SHAKESPEARE'S

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY THE

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INTRODUCTION.

Date of the Composition.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA was never printed that we know of till in the folio of 1623. As to the time when it was written, the most that we have to proceed upon, aside from the qualities of the work itself, is an entry at the Stationers' by Edward Blount, May 20, 1608, of "a book called Antony and Cleopatra." Whether Shakespeare's drama were the "book" referred to in this entry, is something questionable, as the subject was at that time often written upon, dramatically or otherwise. Of course the entry was made with the design of publication; so that, if it refer to the play in hand, either such design must have miscarried, or else the edition has been utterly lost. Blount was one of the publishers of the first folio; and in the entry made by him and Jaggard at the Stationers', November 8, 1623, *Antony and Cleopatra* is among the plays set down as "not formerly entered to other men." Which certainly favours the conclusion that the entry of 1608 referred to the same play.

There is perhaps no point in the early history of the English stage more certain than that the theatrical companies took every precaution in order to keep their plays out of print. And we have strong ground for believing that, after the edition of *Hamlet* in 1604, there was no authorized issue

of any of the Poet's dramas during his lifetime. This may have been, and probably was, the cause of there being no edition of this play in pursuance of the entry in question.

Knight and Verplanck argue that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was not written till after the date of Blount's entry, and that this entry referred to some other performance; their main reason being the admitted fact that the style of this play bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of mind. I agree, however, with Malone and Collier in assigning the composition to 1607, or the early part of 1608, when the author was in his forty-fourth year. This brings it within the same five years of his life, from 1605 to 1610, which witnessed the production of *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. It will hardly be questioned that at the time of writing these dramas the Poet's mind was equal to any achievement within the compass of human thought. Nor can I taste any peculiarities of style in this play, as distinguished from the proper tokens of dramatic power, that should needs infer any more ripeness of mind than in case of the other dramas of that period.

I must add that the original text of this play is not very well printed, even for that time or that volume, and has a number of corruptions that are exceedingly trying to an editor. And, indeed, the style of the play is so superlatively idiomatic, and abounds in such splendid andacities of diction and imagery, that it might well be very puzzling to any transcriber or printer or proof-reader, unless the author's hand-writing were much plainer than it appears to have been, from the specimens that have come down to us.

Source of the Matter.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the drawings from history, though perhaps not larger in the whole than we find in some other plays, are, however, more minute and circumstantial. Here the Poet seems to have picked and sifted out from old Plutarch, with the most scrupulous particularity, every fact, every embellishment, and every line and hint of character, that could be wrought coherently into the structure and process of the work; the whole thus evincing the closest study and the exactest use of the matter before him. Notwithstanding, his genius is as far as ever from seeming at all encumbered with help, or anywise cramped or shackled by the restraints of history: on the contrary, his creative faculties move so freely and play so spontaneously under and through the Plutarchian matter, that the borrowings seem no less original than what he created, and the inventions no less historical than what he borrowed. I say inventions, for many of the finest scenes and passages are purely such: yet these seem to have caught the very spirit and method of the old material; so that the whole work is perfectly fused into one substance, all the parts being just as much of the same grain and texture as if they had originally grown together.

It is well known that even in matters of history fictions often express the real truth of things much better than any facts which history has preserved. This, to be sure, may sometimes proceed from a kind of psychological comparative anatomy, whereby a sagacious mind, from a small relic of fact, a single tooth or bone, as it were, reconstructs the living whole. Take, for instance, the early part of the 17th century: I suppose no competent judge will question that

many of the leading characters, as well as the manners and spirit of that time, are far better delivered by Sir Walter Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel* than in any so-called authentic history of the same period. And it may be safely affirmed that in this drama, as in others of an historical nature, the Poet never cares to draw upon his inventive powers, save when by so doing he can bring out the truth of his characters more vividly, more dramatically, and even more fairly, than it is conveyed in the forms and incidents which the history offered him; not to mention that he often extracts and concentrates the life and efficacy of many incidents in one representative invention; thus giving the substantial truth of them all, without the literal truth of any one. Nor, closely as he here works to the record, is there any one of his dramas wherein he shows a more fertile and pregnant inventiveness; many of the scenes being perfectly original, and at the same time truer to the history *in effect* than the history is to itself. For it is not too much to say that he had the art to express what was in his persons far better than they knew how to express it themselves. How he could thus endow them with his own intellect, or with so much of it as they needed, without disturbing their individuality at all, or impairing their proper self-consciousness, is a mystery which perhaps no effort of criticism can solve.

Historic Outline.

Soon after the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, which occured in the Fall of the year B.C. 42, the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, partitioned the Roman world among themselves, Antony taking the Eastern provinces as his share. The next year, while on his way

with an army against the Parthians, he summoned Cleopatra to meet him in Cilicia, and give an account of her recent doings in aid of Brutus and Cassius. She responded in the celebrated adventure in which she caught the amorous Triumvir, and "pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus." In his account of this conquest, the Poet does little more than translate the delectable old narrative of Plutarch into dialogue. The result of the affair was that Cleopatra led Antony captive to Alexandria, where he lost himself in the prodigious revelries and sensualities of the Egyptian Court. Thereupon his ferocious wife, Fulvia, together with his brother Lucius, who was then Consul, raised a war in Italy against Octavius, her pupose being, it was said, to disenchant her husband and draw him back to Rome. In the Spring, however, of the year 40 B.C., Fulvia died; from which event dates the opening of the play.

In the course of the same year Antony was married to Octavia; by which marriage the difficulties of the two Triumvirs were expected to be permanently healed; though, as the issue proved, "the band that seemed to tie their friendship together was the very strangler of their amity."* This was followed, the next year, by the treaty with Sextus Pompey at Misenum. For some four years, Antony, in form at least, kept his faith with Octavia, who bore him two children. But, with all her beauty and wisdom and illustrious virtues, she could make no abiding impression upon him: his thoughts kept flying back to Egypt. In the year B.C. 36, he set forth on another expedition against the Parthians, and sent an invitation to Cleopatra to join him; and on her doing so he fell more hopelessly than ever under her enchantment, lavishing realms and cities upon her as if the whole world were his, and he valued it only that he might give it to her.

I will here condense a brief portion of North's Plutarch, by way of indicating how the Poet uses the historian:

"Then began the pestilent mischief of Cleopatra's love to kindle again as soon as Antony came near unto Syria, and in the end did put out of his head all honest and commendable thoughts. Whilst he was preparing to make war with the Parthians, his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come to him. Her brother was willing to it, not so much for any respect to Antony, as that he might have a colour to make war with him, if he should misuse her. But, when she was come to Athens, she received letters from Antony, willing her to stay there until his coming. Though much grieved at this, knowing it was but an excuse, yet she asked him by her letters whether he would have those things sent to him which she had brought, being great store of apparel for soldiers, sums of money and gifts to bestow on his friends and captains, and two thousand men well armed. When one of Antony's friends brought this news from Octavia, and withal did greatly praise her, Cleopatra, fearing she would be too strong for her, and win him away, subtly seemed to languish for love of Antony, pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she so framed her countenance, that, when Antony came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished with joy. Straight, again, when he went from her, she fell a-weeping, and still managed that he should often find her weeping; and, when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned away her face as if unwilling he should see her weep. Then her flatterers blamed Antony, telling him he was a hard-natured man and had small love in him, that would see a poor lady in such torment for his sake. 'For Octavia,' they said,

'that was only married to him because of her brother's affairs, hath the honour to be called Antony's lawful wife; and Cleopatra, born a queen, is only named Antony's leman; yet she disdained not to be so called, if she might enjoy his company and live with him; but, if he once leave her, then it is impossible she should live.' By these flatteries they so wrought his effeminate mind that, fearing lest she should make herself away, he returned to Alexandria."

Once again at the Egyptian capital, Antony sank forthwith into a full-blown voluptuary. The accounts of his gigantic profligacy are indeed almost incredible, and would be thoroughly so, but for the support they derive from the well-known customs of the "gorgeous East." Still, however, Antony, as "a Roman thought struck him," varied his debaucheries from time to time with fits of spasmodic heroism in the camp and the field; though ever returning from these to plunge still deeper in the turbid stream of Oriental voluptuousness. In these fierce bacchanalian orgies, the Queen was always at hand, pampering his grosser appetites with rank and furious indulgences, and stimulating his flagging zest in them by cunning surprises: whenever he showed a reviving taste for nobler pleasures, she was prompt to gratify it with works of art and literature; and sometimes, when the mood was on, she would call in the aids of philosophy and criticism, to reinforce the spells under which she held him. At length, she wound up the climax of extravagance by arraying herself in the garb and claiming the prerogatives of the goddess Isis, at the same time inducing Antony to usurp the titles and attributes of the god Osiris. The notion that a man might rise to union with deity had gradually hardened into a custom of admitting the royal right of apotheosis. Some years before, Antony

had assumed the character and style of Bacchus at Athens. He now came forth as the Nile-god, or fructifying power of the Coptic mythology, to claim the religious veneration of the Egyptian people.

All these mad doings were closely watched by the cold-blooded and astute Octavius, who worked them with terrible effect against his rival at Rome. And his purpose herein was greatly furthered by the noble behaviour of Octavia, who still kept her husband's house at Rome, and devoted herself religiously to the care of his children, both her own and those that Fulvia had borne him, as if she thought of nothing but to approve herself in every thing a true and loyal wife. By this course she only knit the hearts of the Roman people still more firmly to her cause; so that they resented Antony's sins against her almost as much as they did those against the national honour and religion.

The quarrel thus engendered and fostered came to a head in the great battle of Actium, which took place in September of the year B.C. 31. Stripped of fleet and army, and covered with shame and foul dishonour, Antony returned to Egypt to brood sullenly over the past. The next year, Octavius followed with an army, and his work there was finished by the death of Cleopatra in August. So that the events of the play cover a period of a little more than ten years; the scene shifting to various parts of the Empire, Alexandria, Rome, Misenum, Athens, the plains of Syria, and several fields of battle.

I must add one more short passage from Plutarch as aptly showing the minuteness of detail with which the drama follows the history. It refers to the intercourse of Octavius and Antony after the marriage of the latter with Octavia: "With Antony there was a soothsayer of Egypt, that could

judge of men's nativities, to tell what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or because he found it so by his art, told Antony that his fortune, which of itself was good and great, was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's; and therefore he counselled him to get as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he, 'that is, the good angel that keepeth thee, is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when alone, becometh fearful and timorous when near the other.' Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that as often as they drew cuts for pastime, or whether they played at dice, Antony always lost. Oftentimes, when they were disposed to see cock-fights, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited Antony in his mind, although he made no outward show of it; and therefore he believed the Egyptian the better."

General Characteristics.

Judging by my own experience, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the last of Shakespeare's plays that one grows to appreciate. This seems partly owing to the excellences of the work, and partly not. For it is marked beyond any other by a superabundance of external animation, as well as by a surpassing fineness of workmanship, such as needs oft-repeated and most careful perusal to bring out full upon the mind's eye. The great number and variety of events crowded together in it, the rapidity with which they pass before us, and, consequently, the frequent changes of scene, hold curiosity on the stretch, and somewhat overfill the mind with sensuous effect, so as for a long time to distract and divert the thoughts from those subtilties of characterization and delicacies of poetry which

everywhere accompany them. In the redundancy of incidental interest and excitement, one cannot without long familiarity so possess his faculties as to pause and take time for such recondite and protean efficacies to work their proper effect. I am by no means sure but the two things naturally go together; yet I have to confess it has long seemed to me, that by selecting fewer incidents, or by condensing the import and spirit of them into larger masses, what is now a serious fault in the drama might have been avoided.

Bating this defect, if indeed it be a defect, there is none of Shakespeare's plays which, after many years of study, leaves a profounder impression of his greatness. In quantity and variety of characterization, it is equalled by few, and hardly surpassed by any, of his dramas. Antony, Cleopatra, Octavius, Octavia, Lepidus, Pompey, Enobarbus, not to mention divers others of still less presence on the scene, are perfectly discriminated and sustained to the last; all being wrought out in such distinct, self-centred, and self-rounded individuality, that we contract and keep up a sort of personal acquaintance with each and every one of them. In respect of style and diction, too, the best qualities of the Poet's best period are here concentrated in special force. The play abounds, more than any other, in those sharp, instantaneous jets of poetic rapture, a kind of vital ecstasy, which keep the experienced reader's mind all aglow with animation and inward delight. The compressed and flashing energy, striking in new light from the very hardness of that which resists; the stern and solid ground-work of thought, with fresh images, or suggestions of images, shooting up from it ever and anon, kindling the imagination with all the force of surprise, and setting their path on fire by the suddenness and swiftness of their coming; while their "pierc-

ing sweetness" prints a relish on the taste that adds zest and spirit to the whole preparation; — such, not indeed exclusively, but in a peculiar degree, are the characteristics of this astonishing drama.

But I hardly dare speak my own sense of the work without the support of better judgments. "Of all Shakespeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "*Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much; perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether this play is not, in all the exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets."

Nor is this "happy valiancy" by any means confined to the matter of style. The drama is equally daring, equally audacious, in a moral sense. For, as regards the hero and heroine, it is a noteworthy point how little we feel or think of any moral or immoral quality in their doings. In their intoxication of empire, of self-aggrandizement, and of mutual passion, they fairly overshoot the whole region of duty and obligation. To themselves and to each other, they are simply gods: as such, their freedom is absolute: they transcend all relative measures, and know no centre or source of law outside of their own personality: their own wills are their ultimate reason, their supreme law; the moral gravitation of

the world having, as it were, no hold upon them, nor any right to control them. We have a hint of this in the opening of the play, when Cleopatra says, "I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved," and Antony replies, "Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth." And still more a little after, when he crowns her enchanting banter with the words,

> Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
> Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
> Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
> Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
> Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
> And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
> On pain of punishment, the world to weet
> We stand up peerless.

But are they in any sort excusably sincere in all this? I answer, Yes, they are. For, in the first place, the passion which mainly absorbs them naturally carries with it a sense of infinitude, insomuch that all things else seem as nothing in comparison either with itself or with its object. And, in the second place, as I have already observed, the Eastern notions of human apotheosis had gradually invaded and leavened the mind of the West. This was most notably exemplified in the national deification of the great Julius soon after his death; which evidently could not have been done, but that the Roman mind had long been in a secret course of preparation for it. Practically the same thing was done with Augustus and his successors even before their death. And indeed it may well be thought that nothing less than a reputed deity in human form would then suffice to hold the Roman world in order; a deep social need thus suggesting and shaping the individual faith. An attenuated form of the same thing has survived even down to our time in the doctrine of the divine right of kings and the divine

right of bishops: whether it ought to have survived or not, is beside my present purpose.

