of it are wet.*] "Be your tears wet?" ſays Lear to Cordelia, Act IV. Scene vii. MALONE.

§ — *or ſky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

Pom.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
Are in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable[9];
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine[1].

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aſide.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes[2] more.—
Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'ſt not?

9 —*Let me cut the cable*;] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch; "Now in the middeſt of the feaſt, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whiſpering in his eare, ſaid unto him: ſhall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome beſides? Pompey having pawſed a while vpon it, at length aunſwered him: thou ſhouldeſt haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we muſt content vs with that we haue. As for my ſelfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." STEEVENS.

1 *All* there *is thine.*] All *there*, may mean *all in the veſſel.* STEEV.
The modern editors read—All *then* is thine. MALONE.

2 — *thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſprightlineſs. JOHNSON.

Men.

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all[3],
That it might go on wheels*!
Eno. Drink thou; increaſe the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels[4], ho!
Here is to Cæſar.
Cæſ. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer: but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to* Ant.] Shall we dance now
The Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;
The holding every man ſhall bear[5], as loud

As

[3] *The third part then* is *drunk: 'Would it were all, &c.*] The old copy reads—The third part then *be* is drunk, &c. The context clearly ſhews that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him, and that we ſhould read as I have printed it,—The third part *then is* drunk. MALONE.

* *That it might go on wheels!*] "The World goes upon wheels," is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the Water-poet. MALONE.

[4] —*Strike the veſſels,*] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty. JOHNSON. I believe, *ſtrike the veſſels* means no more than *chink the veſſels one againſt the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking*, as we now ſay, *chink glaſſes.* STEEVENS.

[5] *The holding every man ſhall* bear,] In the old editions:

The holding every man ſhall beat,——

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet ſtiles, the holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *fides?* I am perſuaded, the poet wrote:

The

As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne[6]:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæſ. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

The holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plauſible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harſh it may appear at preſent. In *K. Henry VIII.* we find a ſimilar expreſſion:

—— let the muſick *knock* it." STEEVENS.

The holding every man ſhall beat,—] Every man ſhall accompany the chorus by drumming on his ſides, in token of concurrence and applauſe. JOHNSON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me ſo plauſible, and the change is ſo ſmall, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Steevens in his edition. MALONE.

[6] — *with* pink *eyne:*] Dr. Johnſon, in his *Dictionary* ſays a *pink eye* is a ſmall eye, and quotes this paſſage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes:* eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" — ſuch *ferret* and ſuch fiery eyes."

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: " —like a *pink-ey'd* ferret." Again, in a ſong ſung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" Thou makeſt ſome to ſtumble, and many more to fumble,
" And me have *pinky eyne*, moſt brave and jolly wine!" STEEV.

Pom-

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhore.
Ant. And ſhall, ſir: give us your hand.
Pom. O, Antony, you have my father's houſe [7],—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* POM. CÆS. ANT. *and Attendants.*
Menas I'll not on ſhore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
Theſe drums!—theſe trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Ho, ſays 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after conqueſt, with* SILIUS *and other* Romans, *officers, and ſoldiers; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck [8]; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes [9],
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm.
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

[7] *O, Antony, you have my father's houſe,*] See p. 486, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] — *ſtruck* —] alludes to *darting*. Thou whoſe darts have ſo often ſtruck others, art ſtruck now thyſelf. JOHNSON.

[9] — *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*] *Pacorus* was the ſon of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we ſerve's away[1].
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon: Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
Grants ſcarce diſtinction[2]. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

[1] — *when* him *we ſerve's away.*] Thus the old copy, and ſuch cer tainly was our authour's phraſeology. So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
" I am appointed *him* to murder you."
See alſo *Coriolanus*, p. 298, n. * The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *he* we ſerve, &c. MALONE.

[2] — *that,*
without the which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
Grants ſcarce diſtinction.] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed: but the ſenſe is this: *Thou haſt that, Ventidius, which if thou didſt want, there would be no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would be both equally cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wildom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.
WARBURTON.

Ven.

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens: whither with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him.—On, there; paſs along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæſar is ſad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæſar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæſar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæſar? How* ? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird[3]!

Eno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves Cæſar beſt;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets[4], cannot
Think,

* *How?*] I believe, was here, as in another place in this play, printed by miſtake, for *ho.* See alſo Vol. III. p. 96, n. 6. MALONE.

3 —*Arabian bird!*] The phœnix. JOHNSON.

4 —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correſpondent action for the *poet*, whoſe buſineſs in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no fault. The ancient *bard* ſung his compoſitions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verſes are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this ſenſe) of Shakſpeare's coining, is *to make verſes.*

This puerile arrangement of words was much ſtudied in the age of Shakſpeare, even by the firſt writers.

Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho,
His love to Antony. But as for Cæſar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle[5]. So,—
This is to horſe.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, ſir.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf[6];
Uſe me well in it.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt band[7]
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Vertue, beautie, and ſpeech, did ſtrike, wound, charme,
" My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
" Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did binde, enforce, and arme,
" His works, ſhowes, ſutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:

" Thus honour, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,
" Held, pearſt, poſſeſt, my judgment, ſence, and will;
" Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, ſteale, creepe,
" Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

" Then griefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
" Well grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine:
" But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, ſight, thought,
" Doth him, his face, his words, leave, ſhunne, refraine;

" For nothing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,
" Mine own, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe." STEEV.

5 *They are his* ſhards, *and he their* beetle.] i. e. They are the *wings* that raiſe this *heavy lumpiſh inſect* from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— the *ſhard-borne* beetle." STEEVENS.

6 *You take from me a great part of myſelf*;] So, in the *Tempeſt*:

" I have given you here a third of my own life." STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" I have a kind of ſelf reſides in you." MALONE.

7 —*as my fartheſt band*] As I will venture the greateſt pledge of ſecurity, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and *bond* in our authour's time were ſynonymous. See Vol. II. p. 178, n. 7. MALONE.

To

To keep it builded *, be the ram, to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious §, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee ¶, and make

Thy

* "—*the cement of our* love
To keep it builded,] So, in our authour's 119th Sonnet:
"And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
"Grows fairer than at firſt." MALONE.

§ —*therein* curious,] i. e. ſcrupulous. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:
"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

¶ *The elements be kind*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain ſuch proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe, means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is compoſed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.* There is, however, a thought which ſeems to favour Dr. Johnſon's explanation in *The two noble Kinſmen* by Fletcher, and Shakſpeare:

"——My precious maid,
"Thoſe beſt affections that the heavens infuſe
"In their beſt temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
"In your dear heart!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:
"Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements*?—Faith, ſo they ſay."

And another, which may ſerve in ſupport of mine:
"—— the *elements*,
"That know not what nor why, yet do effect
"Rare iſſues by their operance."

Theſe parting words of Cæſar to his ſiſter, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occaſion of her voyage very naturally required. He wiſhes *that ſerene weather and proſperous winds may keep her ſpirits free from every apprehenſion that might diſturb or alarm them.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is too profound to be juſt. Octavia was about to take a long journey both by *land* and by *water*.

Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæſ. What, Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæſar weep? [*Aſide to* Agrippa.

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe[1];
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound[2], he wail'd:

Her brother wiſhes that both theſe elements may prove kind to her; and this is all. So Caſſio ſays in *Othello*:

" —— O, let the heavens
" Give him defence againſt the elements,
" For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea." MASON.

In the paſſage juſt quoted the elements muſt mean, not *earth* and water, (which Mr. Maſon ſuppoſes to be the meaning here,) but *air* and water; and ſuch, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has alſo ſuggeſted) is the meaning here. The following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida* likewiſe favour this interpretation:

" ——anon behold
" The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
" Bounding between the *two moiſt elements*,
" Like Perſeus' horſe." MALONE.

[1] — *were he a horſe*;] A horſe is ſaid to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured ſpot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a ſour look, and being ſuppoſed to indicate an ill-temper, is of courſe regarded as a great blemiſh. STEEVENS.

[2] — *he did* confound—] i. e. deſtroy. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

Believe it, till I weep too[3].

Cæſ. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæſ. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*kiſſes* Octavia.

Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Meſ. Moſt gracious majeſty,—

Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?

Meſ. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Meſ. Madam, in Rome

[3] *Believe it, till I weep too.*] *Believe it,* (ſays Enobarbus) *that Antony did ſo,* i. e. *that he wept over ſuch an event, till you ſee me weeping on the ſame occaſion, when I ſhall be obliged to you for putting ſuch a conſtruction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* STEEVENS.

I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me[4]?

Meſ. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?

Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long[5].

Char. Like her? O Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I think ſo, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh!—
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.

Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation[6] are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

[4] *Is ſhe as tall as me?* &c. &c. &c.] This ſcene (ſays Dr. Grey) is a manifeſt alluſion to the queſtions put by queen Elizabeth to ſir James Melvill, concerning his miſtreſs, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himſelf the trouble to conſult his Memoirs, will probably ſuppoſe the reſemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

[5] *That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not ſo good a piece of intelligence as your laſt;" but, "*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not ſo good as a ſhrill tongue."

That a low voice (on which our authour never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) was not eſteemed by Cleopatra as a merit in a lady, appears from what ſhe adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue*, and dwarfiſh!"—If the words be underſtood in the ſenſe firſt mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconſiſtent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the authour intended no connexion between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pauſe, ſhould exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My firſt interpretation I believe to be the true one. MALONE.

[6] —*her* ſtation] *Station*, in this inſtance, means *the act of ſtanding*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"A *ſtation* like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty,
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.—Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it[7].
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That ſo I harry'd him[8]. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmian:—

[7] *As low as ſhe would wiſh it.*] Low foreheads were in Shakſpeare's age thought a blemiſh. So, in *the Tempeſt*:

" — with foreheads *villainous low.*"

See alſo Vol. I. p. 176, n. 1.

You and *She* are not likely to have been confounded; otherwiſe we might ſuppoſe that our authour wrote—

As low as *you* would wiſh it. MALONE.

[8] — *ſo* I harry'd *him.*] To *harry*, is *to uſe roughly.* I meet with the word in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" Will *harry* me about inſtead of her." STEEVENS.

Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617, explains the word thus: " To turmoile or vexe." Cole in his Engliſh DICT. 1676, interprets *haried* by the word *pulled*, and in the ſenſe of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was uſed by Shakſpeare. See the marginal direction in p. 481. In a kindred ſenſe it is uſed in the old tranſlation of Plutarch; " Pyrrhus ſeeing his people thus troubled, and *harried* to and fro," &c. MALONE.

But

But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *Houſe.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—that
Were excuſable, that, and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke ſcantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them: moſt narrow meaſure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't[9],
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me
preſently,
When I ſhall pray, *O, bleſs my lord and huſband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bleſs my brother! Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: If I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs[1]. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: The mean time, lady,

[9] — *he not* took't,—] The old copy has—not *look't.* Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

[1] *Than* yours *ſo branchleſs.*] Old Copy—*your.* Corrected in the ſecond folio. This is one of the many miſtakes that have ariſen from the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him, *your ſo* and *yours ſo*, being ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable in pronunciation. MALONE.

I'll

I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother[2]; Make your ſooneſt haſte;
So your deſires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler[3]! Wars 'twixt you twain would be[4]
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter ENOBARBUS, *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, ſir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæſar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the ſucceſs?

Eros. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivality[5]; would

[2] *I'll raiſe the preparation of a war*
Shall ſtain your brother;] i. e. ſhall *ſhame* or *diſgrace* him. JOHNS.
I believe a line betwixt theſe two has been loſt, the purport of which probably was, *unleſs I am compell'd in my own defence, I will do no act that* ſhall ſtain, &c.
After Antony has told Octavia that ſhe ſhall be a mediatrix between him and his adverſary, it is ſurely ſtrange to add that he will do an act that ſhall diſgrace her brother. MALONE.

[3] *Your* reconciler!] The old copy has *you*. This manifeſt error of the preſs, which appears to have ariſen from the ſame cauſe as that noticed above, was corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —*Wars 'twixt you twain would be*, &c.] The ſenſe is, that war between Cæſar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the ſlaughter would be great in ſo extenſive a commotion. JOHNS.

[5] —*rivality.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

not

not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal[6], ſeizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the other[7]. Where's Antony?

[6] *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakſpeare, is to *accuſe*; Cæſar ſeized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæſar's accuſation. JOHNS.

[7] *Then*, world, *thou* haſt *a pair of chaps, no more*;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one *the other*] The old copy reads:
Then *would* thou *badſt*, *a pair of chaps, no more*;
And throw, &c.
They'll grind *the other.*

The happy emendation, to which I have paid the reſpect that it merited by giving it a place in the text, was ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon. He explains the paſſage ſo amended, thus: "Cæſar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them." Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I had not in the preſent inſtance any ſcruples on that head. The paſſage, as it ſtands in the folio, is nonſenſe, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were eaſily confounded, and the omiſſion in the laſt line, which Dr. Johnſon has ſupplied, is one of thoſe errors that happen in almoſt every ſheet that paſſes through the preſs, when the ſame words are repeated near to each other in the ſame ſentence. Thus, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, p. 55, now before me, theſe words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honeur* (*i. e.* the lordſhip of a place) in its legal ſenſe." But the words—"*in its common acceptation and*" were omitted in the *proof* ſheet by the compoſitor, by his eye (after he had compoſed the firſt *honour*,) glancing on the laſt, by which the intermediate words were loſt. In the paſſage before us, I have no doubt that the compoſitor's eye in like manner glancing on the ſecond *the*, after the firſt had been compoſed, the words now recovered were omitted. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the ſame cauſe;

"The bearer knows not; but commends *itſelf*
"*To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itſelf*
"*That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe, behold itſelf*,
"Not going from itſelf," &c.

I have lately obſerved that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. As, in a former ſcene, Shakſpeare, with alluſion to the triumvirs, called the World *three-corner'd*, ſo he here ſuppoſes it to have had *three chaps.*—*No more* does not ſignify *no longer*, but has the ſame meaning as if Shakſpeare had written—*and* no more. Thou haſt now a *pair* of chaps, and *only* a pair. MALONE.

Eros.

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæſar. More, Domitius[8];
My lord deſires you preſently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place[9], on a tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia[1],

Abſolute

[8] —*More, Domitius;*] I have ſomething *more* to tell you, which I might have told at firſt, and delayed my news. Antony requires your preſence. JOHNSON.

[9] *I' the market-place,*—] So in the old tranſlation of Plutarch. "For he aſſembled all the people in the ſhow place, where younge men doe exerciſe them ſelues, and there vpon a high tribunall ſiluered, he ſet two chayres of gold, the one for him ſelfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly publiſhed before the aſſembly, that firſt of all he did eſtabliſh Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time alſo, Cæſarion king of the ſame realmes. This Cæſarion was ſuppoſed to be the ſonne of Julius Cæſar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the ſonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the contry: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. STEEVENS.

[1] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has reſtored *Lybia*. JOHNS. In the tranſlation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio,

Abſolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæſ. I' the common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons he there[2] proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddeſs Iſis[3]
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. Cæſar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd: laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

folio, 1579*, will be ſeen at once the origin of this miſtake.—"Firſt of all he did eſtabliſh Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the Lower Syria." FARMER.

[2] — *be there*] The old copy has—*bither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] — *the goddeſs Iſis*] So in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now for Cleopatra, ſhe did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when ſhe came abroad) the apparell of the goddeſſe Iſis, and ſo gaue audience vnto all her ſubjects, as a new Iſis." STEEVENS.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated,
"'Twas Greek at firſt, that Greek was Latin made,
"That Latin French, that French to Engliſh ſtraid:
"Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
"Than i' th' ſame Engliſhman return'd from France."
FARMER.

That

That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love, which, left unſhewn
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct[4] 'tween his luſt and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him

[4] *Being an* obſtruct—] i. e. "an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with Cleopatra." I uſe the words of Dr. Warburton, by whom the emendation was made. The old copy has—*abſtract*. MALONE.

And

And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying [5].
The kings o' the earth for war [6]: He hath aſſembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.

Octa. Ah me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæſ. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong-led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters [7]

5 — who *now* are *levying*] That is, which two perſons now are levying, &c. MALONE.

6 Mr. Upton remarks, that there are ſome errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the authour did not much wiſh to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton propoſes to read:

" — Polemon and Amintas
" Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

7 — *them miniſters* —] Old Copy—*his* miniſters. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Of

Of us, and thoſe that love you. Beſt of comfort [8];
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull [9],
That noiſes it againſt us.

Octa. Is it ſo, ſir?

Cæſ. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My deareſt ſiſter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Antony's *Camp, near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno.

[8] — Beſt *of comfort*;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, ſeems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be* of comfort, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it ſtands very awkwardly. "*Beſt* of comfort" may mean—*Thou beſt of comforters!* a phraſe which we meet with again in *the Tempeſt*:

"A ſolemn air, and the *beſt comforter*
"To an unſettled fancy's cure!"

Cæſar however may mean, that what he has juſt mentioned is the beſt kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. MALONE.

[9] — *potent* regiment *to a* trull,] *Regiment*, is, *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a falſe woman.

It may be obſerved, that *trull* was not, in our authour's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of ſlight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Trull is uſed in the Firſt Part of *King Henry VI.* as ſynonymous to *Harlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679.—There can therefore be no doubt of the ſenſe in which it is uſed here. MALONE.

Regiment is uſed for *regimen* or *government* by moſt of our ancient writers. The old tranſlation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called the *Regiment of Helth*.

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. xi:

"So when he had reſign'd his *regiment*."

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt forſpoke my being[1] in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounce't againſt us[2], why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon.

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together
The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable ſenſe by G. Peele in the Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*:

"When ſwaines ſweet pipes are puft, and *truls* are warme."

Again, in *Damætas's Jigge* in praiſe of his love, by John Wootton; printed in the ſame collection:

"—— be thy mirth ſeene;
"Heard to each ſwaine, ſeene to each *trull*." STEEVENS.

1 —*forſpoke my being*—] To *forſpeak*, is to *contradict*, to *ſpeak againſt*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"——thy life *forſpoke* by love."

To *forſpeak* has generally reference to the miſchiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of Newes*, "—— a witch, goſſip, to *forſpeak* the matter thus. "In Shakſpeare it is the oppoſite of *beſpeak*. STEEVENS.

2 —denounc't *againſt us*,] The old copy has—*denounc'd*. For this ſlight alteration I am anſwerable. Mr. Tyrwhitt propoſed to read *denounce*, but the other is nearer to the original copy. I am not however ſure that the old reading is not right. "*If not* denounc'd," *If there be no particular denunciation againſt me, why ſhould we not be there in perſon?* There is however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*, and no point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence; which favours the emendation now made. MALONE.

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne[3]?—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men,
To taunt at ſlackneſs.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea! What elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers[4], reapers, people
Ingroſs'd by ſwift impreſs; in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare[5]; yours, heavy: No diſgrace

[3] *And* take in *Toryne.*] To *take in* is to gain by conqueſt. STEEV. See p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] *Your mariners are* muleteers, *reapers*, &c.] The old copy has *militers*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. It is confirmed by the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "—for lacke of watermen his captains did preſſe by force all ſortes of men out of Græce, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harveſtmen," &c. *Muliter* was the old ſpelling of *muleteer*. MALONE.

[5] *Their ſhips are* yare; *yours heavy*:—] So, in ſir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:—"Cæſar's ſhips were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally ſignifies, *dextrous, manageable*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 4, n. 3. MALONE.

Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,

Enter a Meſſenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible;
Strange, that his power ſhould be[6].—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe:—We'll to our ſhip;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis[7]!—How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sold. O noble emperor[8], do not fight by ſea;
Truſt

[6] *Strange, that his* power *ſhould be.*] It is ſtrange that his *forces* ſhould be there. So afterwards in this ſcene:

"His *power* went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
"Beguil'd all ſpies."

Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece." MALONE.

[7] — *my Thetis!*] Antony addreſſes Cleopatra by the name of this ſea-nymph, becauſe ſhe had juſt promiſed him aſſiſtance in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

[8] *O noble emperor, &c.*] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*. "Now, as he was ſetting his men in order of battell, there was a captaine, & a valliant man, that had ſerued Antonius in many battells & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut: who, as Antonius paſſed by him, cryed out vnto him, and ſayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth

it

Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't[9]: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions[1], as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

it to paſſe that you truſt to theſe vile brittle ſhippes? what, doe you miſtruſt theſe woundes of myne, and this ſword? let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by ſea, and ſet vs on the maine land, where we vſe to conquer, or to be ſlayne on our feete. Antonius paſſed by him, and ſayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himſelfe." STEEVENS.

9 *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows*
Not in the power on't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reaſon. JOHNSON.

I think the ſenſe is very different, and that Canidius means to ſay, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greateſt ſtrength, (namely his *land force*,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wiſhes that he ſhould fight by ſea. Dr. Johnſon refers the word *on't* to *right* in the preceding ſpeech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the ſpeech before us. MALONE.

1 —*diſtractions*,—] Detachments; ſeparate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus uſed by ſir Paul Rycaut in his *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*: "—and not ſuffer his affections to wander on other wives, loves, or *diſtractions of his love*." STEEVENS.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and Others.*

Cæſ. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o' the hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over the ſtage; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad[2], the Egyptian admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

[2] *The Antoniad*, &c.] which Plutarch ſays, was the name of Cleopatra's ſhip. POPE.

Eno.

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle[3] of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd[4] peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt[5],
Whom

[3] *The greater* cantle—] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæſar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 3010:

" Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 195, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] —*token'd*—] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of thoſe viſited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the ſkin; and theſe were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*, in ſeven acts, 1619: " A will and a tolling bell are as preſent death as *God's tokens*." Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

" His ſickneſs, madam, rageth like a plague,
" Once *ſpotted, never cur'd*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I ſee." STEEVENS.

[5] *Yon'* ribald-rid *nag of Egypt*,] The word in the old copy is *ribaudred*. I have adopted the happy emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old ſpelling of *ribald*; and the miſprint of *red* for *rid* is eaſily accounted for.—Whenever by any negligence in writing a dot is omitted over an *i*, compoſitors at the preſs invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many ſheets of the preſent work, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the paſſage before us. *By ribald*, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not " *every* lewd fellow," as Mr. Steevens has explained it. MALONE.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" —— that injurious *riball* that attempts
" To vyolate my dear wyve's chaſtity."

Again:

" Injurious ſtrumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaldred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakſpeare, who is not always very nice about his verſification, might have written:

" *Yon'* ribald-rid *nag of Egypt*,—

i. e. Yon ſtrumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears however from Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580, that the word was ſometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

Whom leproſy o'ertake[6]! i' the midſt o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her[7], like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſ'd,[8]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:

Ribaudrous is inſerted in Barret's *Alvearie* as an adjective, not as ſynonymous to *ribaud* or *ribald*; which, however it may have been occaſionally uſed in poetry, appears to have been a ſubſtantive. The article in the *Alvearie* is: "*A ribaudrous* and filthie tongue. Os obſcœnum." MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read—*bag*. What follows ſeems to prove it:

"——She once being looſt,
"The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,
"Claps on his ſea-wing,—. TYRWHITT.

The brize, or œſtrum, the fly that ſtings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

[6] *Whom leproſy o'ertake!*] *Leproſy*, an epidemical diſtemper of the Egyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

"*Contaminato cum grege turpium*
"*Morbo virorum.*" JOHNSON.

Leproſy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was diſtinguiſhed. So, in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592: "Into what jeopardy a man will thruſt himſelf for that he loves, although for his ſweete villanie he be brought to loathſome *leproſie*." STEEVENS.

Pliny, who ſays, *the white leproſy*, or *elephantiaſis*, was not ſeen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is "a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Egyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the ſubjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing veſſels wherein they ſate in the baine, filled with men's bloud for their cure," *Philemon Holland's* Tranſlation, B. XXVI. c. 1. REED.

[7] *The* brize *upon her,*—] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenſer:

"—— a *brize*, a ſcorned little creature,
"Through his fair hide his angry ſting did threaten."
STEEVENS.

[8] — *being* looſ'd,] To *looſ* is to bring a ſhip cloſe to the wind. This expreſſion is in the old tranſlation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

I never

I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*aſide.*

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony[9], though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;

9 *The wounded* chance *of Antony,*—] I know not whether the authour, who loves to draw his images from the ſports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chaſe *of Antony,*

The alluſion is to a deer wounded and chaſed, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* ſays Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chaſed* and *wounded.*—The common reading, however, may very well ſtand. JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phraſe nearly of the ſame import as *the broken fortunes of Antony.* The old reading is indiſputably the true one. So in the fifth Act:

"Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirit,
"Through the aſhes of my *chance.*" MALONE.