Now there is no good reason why the great Roman Triumvir and the angelic "serpent of old Nile" should not have shared in this common belief of their time. The Poet freely grants them the benefit of this delusion, at the same time lending them all the aid of his genius, that they may play it out to their heart's content, and also to its legitimate results in the fate that so sternly shuts down upon them at last. Nor is the effect of the thing any the less in keeping, that it assumes in them the character of a high-wrought poetical frenzy. That was the ancient heathen notion of divine possession. And the Poet makes us sympathize so far with their magnificent infatuation, that we cheerfully accord to them a sort of special privilege and exemption. Thus their action leaves our moral feelings altogether behind, and indeed soars, or, which comes to the same thing, sinks, quite beyond their ken. Nay, more; our thoughts and imaginations take with them, so to speak, a glad holiday in a strange country where the laws of duty undergo a willing suspension, and conscience temporarily abdicates her throne. Nor are we anywise damaged by this process. Rather say, the laws of duty are all the sweeter to us after such a brief escape from them; mark, I say escape from them, not transgression of them; which is a very different thing. So that the drama is perfectly free from any thing approaching to moral taint or infection. The very extravagance of the leading characters causes their action to be felt by us as strictly exceptional. In fact, we no more think of drawing their rules to us or ours to them, than we do of claiming the liberty of a comet with its eccentric orbit and long tail. We merely enjoy the vision of its pranks, and take no license from them.

In this respect, the play, I grant, illustrates just as high a reach of moral audacity as seems compatible with moral purity.*

Another very remarkable feature of this drama lies in what may be termed the author's personal relation to the work. The leading characterization is steeped in a most refined and subtle guile. Every now and then we catch an arch twinkle of glorious mischief peeping from the Poet's eye; though never in a manner or to a degree that is at all inconsistent with perfect earnestness and perfect innocence of delineation. This, to be sure, is a personal quality, and therefore it requires to be managed with consummate art, lest it should disturb the dramatic equanimity and calmness of the work, or tinge the individuality of the persons with a colour not properly their own. Thus the Poet himself is in this play more than in any other except *King Henry the Fifth*,

* I find a similar view well expressed in Heraud's *Inner Life of Shakespeare:* "We have already witnessed the Poet looking down, as a superior intelligence, on the loves of Troilus and Cressida, and sporting as an equal with those of Venus and Adonis. We have now to see him identifying himself with two mortals at the height of fortune, who, in a species of heroic madness, had conceived themselves to be in the position of Divine Powers. This is the elevation at which Shakespeare sustains his argument, and this prevents it from becoming immoral, as it does in the hands of Dryden, who paints his heroine and hero as mere human persons indulging in voluptuous and licentious habits. No notion of guilt attaches to the conduct of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra either in the Poet's opinion or their own. They consciously acknowledge, and therefore trangress, no law. They live in an ideal region, far above the reach of a moral code, and justify their acts on the warranty of their own nature. They swear by and recognize no higher power than themselves. That this is a false position there is no doubt; and the Poet, by the catastrophe of his tragedy, shows it to have been such. But while the divine revels last the actors in them fully believe that they are the divinities whom they would represent. They sit on thrones outside the circle of the round globe, and repose on couches which float in air like clouds, and never touch the surface of the planet."

though only in the sense of an intellectual and impersonal presence.

Delineation of Enobarbus.

Of this most delicate and unobtrusive irony Enobarbus is the organ, who serves the office of a chorus in the play, to interpret between the author and his audience. Through him the Poet keeps up a secret understanding with us, all the while inwardly sporting himself with his characters, and laughing at them, yet at the same time gravely humouring their extravagances and clothing them with his most cunning style. For, if you note it well, I think you will feel that Enobarbus is himself far from understanding the deep wisdom and sagacity of what he utters. It is as if some pure intelligential spirit were at his side, inspiring him with thoughts quite beyond his unaided reach. Thus the Poet seems to be invisibly present with him, to witness what is going on, and at the same time to play with and moralize the events and persons of the scene.

Nevertheless Enobarbus is to all intents and purposes one of the persons of the drama, and not in any sort a mere personified emanation of the author. His individual being stands as firm and inviolate as that of any of the characters; his personality being no more displaced or impaired by the Poet's intellectual presence than that of the sacred penmen was by the Power that inspired them to and for their appointed work. So that we have in him at once a character and a commentary. Of course, therefore, I do not mean but that the man is just as much himself as if there were nothing in him or coming from him but himself; my idea being that Shakespeare merely transfuses into him so much of his own sense of things as would answer the purpose in

question. The point, in short, is just this: In case of the other persons, the Poet does not inspire them at all; he only delivers them, and this too without any thing of himself in them; in Enobarbus he does both.

To illustrate and to approve what I have been saying, it seems needful to quote a few of this man's words. Thus, near the opening of the play, when Antony tells him he is going to leave Egypt:

Eno. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bless'd withal would have discredited your travel.

Here I cannot doubt that we have Shakespeare's own ironical interpretation of the matter in question. Why, the pith of the whole drama is covertly insinuated in this brief passage. It would not be easy to produce a finer instance of dramatic guile. And with what smooth celerity the speaker's thought shifts its hues at each instant of the expression! twinkling out his satire with an art as subtile as that of the heroine herself. So too, after the marriage of Antony and Octavia, when the latter is taking leave of her brother, and we have this bit of dialogue aside:

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agrip. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agrip. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

In these sharp jets of pungent humour, which touch the very core of both Octavius and Antony, do we not taste the Poet's own sense of those characters? And again, in what Enobarbus says to himself when Antony so absurdly dares Octavius to a personal duel:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' show
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 subdued
His judgment too.

For one more instance, take his piercing reflections when Antony, after the fierce shame of Actium, raves out his desperate valour:

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge. I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

Thus, throughout, his caustic wit and searching irony of discourse interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral im-

port of the characters and movements about him. But, aside from his function as chorus, he is perhaps, after Octavia, the noblest character in the drama. His blunt, prompt, outspoken frankness smacks delightfully of the hardy Roman soldier brought face to face with the orgies of a most un-Roman levity; while the splitting of his big heart with grief and shame for having deserted the ship of his master, which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it.

Lepidus the Triumvir.

In the case of Lepidus, also, the historian could have yielded but a few slight points towards the character as drawn by Shakespeare. The Lepidus of the play, the "barren-spirited fellow," the "slight unmeritable man meet to be sent on errands," bears a strong likeness to the veritable pack-horse of the Triumvirate, trying to strut and swell himself up to the dimensions of his place, and thereby of course only betraying his emptiness the more. Such appears to have been about the real pitch and quality of the man, according to the notices given of him by other writers; as Paterculus, for example, who calls him *vir omnium vanissimus:* but whether the Poet used any of those authorities, or merely drew from his own intuitive knowledge of human nature, is a question not easily answered. Vain, sycophantic, unprincipled, boobyish, he serves as a capital butt to his great associates, while his very elevation only renders him a more provoking target for their wit. Their playing upon him at Pom-

pey's feast, when his poor brain is greased and his tongue made thick with wine, and the acute burlesque which Enobarbus soon after runs upon his "green sickness," are among the spicy things of the drama. In the play of *Julius Cæsar*, the "noble Lepidus" is described as one that feeds

> On objects, arts, and imitations
> Which, out of use and staled by other men,
> Begin his fashion.

Which is but a poetical version of what Falstaff says of Justice Shallow, as he knew him in his youth at Clement's-Inn: "He came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights."

Character of Octavius.

Octavius, who for more than forty years after the battle of Actium was the acknowledged master of the Roman world, is probably the most intricate and inscrutable character in history. In his plenitude of political astuteness, he seems to have understood, better than any other man we read of, that his true strength was to hold still, and let his adversaries rot themselves with motion. The later historians, as Merivale and Smith, find that the one principle which gave aim and unity to his earlier life, and reconciled all his seeming contradictions of behaviour, was a fixed resolution to avenge the slaughter of his mighty uncle and adoptive father, whose mantle had fallen upon him, and who, as he believed, would from his seat among the gods hold the ægis of Providence over him. Be this as it may, at different times he acted in the opposite extremes of cruelty and clemency; yet not, for

so it appears, because he was either cruel or clement at heart, but from an insight, or from an instinct, it is uncertain which, of the largest and deepest policy. Under a cold, polished, reserved, and dignified exterior, he concealed a soul of indomitable energy, and a tenacity of purpose which no vicissitudes could shake. His state of mind at the close of life is thus described by Merivale: "He had made peace with himself, to whom alone he felt himself responsible; neither God nor man, in his view, had any claim upon him. The nations had not proclaimed him a deity in vain; he had seemed to himself to grow up to the full proportions they ascribed to him." In this shape, be it observed, we have the old age of one who, a cool, shrewd, subtle youth of nineteen, had suffered neither interest nor vanity to warp his judgment, nor any roving imaginations to hinder the accomplishment of his purposes.

Schlegel and others have justly observed that the great fame and fortune of Augustus did not prevent Shakespeare from seeing through him, and understanding his character rightly; yet he managed the representation so adroitly as not to offend the prevalent opinion of the time, which, dazzled by the man's astonishing success, rated him much above his true measure. The Poet sets him forth as a dry, passionless, elastic diplomatist: there is not a generous thought comes from him, except in reference to his sister; and even then there is something ambiguous about it; it seems more than half born of the occasion he has to use her for his self-ends. But then, as he has no keen tastes nor kindling enthusiasms, so he is free from all illusions. He is just the man for the full-souled Antony to think of with scorn, even while the dread of his better stars holds him to a constrained and studied respect. His artful tackings and

shiftings, to keep the ship of State, freighted as it is with the treasure of his own ascendency, before the gale of fortune, make a fine contrast to the frank and forthright lustihood of Antony, bold and free alike in his sinnings and his self-accusings. Octavius is indeed plentifully endowed with prudence, foresight, and moderation; which, if not themselves virtues, naturally infer, as their root and basis, the cardinal virtue of self-control: and the cunning of the delineation lies partly in that the reader is left to derive them from this source, if he be so disposed; while it is nevertheless easy to see that the Poet regards them as springing not so much from self-control, as from the want of any hearty impulses to be controlled.

Octavia.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has hardly done justice to her sweet and solid qualities; and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice she had received, the more she would have suffered from the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression that others take of her. Her behaviour in the play is always dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgment in not

bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated. But indeed there needed less of intellectual righteousness than he possessed, to see that such a woman as Octavia shines best in the modesty that keeps her from shining, especially when such an unholy splendour is by. Her best eulogy, considering the known qualities of her husband, is written in the anguish of jealousy which Cleopatra suffers on learning the fact of Antony's marriage; wherein, by the way, all the witching arts of the queenly siren are for the moment quenched in the natural feelings of the woman:

> O Iras! Charmian! — 'Tis no matter. —
> Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
> Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
> Her inclination; let him not leave out
> The colour of her hair: bring me word, quickly. —
> Let him for ever go: — let him not, Charmian;
> Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
> The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
> Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
> But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

Cleopatra.

"Her beauty was not so passing, nor such as upon present view did enamour men with her, but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not but be taken. And, besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was as a spur that pricked to the quick; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her." — Such is Plutarch's idea of the heroine as rendered in the racy old English of Sir Thomas North.

Cleopatra is, I think, Shakespeare's masterpiece in female

characterization. There is literally no measuring the art involved in the delineation. As Campbell the poet remarks, "he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil." The character is made up of indescribable subtilty and intricacy, and presents such a varied and many-shaded complexion of opposite traits, that I cannot but fancy Shakespeare to have delighted in stretching his powers upon it, and perhaps delighted all the more, forasmuch as it put him to his best exercise and proof of skill. For the delineation seems, throughout, a keen wit-match between the heroine and the Poet, which of them shall be the more daringly brilliant and divinely wicked, she in her movements, or he in his delivery of them. Yet the very stress of the work only serves, apparently, to inspire him the more, so that nothing exceeds his grasp, nothing eludes it; his matchless subtilty of intellect fairly permeating every part of the subject, like a kind of diffusive touch.

Accordingly the heroine as here depicted is an inexhaustible magazine of coquetry: yet all along in her practice of this, and even in part as the motive and inspirer of it, there mingles a true and strong attachment, and a warm and just admiration of those qualities which ennoble the manly character. Her love is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite: she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact, and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning and in the strategy of inventive passion for attaining its ends; vain, capricious, wilful, generous, and selfish; impulsive and deliberate, drifting before her passions and at the same time controlling them. Yet all these traits are carried on with a quickness and vital energy that never flags

nor falters; and all are fused into perfect consistency by the very heat, as it were, of their mutual friction. And this strange combination is all woven about with such a versatility and potency of enchantment, that there is no resisting her nor escaping from her; none, that is, where the answering susceptibilities are in life. All these qualities, moreover, seem perfectly innate and spontaneous: nevertheless she is fully conscious of them, and has them entirely in hand, trained and disciplined to move at the bidding of her art. There is, in short, an essential magic about her, that turns the very spots and stains of her being into enchantment. And, what is perhaps most wonderful of all, while one knows that her power over him is but as the spell and fascination of a serpent, this knowledge still further disables him from shaking it off; nay, the very wonder how she can so fascinate becomes itself a new fascination. So that we may well say, with Enobarbus,

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety: other women cloy
> The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
> Become themselves in her.

Of course it is impossible to illustrate in full the points of such an ever-changing physiognomy; for in so frolicsome and fugitive an expression, which turns to something new each instant, before you can catch it in any one form it has passed into another. I can but instance the two extremes between which her host of moods and tenses is bounded. The first is when, as Antony is on the eve of quitting Egypt for Rome, she so artfully banters and teases him into a fume, and then instantly charms it all away with a word of queenly eloquence:

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of Heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come; —
But let it be: I'm quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood! no more!

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best: look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, — but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten!

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

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

The other instance is in the scene at the Monument, just as the hero has breathed his last:

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women,
The crown o' the Earth doth melt. — My lord! my lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen! young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moon.

Here she sinks down in a swoon; then, on reviving, and hearing her women call out, "Royal Egypt! Empress!"

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought;
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:
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.

Between these two opposite poles, so to speak, of art and passion, there is indeed room for an "infinite variety" of transpiration. Yet the whole interspace is filled with the most nimble and versatile play of witchery and expression. It may be strange that features so diverse and seemingly-oppugnant should be made to sit together smoothly and naturally in the same character, but so it is.

In the real greatness of Antony, united as it is with just the right kind and degree of weakness, Cleopatra's pride, passion, vanity, and ambition have an object that they can all meet and draw together upon. To her enthusiastic fancy, he is "the demi-Atlas of this Earth, the arm and burgonet of men": his heroism in his better hours, his eloquence of speech and person at all times, and his generous and magnificent dispositions, kindle whatsoever of womanhood there is in her nature: and for all these reasons she glories the more in knowing that "her beck might from the bidding of the gods command him"; and the dearest triumph of her life is, that, while her "man of men" is in Rome and she in Egypt, she can still overtake him with her sorcery, and pull him back to her side, outwrestling at once his duty, his interest, his honour, and even, what is stronger than any or all of these, his ambition.

It is to be noted, however, that while Cleopatra has a deep and absorbing passion, yet she never, till all her regal hopes are clearly at an end, loses the queen in the lover. Her passion grows and lives partly in the faith that Antony is the man to uphold her state, and "piece her throne with opulent kingdoms." And, whatever may be said of her as

a woman, it cannot well be denied that as a queen her thoughts are high, and her bearing magnanimous. This strong element of policy is the reason why Antony so often mistrusts her, as it is also the motive that puts her at last to trying her wiles upon Octavius, when she finds herself in his power. There she has a hard game to play: that most impenetrable of statesmen is indeed proof against her arts; nevertheless he is fairly outcrafted by her; and so her last breath of exultation is in addressing the asp at her breast:

> O, couldst thou speak,
> That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
> Unpolicied!