I am

I am ſo lated in the world[1], that I
Have loſt my way for ever:—I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treaſure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs: take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itſelf[2]: to the ſea ſide ſtraightway:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I have loſt command[3],
Therefore I pray you:—I'll ſee you by and by.

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, moſt dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what elſe?

Cleo. Let me ſit down. O Juno!

[1] —*ſo* lated *in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

"Now ſpurs the *lated* traveller apace." STEEVENS.

[2] —*let* that *be left*

Which leaves itſelf:] Old Copy—let *them*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[3] —*I've loſt command,*] I am not maſter of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I *intreat* you to leave me, becauſe I have loſt all power to *command* your abſence. STEEVENS.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, ſir?
Ant. O fye, fye, fye.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empreſs!—
Eros. Sir, ſir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His ſword even like a dancer[4]; while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended[5]: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry[6], and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo.

4 — *He, at Philippi, kept*
His ſword even like a dancer;—] I believe it means that Cæſar never offered to draw his ſword, but kept it in the ſcabbard, like one who dances with a ſword on, which was formerly the cuſtom in England. There is a ſimilar alluſion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. ſc. i:

" ——our mother, unadvis'd,
" Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your ſide." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is juſt, appears from a paſſage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, ſays,

" I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
" Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
" Till honour be bought up, and no *ſword worn*,
" But one to *dance* with."

The word *worn* ſhews that in both paſſages our authour was thinking of the Engliſh, and not of the Pyrrick, or the Moriſco, dance, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) in which the ſword was *not worn* at the ſide, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

5 — *and 'twas I,*
That the mad *Brutus ended*:] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick libery, *madneſs*. WARBURTON.

6 — *he alone*
Dealt on *lieutenantry*,] *Dealt on lieutenantry*, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, *on* the ſtrength of his lieutenants. So, in the counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

" ——Caſſius and Brutus ill betid,
" March'd againſt us, by us twice put to flight,
" But by my ſole conduct; for all the time,
" Cæſar heart-ſick with fear and feaver lay."

To *deal* on any thing, is an expreſſion often uſed in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

The

Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him;
He is unquality'd [7] with very ſhame.

Cleo. Well then,—Suſtain me:—O!

Eros. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort [8] makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my ſhame [9] out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. by Naſhe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he is billeted, ſweating and *dealing upon* it moſt intentively." Again, in *Othello*:

"*Upon* malicious bravery doſt thou come,
"To ſtart my quiet."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"—— are they that I would have thee *deal upon*." STEEV.

In the life of Antony Shakſpeare found the following paſſage: "—they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by themſelves;"—which fully explains that before us.

The ſubſequent words alſo—"and no practice had," &c. ſhew that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this paſſage. The phraſe to *deal on* is likewiſe found in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his ſupplication to the Devil*, by T. Naſhe, 1592. "When dice, luſt, and drunkenneſs, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for his penie, he ſits melancholie in his chamber." MALONE.

[7] *He is* unquality'd—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means, he is *unſoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakſpeare's age was often uſed for *profeſſion*. It has, I think, that meaning in the paſſage in *Othello*, in which Deſdemona alſo expreſſes her deſire to accompany the Moor in his military ſervice:

"—My heart's ſubdued
"Even to the very *quality* of my lord." MALONE.

[8] —— *death will ſeize her*; but
Your comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unleſs*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary ſignification. If it had been uſed for *unleſs*, Shakſpeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his uſual practices, *make*. MALONE.

[9] *How I convey my ſhame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your ſight. JOHNSON.

'Stroy'd

'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful ſails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings[1],
And thou ſhould'ſt tow[2] me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy[3] thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt[4]: Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me.—We ſent our ſchool-maſter,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*ty'd by the ſtrings*,] That is, by the *heart-ſtring*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into Engliſh by the counteſs of Pembroke, 1595:

" —— as if his ſoule
" Unto his ladies ſoule had been *enchained*,
" He left his men," STEEVENS.

[2] — *ſhould'ſt* tow—] The old copy has—ſhould'ſt *ſlow* me. This is one of the many corruptions occaſioned by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] *Thy full ſupremacy*—] Old Copy—*The* full—. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] — *one of them rates*
All that is won and loſt:] So, in *Macbeth*:
" When the battle's *loſt and won*." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Cæſar's *Camp, in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS[5], *and Others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter[6]:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea[7].

Cæſ.

5 — *Thyreus,*—] In the old copy always—*Thidias.* STEEVENS.

6 — *his ſchoolmaſter:*] The name of this perſon was *Euphronius.* STEEVENS.
He was ſchoolmaſter to Antony's *children* by Cleopatra. MALONE.

7 — *as petty to his ends,*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his *grand ſea.*] Thus the old copy. To *whoſe* grand ſea? I know not. Perhaps we ſhould read:
To this *grand ſea.*
We may ſuppoſe that the ſea was within view of Cæſar's camp, and at no great diſtance. TYRWHITT.
The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the* grand ſea.
I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand ſea* may mean his *full tide of proſperity.* So, in *the Two Noble Kinſmen* by Fletcher:
" ——though I know
" His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they
" Muſt yield their tribute here."
There is a play-houſe tradition that the firſt act of this play was written by Shakſpeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: " Alexandria, towards which Cæſar was marching, is ſituated on the coaſt of the Mediterranean ſea, which is ſometimes called *mare magnum.* Pliny terms it, " *immenſa æquorum vaſtitas.*" I may add, that ſir John Mandeville, p. 89, calls that part of the

Cæſ. Be it ſo; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies[8] for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit* Ambaſſador.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Diſpatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promiſe, [*to* Thyreus.
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal[9]: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

the Mediteranean which waſhes the coaſt of Paleſtine, "*the grete ſee.*" The paſſage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His* grand *ſea* may mean the ſea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakſpeare might have conſidered the ſea as the ſource of dews as well as rain. *His* is uſed inſtead of *its*. STEEVENS.

[8] *The circle of the Ptolemies*—] The diadem; the enſign of royalty. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"All that impedes me from the golden *round*,
"Which fate and metaphyſical aid
"Would have me *crown'd* withall." MALONE.

[9] — *will perjure*
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal:] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:—
"Thou mak'ſt the *veſtal violate her oath*." MALONE.

Thyr.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve how Antony becomes his flaw[1];
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die[2].

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,

[1] — *how Antony becomes his flaw;*] That is, how Antony conforms himſelf to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

[2] *Think, and die.*] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" —— all that he can do
" Is to himſelf; *take thought, and die* for Cæſar."

Mr. Tollett obſerves that the expreſſion of *taking thought*, in our old Engliſh writers is equivalent to *the being anxious* or *ſolicitous*, or *laying a thing much to heart*. So, ſays he, it is uſed in our tranſlations of the New Teſtament. Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinſhed, vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: "—*taking thought* for the loſſe of his houſes and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The biſhop of Saliſburie *dieth of thought*." Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: Chriſtopher Hawis ſhortened his life by *thought-taking*." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234: "their mother died *for thought*." STEEVENS.

We muſt underſtand *think and die* to mean the ſame as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this ſenſe is *thought* uſed below, Act IV. ſc. vi. and by Holinſhed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. "*His father lived in the tower where* for thought *of the young man his follie* he died." There is a paſſage almoſt exactly ſimilar in the *Beggars Buſh* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. II. p. 423:

" Can I not *think away* myſelf, and die?" TYRWHITT.

See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2. MALONE.

When

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered queſtion[3]: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is this his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen ſhall then have courteſy, ſo ſhe
Will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd[4], ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves

[3] —— *be being*

The mered *queſtion:*—] *Mere* is a *boundary*, and the *mered queſtion*, if it can mean any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

Mered is, I ſuſpect, a word of our authour's formation, from *mere*: he being the ſole, the entire ſubject or occaſion of the war. MALONE.

Queſtion is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. i:

" —— the king
" That was and is the *queſtion* of theſe wars." STEEVENS.

[4] — *his gay* compariſons *apart*,

And anſwer me declin'd,—] I require Cæſar not to depend on that ſuperiority which the *compariſon* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to anſwer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have ſometimes thought that Shakſpeare wrote,

— his gay *capariſons*.

Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* AME.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew[5]
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.

Let him "unſtate his happineſs," let him diveſt himſelf of the ſplendid trappings of power, *his coin, ſhips, legions*, &c. and meet me in ſingle combat.

Capariſon is frequently uſed by our authour and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dreſs*. So, in *As you Like it*, Act III. ſc. ii:

" — though I am *capariſon'd* like a man,"—.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

" With die and drab I purchas'd this *capariſon*."

The old reading however is ſupported by a paſſage in *Macbeth*:

" Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
" Confronted him with *ſelf-compariſons*,
" Point againſt point, rebellious."

His *gay compariſons* may mean, thoſe circumſtances of ſplendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, ſo much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" — What the *declin'd* is,
" He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
" As feel in his own fall."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" Before ſhe had *declining* fortune prov'd." MALONE.

[5] — *be* ſtag'd *to the ſhew*—] So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:

" — as if he *ſtag'd*
" The wounded Priam." STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare [6]. [*Aſide.*
The loyalty, well held to fools [7], does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ſtory.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæſar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, ſir, as Cæſar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whoſe he is, we are; and that is, Cæſar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; Cæſar entreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
Further than he is Cæſar's [8].

Cleo.

[6] —*to ſquare.*] i. e. to quarrel. See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] *The loyalty, well held to fools,* &c.] After Enobarbus has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a maſter in his declin'd fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though *loyalty, well held to fools, does make*
Our faith meer folly. THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon deſertion, and finding it is more prudent to forſake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no poſitive concluſion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

[8] —*Cæſar entreats,*
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
Further than he is Cæſar's.] It has been juſt ſaid, that whatever *Antony* is, all his followers are; "that is, *Cæſar's.*" Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæſar entreats her not to conſider *herſelf* in a ſtate of ſubjection, further than as ſhe is connected with Antony, who is *Cæſar's:* intimating to her, (according to the inſtructions he had received from Cæſar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony,

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not[9] Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be ſure of that, [*Aſide.*
I will aſk Antony.—Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd,
The univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this, In diſputation

ſee p. 527,) that ſhe might make ſeparate and advantageous terms for herſelf.

I ſuſpect that the preceding ſpeech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers uſually keep the names of the perſons who appear in each ſcene, ready compoſed; in conſequence of which, ſpeeches are often attributed to thoſe to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus ſhould preſume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it neceſſary to attend to his own intereſt, and ſays what he ſpeaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*) which ſuits Cleopatra, who throughout the play aſſumes that royal ſtyle, ſtrengthens my conjecture. The words, *our maſter*, it may be ſaid, are inconſiſtent with this ſuppoſition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus deſcribed Antony, with ſufficient propriety.—They are afterwards explained: "Whoſe he is, *we* are." Antony was the maſter of her fate. MALONE.

9 — *that you* embrace *not*—] The authour probably wrote—*embrac'd*. MALONE.

I kiſs

I kiſs his conqu'ring hand[1]: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear[2]
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.

[1] *Say to great Cæſar this, In* diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:] The poet certainly wrote,
Say to great Cæſar this; *in* deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:
i. e. by *proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name. WARB.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary.—*I kiſs his hand in diſputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controverſy;—I confeſs my inability to *diſpute or contend* with him. To *diſpute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controverſies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*, "*Diſpute* it like a man;" and Macduff, to whom this ſhort ſpeech is addreſſed, is *diſputing* or contending with himſelf only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*:—"For though my ſoul *diſputes* well with my ſenſe."—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we ſhould read—"*by* deputation." STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being uſed, is in my apprehenſion, of little weight. Though *by* deputation is the phraſeology of the preſent day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakſpeare. Thus a *deputy* ſays in the firſt ſcene of *King John*,

"Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
"*In* my behaviour, to his majeſty,
"The borrow'd majeſty of England here."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"Of all the favourites that the abſent king
"*In deputation* left behind him here."

Suppoſing *diſputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controverſy, but ſtruggle for power, or the contention of adverſaries, to ſay that one kiſſes the hand of another *in contention*, is ſurely a ſtrange phraſe: but to *kiſs by proxy*, and to *marry by proxy*, was the language of Shakſpeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being uſed in the ſenſe required here. MALONE.

[2] *Tell him, that from his* all obeying *breath*, &c.] *All-obeying* breath is, in Shakſpeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. MALONE.