All this, to be sure, was virtually contained in the history as Shakespeare found it. But I think he nowhere shows more fertility or more felicity of art and invention in so ordering the situations and accompaniments as to bring out the full sense of the characters. It scarce need be said, that the inexpressible fascinations with which he has clothed the heroine almost gain for her the same "full supremacy" over the reader which she wields over the hero; insomuch that at the close he is ready to exclaim with Octavius over her lifeless form,

> She looks like sleep,
> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.

As to the moral effect of the delineation, I cannot do better than to leave it in the hands of the poet Campbell: "Playfully interesting to our fancy as Shakespeare makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but

with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton Queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match."

Character of Antony.

Mark Antony is regarded by our best historians as one of the most mixed and at the same time one of the least artificial characters of antiquity. With the seeds both of great virtues and great vices in his nature, he was educated into habits of more-than-military frankness under the great Julius, in whose school of Epicurean free-thinkers his tastes and principles were mainly formed. While the master lived, his wild and boisterous impulses were measurably awed and restrained. But, as he had nothing of the natural justness and harmony of that stupendous man, so, such external restraint being withdrawn, those tastes and principles were not long in working out to their legitimate results. Though, at a need, he could act the part of a most profound dissembler, yet his disposition was to be perfectly open, downright, and unreserved. Therewithal he had all the ambition of the first Cæsar, without any of his deep wisdom and policy to guide it; and all his recklessness of prescription too, but none of that native rectitude of genius which made it comparatively safe for him to be a law unto himself. Such, in brief, appears to be the character of the man as delivered in history.

Antony's leading traits, as Shakespeare renders them, have been to some extent involved in what I have said of the heroine. He is the same man here as in the play of *Julius Cæsar*, only in a further stage of development: brave and magnanimous to a fault, transported with ambition, and

somewhat bloated with success; bold, strong, and reckless alike in the good and the bad parts of his composition; undergoing a long and hard strugle between the heroism and voluptuousness of his nature; the latter of which, with Cleopatra's unfathomable seductions to stimulate it, at last acquires the full sway and mastery of him. His powers are indeed great, but all unbalanced. Even when the spells of Egypt are woven thick and fast about him, the lingerings of his better spirit, together with the stinging sense of his present state, arouse him from time to time to high resolutions and deeds of noble daring: yet these appear rather as the spasms of a dying manhood than the natural and healthy beatings of its heart; the poison of a fevered ambition overmastering for a while the subtiler poison of a gorged and pampered sensuality. "There's a great spirit gone," he exclaims, on hearing of Fulvia's death; and long afterwards, when disaster and self-reproach overtake him, and his faith in the Queen is shaken, then the image of Octavia with "her modest eyes and still conclusion" reclaims his thoughts, and she is to him "a gem of women." But still he cannot unchain his soul from the "great fairy": however, in his fits of despondency, he may doubt her fidelity and resent her supposed treachery, yet she has but to play her forces upon him in person, and her empire is at once re-established. Thus when she, weeping, comes upon him after the terrible disgrace of Actium:

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after.

And when she further entreats his pardon:

Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.

Still better, when, some time later, he is in a flush of success, and she comes into his presence, glowing with admiration of his prowess:

O, thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck! leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Such is the thraldom to which his heart is reduced; yet it stands half excused to us by our own sense of the too potent witchcraft that subdues him. We think of him as "the noble ruin of her magic"; and of her magic too, as more an inspiration than a purpose, so that she can hardly help it. And he is himself sensible that under her mighty charms his manhood is thawing away, and thence takes a melancholy forecast or presentiment of the perdition that is coming upon him; a presentiment that is only bound the closer upon his thoughts by his inability to break the spell. The cluster and succession of images in which he dimly anticipates his own fall is unsurpassed for the union of poetry and pathos:

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou'st seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy Captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen, —
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost; — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Here we have the great Triumvir's irregular grandeur of soul melting out its innermost sweets in the eloquence of sorrow.

Antony and Cleopatra seem made for each other: their fascination, howsoever begotten, is mutual; and if in the passion that draws and holds them together there be nothing to engage our respect, there is much that compels our sympathy. Witness the heroine's strain at the close:

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, good Iras; quick! Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. — Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.

And when, on seeing Iras fall, she gives this as the reason for hastening to overtake her, —

If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my Heaven to have,—

we feel that the poetry of passion can go no further. Our reprobation, too, of their life is softened with a just and wholesome flow of pity at their death.

Charmian and Iras.

Of the minor characters, the Queen's two favourite women, Charmian and Iras, especially the former, besides having no little interest in themselves, are full of *relative* significance. Their spirited, frolicsome levity and wantonness of thought and speech, together with their death-braving constancy to their mistress, show the moral and social qualities of the atmosphere which Cleopatra creates about her. The dialogue they hold with Alexas, Enobarbus, and the Soothsayer, in the second scene, is exceedingly artful; though not so much for what it contains as for what it suggests and infers. The intense sexuality of the heroine's thoughts, while it abates nothing of her charms in Antony's eyes, since his own thoughts are pitched in the same key, would however, if directly expressed, take off much of the fascination which she exercises and was meant to exercise upon us. And in fact we have only two or three hints of it from her mouth, though these are indeed charged to the utmost with meaning. But we have a vivid reflection of it in the talk of her nearest attendants, who of course habitually trim their tongues in the glass of her private example. Order is thus taken, in the outset of the play, that what the Queen's thoughts in this respect are made of shall become known to us *indirectly;* her dignity being thus spared, and yet her character

discovered: for Shakespeare was by no means ignorant of the truth so strongly expressed in the saying of Burke, that in certain points "vice itself loses half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Conclusion.

I must add, that in this play we have for the most part a capital instance of dramatic organization; that is, the parts, notwithstanding they are so numerous and varied, all appear to know their places, and to understand one another perfectly; insomuch that it seems impossible to change either the form or order of them without impairing their mutual intelligence. — Therewithal the impression of pity which the play leaves on the mind is very profound, and very wholesome too; and none the less so that it is in behalf of persons whose follies and infatuations have been literally prodigious, and whose hyperbolical yet unconscious egotism has naturally provoked the retributions that crush down upon them so sternly. For, in truth, the strengths and weaknesses, the nobilities and absurdities, the venerable and the ridiculous of human nature are so mixed and interwoven, that our sympathies often strike deepest even there where our censures speak loudest: and perhaps, after all, a speechless pity for poor sinners is better than a voluble hellfire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, } Friends to Antony.

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, } Friends of Cæsar.

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.

CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.

MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, } Friends of Pompey.

SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.

EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN and IRAS, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. — *In several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars', now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneags [1] all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's flame. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple [2] pillar of the world transform'd
Into a wanton's Fool: [3] behold and see.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me. — The sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them,[4] Antony:

[1] *Reneag* is an old word for *renounce* or *refuse.* See *King Lear*, page 105, note 18.

[2] *Triple* for *third*, or *one of three;* one of the *Triumvirs*, or three masters of the world.

[3] It seems that the "allowed Fool" was a frequent appendage to persons and houses of ill-repute.

[4] *News* is singular or plural indifferently in Shakespeare. Here it is used as both at the same time. — *Grates me* means it is *irksome* to me; grates on my disposition. — *The sum* means, speak it in a word.

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take-in[5] *that kingdom and enfranchise that ;*
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance — nay, and most like —
You must not stay here longer ; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process ?[6] Cæsar's I would say ? both ? —
Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. — The messengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire[7] fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is to do thus ; [*Embracing.*] when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do't ; in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[8]
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony

[5] *Take-in* signifies *subdue, conquer*. See *Winter's Tale*, page 136, note 60.

[6] *Process* here means *summons*. "Lawyers call that the processe by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To serve with processe is to *cite*, to *summon*." — MINSHEU.

[7] The *ranged* empire is the *well*-arranged, *well-ordered* empire. Shakespeare uses the expression again in *Coriolanus* : "Bury all, which yet distinctly *ranges*, in heaps and piles of ruins."

[8] To *weet* is to *know*. *Wit, wite, wise*, &c., have the same root.

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.[9]
Now, for the love of Love[10] and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen;
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar,[11] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

[9] But it will be himself as quickened and inspired by Cleopatra, or with her inspiration added to what he is in himself.

[10] For the sake of the goddess of Love. — To *confound* the time, is to *consume* it, to *lose* it. See *1 King Henry IV.*, page 73, note 10.

[11] The common liar is Fame or Rumour. *Approves* is evidently here used in the sense of *makes good*, or *proves true*. Often so.

SCENE II. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most-any-thing Alexas, almost-most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the Queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer, —

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.[1]

[1] The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now,[2] some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,[3] to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.[4]

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You've seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names.[5] — Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be — drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

[2] *Good now* was an equivalent to *well now*. See *Hamlet*, p. 49, note 16.

[3] This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. — JOHNSON.

[4] That is, *make* me *equal* with my mistress.

[5] Charmian has never been married; and, as her past fortune has been better than her future is to be, her children will not know who their father is, and so will be nameless.

Char. Alexas, come, his fortune, his fortune! — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave dishonour'd! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave unabused: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the Queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. — Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus —
This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended[6] Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia; whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home,[7] mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing.[8] Fare thee well awhile.

[6] *Extended*, here, is *seized, taken possession of.*

[7] Speak me *out fully, thoroughly*, or *to the quick.* So *home* is often used. See *Macbeth*, page 60, note 26. — "Mince not the general tongue" is "Do not *palliate, dilute*, or *disguise* the common talk about me." To *mince* a thing is, properly, to *cut it up fine*, so as to be easily swallowed. See *King Henry VIII.*, page 90, note 1.

[8] The proper meaning of *quick* is *living* or *alive.* Here it seems to mean *pregnant, prolific*, in which sense it forms an apt and natural epithet for *soil.* And the *mind* is here compared to a fat and generous *soil*, which,

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 Att. The man from Sicyon; is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit* 2 Mess.
— There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself:[9] she's good, being gone;
The hand could[10] pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

if suffered to *lie still*, if not stirred with the plough, shoots forth weeds; and the telling us plainly our faults is as the *earing*, that is, the *ploughing*, to make the soil productive of better things. This use of to *ear* was common in the Poet's time. See *King Richard II.*, page 107, note 24.

[9] The pleasure of to-day, by change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. The image is of a wheel, which *revolving*, what is at the top to-day is at the bottom to-morrow.

[10] Antony is referring to his own hand: "*My* hand *would now* pluck her back." The Poet has many instances of *could* and *would* used indifferently.

My idleness doth hatch. — Ho, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[11] I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.[12]

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bless'd withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

[11] "Far poorer moment" is *much less cause.*

[12] This cannot be a matter of study and art with her, or any thing got up for effect; if it be, she's a match for old Jupiter himself.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the Earth;[13] comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broachèd in the State
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[14] to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends[15] in Rome

[13] Shows them to him in the sense, probably, of sending him to them, or putting him upon using their service. The shrewd humourist means to insinuate, I take it, that a wife of long standing is something like an outworn dress; and that a change every little while in that behalf is as pleasant as having a new suit of clothes. Was the naughty wag an advocate of free-love? Antony winces under the cutting irony of his talk.

[14] *Expedience* for *expedition*, and in the sense of *haste* or *speed*. See *King Richard II.*, page 80, note 38. — In the next line, *part* is for *depart;* a frequent usage.

[15] Sidney Walker thinks that *contriving* is here used in the Latin sense of *sojourning; conterentes tempus*. Perhaps so.

Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people —
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past — begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son;[16] who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.[17] Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.[18]

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

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

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

[16] Begin to *transfer* the name or title of Pompey the Great and all his honours to his son.

[17] An allusion to the ancient superstition, that a horse-hair laid in water would turn to a poisonous serpent. I remember very well when the same thing was believed by children in Vermont: as it also was, that if one swallowed a hair, it would turn into a snake in the stomach.

[18] The proper construction, according to the sense, is, "Say, to such whose place is under us, our pleasure requires our quick remove from hence." Antony thus ostensibly puts his departure upon the ground of pleasure, in order to keep his subordinates in the dark as to the urgent public reasons of his going.

I did not send you.[1] If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I'm sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know, —

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

[1] Meaning, go as of your own motion; *make as if* I did not send you

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent;[2] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of Heaven:[3] they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use[4] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

[2] The bending, curvature, or *arching* of our brows. Arched eyebrows were a prominent item of beauty in man or woman. So in *The Merry Wives*, iii. 3: "Thou hast the right *arched beauty* of the brow," &c. Also in *All's Well*, i. 1: "To sit and draw his *archèd brows*, his hawking eye, his curls, in our heart's table."

[3] But was of a heavenly *stock* or *origin*; divine or angelic.

[4] Remains in *pledge*. The *use* of a thing is the possession or enjoyment of it. So in *The Merchant*, iv. 1: "I am content, so he will let me have the other half *in use*."

Makes his approaches to the port[5] of Rome.
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction:[6] the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,[7]
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?[8]

Ant. She's dead, my Queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils[9] she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

[5] That is, the *gate* of Rome. *Port* was frequently used so.

[6] *Breed* is an instance of the verb agreeing with the nearest substantive, *powers*, instead of with the proper subject, *equality*. See *Hamlet*, page 57, note 12. — I am not clear as to the precise meaning or application of *scrupulous* here. The radical meaning of the Latin *scrupulosus* is *full of small, sharp* or *pointed stones*. Hence an epithet of *discussion* or *investigation*, and in the sense of *exact* or *precise*. So that the meaning in the text appears to be, that the opposing parties were *rigidly sifting each other's claims*.

[7] Make my going safe for you, or so far as you are concerned.

[8] Cleopatra means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

[9] *Garboil* was often used for *tumult* or *commotion*. It occurs frequently in North's *Plutarch*.

With sorrowful water?[10] Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the ádvice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be: I'm quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.[11]

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.[12]

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:[13] good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood! no more!

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.[14]

[10] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

[11] That is, *such* is Antony's love; as fickle as my health; as quickly hot and cold, as I am sick and well. Accordingly he takes the words as a reproach, as appears from his meeting them with a remonstrance. The passage has sometimes been greatly misunderstood.

[12] *Evidence*, here, is *testimony*. Antony has in thought a court of justice, where his love is arraigned or put on trial; and he implies that Cleopatra has borne false witness against it.

[13] To me, the Queen of Egypt. — *Good now*, again, for *well now*.

[14] Exquisite banter! The meaning is, you can do better acting than this, though this is pretty fair.

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 does become
The carriage of his chafe.[15]
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 loved, — 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.[16]
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.[17]
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you.[18] Your honour calls you hence;

[15] This is obscure. But Cleopatra here assumes that Antony is but playing a part; that his passion is put on for effect. So, if the text be right, the meaning, I think, must be, "look how well he *carries out* the semblance or make-believe of *being chafed* at my words." Antony derived his lineage and that of his *gens*, or clan, the Antonian, from Anton, a son of Hercules; hence the epithet *Herculean*. See Critical Notes.

[16] *Oblivion* is used for *forgetfulness*. She means, apparently, that her memory is as treacherous or deceitful as Antony; and he is so treacherous that she is all forgotten by him.

[17] *Idleness* here means idle or sportive and unmeaning *talk*. And there is an antithesis between *royalty* and *subject*. So that the sense is, "But that you are queen over your passion for idle discourse, and can command it as your subject, assuming it and laying it aside when you choose, I should think you the very genius of idleness itself."

[18] Since even the things that become me most are as death to me, if they do not endear me to you, or do not *appear* well in your sight.

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurell'd 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.[19]
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Rome. An Apartment in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
[*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.[1] 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
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,

[19] A specimen of language that may well put grammar to a *non plus;* but it may be translated something thus: "Our union is of such a nature, and stands so firm, that in our separation you, remaining here, still go hence with me, and I, flying hence, still remain here with you."

[1] *Competitor* was often used in the sense of *colleague* or *confederate.*

More fiery by night's blackness ;[2] hereditary,
Rather than purchased ;[3] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You're 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 tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say this becomes him, —
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish, — yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.[4] If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't :[5] but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours ! They're to be chid
As we rate boys, who,[6] being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

[2] As the darkness of night sets off the stars of heaven, so the splendour of Antony's virtues makes his faults seem greater than they are. So in *Hamlet*, v. 2: "In my ignorance your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, stick fiery off indeed."

[3] *Purchased* in the sense of *acquired*. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to imply the sense of being acquired *wrongfully* or by *evil ways*. See *King Henry the Fifth*, page 87, note 14.

[4] His *levity* throws so much weight on us.

[5] Demand payment of him for it ; or, it may be, *visit* him for it.

[6] Of course *who* refers to *they*, not to *boys*. *Knowledge* and *experience* are here used as equivalent terms. See Critical Notes.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. 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 beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar:[7] to the ports
The discontents[8] repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till not worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacqueying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[9] and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:[10]
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,

[7] Those whom *fear*, not *love*, made Cæsar's friends.

[8] *Discontents* for *malcontents*. See *1 Henry IV.*, page 169, note 9.—*Ports*, here, is *harbours;* from the Latin *portus;* as *port*, in the sense of *gate*, is from *porta*.

[9] *Ear* for *plough* has occurred before. See page 44, note 8.

[10] To *lack blood* is to turn pale. *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow.

Leave thy lascivious wassails ![11] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, Consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: [12] 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
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

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

Cæs. Till which encounter,

[11] *Wassail* was used for any kind of revelry, rioting, or debauchery; though its primitive use had reference only to the drinking of healths. See *Hamlet*, page 75, note 2.

[12] *To look* is the gerundial infinitive, and so is equivalent to *with*, *from*, or *by looking*. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 137, note 2.

It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I know it for my bond.[13] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

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

Cleo. Charmian, —

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha! —
Give me to drink mandragora.[1]

Char. Why, madam?

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

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, '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. 'Tis well for thee,
Thy freer thoughts may not fly forth of Egypt.
Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. O Charmian,

[13] *Bond* or *band* was used for any thing that *binds* or *obliges*. Here it means *bounden duty*. See *King Richard II.*, page 38, note 2.

[1] A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to induce sleep. So in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "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."

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 wott'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this Earth, the arm
And burgonet[2] of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspéct, 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,

[2] A *burgonet* is a *helmet*, a *head-piece*.

[3] 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*. *Medicine* was sometimes used, also, for *physician* or *mediciner;* and Walker thinks it is so used here.

Say, the firm[4] *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-girt steed,[5]
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between th' 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,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. — Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?[6]

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony

[4] *Firm* in a relative sense; Antony meaning that his heart remains *constant* and *true* to Cleopatra.

[5] In the days of chivalry, war-horses were sometimes girded with armour as well as the men who rode them. — In the second line below, "*beastly* dumb'd" means *in the manner of a beast*, that is, by inarticulate noise. The eager steed roared so loud in his proper note, that Alexas could not hear himself speak.

[6] That is, so *fast*, or in such rapid succession. This use of *thick* occurs repeatedly. See *2 Henry the Fourth*, page 94, note 1.

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 choked 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[7] again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Messina. A Room in* POMPEY'S *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall[1] assist
The deeds of justest men.

[7] *Paragon*, substantive, is, properly, a *model*, or a *standard of comparison*, and is of course supposed to excel all that are compared to it. This is what Antony now is to Cleopatra. So to *paragon* is to *compare;* and here it is to do this in such a way as to imply inferiority in the object compared.

[1] *Shall* for *will;* the two being often used indiscriminately.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent,[2] and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip![3]
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks

[2] Pompey here speaks under the image of the Moon when crescent. "My moon of power is new and *growing*," &c.

[3] "*Waned* lip" is *pale* or *faint-coloured* lip; a lip that shows age or sickness; *waned* being a participle of the verb *wane*. — *Salt* here means *lustful*. So in *Othello*, ii. 1: "His *salt* and most hidden-loose affection."

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue [4] his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness! —

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.[5]

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow [6] pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

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

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

[4] To *prorogue* is to *put off*, to *postpone*. Here the meaning seems to be, "keep his sense of honour from being roused, till it sinks into a death-like lethargy." *Till*, in the next line, has the force of *to*; an old usage.

[5] Since he left Egypt, there has been time enough for a longer journey.

[6] To compose the tearing factions in the Egyptian Court, Cleopatra, at the instance of Julius Cæsar, had been married to her brother Ptolemy, who, not long after, was drowned.

[7] *Hope* was sometimes used in the sense of *expect*.

Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square [8] between themselves;
For they have entertainèd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! 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, t' entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,

[8] *Should* is here used for *would*. See *Tempest*, page 83, note 30. — To *square* is an old word for to *quarrel;* probably from the posture or attitude of a pugilist in *squaring* up to his antagonist. Shakespeare has the word several times in that sense, as he also has *squarer* for *quarreller*. Likewise in one of Leicester's *Letters:* "How thinges have bredd this lytle *square* between these two so well affected princes, I cannot tell." — *Pregnant*, here, is *evident, full of proof in itself*. Repeatedly so.

[9] "It stands us *upon*" is an old phrase equivalent to the one now in use, "It stands us *in hand*." The phrase occurs repeatedly in North's Plutarch. Here the meaning seems to be, "Our lives *depend* upon our *using*," &c.; or, "it is as much as our lives *are worth*, that we use."

I would not shave't to-day.[1]

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.[2]

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

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

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And, yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well[3] here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

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

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined 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

[1] That is, "I would meet him without any special making of my toilet, or any ceremony of respect." So, later in this scene, Enobarbus describes Antony as "being *barber'd* ten times o'er," when he first went to meet Cleopatra.

[2] *Stomaching*, here, is *resentment*, or *bearing a grudge*. Shakespeare repeatedly has the noun *stomach* in the same sense. See *King Richard the Second*, page 38, note 6.

[3] If we come to a harmonious *composition* or *agreement*.

Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners, —
The rather, for I earnestly beseech, —
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness [4] grow to th' matter.

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.

Cæs. Nay, then —

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

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

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

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

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation

[4] *Curstness* is *scolding*, *lingual spite*. Shakespeare uses the adjective *curst* to denote a *scold*, a *vixen*, or *termagant*.

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.[5]
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act:[6] I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[7]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you lack to make it with,
It must not be with this.[8]
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuse.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought,[9] that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful[10] eyes attend those wars

[5] The meaning is, You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation; you were the word of war.

[6] Never urged my name as a pretence for the war.

[7] *Reports* for *reporters;* the same as the Poet uses *trumpet* for *trumpeter*, and *fife* for *fifer*. See *The Merchant*, page 118, note 5.

[8] The meaning is, "If you will make out a cause of quarrel by patching together little bits of offence, since you have not a piece of whole cloth big enough for that purpose, you must do it with other matter than this, as in this there is not the least bit of offence."

[9] "*Very necessity* of this thought" means, apparently, this *truly inevitable* thought. So the Poet repeatedly uses *necessary* for *natural* or *unavoidable*. See *Hamlet*, page 141, note 28. In like manner, he has such phrases as *shady stealth* for *stealing shadow*.

[10] *Graceful* for *gracious* or *favourable;* these being among the many words of common origin that had not become fully differentiated in the Poet's time. — *Fronted* is *opposed* or *confronted*.

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women![11]

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[12] 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;[13] 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.

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

[11] I am uncertain whether this means that the men might go to war *in company with* the women, or go to war *against* them.

[12] *Missive* for *messenger*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 5: "Whilst I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came *missives* from the King, who all-hail'd me," &c.

[13] "I told him this of *my own accord;* or volunteered this information about myself." Such an *implied* apology is just what good manners require.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.[14] — But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.[15] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs[16] between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.[17]

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,

[14] Mason explains, that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred;* "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath, I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.

[15] *It* refers to *honesty*, and *power* and *greatness* are used as equivalent terms: "nor shall my power work in disregard of honesty."

[16] *Griefs* for *grievances;* a frequent usage.

[17] To reconcile, or *at-one* you. *Atone* is always so used by Shakespeare.

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.[18]

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts.[19] Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, 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,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.[20]

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

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,

[18] Meaning, apparently, *I am* your considerate stone; like a statue, which seems to think, but speaks not. "As mute as a stone," and "as silent as a stone," were common phrases.

[19] *Conditions*, as usual, for *tempers* or *dispositions*. *Acts* is here put, apparently, for *effects*, *workings*, or ways of showing themselves.

[20] A rather awkward and obscure expression, but meaning, probably, you had well deserved the reproof of rashness. "*Your* reproof" may mean either the reproof you *give* or the reproof you *receive*: here it means the latter. For similar instances of language see *Hamlet*, page 194, note 21.

To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import[21] their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths:[22] 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 shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour

[21] *Import* here has the sense of *bring in*, *draw on*, or *beget;* as in such cases the fear of trouble is apt of itself to make trouble.

[22] The meaning here is somewhat dark, but may be explained thus: "Even true reports of differences between you will then pass for idle tales, and will not catch public credit; whereas now mere rumours of such differences easily gain belief, and so do all the mischief of truths." Here, as often, *where* is equivalent to *whereas.*

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;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke[23] 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;

[23] "Would we had *spoke*" here means "would we had *fought*"; that is, himself and Pompey. So in the sixth scene of this Act: "Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails; we'll *speak* with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st how much we do o'er-count thee."

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

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

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, 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't 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?[24]

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

[24] I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report, that one Philotas, a physician, told him that he was at that time present in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him to Antonius' house, to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, "Sure you have a great number of guests to supper." The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him, "No, not many guests, nor above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or like enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain when he will sup." — PLUTARCH.

Mec. She s a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.[25]

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

Eno. I will tell you.
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 perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

[25] Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other, to wit, the love of Cleopatra, lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and never seen of any; and, if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left in him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this, that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent to make this summons, when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within a few days she should be in great favour with him. Thereupon he did her great honour, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia as honourably furnished as she could possible; and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra, on the other side, guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Cæsar and Cnæus Pompey only for her beauty, began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant; but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. — PLUTARCH.

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[26] —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature: on each side her

[26] "Cloth-of-gold of tissue," says Staunton, "is cloth-of-gold *on* a ground of tissue." The phrase is often met with in old English. We should say "cloth-of-gold *on* tissue"; but *of* and *on* were often used indiscriminately. See *Hamlet*, page 108, note 38. — Plutarch is especially rich in the passage on which this description is founded: "When she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, that she disdained to set forward otherwise than to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played in the barge. And now for the person of herself: She was laid under a pavilion of cloth-of-gold of tissue, apparalled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand, pretty, fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the Nereids and the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that, in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left posted alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. The next night Antonius, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness; but she overcame him in both: so that he himself began to scorn the gross service of his house, in respect of Cleopatra's sumptuousness and fineness."

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,[27]
And made their bends adornings:[28] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame[29] the office. From the barge

[27] To attend or to do service in one's eye or eyes is an old phrase for what we call personal attendance, or for serving in presence. So Milton, in one of his Sonnets, speaks of so using his time, "As ever in my great Task-master's eye." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 174, note 2.

[28] A troublesome passage, and the meaning of it is much in question. I give Mr. Crosby's explanation, which seems to me better than any hitherto offered. *Bend*, in reference to the eyes and other features, is often used by Shakespeare for *look*. So in *Julius Caesar*, i. 2: "And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth awe the world." Also in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5: "Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth, but gives all *gaze* and *bent* of amorous *view* on the fair Cressid." And in *Cymbeline*, i. 1: "Although they wear their faces to the *bent* of the King's *looks*." In view of these and several other like instances, Mr. Crosby comments as follows: "I conceive that the sentence is only a rather grandiloquent way of saying that the Queen's young lady attendants watched and waited upon her every gesture, directed *their eyes* to every motion, *regarded her* with such attention and veneration, as to reflect beauty on her; really making *her* more beautiful by their watchful and graceful looks. According to the Poet's inclusive manner, 'tended her i' the eyes' very probably means *both* waited upon her with *their* eyes, that is, watched for every movement she might make, and looked very closely into *her* eyes, to anticipate every wish." He also quotes from The Psalter, 123d Psalm: "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress," &c. And the 145th Psalm: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord." See Critical Notes.

[29] *Yarely frame* is *nimbly* or *dexterously perform*. So *yare* and its cognates were often used. See *The Tempest*, page 44, note 2.

A strange invisible pèrfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharves. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,[30]
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary[31] pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry

[30] But that it would have *made a vacuum*. The Poet probably had in mind the old philosophic axiom, that "Nature abhors a vacuum." This axiom was a standing commonplace in the Poet's time.

[31] *Ordinary*, of course, is *dinner* or *meal*.

Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her.[32]

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery[33] to him.

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

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

Scene III. — *The Same. A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them; and* Attendants.

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

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

Ant. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:

[32] From Plutarch again: "Her beauty was not so passing as to be unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as, upon present view, did enamour men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation, that a man could not possibly but be taken. And, besides her beauty, the good grace she had in talk and discourse, her courteous nature, that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answer herself, or at the least the most part of them."

[33] *Lottery* for *allotment*, or that which is allotted.

I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

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

Enter the Soothsayer.

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

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

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my notion,[1] have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

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

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear,[2] as being o'erpower'd: therefóre
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,[3]

[1] As Hamlet says, "in my mind's eye." Shakespeare repeatedly uses *notion* for *understanding*, *judgment*, or *mind*.

[2] A *fear* sometimes meant that which *fears* or *is cowed*, sometimes that which *scares* or *affrights*. Here it evidently has the former sense.

[3] That is, *grows dim*, or *becomes dark*. So, in *Macbeth*, iii. 2, we have "Light *thickens*." — Plutarch furnished the matter of this choice bit of dialogue: "With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt,

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone;
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:
He shall to Parthia. — [*Exit* Soothsayer.

Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[4] I will to Egypt:

that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune — which of itself was excellent-good and very great — was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune; and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he, 'that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee, is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.' Howsoever it was, the ensuing events proved the Egyptian's words true; for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes, when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails, that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited Antonius in his mind, although he made no outward show of it; and therefore he believed the Egyptian the better."

[4] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practise these quail-combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail-fighting. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped.*

And, though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the East my pleasure lies. —

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' Mount [5]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

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

Cleo. Give me some music, — music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

[5] At Mount Misenum, whither they are going, to confer with Pompey.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards:[1] come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. — Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle, — we'll to th' river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah, 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, 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,

[1] "An anachronism," say the critics; "*billiards* were not known to the ancients." But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt, which, afterwards lost, have been re-invented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he would lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[2] —

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy! —
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam, —

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

Mess. First, madam, he 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.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[3]

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

[2] The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it.