In the *Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakſpeare uſes *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *paſſive* ſignification:

"To furniſh me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Maſſinger, the active participle is more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *ſtrangling huſband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* ſtrangled. STEEVENS.

Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace[3] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in[4],
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man[5], and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muſs[6], kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack[7], and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (What's her name,

3 —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

4 —*of* taking *kingdoms* in,] See. p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

5 —*the* fulleſt *man!*—] The moſt complete, and perfect. So, in *Othello*:
"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe."
See Vol. II. p. 248, n. 4. MALONE.

6 *Like boys unto a* muſs,—] i. e. a ſcramble. POPE.
So uſed by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetic Lady*:
"——— nor are they thrown
"To make a *muſs* among the gameſome ſuitors."
Again, in the *Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:
"To ſee if thou be'ſt alcumy or no,
"They'll throw down gold in *muſſes*." STEEVENS.

7 — *take hence this* Jack,—] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

Since

Since ſhe was Cleopatra [8] ?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack * of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Att. with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſs'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders [9] ?

Cleo.

[8] *Since ſhe was Cleopatra?*] That is, ſince ſhe ceaſed to be Cleopatra. So, when Ludovico ſays,

" Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

Othello replies,

" That's he that was Othello. Here I am." MASON.

* —This *Jack*—] Old Copy—*The* Jack. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] *By one that looks on* feeders?] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *ſervant*. So in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: " Bar my door. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets." *One who looks on feeders*, is one who throws her regard on *ſervants*, ſuch as Antony would repreſent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— that baſe wretch,
" One bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
" The very ſcraps o' the court," STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of this paſſage the true one. Neither of the quotations in my apprehenſion ſupport Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as ſynonymous to a *ſervant*. So fantaſtick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonſon, having in one paſſage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very ſlender ground for ſuppoſing *feeders* and *ſervants* to be ſynonymous. In *Timon of Athens* this word occurs again:

" — So the gods bleſs me,
" When all our offices have been oppreſs'd
" With riotous *feeders*,"—.

There alſo Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes *feeders* to mean *ſervants*. But I do not ſee why " all our offices" may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's houſe; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the exceſſes of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his maſter and his gueſts;) or, if *offices* can only mean ſuch parts of a dwelling-

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(O miſery on't!) the wiſe gods ſeel our eyes;
In our own filth[1] drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly* pick'd out:—For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Baſan, to out-roar
The horned herd[2]! for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

houſe as are aſſign'd to ſervants, I do not conceive that, becauſe *ſeeders* is *there* deſcriptive of thoſe menial attendants who were thus fed, the word uſed by itſelf, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the paſſage before us, ſhould neceſſarily ſignify a *ſervant*.

It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that a ſubſequent paſſage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given:

"To flatter Cæſar, would you *mingle eyes*
"*With one that ties his points?*" MALONE.

[1] — *The wiſe gods ſeel our eyes*;
In our own filth, &c.] This punctuation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Formerly:
—ſeal our eyes
In our own filth; drop, &c. MALONE.

* — *luxuriouſly*—] i. e. laſciviouſly. See Vol. I. p. 302, n. 5; and Vol. II. p. 128, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation thatthe reader of this great poet meets ſo often with this low jeſt, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1. *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1. *Att.* He did aſk favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thee to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay[3],
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me[4]: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points* ?

[3] —*thou ſay*, &c.] Thus in the old tranſlation of Plutarch. "Whereupon Antonius cauſed him to be taken and well ſauoredly whipped, and ſo ſent him vnto Cæſar: and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, becauſe he ſhewed him ſelf prowde and diſdainfull towards him, and now ſpecially when he was eaſie to be angered, by reaſon of his preſent miſerie. To be ſhort, if this miſlike thee, ſaid he, thou haſt Hipparchus one of my infranchiſed bondmen with thee: hang, if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleaſure, that we may crie quittaunce." STEEVENS.

[4] — *to quit me*:—] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me. JOHNS.

* —*with one that ties his points?*] i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hoſe were faſtened. MALONE.

Cleo.

Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines[5], ſo
Diſſolve my life! The next Cæſarion ſmite[6]!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandying[7] of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am ſatisfy'd.
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet[8], threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart?—Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn our chronicle[9];
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd[1], hearted, breath'd,

[5] — *as it determines,*—] As it comes to its end, or diſſolution. The word is ſo uſed in legal conveyances, but I believe no *poet* but Shakſpeare has employed it in this ſenſe. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1. MALONE.

[6] — *the next Cæſarion ſmite!*] Cæſarion was Cleopatra's ſon by Julius Cæſar STEEVENS.

[7] *By the* diſcandying—] Old Copy—*diſcandering*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Diſcand* is uſed in the next act. MALONE.

[8] — *and fleet,*] *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

So, in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"This iſle ſhall *fleet* upon the ocean."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

"And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*." STEEVENS.

[9] *I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;*] I and my ſword will do ſuch acts as ſhall deſerve to be recorded. MALONE.

[1] *I will be treble-*ſinew'd,—] So, in *the Tempeſt*:

"——which to do,
"*Trebles thee* o'er."

Antony means to ſay, that he will be treble-*hearted*, and treble-*breath'd*, as well as *treble-ſinew'd*. MALONE.

And

And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky [2], men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night [3]: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars.—Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe [4].

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll outſtare the lightning [5]. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,

[2] *Were* nice *and lucky,*—] *Nice* is *trifling*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

See a note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
"But the reſpects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*." MALONE.

[3] — gaudy *night:*] This is ſtill an epithet beſtow'd on feaſt days in the colleges of either univerſity. STEEVENS.

[4] — *The next time I do fight,*
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.] This idea ſeems to have been caught from the 12th book of Harrington's Tranſlation of the *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591:

"Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,
"To ſee a ſword that ſo ſurpaſs'd his ſickle." STEEVENS.

[5] *Now he'll outſtare the lightning.*] Our authour in many of the ſpeeches that he has attributed to Antony, ſeems to have had the following paſſage in North's tranſlation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "He [Antony] uſed a manner of phraſe in his ſpeeche, called Aſiatick, which carried the beſt grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for *it was full of oſtentation, fooliſh braverie, and vaine ambition.*" MALONE.

A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp at* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter*; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæſ. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my meſſenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die[6]; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæſar muſt think.
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[7] of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.

Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are

[6] I have *many other ways to die*;] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he ſhould die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*
I *laugh at his challenge.*

in this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæſar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony ſent a challenge to Cæſar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for anſwer, that* he might find ſeveral other ways to end his life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deſerves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by ſir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Moſt indiſputably this is the ſenſe of Plutarch, and given ſo in the modern tranſlations; but Shakſpeare was miſled by the ambiguity of the old one. "Antonius ſent again to challenge Cæſar to fight him: Cæſar anſwered, that he had many other ways to die, than ſo." FARMER.

[7] *Make boot of* ——] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

Of

Of thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all*[8].
Ant. Well ſaid; come on.—
Call forth my houſhold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks[9], which ſorrow ſhoots [*Aſide.*
Out of the mind.

[8] —*Take* all.] Let the ſurvivor take all. No compoſition; victory or death. JOHNSON.

[9] —*one of thoſe odd tricks,*—] I know not what obſcurity the editors find in this paſſage. *Trick* is here uſed in the ſenſe in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet ſir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Galliciſm, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow[1]: perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't[2]!

Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep;

[1] —*or if,*
A mangled ſhadow:] *Or if* you ſee me more, you will ſee me *a mangled ſhadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

The thought is, as uſual, taken from ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "So being at ſupper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and houſehold ſeruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they ſhould fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for ſaid he, you know not whether you ſhall doe ſoe much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you ſhall ſerue an other maiſter: and it maybe you ſhall ſee me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithſtanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him ſay ſo, to ſalue that he had ſpoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather ſafely to returne with victorie, than valiantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS.

[2] *And the gods* yield you *for't!*] i. e. *reward you.* See a note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, Act V. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

And

And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd [3]; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall [4]! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
For I ſpake to you for your comfort; did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you.
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour [5]. Let's to ſupper; come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1. *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2. *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1. *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.
1. *Sold.* Well, ſir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
3. *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*The firſt two place themſelves at their poſts.*

4. *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their poſts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.

[*Muſick of hautboys under the ſtage.*

3 —*onion-ey'd*;—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:
" I ſee ſomething like a peel'd *onion*;
" It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.
See p. 438, n. 4. MALONE.

4 Grace *grow where theſe drops fall!*] So in *K. Richard II*:
" *Here did ſhe drop a tear*; here, in this place,
" I'll ſet a bank of rue, four *herb of grace*." STEEVENS.

5 — *death and honour.*] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

4. *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe[6]?
1. *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2. *Sold.* Hark!
1. *Sold.* Muſick i' the air.
3. *Sold.* Under the earth.
4. *Sold.* It ſigns well[7], does it not?
3. *Sold.* No.
1. *Sold.* Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?
2. *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1. *Sold.* Walk; let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another poſt.*
2. *Sold.* How now, maſters?
Sold. How now? how now? do you hear this?
[*Several ſpeaking together.*
1. *Sold.* Ay; Is't not ſtrange?
3. *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1. *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how it will give off.
Sold. [*ſeveral ſpeaking.*] Content: 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

[6] *Peace, what noiſe?*] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, the ſelfe ſame night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and ſorrowe, thinking what would be the iſſue and ende of this warre; it is ſaid that ſodainly they heard a maruelous ſweete harmony of ſundrie ſortes of inſtruments of muſicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncinge and had ſong as they vſe in Bacchus feaſtes, with mouinges and turnings after the manner of the ſatyres: & it ſeemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noiſe they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, ſuch as in reaſon ſought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare ſingular deuotion to counterfeate and reſemble him, that did forſake them." STEEVENS.

[7] *It ſigns well*, &c.] i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

Cleo.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on [8]:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too [9].
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—Falſe, falſe; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well;
We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, ſir [1].

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff it [2] for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a ſquire

[8] — thine *iron*—] I think it ſhould be rather,
— mine *iron.* JOHNSON.

Thine iron is the iron which thou haſt in thy hands, i. e. Antony's armour. So, in *K. Henry V.* Henry ſays to a ſoldier, "Give me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove, which the ſoldier at that moment had in his hat. MALONE.

[9] *Nay, I'll help too,* &c.] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily diſentangled by ſir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

In the old copy the words ſtand thus. *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too, Antony. What's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for?" to Antony; but that they belong to Cleopatra appears clearly, I think, from the ſubſequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? ſays the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "falſe, falſe; *this, this.*" This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you aſk'd the uſe. MALONE.

[1] *Briefly, ſir.*] That is, *quickly,* ſir. JOHNSON.

[2] *To* doff *it*] To *doff* is to *do off,* to put off. STEEVENS.
See Vol. IV. p. 410, n. 9. MALONE.

More tight [3] at this, than thou: Diſpatch.—O love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to it with delight.

1. *Off.* A thouſand, ſir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim [4],
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter other Officers, *and Soldiers.*

2. *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general [5].

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, ſo; come, give me that: this way; well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukable, [*kiſſes her.*
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANT. EROS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Char. Pleaſe you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

3 *More* tight—] More expert, more adroit. See Vol. I. p. 211, n. 9. MALONE.

4 — *their* rivetted *trim.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

"The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
"With buſy hammers cloſing *rivets* up."

See Vol. V. p. 536, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.*] This ſpeech in the old copy is erroneouſly given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the ſpeaker. See p. 549. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony[6]!
Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine*?
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe

[6] *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewiſe conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to Eros, [as it is in the old copy] but to the ſoldier, who, before the battle of Actium, adviſed Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened in the next *two* ſpeeches, which are alſo given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the ſoldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony ſaid. Antony's words, "What *ſay'ſt thou?*" compared with what follows, ſhew that the ſpeech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee," &c. belongs to the ſoldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

To change a maſter.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men:—Diſpatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cæſar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flouriſh. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

Cæſ. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive[7];
Make it ſo known.

Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near:
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely[8].

[7] *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is obſervable with what judgment Shakſpeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; ſo that the other was not to ſhine: yet being an hiſtorical character, there was a neceſſity to draw him *like*. But the ancient hiſtorians, his flatterers, had delivered him down ſo fair, that he ſeems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidſt theſe difficulties Shakſpeare has extricated himſelf with great addreſs. He has admitted all thoſe great ſtrokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-ſpirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

[8] —*the* three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in *King John*:

"Now theſe her princes are come home again,
"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
"And we ſhall ſhock them."