[3] A *formal* man is a man in his senses, or whose mind is in right *form*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 78, note 19.

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like *But yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;[4] fie upon *But yet!*
But yet, is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack 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.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

[4] *Precedence* for *what has preceded;* what the Messenger has just said. Cleopatra means that *but yet* is introductory to something bad.

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head :
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee with what gift besides
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself :
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents ! — Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him ; call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him. —
[*Exit* CHARMIAN.
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. —

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
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.
Mess. I've done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say *Yes*.
Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art in what thou'rt sure of![5] Get thee hence:
The merchandise[6] 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 dispraised Cæsar.

[5] That is, "*sharest* in, or art mixed up with, or infected by, the message which thou art sure of." So in i. 2: "The nature of bad news *infects the teller*." Cleopatra's idea seems to be, that the Messenger is made a knave by the knavish message which he brings, and with which he shows himself to be in sympathy by sticking to it so constantly. See Critical Notes.

[6] *Merchandise* is here a collective noun, and so takes a plural predicate.

Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! — 'Tis no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature [7] of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. —
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go: — let him not, Charmian; [8]
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's [9] a Mars. — [*To* MARD.] Bid you Alexas
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.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, 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

[7] *Feature* is sometimes used for the whole form; the personal aspect or make-up generally. See *The Merchant*, page 142, note 22.

[8] Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

[9] "The other way *he is* a Mars." A rather harsh contraction; but Shakespeare has many others nearly as much so.

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall[1] 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.[2] What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the 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 th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us,[3] Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.[4]

[1] *Tall* was used for *stout, brave.* See *Twelfth Night*, page 35, note 4.

[2] There is some obscurity here, which may be removed thus: "Julius Cæsar, after his death, saw you his son and friends labouring for his revenge at Philippi: therefore I know no reason why my father should want revengers, as he has also a son and friends surviving him."

[3] To *fear* was often used as a transitive verb. See 2 *King Henry the Fourth*, page 154, note 13.

[4] *O'er-count* is here used equivocally, implying that Antony has overreached as well as outnumbered him. Antony had in fact got possession of the splendid mansion built and occupied by Pompey's father.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,[5]
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us —
For this is from the present[6] — how you take
The offer we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

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

Pom. You've 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 targs undinted.

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
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.

[5] For the naughty custom of the cuckoo, here referred to, see *1 King Henry the Fourth*, page 168, note 6.

[6] Foreign to the purpose of our present interview or discussion.

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't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts[7] harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
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've heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:

[7] A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts.

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to Cæsar in a mattress.[8]

Pom. I know thee now: how farest 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've seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

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

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but* MENAS *and* ENOBARBUS.

[8] The incident here alluded to is related in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*. After telling how, upon Cæsar's coming to Alexandria, Pothinus the eunuch drove Cleopatra from the Court, and how Cæsar sent secretly for her to come to him, he goes on thus: "Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herself downe upon a mattrasse or flockbed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so tooke her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit, in Fletcher's *False One*.

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

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

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

Men. And you by land.

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

Men. All men's faces are true, 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't back again.

Men. You've said,[9] 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 ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

[9] This was a common phrase of assent; and equivalent to our "just so." See *Twelfth Night*, page 83, note 3.

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.[10]

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 married but his occasion[11] here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

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

[10] Meaning, simply, that the marriage was one of policy, not of love, or that political ends had the chief hand in making it up.

[11] *Occasion* in the sense of *convenience*, *interest*, or *advantage*.

SCENE VII. — *On board* POMPEY'S *Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, *with a banquet.*

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants[1] 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.[2]

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition,[3] 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 partisan[4] I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.[5]

[1] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *soles of the feet*, one of its Latin senses. So in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad: "Even to the low *plants* of his feet his forme was altered."

[2] "A phrase," says Warburton, "among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink 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."

[3] Meaning much the same as the phrase now current, of "touching one in a sore place."

[4] A *partisan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*, not being so long: it was made use of in mounting a breach, &c.

[5] *A sight as unseemly* as the holes where the eyes should be, *without the kindling presence of the eye to fill them.*

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

Ant. [*To* CÆSAR.] Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison [6] follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've 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 [7] are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to* POM.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside to* POM.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

[6] *Foison* is *plenty, abundance.* See *The Tempest*, page 122, note 22.

[7] Lepidus's tongue is getting thick with wine, and *pyramises* is his boozy pronunciation of *pyramids.*

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] Forbear me till anon. —
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

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

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

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

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

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I've ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

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

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, or you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

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

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,[8]
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy;
In thee't 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. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd[9] fortunes 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!

[8] *Pales* is *surrounds*, as with palings. To *inclip* is to *enclose*, to embrace.
[9] *Pall'd* is *faint, drooping*, or *languishing*. See *Hamlet*, page 212, note 4.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the* Attendant *who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels![10]

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens toward it. — Strike the vessels,[11] ho! — Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,[12] I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To* ANTONY.] Ha, my brave Emperor!
Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

[10] That it might *whirl round*, or *seem* to do so, as it sometimes does to people whose heads are swimming with intoxication. So in the Song below: "*Cup us till the world go round.*"

[11] That is, *tap* them, *broach* them. So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: "Home, Launce, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine."

[12] To be a child of the time is to *obey* it or *comply with* it. And Cæsar's answer means, "Be its *master* rather; *command* it." Shakespeare uses *time* for the *contents* of time, what happens in it.

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. —
Make battery to our ears with the loud music; —
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding[13] every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne![14]
In thy fats 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've burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

[13] The *holding* is the *burden* or *under-song*. So in *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1593: "Where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is 'It is merrie in haul, when beards wag all.'"

[14] *Pink eyne* are *small eyes*. "Some have mighty yies and some be *pink-yied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the God of wine. — *Fats*, in the next line, is an old form of *vats*; the name of the cisterns or large vessels in which new-made wine is kept.

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all.[15] What needs more words? Good night. —
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house, — But, what? we're friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not. —

[*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS *and* MENAS.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound out!

[*A flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo! says 'a. — There's my cap.

Men. Hoo! — Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

[15] Made us buffoons or merry-andrews. To *play the antic* was much the same as acting the part of a jester or an "allowed Fool." The word was also used of a certain kind of caricatures. And in *King Henry V.*, iii. 1, the Boy says of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, "three such *antics* do not amount to a man."

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;[1] and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the King's son's body
Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,[2]
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 chariot, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,

[1] *Struck* alludes to *darting*. "Thou whose darts have often struck others art struck now thyself." The Parthians were specially noted for their mounted archers, whose most effective fighting was when they pretended to be flying; as they would then turn upon their horses, and shoot their arrows or darts into the faces of the pursuing enemy. Some twenty years before the time of this scene, Marcus Crassus had led a huge army against the Parthians, and was defeated with immense slaughter. Crassus himself was slain, and his head sent to Orodes, who caused melted gold to be poured into his mouth, saying, "Sate thyself now with that of which in life thou wast so greedy." See *Julius Cæsar*, page 95, note 8.

[2] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, King of Parthia.

May make too great an act ;[3] for learn this, Silius :
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
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 achieved by th' 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.[4] 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've jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens ; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there ; pass along !

[*Exeunt.*

[3] A man holding a lower or subordinate place may do too much by surpassing his superior, and so making him jealous.

[4] *Grants* for *affords*. The expression is odd, and will not bear analysis; but the meaning is, "Thou hast that judgment without which a soldier scarce differs or is distinguished from his sword."

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. Of Antony? O thou Arabian bird![1]

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

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, — hoo! —
His love to Antony. But, as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,[2] and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So, —

[1] The phœnix. So in *Cymbeline:* "She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I have lost my wager." — It must be understood that in this dialogue the speakers are travestying the flights of Lepidus in praise of his colleagues.

[2] They are the *wings* that raise this *lumpish insect* from the ground. See *Macbeth*, page 107, note 13.

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

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

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.[3] — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for far better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

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

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort![4] fare thee well.

[3] Such as my strongest *pledge* or assurance shall pass in thy *approval.* For this use of *band* see page 58, note 13.

[4] To be of *comfort* is repeatedly used by Shakespeare for to be *comforted.* See *Tempest*, page 75, note 106. — By *elements* here I understand no more or other than is usually meant by that term: Octavia is to sail for Athens, and her brother wishes that the winds and seas may be kind to her. Some, however, find a more recondite meaning: "May the elements be so *mixed and tempered in thee* as to make thee cheerful and happy."

Octa. My noble brother! —
Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's Spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. 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
Thus stands upon the swell at full of tide,[5]
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGR.] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to* ENO.] He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGR.] He were the worse for that were he a horse;[6]
So is he being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to* ENO.] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGR.] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;[7]

[5] Very delicate imagery, but not perfectly clear: the plain English of it is, that Octavia's heart is divided equally between her brother and her husband, so that she cannot tell which she loves most.

[6] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face* when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between the eyes. This gives him a sour look, and is thought to indicate an ugly temper. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe — thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c.

[7] Was troubled with a *flowing* or *watering of the eyes*, a proneness to weep. So, in *Hamlet*, we have "bisson *rheum*" for blinding *tears*. — *Confound*, again, in the next line, for *consume* or *destroy*. See page 40, note 10.

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

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

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

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

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

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound within.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Alexandria.* *A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

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

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to. —

Enter the Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good Majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

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

Mess. Most gracious Majesty, —
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
Cleo. That's not so good. — He cannot like her long.
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.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[1] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.[2]
Cleo. He's very knowing;

[1] She is so dull and sleepy of motion that her *moving* is like her *standing still*. For this use of *station* see *Hamlet*, page 159, note 8.

[2] An elliptical expression for "There are not three in Egypt who can make better note." Shakespeare has many such.

I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow, —
Cleo. Widow! — Charmian, hark.
Mess. — And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For th' most part, too, they're foolish that are so.[3]
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.[4]
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 prepared. [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him.[5] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

[3] So in Hill's *Pleasant History*, 1613: "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary." See, also, *The Tempest*, page 130, note 53.

[4] This appears to have been a sort of cant phrase. Steevens says, "I once overheard a chamber-maid say of her rival, 'that her legs were as thick as *she could wish them*.'"

[5] To *harry* is to harass, to worry, to use roughly; from the old Norman-French *harier* of the same meaning.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

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 impórt, — but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public 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,
Or did it from his teeth.[1]

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach[2] not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

[1] That is, *hollowly*, or not in earnest, not from the heart; like our phrase "lip-service." So Dryden in his *Wild Gallant:* "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre:* "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

[2] *Stomach*, again, in the sense of *anger* or *resentment.* See page 65, note 2.

Praying for both parts:
Sure, the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother.[3] Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

[3] In explanation of this passage, and especially of the word *stain*, Dr. C. M. Ingleby gives the following: "Shakespeare's figurative use of the word *stain*, whether substantive or verb, is various. The primary notion is that of giving to something a colour from without: this may be a stain of foulness or otherwise; and *stain* may thus mean *pollute*, *pollution*; or, somewhat more generally, *dishonour*; and, again, *infect*, *infection*, and, finally, *compromise*. In another view, the substantive *stain* may signify the reverse of *foil*, as in *Venus and Adonis*, stanza 2, 'stain to all nymphs,' that is, casting their charms into the *shade* by comparison with Adonis. Antony complains to Octavia that her brother has gone to war against Pompey without reason, and without his (Antony's) concurrence; that he has given him (Antony) 'narrow measure' in speaking of him. This touches his honour, and he therefore declares that, while his wife goes, as reconciler, between the two Triumvirs, he will give Cæsar a strong motive for making overtures of friendship. *Compromise* would be a dilution of *stain*, in the sense we believe Shakespeare to have intended. Antony's preparation was designed to effect a total change in Cæsar's purposes and plans; in fact, to subdue him to the quality of Antony's mind; possibly even to overshadow Cæsar, and to impress him with the weight of Antony's personal character."

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

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* ANTONY'S *House.*

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?[1]

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[2] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[3] seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

[4] As you are joint masters of the world, which in your union is united, so wars between you give an image of the cleaving of that world, and you both endeavouring to solder that cleft with the carcases of those who will be slain in the contest. — HEATH.

[1] *Success* for *consequence* or *result;* the Latin sense of the word.

[2] *Rivality*, here, is *partnership*, or *equality of rank.* Shakespeare uses the substantive *rival* in the same sense. See *Hamlet*, page 46, note 2.

[3] *Appeal* here means *assertion* or *accusation.* Another Latinism.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chops, no more;
And, throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.[4] Where's Antony?

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;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;[5]
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't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal[1] silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all th' unlawful issue that their life
Since then hath bred between them. Unto her

[4] "A pair of *chops*" is simply *an upper and a lower jaw. No more* is equivalent to *that is all.* Enobarbus means that Antony and Cæsar, though they have all the world between them to prey upon, will make war on each other.

[5] 'Twill be *bad; naught* having the same sense as in *naughty.*

[1] *Tribunal* in the Latin sense of *platform* or *stage.*

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

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

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence[2]
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Who 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 unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

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

[2] *Queasy* is *sick, nauseated. Insolence* here means *outlandishness*, aping of foreign manners; like the Latin *insolentia.*

That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I've 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 *with her Train.*

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

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

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

Cæs. Why have you 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 th' 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,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which left unshown
Is often felt unloved:[3] we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

[3] *Ostentation* is *showing*, *display*, or *manifestation*. The Poet has *ostent* repeatedly in the same sense. "Which left unshown" is equivalent to *the leaving of which* unshown.

Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an óbstruct[4] 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I've eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wrongèd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a trull; who[5] now are levying
The kings o' the Earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian King, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.
Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,

[4] *Obstruct* for *obstruction*. Shakespeare has many words shortened in the same way; as *suspect*, *dispose*, &c.

[5] *Who* refers to *he* and *trull*: *which two persons* are levying, &c.

And we in negligent danger.[6] Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[7] to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st 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. But why, why, why?

[6] Meaning of course, in danger *through* or *from negligence*. The Poet has many such expressions. See page 67, note 9.

[7] *Regiment* is *government, authority;* he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a *harlot*. *Regiment* is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. See *King Richard III.*, page 183, note 4.

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

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounced 'gainst us? why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse'[2] 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's time,
What should not thence be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Phótinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

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

[1] *Forspoke* is *spoken against* or *gainsaid;* the prepositive *for* having the same force as in *forswear.*

[2] *Horse'* for *horses.* Often so. See *King Henry V.*, page 124, note 26.

[3] *Take-in*, again, for *conquer* or subdue. See page 39, note 5.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt[4] 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 dared 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, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress;[5] in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;[6] yours, heavy. No disgrace

[4] *To taunt* for *in taunting*. This gerundial use of the infinitive is very frequent, and sometimes renders the sense obscure.

[5] That is, men hastily *forced* into the service, or *enrolled* by a hasty *draft* or *conscription*. See *1 Henry IV.*, page 156, note 4.

[6] *Yare* as before explained of *yarely; handy, manageable*. See page 76, note 29. — Plutarch: "Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will that, though he was a great deal stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea: though he saw before his eyes that, for lack of water-men, his captains did *press* by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could not sufficiently furnish his galleys: so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough. But, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery; but they were *light of yarage*, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundusium."