So Lilly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "The iſland is in faſhion *three-corner'd*," &c. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton ſays that the words—ſhall bear the olive freely, mean, that the olive ſhall ſpring up every where ſpontaneouſly without culture; but he miſtakes the ſenſe of the paſſage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world ſhall then enjoy the bleſſings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblems. The ſucceſs of Auguſtus could not ſo change the nature of things, as to make the olive tree grow without culture in all climates, but it ſhut the gates of the temple of Janus. MASON.

I doubt whether Mr. Maſon's explication of the word *bear* be juſt. The poet certainly did not intend to ſpeak literally; and might only mean, that, ſhould this prove a proſperous day, there would be no occaſion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negotiation. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did perſuade[9]
Great Herod to incline himſelf to Cæſar,
And leave his maſter Antony: for this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure[1], with
His bounty over-plus: The meſſenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Beſt you ſafed the bringer
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit* Soldier.

9 —*perſuade*] The old copy has *diſſuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.
It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old tranſlation of Plutarch are:—" for where he ſhould have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perſuaded* him to turne to Cæſar." MALONE.

1 *Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure*, &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: " Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteouſly with Domitius, and againſt Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being ſicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæſar's campe, Antonius was very ſory for it, but yet he ſent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the ſame Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderſtand that he repented his open treaſon, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt[2]. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows my heart[3]:
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel[4].
I fight againſt thee!—No: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and Others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion[5]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

[2] *And feel I am ſo moſt.*] That is, and feel I am ſo, more than any one elſe thinks it. MASON.

[3] — *This* blows *my heart:*] All the latter editions have:
— *This* bows *my heart:*
I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjuſtly excluded. *This generoſity*, (ſays Enobarbus) ſwells *my heart*, ſo that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a ſwifter mean.* JOHNSON.

So, in Act V.
" ——Here on her breaſt
" There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown.*" MALONE.

[4] — *but* thought *will do't, I feel.*] *Thought*, in this paſſage, as in many others, ſignifies *melancholy*. See p. 528, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] — *and our* oppreſſion] Our *oppreſſion* means, the force by which we are oppreſs'd or overpowered. MALONE.

Oppreſſion for oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *oppoſition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Scar.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, ſir; and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching*; SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts[6].—To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives[7], your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

[6] —— *Run one before,*
And let the queen know of our gueſts.] Antony after his ſucceſs intends to bring his officers to ſup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their gueſts. JOHNSON.

[7] — clip *your wives,*—] To *clip* is to embrace. STEEVENS.

Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them[3]:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carouſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines[4];
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Cæſar's *Camp*.

Sentinels *on their poſt*. *Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1. *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard[5]: The night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i' the morn.

2. *Sold.* This laſt day was
A ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witneſs, night,—

3. *Sold.* What man is this?

2. *Sold.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

ry, and ſweetly kiſſed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this ſkirmiſh. Cleopatra, to reward his manlineſs, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

3 *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with ſpirit and exultation, ſuch as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them? JOHNSON.

4 — *tabourines*;] A *tabourin* was a ſmall drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minſtrelſy." STEEVENS.

5 — *the court of guard:*] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard muſters. The expreſſion occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

3. *Sold.*

Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we [7]
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle [8].

Meſ. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph [9]: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee

[7] *How* honourable *and how kindly we*—] Our authour often uſes adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

See alſo Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

[8] — *for Cæſar cannot* live
To be ungentle.] The old copy has—*leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

[9] — *her life in Rome*
Would be eternal in *our triumph*:] Hanmer reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity:

Would be eternalling *our triumph.*

The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph to Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will ſufficientiy ſupport the old reading:

"If ſome foule-ſwelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herſelf *eternal in.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS, *with forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven[9]: Let's ſeek a ſpot,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour[1]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his forces, marching.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take it, we ſhall[2]; for his beſt force

Is

9 *They have put forth the haven:* &c.] For the inſertion of the ſubſequent words in this line I am anſwerable. The defect of the metre in the old copy ſhews that ſome words were accidentally omitted. In that copy as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that ſomething muſt have been ſaid by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitered. The *haven itſelf* was not ſuch a place; but rather ſome hill from which the haven and the ſhips newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony ſays upon his re-entry, proves deciſively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I ſee, ſays he, they have not yet joined; but I'll now chooſe a more convenient ſtation near yonder pine, and I ſhall diſcover all." A preceding paſſage in Act. III. ſc. vi. adds ſuch ſupport to the emendation now made, that I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text:

"Set we our battles on yon ſide of the *hill*,
"In eye of Cæſar's battle; *from which place*
"*We may the number of the ſhips behold*,
"And ſo proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe ſupplied the omiſſion by the words—*Further on*; and the four ſubſequent editors adopted his emendation. MALONE.

1 *Where their* appointment *we may beſt diſcover*, &c.] i. e. where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions*. WARBURTON.

2 But *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I take it, we ſhall;] i. e. unleſs we be charged, we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charged* was a phraſe of that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be*. WARB.

So, in Chaucer's *Perſones Tale*, late edit. "Ful oft time I rede, that no man truſt in his owen perfection, *but* he be ſtronger than Samp-

ſon,

Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond' pine does ſtand,
I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts: the augurers [3]
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a ſea fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is loſt;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt.—Triple-turn'd whore [4]! 'tis thou Haſt

ſon, or holier than David, or wiſer than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus, *butan leas*; abſque falſo, without a lye. Again, in the *Vintner's Play* in the Cheſter collection. Brit. Muſ. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,
"I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See alſo Ray's *North Country Words*. STEEVENS.

[3] — *the augurers*—] The old copy has—*auguries*. This leads us to what ſeems moſt likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is uſed in the laſt act:

"You are too ſure an *augurer*."

For the emendation the preſent editor is reſponſible. MALONE.

[4] Triple-turn'd *whore!*] Cleopatra was firſt the miſtreſs of Julius Cæſar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former ſcene:

"I found you as a morſel, cold upon
"Dead Cæſar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
"Of Cneius Pompey's."

Mr. Maſon ſuggeſts a different interpretation. "She firſt (ſays he,) belonged to Julius Cæſar, then to Antony, and now, as he ſuppoſes, to Auguſtus

Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit* SCAR.
O ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels[5], to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this falſe ſoul of Egypt! this grave charm[6],—
Whoſe

Auguſtus. It is not likely (he adds,) that in recollecting her turnings, Antony ſhould not have that in contemplation which gave him moſt offence."

This interpretation is ſufficiently plauſible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connexion with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the paſſage juſt quoted. 2. There is no ground for ſuppoſing that Antony meant to inſinuate that Cleopatra had granted any perſonal favour to Auguſtus, though he was perſuaded that ſhe had "*ſold* him to the novice."

Mr. Tollet ſuppoſed that Cleopatra had been miſtreſs to Pompey *the Great*; but her lover was his eldeſt ſon, Cneius Pompey. MALONE.

5 *That* ſpaniel'd *me at heels,*] Old Copy—*pannel'd*: The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Spaniel'd is ſo happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquieſce in it. It is of ſome weight with me that *ſpaniel* was often formerly written *ſpannel*. Hence there is only the omiſſion of the firſt letter, which has happened elſewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expreſſion in Shakſpeare; and in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. ſc. ii. Helena ſays to Demetrius:

"I am your *ſpaniel*,—only give me leave,
"Unworthy as I am, to *follow you*." TOLLET.

Spannel for *ſpaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of ſome perſons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner uſed the ſubſtantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens*:

"— Will theſe moiſt trees
"That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels*," &c.

In *K. Richard III.* we have—

"Death and deſtruction *dog thee at the heels*." MALONE.

6 — *this* grave *charm*,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reaſon, *this* grave *charm*, which the firſt, the only original copy exhibits, has

Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end[7],
Like a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me[8] to the very heart of loſs[9].—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter

has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant, *this ſublime, this majeſtick beauty*.

JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *deſtructive piece of witchcraft*. In this ſenſe the epithet *grave* is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book:

"——but not far hence the fatal minutes are
"Of thy *grave* ruin."

It ſeems to be employed in the ſenſe of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

[7] —*was my* crownet, *my chief end*,—] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes that *crownet* means laſt purpoſe, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Homer*, uſes *crown* in the ſenſe which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

"— all things have their *crowne*."

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

"My ſupreme *crown* of grief." STEEVENS.

[8] *Like a right* gipſy, *hath, at* faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me, &c.] There is a kind of pun in this paſſage, ariſing from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipſey*. The old law-books term ſuch perſons as ramble about the country, and pretend ſkill in palmiſtry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Faſt and looſe* is a term to ſignify a cheating game, of which the following is a deſcription. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewiſe upon a table. One of the folds is made to reſemble the middle of the girdle, ſo that whoever ſhould thruſt a ſkewer into it would think he held it faſt to the table; whereas, when he has ſo done, the perſon with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practiſed by the Gypſies in the time of Shakſpeare. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's ſuppoſition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Caſt*, by T. Freeman, 1614:

In Egyptum *ſuſpenſum*. Epig. 95.

"Charles the *Egyptian*, who by jugling could
"Make *faſt or looſe*, or whatſoere he would;
"Surely it ſeem'd he was not his craft's maſter,
"Striving to looſe what ſtruggling he made faſter:
"The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
"Who knit what he could not unknit againe.

"You

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou ſpell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for doits[1]; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails[2]. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—

" You countrymen *Egyptians* make ſuch ſots,
" Seeming to looſe indiſſoluble knots,
" Had you been there, but to ſee the caſt,
" You would have won, had you but laid—'tis faſt." STEEV.

That the Egyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakſpeare's time, may be ſeen in Scot's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where theſe practices are fully explained. REED.

9— *to the very heart of loſs.*] To the utmoſt loſs poſſible. JOHNSON.

[1] *For poor'ſt diminutives, for* doits;] The old copy has—*dolts*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have received it, becauſe the letter *i*, in conſequence of the dot over it, is ſometimes confounded with *l* at the preſs. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—For poor'ſt diminutives *to* dolts. "This (ſays he) aggravates the contempt of her ſuppoſed ſituation, to be ſhewn, *as monſters are*, not only for the ſmalleſt piece of money, but to the moſt ſtupid and vulgar ſpectators." It appears to me, however, much more probable that *dolts* ſhould have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* ſhould have been ſubſtituted for *to*.

Whichſoever of theſe emendations be admitted, there is ſtill a difficulty. Though monſters are ſhewn to the ſtupid and the vulgar for *poor'ſt diminutives*, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's ſuppoſition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace *for nothing*. Nor can it be ſaid that he means that *ſhe* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monſters are ſhewn for ſmall pieces of money; becauſe his words are "monſter-like," be [*thou*] ſhewn for poor'ſt diminutives, &c. I have ſometimes therefore thought that Shakſpeare might have written,

'*Fore* poor'ſt diminutives, '*fore* doits.

In this conjecture however I have very little confidence. MALONE.

[2] *With her* prepared *nails.*—] i. e. with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARBURTON.

The

The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[3] on the horns o' the moon;
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield[4]; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo emboſs'd[5].

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off*.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

3 *Let me lodge Lichas*—] The meaning is, Let me do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of Hercules. JOHNSON.

Hercules threw Lichas from the top of mount Ætna into the ſea. MALONE.

This image our poet ſeems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who ſays, Lichas being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate. WARBURTON.

4 *Than Telamon for his ſhield*;—] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the moſt valuable part of which was the ſhield. *The boar of Theſſaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

5 *Was never ſo* emboſs'd.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. HANMER.

See Vol. III. p. 246, n. 2. MALONE.

* *The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,*
Than greatneſs going off.] So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" —— it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh [6];
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns;
They are black veſper's pageants [7].

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought,

[6] *Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh,* &c.] So, Ariſtophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ηδη ποτ' ἀναβὰς εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
Ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ; Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare received the thought from P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. ii. c. 3: "——our eieſight teſtifieth the ſame, whiles in one place there appeareth the reſemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part, &c." or from Chapman's *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Like to a maſs of clouds, that now ſeem like
"An elephant, and ſtraightways like an ox,
"And then a mouſe," &c. STEEVENS.

I find the ſame thought in Chapman's *Buſſy d' Ambois*, 1607:

"—— like empty *clouds*,
"In which our faulty apprehenſions forge
"The forms of *dragons*, *lions*, elephants,
"When they hold no proportion."