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared 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 renownèd 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 full sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But, if we fail,
We then can do't at land. —

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

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

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. — Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. — We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis![7] —

[7] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well. — Away!

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

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

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:[8] 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[9] as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

[8] An obscure phrase; but meaning, perhaps, "His action proceeds not where his power to act is greatest." Or it may refer, not merely to the present action, but to Antony's whole course of late, where his action grows, takes its shape, not from the power that executes it, that is, himself, but from the will of another.

[9] They went out in *detachments* or *separate bodies*, and in *various directions;* a frequent stratagem in war, to disguise the commander's purpose and destination.

Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

Cæs. Taurus, —
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. — *Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle;[2] from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Jump* is *risk* or *hazard.* So the verb, in *Macbeth:* "We'd *jump* the life to come." — "The prescript of this scroll" is the course prescribed by this paper of written directions.

[2] Here, as often, *battle* is *army*, or rather is put for an army ordered in readiness for battle. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 154, note 1.

SCENE X. — *Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land Army one way; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his Army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,[3]
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't[4] mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle[5] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,[6]
Where death is sure. Yon ribald nag[7] of Egypt, —

[3] *Antoniad* was the name of Cleopatra's ship. *Admiral* is, properly, the leading ship in a fleet or naval squadron. Hence transferred as a title to the officer in command. See *1 King Henry IV.*, page 141, note 4.

[4] "*To see* it" for *at seeing* it. Another gerundial infinitive. See page 118, note 4.

[5] *Cantle* is *portion*, *fragment*, or *corner*. See *1 Henry IV.*, page 125, note 7.

[6] In cases of the plague, the symptoms that betokened death were called *God's tokens*.

[7] Of course the epithet *ribald* is applied to Cleopatra to express her notorious profligacy. It seems to me, also, that the Poet meant *nag* in reference to her speedy flight from the battle, carrying Antony off, as it were, on her

Whom leprosy o'ertake ! — 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 breese upon her, like a cow in June,[8] —
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,[9]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight

back. And the words, "the breese upon her," and "like a cow in June," naturally infer that such was the image intended. — The *breese* is the *gad-fly*, the summer torment of "the mute creation."

[8] In this line, *her* refers to *cow*, not to *ribald nag ;* the logical order being thus : "Like a cow in June, the breese upon her." The two parts of the line were transposed for the sake of the metre.

[9] To *loof*, commonly pronounced and spelt *luff*, is a sea term, meaning to ply to windward, or to sail before the wind. Shakespeare met with the word in Plutarch's description of this fight: "Now, Publicola, seeing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Cæsars army, to compass in Antonius ships, was driven also to *loofe* off to have more roome, and to go a litle at one side to put those further off that were afraid."

Most grossly by his own !

Eno. [*Aside.*] Ay, are you thereabouts? Why, then good night indeed.[10]

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't;[11] and there I will attend What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render My legions and my horse: six kings already Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon't; It is ashamed to bear me ! — Friends, come hither: I am so lated[1] in the world, that I Have lost my way for ever: I've a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself; and have instructed cowards To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;

[10] "If that is what you are thinking about, then our cause is lost, or our game is up, sure enough." Enobarbus rightly construes what Canidius has just said as an intimation that he is meditating desertion from Antony, since Antony has deserted himself.

[11] The passage or march to Peloponnesus is easy.

[1] So *belated* or *benighted*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 3: "Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace to gain the timely inn."

I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon!
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: 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've lost command,[2]
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by-and-by. [*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear Queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. — O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam, —
Iras. Madam, O good Empress, —
Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.[3] — He at Philippi kept

[2] "I *entreat* you to leave *me*, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence."

[3] Here and in his two preceding speeches Antony is muttering to himself

His sword e'en like a dancer,[4] while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[5] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen!

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me. — O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but[6]
Your comfort make 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 out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind[7]
Stroy'd in dishonour.

under an overpowering sense of shame. In "Yes, my lord, yes," he is referring to Cæsar: "Yes, Cæsar, you have done me now, and can have things all your own way."

[4] The meaning appears to be, 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.

[5] That is, only fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants. In Plutarch's *Life of Antony* it is said of both Cæsar and Antony, that "they were always more fortunate when they made warre by their lieutenants than by themselves."

[6] *But* here is what is called the exceptive *but*, and therefore is equivalent to *but that* or *unless*.

[7] To *look* is here used as a transitive verb. Repeatedly so. — Antony is supposed to turn his face, mantled as it is with shame, away from Cleopatra. See *King Henry the Fifth*, page 143, note 5.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter[8] in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
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 causes.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster;
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.*

[8] To *palter* is to *shuffle* or *equivocate*. So in *Macbeth*, v. 8: "And be these juggling fiends no more believed, that *palter* with us in a *double sense*."

Scene XII. — Cæsar's *Camp in Egypt.*

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. 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 the grand sea.[1]

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires[2] 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[3] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

[1] In "*to* his ends" and "*To* the sea," *to* has the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with*. A very frequent usage.

[2] To *require* and to *request* were formerly synonymous.

[3] The *circle* here is the *crown* or *diadem*.

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-disgracèd friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Euph. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands. —
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
[*To* THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more
Offers from thine invention: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,[4]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

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

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.[1]

[4] How he *bears himself* in the *crack* or *breach* of his fortune.

[1] "Think, and die" is equivalent to *grieve ourselves to death.* To *think* or to *take* thought was often used thus. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 83, note 41.

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 you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship;[2] at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The merèd 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 *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't. —
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

[2] To *nick*, as the word is here used, is to *disgrace* or *discredit*; a sense that probably grew from the hair of Fools being cut in nicks or notches as a badge of their vocation.

[3] Himself being the matter to which the dispute is *limited*. *Mere*, sometimes spelt *meare*, is used both as a noun and a verb by divers old writers; the verb signifying to *bound* or *limit*. So in Spenser's *Ruines of Rome*: "When that brave honour of the Latine name, which *mear'd* her rule with Africa." And in *The Faerie Queene*, iii. 10:

> So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
> Ne in small *meares* containe his glory great.

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 caparisons apart,
And answer me declined,[4] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' show,
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 subdued
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 noses
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.

[*Exit* Attendant.

[4] *Declined* is *fallen;* "in the decline of my state and fortune." Plutarch: Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, that "he had many other ways to die than so." Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land." Here, "set up his rest" is *make a stand.*

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.[5]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n 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's 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.
Cleo. Go on: right-royal!
Thyr. He knows that you embraced not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deservèd.
Cleo. He's a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

[5] *Square*, again, for *quarrel*, or *fall at odds*. See page 64, note 8.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud, who is
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In deputation [6]
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from's all-obeying breath [7] I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace [8] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,

[6] Kiss his hand by proxy, through you as deputy.

[7] Breath, that is, voice, which all obey. As often, the active form in a passive sense; *obeying* for *obeyed*. See *Winter's Tale*, page 134, note 56.

[8] "Give me grace" is grant me the favour.

As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! — Ah, you kite! — Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,[9] kings would start forth,
And cry *Your will?* — Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack,[10] and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] '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,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

[9] A *muss* is a *scramble*. So Dryden in his Prologue to *Widow Ranter:*

Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
Than there's a *muss* of more than half the town.

[10] *Jack* was a common name of reproval or contempt, like *rogue* or *knave*. So the Poet has "flouting Jack," "swearing Jack," "bragging Jacks," and "insinuating Jacks."

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* Attendants *with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you. Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the blessing of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders? [11]

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 [12] our eyes;
In our own filth dark our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cnæus Pompey's; and I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

[11] *Feeders* for *menials.* Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, says, "Where are all my *eaters*, my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets." Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, iii. 1: "*Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*."

[12] To *seel* was a term in falconry for closing up the eyes of a hawk; which was done by sewing the eyelids together. It is said that, when a hawk was let go in that condition, the poor bird would soar directly upwards, and keep soaring higher and higher, till it dropped down dead.

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say *God quit*[13] *you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,[14] to outroar
The hornèd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;

[13] Shakespeare very often uses *quit* for *requite*.

[14] *The Psalter*, xxii. 12: "Many oxen are come about me; fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side." It seems rather odd to hear Antony drawing allusions out of the Psalms; but Shakespeare has many such anachronisms. And, after all, why not? To be sure, the old Romans might not have understood the allusion very well; but then Shakespeare did not write for them.

And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs,[15] and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of Hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene Moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?[16]

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,[17] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion[18] smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[19] of this pelleted storm,

[15] *Orbs* for *orbits*. Shakespeare has the word repeatedly so.

[16] *Points* means the laces formerly used for fastening the dress.

[17] As the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away.

[18] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

[19] *Discandying* signifies melting out of a *candied*, that is, crystallized, state. The word occurs again later in the play. — A *pellet* is a *little ball*; so that a "pelleted storm" is a storm of *bullets*.

Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey ![20]
Ant. I'm satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[21] threatening 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:
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,[22]
And fight maliciously: for, when mine hours
Were nice[23] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:[24] 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 t' have held it poor; but, since my lord

[20] We have a like expression in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "Our monuments shall be the maws of kites."

[21] To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous.

[22] *Breathed* is *exercised*. Repeatedly so. See *Hamlet*, page 222, note 39.

[23] Shakespeare uses *nice* in various senses. Here it means *delicate*, *easy*, *smooth*, or *wanton*.

[24] Feast days in the colleges of either University are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns-of-Court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my Queen;
There's sap in't yet.[25] The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend[26]
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge. I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart.[27] When valour preys on reason,

[25] "There's sap in't yet" means the same as the phrase used a little before, "There's hope in't yet." Elsewhere the Poet has, "There's life in it" in the same sense.

[26] *Contend*, here, is *emulate*, *rival*, or *compete*. — Shakespeare repays, more than a hundredfold, what he borrowed in this scene. The Plutarchian basis of it is as follows: "Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the Queen herself also did him great honour; insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and soundly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar; and bade him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. 'To be short, if this mislike thee,' said he, 'thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him, if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance.' From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, whereas she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence; so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts came poor, and went away rich."

[27] *Heart* for *courage*. A similar thought, though put conversely, occurs in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2: "For *the act of judgment is* oft *the cause of fear*."

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've many other ways to die;[1] meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar, we must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[2] of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done:

[1] The passage of North's Plutarch on which this is founded is equivocally expressed. See page 131, note 4. But Plutarch's true meaning is, that "*Antony* has many other ways to die."

[2] *Boot* is *advantage* or *profit.* "Make *capital*," we should say.

And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste.[3] Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *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's 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.*[4]
Ant. Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal. —

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
And thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you've served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

[3] The *waste* here means the *expense*, the *cost*.
[4] Let the survivor *take all*: no composition; victory or death.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you've done me.

Servants. 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. [*Aside to* ENO.] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you [5] for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women!

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

[5] "The gods *yield* you" is the gods *reward* you. A frequent usage.

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake t' you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. Before* CLEOPATRA'S *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 and second go to their posts.*
4 Sold. Here we: [*The third and fourth go to 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. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*
4 Sold. Peace! what noise?
1 Sold. List, list!
2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' the air.
3 Sold. Under the earth.
4 Sold. It signs well,[1] does it not?
3 Sold. No.
1 Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who Antony loved,
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!
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?
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;[2]
Let's see how't will give off.[3]
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Meaning it *bodes* well, or it is a *good sign; auspicious.*

[2] Sentinels on guard have each their particular *beat*, as it is called, that is, space of ground, or *quarter*, assigned them, and are not allowed to pass beyond it.

[3] That is, how it will *terminate*, or what sort of a finale it will have. — Plutarch: "Being at supper, he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could. 'For,' said he, 'you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; and it may be that you shall see me no more, but a dead body.' This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour. Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be issue and end

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.[1] — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:[2] come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. — See'st thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung, as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop, that made the noise they heard, went out of the city at the gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them."

[1] *Chuck* was a common term of playful or familiar endearment; a corruption, or another form, of *chick* or *chicken.*

[2] That is, treat her *with bravado;* throw defiance in her face. Often so.

Eros. Briefly,[3] sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm. —
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire
More tight[4] at this than thou: dispatch. — O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't. —

Enter an armed Soldier.

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't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter a Captain *and* Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown,[5] lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth

[3] *Briefly* here, is *quickly;* a frequent usage. See *Macbeth*, p. 93, note 53.

[4] *Tight* is *handy, adroit.* So in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, ii. 2: "But, my dear jewstrump, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozened 'em most *tightly*, thou shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter."

[5] Referring to the morning or the day; the metaphor being implied of night *blossoming* into day.

That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.[6] —
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss: [*Kisses her.*] rebukable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Captain, *and* Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire you 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.*

SCENE V. — ANTONY'S *Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy[1] day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!

[6] The Poet often uses *well said* with the sense of *well done.*

[1] *Happy* in the sense of *propitious* or *fortunate;* like the Latin *felix* Frequent.

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;[2] do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. — Enobarbus![3]

[*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;

[2] Plutarch represents this as having occurred before the battle of Actium: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For, he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it; but yet he sent after him all his baggage, train and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after."

[3] It may be needful to explain, that *dispatch* is addressed to Eros, for hastening the work just committed to him; and that *Enobarbus!* is an exclamation of grief and surprise, or wonder, at the desertion of his friend.

Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

[1] "The *three-nook'd* world" is "the *three-corner'd* world." So in *King John*: "Come *the three corners of the world* in arms, and we shall shock them." How the world came to be thus spoken of as having *three corners* only, has not been satisfactorily explained. Such, however, was the usage of the time. — The Poet elsewhere refers to the *olive* as the symbol of *peace*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 4: "But peace puts forth her olive everywhere."

His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard;[2] and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best that you safed the bringer[3]
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the Earth,
And feel I am so most. — O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[4] my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

[2] *On* was often used where we should use *in*. So "*on* my guard" is the same as *in* or *under* my guard.

[3] That is, get him off safe. We have a similar instance in i. 3: "And that which most with you should *safe* my going."

[4] "This generosity *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, through grief." *Blown* is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene: "On her breast there is a vent of blood, and something *blown*." *Thought* here also signifies *grief*. See page 129, note 1.

SCENE VII. — *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[1]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. 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.[2]

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.[3]

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches[4] more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They're 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.

[1] The force by which we are *oppressed* or overpowered.

[2] Meaning with *sore* heads; *clouts* being used for *cloths*, such as wounds are dressed with.

[3] In Shakespeare's time the word *ache* was pronounced like the letter *H*; which is the turning-point of the quibble in this case. — Why the wound is described as "like a T" I am unable to explain. See *The Tempest*, page 68, note 87.

[4] *Scotches* is *cuts*. So in *Macbeth*: "We have but *scotch'd* the snake, not *kill'd* it."

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp. — Run one before,
And let the Queen know of our gests.[5] — To-morrow,
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought,
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shown all Hectors. Go,
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — [*To* SCARUS.] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy[6] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — [*To* CLEO.] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[7] to my heart, and there

[5] *Gests* is *deeds, exploits;* like the Latin *gesta.*

[6] *Fairy*, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an *enchanter;* in which sense it is used here.

[7] "Proof of harness" is harness that is proof against warlike weapons. The Poet repeatedly uses *harness* for *armour.*

Ride on the pants triúmphing !

Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What, girl ! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[8] Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand : —
Kiss it, my warrior : — he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand :
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :[9]
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,

[8] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a goal : so that to *win a goal* is to be superior in a trial of activity.

[9] The meaning is, " our targets which are hacked as the men are who *own* them." The poet has many such inversions. — The Plutarchian basis of this fine scene is as follows : " So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-of-arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish.

With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. — Cæsar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

1 Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to th' court-of-guard: [1] the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' the morn.
2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

Enter Enobarbus.

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 blessèd Moon,
When men revolted shall upon recórd
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! —
1 Sold. Enobarbus!
3 Sold. Peace! hark further.
Eno. — O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, [2]

Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold: howbeit the man-at-arms, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar."

[1] The court-of-guard is the place where the guard or sentinels muster.

[2] The "sovereign mistress of true melancholy" is, I suppose, the Moon.

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. — O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive :
O Antony ! O Antony ! [*Dies.*

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, sir, awake ; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark ! the drums
Demurely[3] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To th' court-of-guard ; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then ; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

Probably most of us can interpret the figure from our own remembered feelings by moonlight. So in one of Wordsworth's Sonnets :

> With how *sad* steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
> How silently, and with how *wan* a face.

[3] The morning drum-beat in camp is apt to awaken a peculiar feeling which is very well expressed by *demurely*.

SCENE X. — *Ground 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: mount we, then,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. — *Another Part of the Same.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charged,[1] we will be still by land,
Which,[2] as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. — *Another Part of the Same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,

[1] "*But being* charged" is *unless we be* charged. See page 126, note 6.
[2] *Which* refers to the preceding clause, "we will be still by land."

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:[3] the augurers
Say they know not, — they cannot tell; — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All's lost; this foul Egyptian hath betrayèd 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 filth! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For, when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all: bid them all fly; be gone. —[*Exit* SCARUS.
O Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:

[3] Plutarch mentions divers ominous events as occurring just before the earlier battle of Actium; among others, this: "The admiral galley of Cleopatra was called Antoniad, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them, and drave the first away, and plucked down their nests."

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[4] —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,[5] my chief end, —
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[6]
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss. —
What, Eros, Eros! —

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged 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 th' shouting plébeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;[7] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparèd nails. [*Exit* CLEOPATRA.

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[4] "This *grave charm*" probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. Thus in the nineteenth book: "But not far hence the fatal minutes are of thy *grave* ruin." It seems to be used in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

[5] "That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

[6] The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the belt or girdle*, which was practised by the gipsies in Shakespeare's time, as appears by an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called *Run and a Great Cast*, 1614:

> Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
> Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoere he would.

[7] *Doits* is the same as "poor'st diminutives," and means the *smallest pieces of money*. Shakespeare uses the word repeatedly.

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me! — Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:[8]
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the Moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self.[9] The witch shall die:
To th' Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. — Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. — *Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

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

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon[10] for his shield; the boar of Thessaly

[8] I have already noted that Antony derived the lineage of the Antonian *gens* from Hercules, who is here designated by his patronymic Alcides. The allusion is to the circumstances of Hercules' death. Lichas was the servant of Hercules who brought to him the poisoned garment from his wife Dejanira; and when Hercules was in the extreme of agony from the effects of the poison, and quite beside himself with rage, he seized Lichas, and hurled him an enormous distance into the sea.

[9] Though Antony here uses the word *self*, his thoughts are really upon Hercules, with whom for the moment he identifies himself. So that Heath's explanation is doubtless right: "The most exceptionable expression perhaps is the bestowing the epithet worthiest on himself; but even this exaggeration will appear excusable at least, if not justifiable, when it is considered that it is not seriously intended as a vainglorious vaunt, but proceeds wholly from a transport of the fancy, which represents him to himself for that moment as the very Hercules in person.

[10] 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.

Was never so emboss'd.[11]

Char. To th' monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' monument![12] —
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 th' monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,

[11] When a hunted animal was so hard run as to foam at the mouth, it was said to be *emboss'd*.

[12] Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombs and monuments, as well for excellency of workmanship as for height and greatness of building, joining hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and precious things she had of the ancient kings her predecessors; as gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, and besides all that, a marvellous number of torches, faggots, and flax. So Octavius Cæsar, being afraid to lose such a treasure and mass of riches, and that this woman for spite would set it on fire and burn it every whit, always sent some one or other unto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meantime drew near the city with his army. — PLUTARCH.

A forkèd 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.[1]

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns,[2] and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave[3] Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards[4] with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

[1] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."

[2] To *dislimn* is to unpaint or obliterate what was before painted or limned. — *Rack*, from *reek*, vapour, was used of certain clouds. See *The Tempest*, page 125, note 32.

[3] *Knave* was often used as a playful or familiar term of endearment.

[4] To *pack the cards* was often used metaphorically for contriving together to deceive another. The meaning is, that Cleopatra, by collusion, falsely played the great game they were engaged in, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved 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 discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. — [*To* MARDIAN.] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — [*Exit* MARDIAN.
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart.[5] O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: bruisèd pieces, go;

[5] The battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; *keep* having the sense of *retain* or *hold in*.

You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :[6] since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal, then,[7] and all is done.—
Eros ! — I come, my Queen. — Eros ! — Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I've lived 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-minded
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
I'm conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, — which now
Is come indeed, — when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,

[6] That is, all length of *journey* or *travel ;* as is shown by the following part of the sentence. Steevens thought the Poet must have written *life* instead of *length.*

[7] The allusion is to the execution of a deed or indenture, where the fixing of the seal finishes the business.

Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strikest 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,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,[8] bending down
His corrigible[9] neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?[10]

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
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, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

[8] "*Pleach'd* arms" is arms *interwoven*, or *folded together*.
[9] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and *penetrative* for *penetrating*.
[10] Branded *with* baseness *him* that *followed*.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my Emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then: [*Falls on his sword.*] thus I do
escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. — My Queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
I learn'd of thee. [*Falling on his sword.*
How! not yet dead? not dead? —
The guard, ho! — O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 Guard. The star is fall'n.
1 Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 Guard. Not I.
2 Guard. Nor I.
3 Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.[11]

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 disposed[12] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, 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.

[11] Shall gain me admission into his service and confidence. *Shall*, again, for *will*. See page 61, note 1.

[12] *Dispose* was sometimes used for *arrange* or *compose*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 8: "Words well *dispost* have secret powre t' appease inflamed rage."

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,[13] 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've led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XV. — *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
As that which makes it. —

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

[13] "Woe is me," or "I am woe" is an old idiomatic phrase equivalent to "I am sorry."

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in![1] darkling stand
The varying star o' the world.[2] — 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'm dying, Egypt, dying; only yet
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear, —
Dear my lord, pardon, pardon me — I dare not,
Lest I be taken.[3] Not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall

[1] According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakespeare, 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 this sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence would be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space. — HEATH.

[2] "The varying *star* o' the world" is the *changing* Moon; which would stand *darkling*, that is, *in the dark*, sure enough, if the Sun should break loose and run away.

[3] Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.

Be brooch'd[4] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, 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!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little.—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.[6]

[4] *Brooch* was used for an *ornament* of any kind. So in Jonson's *Poetaster:* "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." And in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "He is the *brooch*, indeed, and gem of all the nation."—*Imperious* and *imperial* were equivalent words in Shakespeare's time.

[5] Some editors have stumbled rather strangely at this use of *sport;* just as if it were not a common and a natural thing for people to express the intensest feeling by words of a contrary meaning.

[6] Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, drew Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death; who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do; but Cleopatra, putting-to all her strength, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath, that bade her be of good courage.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked 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
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, — A Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd.[7] Now my spirit is going;

and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So, when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his own death. — PLUTARCH.

[7] When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour; and chiefly that she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune; but rather that she should think him the more fortu-

I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't[8] die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women, [ANTONY *dies.*
The crown o' the Earth doth melt. — My lord! my lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole[9] is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable[10]
Beneath the visiting Moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady, —

Iras. Madam, —

Char. O madam, madam, madam, —

Iras. Royal Egypt, Empress, —

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more but e'en a woman,[11] and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.[12] It were for me

nate 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. — PLUTARCH.

[8] *Woo't* was a colloquial variation of *wouldst thou* or *wilt thou.*

[9] "The soldier's *pole*" is the *standard* or *banner;* that which the soldiers follow and rally to.

[10] *Remarkable* carried a much stronger sense in the Poet's time than it does now; such as *extraordinary, glorious, wonderful.*

[11] Here, as often, *but* is equivalent simply to *than.*

[12] *Chares* is an old word for various odds and ends of work, such as commonly fall to boys and servant girls. Now spelt and pronounced *chores.*

To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;[13]
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought;
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,[14] take heart:
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.[15]

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

[13] "It were *right for me* to throw," or "I *might justly* throw, my sceptre at the *unjust* gods." Cleopatra has been used to think herself and Antony so nearly equal with the gods, that the latter have no right to shut down so sternly upon them.

[14] This is evidently addressed to the *women;* and Dyce has shown, beyond question, that such modes of address were not uncommon. So, in a later scene, we have "*Sirrah*, Iras, go."

[15] *Briefest* for *quickest* or *speediest.* See page 112, note 3.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, 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.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?[1]
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: 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-uproarèd world[2]

[1] That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

[2] The Poet elsewhere uses to *uproar* as a transitive verb, and with a sense much stronger than it now bears. So in *Macbeth*, iv. 3: "Had I power, I should pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell, *uproar* the universal peace." &c.

Should have shook lions into civil streets,
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 public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife; but that self[3] 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 a tidings[4]
To wash the eyes of kings: and strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged[5] equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity. — But you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. — Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this. But we do lance

[3] Shakespeare often uses *self* as equivalent to *self-same*.

[4] "May the gods rebuke me *if it be not* tidings to make kings weep." *But* again in its exceptive sense. We have *tidings* used as a noun singular in the preceding Act, scene 14: "*This* tidings."

[5] *Waged* here must mean to be *opposed* as equal stakes in a wager; unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant.

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd 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,[6] my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his[7] thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.[8] — 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, sir?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.[9] The Queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

[6] "In *top* of all design" means in the *highest* of all designs. The substantive *top* is not often used thus; but Shakespeare repeatedly has the verb to *top* for to *surpass*. See *Hamlet*, page 116, note 74. — *Competitor*, as before, for *partner* or *confederate*.

[7] *His* for *its*, referring to *heart*.

[8] *Should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to such a pitch as this, that one of us must die.

[9] Yet an Egyptian, or subject to the Queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.[10]

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit* GAL.] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

Agr. Mec. &c. 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
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.[11] [*Exeunt.*

[10] He sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest, otherwise, all the treasure would be lost; and, furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. — PLUTARCH.

[11] After Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard called Dercetæus took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it; then he

SCENE II. — *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,[1]
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackels accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[2]

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;

secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing this news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great battles and exploits. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. — PLUTARCH.

[1] *Knave* in its old proper sense of *servant* or *slave*. Often so.

[2] There is some obscurity here, arising from the circumstance that, as Johnson observes, "the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded." The meaning seems to be about this: Voluntary death is an act that bars off all further change; and it puts us in a state where we no longer need the gross earthly sustenance in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. *Nurse* appears to be used here for *nourishment*. Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if any thing that depends upon such coarse vulgar feeding were not worth keeping. So in the first scene of this play: "Our *dungy* earth alike feeds man as beast."

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,[3]
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[4] I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,[5]

[3] Cleopatra is exceedingly shrewd and artful in this: To throw Proculeius off his guard, she gives him to understand that she is pretty much indifferent whether he be true or not. That is just the thing to make Cæsar feel sure of having her at his command, and so he will be less secret as to his purpose, or what he means to do with her; which is what she most of all desires to learn.

[4] *As* and *that*, both conjunction and pronoun, were used interchangeably in the Poet's time. Bacon's *Essays* have many instances of the same usage. Here we should use *that* instead of *as*.

[5] The meaning is, when you sue to him for mercy, as to a superior, he will sue for your kindness as an ally, and as having an interest in common with him. *Praying in aid* is an old law term to signify the act of petitioning in

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[6] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[*Here* PROCULEIUS *and two of the* Guard *ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the* Guard *unbar and open the gates.*

[*To* PROCUL. *and the* Guard.] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal Queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands! [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by

a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that has an interest in the cause on trial.

[6] "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.[7]

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,[8]

[7] Proculeius came to the gates that were thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard: and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar; who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was trised (drawn) 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 up in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, "O poor Cleopatra, thou art taken!" Then, when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, "Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him, as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted." So, even as he spake the word, he took the dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her. — PLUTARCH.

[8] The meaning of this has been a good deal questioned, and some have thought the text corrupt. I understand Cleopatra to mean, simply, "If, for the nonce, it be worth the while, or if it be needful to waste time in vain words"; implying, withal, that her purpose is action, not speech. Here, as often in conversation, *will*, I take it, has no reference to the future. Mr. C. J. Monro, however, has given Dr. Ingleby the following snug paraphrase of

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court;
Nor once be chástised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyrámides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
[*To* CLEO.] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.[9]

[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and* Soldiers.

the text: "If this gift of the gab which Plutarch will say (for I live before his time) was my particular charm, consents for once to make its 'idle talk' humbly useful, it shall be employed in keeping me awake."

[9] Now was she altogether overcome with sorrow and passion of mind; for she had knocked her breast so pitifully, that she had martyred it, and in divers places had raised ulcers and inflammations, so that she fell into

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 ye,—
Cleo. —His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O,[10] the Earth:—
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. —His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
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
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above

a fever withal; whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to have a good colour to abstain from meat, and that so she might have died easily without any trouble. But Cæsar mistrusted the matter by many conjectures he had, and therefore did put her in fear, and threatened her to put her children to a shameful death. With these threats, Cleopatra for fear yielded straight, as she would have yielded unto strokes; and afterwards suffered herself to be cured and dieted as they listed. — PLUTARCH.

[10] The Poet uses *O* for *orb* or *circle*. So in *A Midsummer*, iii. 2:

> Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
> Than all yon fiery *O's* and eyes of light.

The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[11] dropp'd from his pocket. —

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. — Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.[12]

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is, as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I'm 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?

[11] *Plates* for silver money; *plata* being the Spanish word for it.

[12] Shakespeare sometimes uses *fancy* and *imagination* as equivalent terms, and here he uses both for the dreaming-power. Nature lacks material to keep up with fancy in the creation of strange forms; yet to fancy such an actual being as Antony, a man of Nature's making, were to make Nature an overmatch for fancy, dwarfing its shadowy creatures into insignificance. The passage is exceedingly strong and subtile, and comes appropriately from this matchless roll of unwomanly womanhood.

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't.[13] [*Flourish within.*

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. [CLEOPATRA *kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

[13] There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no ill-will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted, she was carried to the place where his tomb was; and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak after this sort: "O my dear Lord Antonius, it is not long since I buried thee here, being a free woman; and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me; for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, since now they carry her away. If the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, since our gods have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee; but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self tomb with thee." — PLUTARCH.

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project[14] mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.[15]
If you apply yourself to our intents, —
Which toward 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.

Cleo. — This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.[16] — Where's Seleucus?

[14] *Project* here means, apparently, *set forth* or *state;* though Malone explains it by *shape* or *form.*

[15] To *enforce*, as the word is here used, is to *urge strongly*, to *press*, or to *push home.* So in *Coriolanus*, iii. 3: "In this point charge him home, that he affects tyrannical power; if he evade us there, *enforce* him with his envy to the people."