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare had the following paſſage in *A Treatiſe of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts: "The *clouds* ſometimes will ſeem to be monſters, *lions*, bulls, and wolves; *painted* and figured: albeit in truth the ſame be nothing but a *moyſt humour mounted in the ayre*, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but ſuch as the *ayre* is able to give unto it." MALONE.

[7] *They are black veſper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expreſſion and the alluſion is loſt, unleſs we recollect the frequency and the nature of theſe ſhewes in Shakſpeare's age. T. WARTON.

The rack diſſimns[8]; and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros[9], now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt,—ſhe, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph[1].—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, Antony;

[8] *The rack diſſimns;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds deſtroys the picture. STEEVENS.

[9] *My good* knave, *Eros,*] *Knave* is ſervant. So, in *A Mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"I ſhall thee lende lyttle John my man,
"For he ſhall be thy *knave.*" STEEVENS.

[1] Pack'd cards *with Cæſar, and* falſe play'd *my glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph.] Shakſpeare has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *tranſferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either ſignifies Octavius's conqueſt, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing ſort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very juſt; the thought did not deſerve ſo good an annotation. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, ſaw more than his authour meant. Shakſpeare, I think, only intended to ſay, that Cleopatra by colluſion play'd the great game they were engaged in falſely, ſo as *to ſacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*—The playing falſe to the adverſary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words,) conveys no diſtinct idea. The plain ſenſe of the paſſage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "S. What a ſhouffling do you keepe with thoſe cardes?—A. I *plaie fair playe*, and ſhooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and ſet them." MALONE.

My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once;
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd: What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart[2]. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent[3],
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a ſoldier:—Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no farther: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: Seal then, and all is done[4].—
Eros!

[2] The *battery from my heart.*] I would read:
This *battery from my heart.* JOHNSON.

[3] — *thy continent,*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in another of our author's plays: "You ſhall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would ſee." STEEVENS.

[4] Seal *then, and all is done.*—] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the ſealing compleats the contract; ſo he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the ſtroke. WARBURTON.

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops [5],
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman, leſs noble mind
Than ſhe [6], which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,

I am

I believe the reading is:

——feel *then, and all is done.*

To *feel hawks*, is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be: Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet.* JOHNSON.

In a former ſcene we have:

" ——The wiſe gods *feel* our eyes
" In our own filth." MALONE.

[5] *Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,*] Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved that the poet ſeems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly *aſſociated*, " where ſouls do couch on flowers." He undoubtedly had read Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated deſcription in the ſixth book:

Talibus Æneas ardentem et *torva tuentem*
Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimaſque ciebat.
Illa ſolo fixos oculos *averſa* tenebat:—
Tandem proripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum.— MALONE.

[6] —— *condemn myſelf, to* lack
The courage of a woman, leſs *noble* mind
Than ſhe,] Antony is here made to ſay, that he is deſtitute of even the courage of a woman; that he is *deſtitute* of a *leſs* noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to aſſert the very contrary;—that he muſt acknowledge he *has* a leſs noble mind than ſhe. I therefore formerly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare might have written:

—— condemn myſelf to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble *minded*
Than ſhe, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has ſhewn me that he had ſome *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend. For theſe the poet, not his editor, muſt anſwer.—We have the ſame inaccurate phraſeology in the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——I

I am conqueror of myſelf. Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent ſhould come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms[7], bending down

"——I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gainſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Who *cannot want* the thought, how monſterous
"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
"To kill their gracious father?"

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II. *ſc.* iv.

"—— I have hope,
"You *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
"Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

See Vol. IV. p. 138, n. 9; p. 173, n. 6, and p. 379, n. 8.

The paſſage in North's tranſlation of Plutarch which Shakſpeare has here copied, ſhews that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: "When he had ſayd theſe words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himſelfe, and being naked ſay'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have loſt thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am ſorrie that having been ſo great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned* to be *judged* of *leſſe corage and noble* MINDE than a woman."—Inſtead of "to be judged of leſs," which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakſpeare ſubſtituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a ſoleciſm be connected with "*leſs* noble mind." MALONE.

7 — *pleach'd arms*,—] Arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

A paſſage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's tranſlation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, publiſhed in 1594:

"Now ſhalt thou march, (thy hands faſt bound behind thee,)
"Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears beſprent,
"Before the victor; while thy rebel ſon
"With crowned front triumphing follows thee." STEEVENS.

His corrigible neck [8], his face ſubdued
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued [9]?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. O, ſir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free [1], ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world [2] lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

[8] *His* corrigible *neck*,—] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile* frigus" for "*penetrans* frigus," in his Georgicks. STEEVENS.

[9] *His baſeneſs that enſued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

[1] *When I did make thee free*, &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and truſted much, and whom he had long before cauſed to ſweare vnto him, that he ſhould kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promiſe. His man drawing his ſworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue ſtriken his maiſter: but turning his head at one ſide, he thruſt his ſword into him ſelfe, and fell downe dead at his maiſter's foote. Then ſaid Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to ſhew me what I ſhould do to my ſelfe, which thou couldeſt not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his ſword, and thruſt it into his bellie, and ſo fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not preſently, for the blood ſtinted a little when he was layed: and when he came ſomwhat to him ſelfe againe, he praied them that were about him to diſpatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him ſelfe: vntill at laſt there came a ſecretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that ſhe was aliue, he verie earneſtlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither; and ſo he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

[2] —*the worſhip of the whole world*—] The *worſhip*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor! let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man;—and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*falls on his ſword.*] Thus I
do eſcape the ſorrow
Of Antony's death. [*dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, O valiant Eros, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed[3]. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus [*falling on his ſword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—how[4]!—O, diſpach me.

Enter DERCETAS, *and* Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

3 —— *But I will be*
A bridgroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed.] Stowe, deſcribing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Eſſex's aſſociates, ſays, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a moſt cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a priſoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." MALONE.

This thought has occurred before in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—— If I muſt die,
"I will encounter darkneſs like a bride,
"And hug it in mine arms." STEEVENS.

4 *The guard!* how!] I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

The guard, *ho!* O, diſpatch me!

So, afterwards:

"What *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*"

In the laſt ſcene of the third act, he has ſaid,

"Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho*,
"Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
"And cry, *your will?*"

The ſame miſtake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice.* See Vol. III. p. 96, n. 6. MALONE.

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2. Guard. The ſtar is fallen.

1. Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1. Guard. Not I.

2. Guard. Nor I.

3. Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with Cæſar[5], and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead;
But, fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

[5] *She had* diſpos'd *with Cæſar,*] To *diſpoſe*, in this inſtance, perhaps ſignifies *to make terms, to ſettle matters.* STEEVENS.

Dio.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter ſome of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

1. *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII.

The ſame. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling[6] ſtand

The

[6] —*darkling*—] i. e. without light. So, in the *Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"—my mother hath a torch, your wife
"Goes *darkling* up and down." STEEVENS.

The varying ſhore o'the world[7]!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis ſo!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death[8] a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Leſt I be taken[9]: not the imperious ſhew

Of

7 *O ſun,*
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying *ſhore o' th' world!*—] She deſires the ſun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.
The varying ſhore o' th' world! i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkneſs make an inceſſant *variation*. WARBURTON.
According to the philoſophy which prevailed from the age of Ariſtotle to that of Shakſpeare, and long ſince, the ſun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a ſolid ſphere in which it was fixed.—If the ſun therefore was to ſet fire to the ſphere, ſo as to conſume it, the conſequence muſt be, that itſelf, for want of ſupport, muſt drop through, and wander in endleſs ſpace; and in this caſe the earth would be involved in endleſs night. HEATH.

8 *I here importune death*—] I *ſolicit* death to delay; or, *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

9 *I dare not, dear,*
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Leſt I be taken:] Antony has juſt ſaid that he only ſolicits death to delay his end, till he has given her a farewell kiſs. To this ſhe replies that *ſhe dares not*; and, in our authour's licentious diction, ſhe may mean, that ſhe, now above in the monument, does not dare to deſcend that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in the ſecond line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by the compoſitor, and that the poet wrote:

I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *deſcend*,
Leſt I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the paſſage differently, by adding to the end of Antony's ſpeech—*Come down*. His note has been preſerved in the late editions,

Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar[1] ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me[2]; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation[3], I am ſafe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill concluſion[4], ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we muſt draw thee up;—
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's ſport, indeed[5]!—How heavy weighs my lord!

editions, but, his emendation not being mentioned, it is perfectly unintelligible. MALONE.

[1] *Of the* full-fortun'd *Cæſar*—] So, in *Othello*:

" What a *full-fortune* doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

[2] *Be* brooch'd *with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, " Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." The Rev. Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical *Hiſtory of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles ſet with ſtones, ſuch as thoſe with which ſhirt-boſoms and handkerchiefs are claſped. STEEVENS.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or ſome ſuch inſtrument (originally a ſpit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it ſometimes ſtands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which ſenſe it is perhaps uſed at preſent. PERCY.

Our authour in *All's well that ends well* ſpeaks of the *brooch* and the *toothpick*, as at one time conſtantly worn by thoſe who affected elegance. MALONE.

[3] — *if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have*
Edge, ſting, or operation,] Here is the ſame irregular poſition of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*: and yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, Act III. ſc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

" If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,
" Unty'd I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe." STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſtill concluſion,*] Sedate determination; ſilent coolneſs of reſolution. JOHNSON.

[5] *Here's ſport, indeed!*] I ſuppoſe the meaning of theſe ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the laſt we ſhall ever play with Antony! Or perhaps ſhe is thinking of fiſhing with a line, a diverſion of which we have been already told ſhe was fond. Shakſpeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places. MALONE.

Our

Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs [6],
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* Antony *up*,
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd [7]:
Quicken with kiſſing [8]; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little [9].

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe houſewife Fortune [1] break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end [2],
Lament

6 — *into* heavineſs,] Heavineſs is here uſed equivocally for *ſorrow* and *weight*. MALONE.

7 — where *thou haſt liv'd*:] Old Copy—*when* thou, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 *Quicken with kiſſing*;] That is, *Revive by my kiſs*. JOHNSON.
So in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637:
"And *quickens* moſt where he would moſt deſtroy." STEEV.

9 *Give me ſome wine*, &c.] This circumſtance, like almoſt every other, Shakſpeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation, ſays,—"Antony made her ceaſe from lamenting, and called for wine, either becauſe he was athirſt, or elſe for that thereby to haſten his death. When he had dronke, he earneſtly prayed her, and perſuaded that ſhe would ſeeke to ſave her life, if ſhe could poſſible, without reproache and diſhonour: and that ſhe ſhould chiefly truſt Proculeius above any man elſe about Cæſar." STEEVENS.

1 — *houſewife Fortune*, &c.] This deſpicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.
See *As you like it*, p. 126, n. 6. "Let us ſit, and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel," &c. MALONE.

2 *The miſerable change*, &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in ſir Thomas North's

Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts,
In ſeeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greateſt prince o' the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more. [*dies.*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye?—O, ſee, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole[3] is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon[4]. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietneſs, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt! empreſs!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

North's tranſlation of Plutarch.—"As for himſelf, ſhe ſhould not lament nor ſorrow for the miſerable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that ſhe ſhould think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, conſidering that while he lived, he was the nobleſt and greateſt prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly; a Roman, by another Roman." STEEVENS.

3 *The ſoldier's pole*—] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation. JOHNSON.

4 — *the odds is gone,*
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——from this inſtant
"There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
"All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
"Is left this vault to brag on." MALONE.

Cleo.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman[5]; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares[6].—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
[*to the guard below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
[*Exeunt*; *thoſe above bearing off* Antony's *body.*

5 *No more, but* e'en *a woman*;] Iras has juſt ſaid,—Royal Egypt, *Empreſs!* Cleopatra completes the ſentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words ſpoken by Charmian,)—*Empreſs* "no more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meaneſt of my ſex. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, p. 329, Caſſius ſays,

"No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
"To our attempts. *Am I not ſtay'd for, Cinna?*"

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [Am I not ſtay'd for?]:

"I am glad on't."

i. e. I am glad that Caſca is *incorporate to our attempts.* See alſo p. 188, n. 4.

The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. The ſame error has happened in many other places in theſe plays. See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 9. MALONE.

Peace, peace, Iras, is ſaid by Charmian, when ſhe ſees the queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome. JOHNSON.

6 — *the meaneſt* chares.] i. e. taſk-work. Hence our term *chare-woman.* So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her ſervants ſundry *chares.*"

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Well, I muſt trudge to do a certain *chare.*" STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS[7], GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæſ. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauſes that he makes[8].

Dol.

[7] Mecænas,] In the old copy *Menas.*—*Mec.* however is prefixed to the ſpeeches allotted to this perſon through the ſcene. The correction in the preſent ſtage-direction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[8] *Being ſo* fruſtrate, *tell him, he mocks* us by
The pauſes that he makes.] *Fruſtrate*, for *fruſtrated*, was the language of Shakſpeare's time. So, in the *Tempeſt*:

" —— and the ſea mocks
" Our *fruſtrate* ſearch by land."

So *conſummate* for *conſummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c, &c.

The laſt two words of the firſt of theſe lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre ſhews that ſomewhat was omited, and the paſſage by the omiſſion was rendered unintelligible.

When in the lines juſt quoted, the ſea is ſaid to mock the ſearch of thoſe who were ſeeking on the land for a body that had been drown'd in the ocean, this is eaſily underſtood. But in that before us the caſe is very different. When Antony himſelf made theſe pauſes, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pauſe?*

In Meaſure for Meaſure the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been ſupplied:

" How I may formally in perſon bear [me]
" Like a true friar."

and ſimilar omiſſions have happened in many other plays. See Vol. VI. p. 507. n. 3.

In further ſupport of the emendation now made, it may be obſerved, that the word *mock*, of which our authour makes frequent uſe, is almoſt always employed as I ſuppoſe it to have been uſed here. Thus, in *K. Lear*: " Pray do not mock *me*." Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" You do blaſpheme the good in *mocking me*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
" And *mock us with* our bareneſs."

Again, in the play before us:

" — that nod unto the world,
" And *mock our eyes with* air."

The ſecond interpretation given by Mr. Steevens in the following note is a juſt interpretation of the text as *now regulated*; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without thoſe that I have ſupplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

He

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall[9]. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the ſword of* ANTONY.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, O Cæſar, Antony is dead.

Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack: The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets[1],

And

He mocks the pauſes that he makes. i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation. Or the meaning may be.—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without reſource, tell him that theſe affected pauſes and delays of his in yielding himſelf up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauſes*, may be a licentious mode of expreſſion for—*he makes a mockery of us by theſe pauſes*; i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

9 *Cæſar, I ſhall.*] The *exit* of Dolabella is not marked here in the old copy, but Mr. Theobald juſtly obſerves, that he muſt be ſuppoſed to have gone immediately to execute Cæſar's commands; who afterwards, when he aſks for him, recollects that he ſent him on buſineſs. The ſubſequent ſpeeches therefore in this ſcene, which are given to Dolabella in the folio, have been transferred to Agrippa. MALONE.

1 — *The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.] I think here is a line loſt, after which it is in vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook*, and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens*. There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we ſhould read—The *ruin'd* world, i. e. the general eruption of elements ſhould have *ſhook*, &c. Shakſpeare ſeems to mean that the death of ſo great a man ought to have produced effects ſimilar to thoſe which might be expected from the diſſolution of the unIverſe when all diſtinctions ſhall be loſt. To *ſhake* any thing out, is a phraſe in common uſe among our ancient writers. So Holinſhed, p. 743—"God's providence *ſhaking* men out of their ſhifts of ſuppoſed ſafetie, &c."

Perhaps

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To waſh the eyes of kings [2].

Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him [3].

Agr.

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the ſhaking of the *round world* was to be ſo violent as to toſs the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The defect of the metre ſtrongly ſupports Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, *that ſomething is loſt*. Perhaps the paſſage originally ſtood thus:

The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook;
Thrown hungry lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens.

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *ſhook* in my note, and the ſame word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were *omitted* by the compoſitor, in the original proof ſheet. MALONE.

The ſenſe, I think, is complete and plain, if we conſider *ſhook*, (more properly *ſhaken*,) as the participle paſt of a verb active. The metre would be improved if the lines were diſtributed thus:

—The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into *their dens*. TYRWHITT.

[2] — but *it is tidings*
To waſh the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me*, if this be not *tidings to make kings weep. But*, again, for *if not*. JOHNSON.

[3] Waged *equal with him.*] It is not eaſy to determine the preciſe meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

"To wake and *wage* a danger profitleſs."

Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.

Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæſ. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do launce
Diſeaſes in our bodies[4]: I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our ſtars,
Unreconciliable, ſhould divide
Our equalneſs to this[5].—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

Enter a Meſſenger.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you?

Meſ. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my miſtreſs[6],
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,

It may ſignify to *oppoſe*. The ſenſe will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were oppoſed to each other in juſt proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

4 —*But we do* launce
Diſeaſes in our bodies:] When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by ſcarifying, we uſe the lancet: and if we neglect to do ſo, we are deſtroyed by it. Antony was to me a diſeaſe; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old ſpelling of *launce*. See Minſhew's DICT. in v. MALONE.

5 *Our equalneſs to this.*] That is, *ſhould have made us*, in our equality of fortune, diſagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us muſt die. JOHNS.

6 *A poor Egyptian yet; the queen my miſtreſs*, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an Egyptian*, that is, *yet a ſervant of the queen of Egypt*, though ſoon to become a ſubject of Rome. JOHNSON.

Of

Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we [7]
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle [8].

Meſ. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph [9]: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee

7 *How* honourable *and how kindly we*—] Our authour often uſes adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

See alſo Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

8 — *for Cæſar cannot* live

To be ungentle.] The old copy has—*leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

9 — *her life in Rome*

Would be eternal in *our triumph*:] Hanmer reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity:

Would be eternalling *our triumph*.

The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph to Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will ſufficientiy ſupport the old reading:

"If ſome foule-ſwelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herſelf *eternal in*." STEEVENS.

How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings: Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS[1].

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave[2],
A miniſter of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds[3];
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;

[1] *Enter Cleopatra*, &c.] Our authour here (as in *K. Henry VIII.* p. 122, n. 7.) has attempted to exhibit at once the outſide and the inſide on a building. It would be impoſſible to repreſent this ſcene in any way or the ſtage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants ſpeak all their ſpeeches till the queen is ſeized, within the monument. MALONE.

[2] —*fortune's knave*,] The *ſervant* of fortune. JOHNSON.

[3] — *And it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other deeds, &c.] The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which Cæſar and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already ſaid in this play, that

" —— our *dungy* earth alike
" Feeds man as beaſt."——

and Mr. Tollet obſerves, " that in *Herodotus*, book iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a deſcription of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all ſurprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakſpeare has the ſame epithet in the *Winter's Tale*:

" —— the face to ſweeten
" Of the whole *dungy* earth."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— the earth's a thief,
" That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolen
" From general *excrement*." STEEVENS.

Which

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependancy; and you ſhall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindneſs[4],
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got[5]. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd

4 — *that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs,*] *Praying in aid* is a term uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. HANMER.

5 — *ſend him*
The greatneſs he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his ſuperiority with complete ſubmiſſion. JOHNSON.

Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd[6];

[*Here* PROCULEIUS, *and two of the guard, aſcend the monument by a ladder placed againſt a window, and having deſcended, came behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the guard unbar and open the gates*[7].

Guard her till Cæſar come.

[*to* Proculeius *and the guard.* *Exit* Gallus.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char.

[6] Gal. *You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;*
Guard her till Cæſar come.] To this ſpeech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear from the paſſage quoted from Plutarch in the following note that this was an error of the compoſitor's at the preſs, and that it belongs to Gallus; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his ſuggeſtion, aſcended the monument, goes out to inform Cæſar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæſar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's firſt ſpeech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 584:

"Proculeius,
"What thou haſt done, thy maſter Cæſar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be preſumed, Cæſar obtained from Gallus.

The ſtage-directions being very imperfect in this ſcene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæſar, it was undoubtedly the authour's intention that he ſhould here go out. In the modern editions this as well as the preceding ſpeech is given to Proculeius, though the error in the old copy clearly ſhews that *two* ſpeakers were intended. MALONE.

[7] In the old copy there is no ſtage-direction. That which is now inſerted is formed on the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and ſtrong, and ſurely barred; but yet there were *ſome cranews through the which her voyce might be heard*, and ſo they *without* underſtood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her ſonnes: and that Porculeius aunſwered her, that ſhe ſhould be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæſar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunſwere unto Cæſar: who immediately ſent Gallus to ſpeak once againe with her, and bad him purpoſely hold her with talk, *whilſt* Proculeius *did ſet up a ladder againſt that high windowe by the which Antonius was treſed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate*, where Cleopatra ſtood to hear what Gallus ſaid unto her. One of her women which was ſhut in her monument with her, ſawe Proculeius by chaunce, as he came downe, and ſhreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when ſhe ſawe Proculeius behind her as ſhe came from the gate, ſhe thought to have ſtabbed

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*ſeizes and diſarms her.*
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languiſh[8]?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars[9]!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither[1]: This mortal houſe I'll ruin,

Do

ſtabbed herſelf with a ſhort dagger ſhe wore of purpoſe by her ſide. But Proculejus came ſodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, ſayd unto her, Cleopatra, firſt thou ſhalt doe thy ſelfe great wrong, and ſecondly unto Cæſar, to deprive him of the occaſion and opportunitie openlie to ſhew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cauſe to accuſe the moſt courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercileſſe man, that were not to be truſted. So, even as he ſpake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and ſhooke her clothes for feare of any poyſon hidden about her." MALONE.

[8] *— of languiſh?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" One deſperate grief cure with another's *languiſh*." STEEV.

[9] *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather ſeize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. JOHNSON.

[1] *If idle talk will once be neceſſary,*
I'll not ſleep neither:] *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſſary now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I will not ſleep neither*. In common converſation we often uſe *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine firſt. JOHNSON.

Once may mean *ſometimes*. Of this uſe of the word I have already given inſtances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *K. Hen. VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra ſeems to be this. If *idle talking* be ſome-

Do Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet [2],
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
The thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her.—
To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe, [*to* CLEO.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers.*

times neceſſary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *ſleep* for fear of *talking idly in my ſleep*.

The ſenſe deſigned, however, may be—If it be neceſſary to talk of performing impoſſiblities, why, I'll not ſleep neither. STEEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me ſo unſatisfactory, and ſo little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been loſt after the word *neceſſary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to obſerve an obſtinate ſilence. The line probably began with the words *I'll*, and the compoſitor's eye glancing on the ſame words in the line beneath, all that intervened was loſt. See p. 508, n. 7, and p. 577, n. 1.

The words *I'll not ſleep neither*, contain a new and diſtinct menace. I once thought that Shakſpeare might have written—I'll not *ſpeak* neither; but in p. 492, Cæſar comforting Cleopatra, ſays, "feed, and *ſleep*;" which ſhews that *ſleep* in the paſſage before us is the true reading. MALONE.

[2] *My country's high* pyramides *my gibbet*,] See p. 492, n. 7. MALONE.

Dol.

Dol. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun, and moon; which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O, the earth [3].

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean [4]: his rear'd arm
Creſted the world [5]: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends [6];
But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,

[3] *The little* O, *the earth.*] Theſe words appearing in the old copy thus,—The little o th' earth, Theobald conjectured with ſome probability that Shakſpeare wrote—

The little *O o'the* earth.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well ſtand.

Shakſpeare frequently uſes *O* for an orb or circle. So in *K. Hen. V.*

" —— can we cram
" Within this wooden *O* the very caſques, &c.

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" Than all you fiery *oes*, and eyes of light." MALONE.

[4] *His legs beſtrid the ocean*, &c.] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
" Like a Coloſſus." MALONE.

— *his* rear'd arm

[5] Creſted *the world.*] Alluding to ſome of the old creſts in heraldry, where a raiſed arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. PERCY.

[6] — and *that to friends*;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no leſs obſcurity:

— when *that to friends*. STEEVENS.

That

That grew the more by reaping [7]: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates [8] dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

7 — *For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't; an autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping:] The old copy has—an *Antony* it was. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. The following lines in Shakſpeare's 53d Sonnet add ſupport to the emendation:

" Speak of the ſpring, and *foiſon* of the year,
" The one doth ſhadow of your bounty ſhew;
" The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
" And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know."

By the *other* in the third line, i. e. the *foiſon* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the ſeaſon of plenty.
Again, in *the Tempeſt*:

" How does my *bounteous* ſiſter [*Ceres*]? MALONE.

I cannot reſiſt the temptation to quote the following beautiful paſſage from B. Jonſon's *New Inn*, on the ſubject of liberality.

" He gave me my firſt breeding, I acknowledge;
" Then ſhow'r'd his bounties on me, like the hours
" That open-handed ſit upon the clouds,
" And preſs the liberality of heaven
" Down to the laps of thankful men." STEEVENS.

8 *As plates*—] *Plates* mean, I believe, *ſilver money*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" Rat'ſt thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens juſtly interprets *plates* to mean ſilver money. The balls or roundels in an eſcutcheon, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gule*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or* or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent* or white, *plates*, which are buttons of ſilver, without any impreſſion, but only prepared for the ſtamp.—So, Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. II. C. VII. St. 5:

" Some others were new driven, and diſtent
" Into great ingoes, and to wedges ſquare;
" Some in round *plates* withouten moniment,
" But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metal bare,
" The antique ſhapes of kings and keſars, ſtraung and rare."
WHALLEY.

But,

But, if there be, or ever were one ſuch[9],
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms[1] with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condeming ſhadows quite[*].

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots[2]
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir
Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEO. *kneels.*

Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe; riſe, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

[9] — or *ever were one ſuch,*] The old copy has—*nor* ever, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] *To vie ſtrange forms*—] To *vie* was a term at cards. See the *Taming of the Shrew*, p. 290, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[*] —— *yet to imagine*
An Antony, were nature's piece *gainſt fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *paſt the ſize of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could preſent in ſleep. JOHNSON.

[2] —*ſhoots*—] The old copy reads—*ſuites*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error aroſe from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See Vol. II. p. 362, n. 8. MALONE.

Will

Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.

Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole ſir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well[3]
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.

Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.

Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra[4].

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſs'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

[3] *I cannot* project *mine own cauſe ſo well*—] To *project a cauſe* is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence. JOHNSON.

In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find theſe lines:

" —She cannot love,
" Nor take no ſhape nor *project* of affection,
" She is ſo ſelf-endear'd."

I cannot *project*, &c. means therefore, I cannot ſhape or form my cauſe, &c. MALONE.

Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorpoſis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, ſays: "I have choſen Ajax for the *project* of this diſcourſe."

[4] *You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.*] You ſhall yourſelf be my counſellor, and ſuggeſt whatever you wiſh to be done for your relief. So, afterwards:

" For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
" Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel." MALONE.

Not

Not petty things admitted [5].—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeel my lips [6], than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæſar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
O rarely baſe [7]!

Cæſ. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this [8]; That

[5] —*'tis exactly valued,*
Not petty things admitted.] i. e. petty things not being *included*. Becauſe Cleopatra in the next ſpeech ſays that ſhe has reſerved nothing to herſelf, (ſtill tacitly excepting *petty things*,) Mr. Theobald very unneceſſarily reads—*omitted*. "This declaration, (ſays he,) lays open her falſhood, and makes her angry when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie." MALONE.

She is angry afterwards that ſhe is accuſed of having reſerved more than petty things. JOHNSON.

[6] —*feel my lips*—] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, cloſe up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are cloſed. To *ſeel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

[7] *O rarely baſe!*] i. e. baſe in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

[8] *O Cæſar*, This ſpeech of Cleopatra is taken from ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, where it ſtands as follows. "O Cæſar, is not this great ſhame and reproach, that thou having vouchſafed to take the pains to come unto me, and haſt done me this honour,

That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek [9], that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces [1] by
Addition of his envy [2]! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends [3] withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*To* Sel.
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance [4]:—Wert thou a man,
Thou

nour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate, and that mine own ſervants ſhould come now to accuſe me. Though it may be that I have reſerved ſome jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor ſoul) to ſet out myſelf withal; but meaning to give ſome pretty preſents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and interceſſion for me to thee, thou mighteſt yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *To one ſo* meek,—] *Meek*, I ſuppoſe, means here, *tame*, ſubdued by adverſity. So, in the parallel paſſage in Plutarch:—"poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate——." Cleopatra in any other ſenſe was not eminent for *meekneſs*. MALONE.

[1] *Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces*—] *To parcel her diſgraces*, might be expreſſed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*of his* envy.] *Envy* is here, as almoſt always in theſe plays, *malice*. —See p. 47, n. 2, and p. 70, n. 5. MALONE.

[3] —*modern friends*—] Common, ordinary acquaintance. See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5; p. 396, n. 2; and p. 472, n. 9. MALONE.

[4] *Through the aſhes of my* chance:—] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecillity of my preſent weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *miſchance*. WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—"the wounded *chance* of Antony." MALONE.

Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders *of my ſpirits*
Through the aſhes *of my chance*:—] Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180:

"Yet in our *aſhen* cold is fire yreken."

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has obſerved) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy*:

"Even

Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied[5].

Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons[6]: no, dear queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:

" Even in our *aſhes* live their wonted fires."

Mr. Gray refers to the following paſſage in the 169 (171) ſonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original:

" *Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio foco,*
" *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiuſi*
" *Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*" Edit. 1564. p. 271.
STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's 73d Sonnet:

" In me thou ſee'ſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
" That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie." MALONE.

5 *Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſ-thought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.] We ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall*, thoſe that contented themſelves only to think ill before, call us to *anſwer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill ſenſe, for actions *meriting* cenſure. JOHNSON.

As *demerits* was often uſed in Shakſpeare's time as ſynonymous to *merit*, ſo merit might have been uſed in the ſenſe which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to anſwer in our own names for *acts*, with which others rather than we, *deſerve* to be charged. MALONE.

6 *Make not your thoughts your* priſons:] I once wiſhed to read,
Make not your thoughts your poiſon:—
Do not deſtroy yourſelf by muſing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading preſents a very proper ſenſe. *Be not a priſoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And ſo, adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*whiſpers* Charmian.
Iras. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, ſir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar.
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit* Dola.] Now, Iras,
what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rhimers

Ballad

Ballad us out o' tune[7]: the quick comedians[8]
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy my greatneſs[9]
I' the poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents[1].—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—

[7] —*and ſcald* rhimers
Ballad *us out o' tune!*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:
" ——thou—
" Shalt have thy treſpaſs cited up in *rhimes*,
" And *ſung* by children in ſucceeding times." MALONE.
Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth. JOHNSON.

[8] —*the* quick *comedians*—] The lively, inventive, *quick*-witted comedians. So, " (*ut meos quoque attingam*,") in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe deſcription of Ireland, made in this yeare*, 1589, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589: " They are *quick-witted*, and of good conſtitution of bodie." See p. 434, n. 7; and Vol. II. p. 349, n. 2. MALONE.

9 — *boy my greatneſs*—] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANMER.

To obviate this impropriety of men repreſenting women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

[1] *Their moſt* abſurd *intents.*—] Mr. Theobald reads,—Their moſt *aſſur'd* intents. Cleopatra, he ſays, " could not think Cæſar's intent of carrying her in triumph abſurd, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament." MALONE.

I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as ſhe thought it unreaſonable in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

Now, noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noiſe? [*Exit* Iras. *A noiſe within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here's a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an inſtrument
[*Exit* Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine[2].

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a baſket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus[3] there,
That

[2] — *now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Iſis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Egyptians paid to this planet under the name of Iſis; but that Cleopatra having ſaid, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that ſhe had not *even the changes of diſpoſition peculiar to the ſex, and which ſometimes happen as frequently as thoſe of the moon*; or that ſhe was not, like the ſea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III.*:—"I being govern'd by the watry *moon*, &c." Why ſhould ſhe ſay on this occaſion that ſhe no longer made uſe of the forms of worſhip peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconſtant. So in Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, 1617:—"to ſhew the world ſhe was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

Our authour will himſelf furniſh us with a commodious interpretation of this paſſage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purpoſes, like the *fleeting* and *inconſtant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

[3] — *the pretty* worm *of Nilus*—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *ſerpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *ſlow-worm* ſtill in our language,

and

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe died of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt,—Truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do[4]: But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel. [Clown *ſets down the baſket.*

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind[5].

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, but

and the Norwegians call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the northern ocean, the *ſea-worm.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" Thoſe coals the Roman Porcia did devour,
" Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
" Yet loſt their ſtings." STEEVENS.

Again, in the old verſion of the *New Teſtament*, Acts, xxviii. " Now when the barbarians ſawe the *worme* hang on his hand, &c." TOLLET.

See Vol. VI. p. 190, n. 9. MALONE.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is ſtill given to the ſerpent ſpecies in general. PERCY.

4 *But he that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by* half *that they do:*] Shakſpeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakſpeare deſigned that confuſion which the critick would diſentangle. STEEVENS.

5 — *will do his kind.*] The ſerpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, no date:

" He *dyd* full gentylly *his kinde.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" For tickle Fortune *doth*, in changing, but her *kind.*" MALONE.

in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth; I wiſh you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with robe, crown,* &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare[6], good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath: Huſband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life[7].—So,—have you done?

[6] *Yare, yare,*—] i. e. make haſte, be nimble, be ready. So in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys:*

" Ryght ſoone he made him *yare*." STEEVENS.

A preceding paſſage preciſely aſcertains the meaning of the word:

" — to proclaim it civilly, were like
" A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
" For being *yare* about him."

See alſo p. 575, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] *I am* fire *and* air; *my other elements*
I give to baſer life.] So, in *K. Henry V.* " He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." " Do not our lives, (ſays Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) conſiſt of the *four* elements?" MALONE.

Come

Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewel.
[*kiſſes them.* Iras *falls and dies.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips *? Doſt fall [a]?
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her [9]; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*to the aſp, which ſhe applies to her breaſt.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicy'd [1]!
Char. O eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*applying another aſp to her arm.*

* *Have I the aſpick in my lips?*] Are my lips poiſon'd by the aſpick, that my kiſs has deſtroyed thee? MALONE.

[a] — *Doſt fall?*] Iras muſt be ſuppoſed to have applied an aſp to her arm while her miſtreſs was ſettling her dreſs, or I know not why ſhe ſhould fall ſo ſoon. STEEVENS.

[9] *He'll make demand of her;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *aſs*
Unpolicy'd!] i. e. an aſs *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its nobleſt decoration. STEEVENS.

What

What ſhould I ſtay— [*falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world[2]?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boaſt thee, death! in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.—Downy windows, cloſe[3];
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry[4];
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1. *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1. *Guard.* Cæſar hath ſent—

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger. [*applies the aſp.*
O, come; apace, diſpatch: I partly feel thee.

1. *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæſar's beguil'd.

2. *Guard.* There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar;—call him.

1. *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings[5].

Ah

[2] *In this* wild *world?*] Thus the old copy. I ſuppoſe ſhe means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *deſert* to her. A *wild* is a deſert. Our author, however, might have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient ſpelling) for worthleſs. STEEVENS.

[3] — *Downy windows, cloſe;*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" Her two blue *windows* faintly ſhe upheaveth." MALONE.

[4] — *Your crown's* awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—*Your crown's* away. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The authour has here as uſual followed the old tranſlation of Plutarch. " —They found Cleopatra ſtarke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." MALONE.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:
" And ſenſeleſs, in her ſinking down, ſhe *wryes*
" The diadem which on her head ſhe wore;
" Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) eſpyes,
" And haſtes to right it as it was before;
" For Eras now was dead." STEEVENS.

[5] *Deſcended of ſo many royal kings.*] Almoſt theſe very words are found in ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the

Ah, ſoldier! [*dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæſar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1. *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then.

1. *Guard.* O Cæſar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden drop'd.

Cæſ. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown[6]:

The

the ſame ſubject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumſtance which Shakſpeare has borrowed from the ſame original. STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſomething* blown:] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln*. JOHNS.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"That with venim upon him throwen,
"The knight lay then to-*blowen*." STEEVENS.

The like is on her arm.

1. *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail: and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite[7]
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity[8]. [*Exeunt.*

So before:

" — and let the waterflies
" *Blow* me into abhorring." MALONE.

[7] *She hath purſued concluſions infinite*—] i. e. numberleſs experiments. So, in the *Spaniſh Gypſey*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" — and to try that *concluſion*,
" To ſee if thou be'ſt alchumy or no,
" They'll throw down gold in muſſes." MALONE.

[8] This play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh Cleopatra, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. Upton, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of Antony is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the play is that which Cæſar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of diſpoſition.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.