[16] Shortly after, Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. Cleopatra, being laid on a little low bed, in poor estate, suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured; both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails; and, besides, her voice was small

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. — Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, go'st thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,

and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering; and, moreover, they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind; yet her good grace and comeliness, and the force of her beauty, was not altogether defaced. But, notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she showed herself within by her outward looks and countenance. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, disproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length, she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. — PLUTARCH.

That — thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, — that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ![17] Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[18] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With[19] one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. — [*To* SELEU.] Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit
Through th' ashes of my glance:[20] wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be't known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,

[17] "Should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own *malice*." This use of *envy* for *malice* is very frequent.

[18] *Modern* in its old sense of *ordinary* or *common*. Also frequent.

[19] To denote the agent of a passive verb, *with* was often used instead of *by*.

[20] Here the Poet probably had in mind the state of Cleopatra's face and person at this time, as described by Plutarch. What with her great sorrow, and what with her violent usage of herself, her features were so disfigured and so wan, that they might be not unfitly spoken of as but the ashes of her former beauty; yet her native fire was still living beneath them, and might be so roused as to flame up through them. In illustration of the text, Dr. Ingleby quotes what Cleopatra says a little before: "Thou shalt go back, I warrant thee; but *I'll catch thine eyes, though they had wings*." And he adds, "She would burn him up with her glance, — what Milton calls 'the charm of beauty's powerful glance'; and, though the fire had almost faded out, the very cinders would smite him." See Critical Notes.

We answer others' merits[21] in our name;
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't 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 prison:[22] no, dear Queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord![23]

[21] "We suffer the penalties which others have *merited* by their trespasses done under pretence of orders or authority from us." "I conceive," says Heath, "that this reflection of Cleopatra is intended to insinuate that the deficiency in the inventory ought to be imputed to Seleucus her accuser, and not to herself; and that he therefore was properly answerable for it."

[22] Probably meaning, simply, "Be not a prisoner in imagination."

[23] By chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him soundly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. "Alas," said she, "O Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, — that mine own servants should come now to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me, poor soul! to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me." Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. 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've 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.*

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. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

and bountifully than she would think for. And so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.—PLUTARCH.

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like harlots; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians [24]
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy [25] my greatness
I' the posture of a trull.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer

[24] *Quick* for *lively*, or *quick-witted*, probably. — *Scald* is *scabby* or *scurvy*, and was used as a general term of contempt or disgust. — The dread of being "executed in a ballad" is a theme of frequent allusion with the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. One of Falstaff's threats, in *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 2, turns upon it: "An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And in Massinger's *Bondman*, v. 3, one of the insurgent slaves, humbly begging he "may not twice be executed," when asked what he means, answers thus: "At the gallows first, and after in a ballad, sung to some villainous tune."

[25] The parts of females were commonly played by boys in Shakespeare's time; there being no actresses on the English stage till after the Restoration. See *Hamlet*, page 116, note 69. — It may be needful to say that *boy* is here used as a verb.

Their most assured intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian! —
Show me, my women, like a queen. — Go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras,[26] go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. — Bring our crown and all. —
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your Highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit* Guard.

What poor an instrument[27]
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble-constant; now the fleeting[28] Moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter one of the Guard, *with* Clown, *bringing in a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

[26] *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and, what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. See *1 Henry the Fourth*, page 67, note 30.

[27] Our usage would require "What *a* poor instrument," or "*How* poor an instrument." The Poet has many similar exclamatives. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 65, note 14.

[28] *Fleeting* is but another form of *flitting*; *changeable* or *inconstant*.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. — [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm [29] of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, — truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: [30] but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[31]

[29] *Worm* was used for *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon. We have it still in *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of the Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which is wholly unknown to us.

[30] Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire." A part of the Clown's humour here seems to stand in a transposition of the words *all* and *half*, so as to cause a little confusion.

[31] Will act out, or according to, his *nature*. This use of *kind* in its primitive sense is quite frequent. See *Hamlet*, page 59, note 18. — Plutarch: "Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and took out the leaves that

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the Devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick! Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath. — Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I'm fire and air; my other elements

covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some, if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in."

I give to baser life.[32] — So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; — Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*[33]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. 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 curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my Heaven to have. — Come, thou mortal wretch,[34]
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate[35]
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

[32] According to the old philosophy there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *King Henry V.*, iii. 7, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire;* and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." See, also, *Julius Cæsar*, page 174, note 9.

[33] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

[34] *Mortal*, here, is *deadly;* that which *kills*, not that which *dies*. See *Macbeth*, page 68, note 6. — *Wretch* is used as a familiar term of endearment. — Plutarch: "Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see her; howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou here, then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten."

[35] *Intrinsicate* is *intricate* or *involved*. See *King Lear*, page 105, note 16.

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.[36]

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 an asp.*
—O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguiled.

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

[36] Charmian remembers the words of Cleopatra, "When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."

Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier ![37] [*Dies.*

Re-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!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd[38] at our purposes, and, being royal,

[37] After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table [letter] written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the door to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit, he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sudden: for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But, when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark-dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, "Is this well done, Charmian?" "Very well," she said again, "meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. — PLUTARCH.

[38] To *level* is, properly, to *take aim*, hence to *hit*. Shakespeare repeatedly

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 lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness! —
If they had swallow'd poison, '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;[39]
The like is on her arm.
1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the caves[40] of Nile.

uses the substantive *level* for *range* or line of aim; as he also often uses *aim* for *guess;* and *guess* gives the right sense of *level* here.

[39] *Blown* for *swollen* or *puffed.* See page 150, note 4. — Plutarch: "Some say that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned; the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."

[40] Alexandria was supplied with water brought from the Nile in underground canals; which may be the caves meant. See Critical Notes.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.[41] — Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the Earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

[41] To *pursue conclusions* is to *try experiments.* See *Hamlet*, page 166, note 36. — Plutarch's account of the matter is as follows: "Cleopatra was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. For, when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments; and, in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly; she afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, some in another. So, when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs, she found none of them all she had proved so fit as the biting of an aspic, the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any pain."

CRITICAL NOTES.

Act I., Scene 1.

Page 40. *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,*
To weep; whose *every passion fully strives,* &c. — The original has *who* instead of *whose.* Corrected in the second folio.

Act I., Scene 2

P. 41. *O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must* charge *his horns with garlands!* — The original has *change* instead of *charge.* Corrected by Theobald and Warburton.

P. 43. *Dear goddess, hear that prayer of* the *people.* — Mr. P. A. Daniel would read "prayer of *thy* people." And so I suspect it should be.

P. 43. Saw *you my lord?* — So the second folio. The first has *Save.*

P. 44. *O, then we bring forth weeds*
When our quick minds *lie still;* &c. — The original has *windes.* Corrected by Warburton. The two words were apt to be confounded.

P. 45. *From Sicyon,* ho, *the news!* — The original reads "From Scicion *how* the newes?" Corrected by Dyce.

P. 46. *Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,*
My idleness doth hatch. — *Ho, Enobarbus!*

Re-enter Enobarbus.

— The original makes Enobarbus enter directly after *hatch,* and then

has "*How now* Enobarbus," after his re-entrance. But it is clear that Antony calls Enobarbus from another room, and he returns upon the call. Corrected partly by Capell, and partly by Dyce; the latter noting as follows: "In all probability the author's manuscript had '*How* Enobarbus,' to which some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added *now*. *How* frequently occurs as the old spelling of *ho*."

P. 46. *Under a compelling occasion, let women die.* The original reads "Under a compelling *an* occasion."

P. 47. *I shall break*
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave *to part.* — The original has *love* instead of *leave*. Corrected by Pope. The same misprint occurs elsewhere.

P. 48. *Say, our pleasure,*
To such whose place *is under us,* requires
Our quick remove from hence. — The original has *places* and *require*. Corrected in the second folio.

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 53. *Now, by* my *sword,* &c. — So the second folio. The first omits *my*.

P. 53. *How this Herculean Roman does become*
The carriage of his chafe. — As this passage is something obscure and doubtful, Staunton substitutes *chief* for *chafe*, taking *chief* as referring to Hercules, from whom Antony claimed descent. This is certainly plausible, perhaps more: still I am apt to think that *chafe* is right. See foot-note 15.

P. 54. *Upon your sword*
Sit laurell'd *victory!* — So the second folio. The first has "*Sit Lawrell* victory."

Act I., Scene 4.

P. 54. *It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate*
Our *great competitor.* — The original has *One* instead of *Our* Corrected by Heath.

P. 54. *Hardly gave audience, or*
Vouchsafed *to think he had partners: you shall find there*
A man who is the abstract *of all faults*, &c. — The original has *Vouchsafe* and *abstracts.* The latter was corrected in the second folio, which also reads *Did vouchsafe.*

P. 55. *Yet must Antony*
No way excuse his soils, &c. — The original has *foyles* instead of *soils.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 55. *Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,*
Call *on him for't.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *Fall* for *Call.* Rightly, I suspect. See, however, foot-note 5.

P. 55. *But to confound such time,*
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours! They're *to be chid*
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment. — The original reads "As his owne State, and ours, *'tis* to be chid: As we rate Boyes," &c. With this reading, *who* necessarily refers to *boys;* which surely cannot be right, for boys are *not* mature in knowledge or experience. To remove the difficulty, Hanmer substituted *immature* for *being mature:* but this disorders the sense nearly if not quite as much the other way; for boys, immature in knowledge, have not experience to pawn, nor judgment to rebel against. Mr. P. A. Daniel would read "*he's* to be chid," &c.; but this necessitates four other changes, — *his* for *their* in both places, and *Pawns* and *rebels* for *Pawn* and *rebel.* As the single change of *'tis* to *they're* gives the same meaning, I prefer that one to the five which he would make. Shakespeare has repeated instances

of infinitive clauses used exclamatively. In this case, I take it that the transcriber or printer did not understand the preceding exclamation, and so undertook to set things right by sophisticating the two sentences into a sort of literal continuity.

P. 56. *And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till* not *worth love,*
Comes dear'd *by being lack'd.* — The original has "till *ne'er* worth love," and *fear'd* instead of *dear'd.* The first correction is Malone's, the second Warburton's.

P. 56. *Goes to and back,* lacqueying *the varying tide,* &c. — So Theobald. The original has "*lacking* the varrying tyde."

P. 57. *Leave thy lascivious* wassails. — The original has *Vassailes.* Corrected by Pope.

P. 57. *Assemble* we *immediate council.* — So the second folio. The first has *me* instead of *we.*

P. 58. *Doubt not, sir;*
I know *it for my bond.* — The original has "I *knew* it." Corrected by Walker.

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 60. *And soberly did mount an* arm-girt *steed,*
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd *by him.* — Instead of *arm-girt,* the original has *Arme-gaunt,* which I can nowise interpret to any fitting sense. Warburton says, "Worn lean and thin by much service in war." But, if that were the case, how should the poor beast "neigh so high"? Besides, it does not seem likely that Antony, with the riches of Egypt at his command, would have been riding a gaunt and overworn steed. The correction is Hanmer's. Several others have been proposed, — *termagant, arrogant,* and *rampant.* See foot-note 6. — The original also has *dumbe* instead of *dumb'd.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 60. *The violence of either thee becomes,*
So does it no man *else.* — So the second folio. The first has *man's* instead of *man.*

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 62. *My* power's a *crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it will come to th' full. — The original reads "My *powers are* Cressent." The correction is Theobald's; who notes as follows: "It is evident beyond a doubt, that the Poet's allusion is to the Moon; and that Pompey would say, He is yet but a half-moon or crescent; but his hopes tell him that crescent will come to a full orb."

P. 63. *His brother* warr'd *upon him.* — So the second folio. The first has *wan'd.*

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 67. *If you'll patch a quarrel,*
As matter whole you lack *to make it with,*
It must not be with this. — The original reads "As matter whole you *have* to make it with." This, apparently, gives just the opposite of the sense intended. Rowe, and, after him, Dyce and the Cambridge Editors, insert *not* after *have.* I had conjectured *lack*, but found afterwards that I had been anticipated by an anonymous writer. See footnote 8.

P. 67. *You patch'd up your* excuse. — So Walker; conjectured also by Dyce. The original has *excuses.*

P. 70. *Say not* so, *Agrippa:*
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness. — The original reads "Say not, *say* Agrippa," and also has *proofe* instead of *reproof.* The first correction is Rowe's, the second Hanmer's.

P. 71. *Truths would be* but *tales,*
Where now half tales be truths. — So Pope. The original is without *but.* Steevens proposed *as*, and Capell printed "truths would *then* be tales." The latter answers just as well for metre, but not, I think, for sense.

P. 72. *About the Mount* Misenum. — The original has *Mesena.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 76. *To* glow *the delicate cheeks which they did cool.* — The original reads "To *glove* the delicate cheekes." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 76. *Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,*
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings. — For *adornings* Warburton substituted *adoring*, which is approved by Walker. But the change seems to me far from being an improvement: I rather agree with Heath in "doubting whether such an affected flat expression came from Shakespeare." — Dr. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, notes upon the text as follows: "We read, after Zachary Jackson, 'made *the* bends' adornings.' Both the 'eyes' and 'bends' were parts of Cleopatra's barge. The *eyes* of a ship are the hawseholes; the *bends* are the wales, or thickest planks in the ship's sides. North has it, 'others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge'; which settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes;* and, that once settled, the other part of the interpretation is inevitable. What could the hardy soldier, Enobarbus, care for the curves of the mermaids' bodies? To us it is obvious that if the girls tended Cleopatra at the eyes, they would, *there*, be the natural ornaments of the bends." — Rather forced, perhaps, but ingenious enough. Still I am not sure but it may be right. See footnote 28.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 79. *I have not kept my square; but that to come*
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. *Good night, sir.* — So the second folio. The first makes Octavia's speech a part of Antony's. Ritson's observation appears to be just: "Antony has already said 'Good night, sir,' to Cæsar in the first three words of his speech. The repetition would be absurd."

P. 79. *Would I had never come from thence, nor you* hither. — So Mason. The original has *thither* instead of *hither.* The former would naturally refer to Egypt, and so give a wrong meaning.

P. 79. *I see it in my* notion, *have it not in my tongue.* — So Theobald. Instead of *notion*, the original has *motion*, which Warburton explains "the divinitory agitation." The explanation is, I think, enough of itself to condemn the old reading. See foot-note 1.

P. 79. *Thy demon*, that *thy spirit which keeps thee, is*
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, *as being o'erpower'd.* — In the first of these lines, the second folio reads "Thy Dæmon, *that's* thy spirit," &c.; perhaps rightly. In the fourth line, Thirlby proposed to read "Becomes *afeard*," which some have adopted. Both of these changes are favoured by the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch: "For thy Demon, said he (*that is to say*, the good angel, and spirit that keepeth thee) is *affraied* of his; and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh *fearful* and timerous when he cometh neare unto the other." See, however, foot-note 2.

P. 80. *I say again, thy spirit*
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, *'tis noble.* — The original reads "But he *alway* 'tis Noble." Corrected by Pope.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 81. *We shall,*
As I conceive the journey, be at th' *Mount*
Before you, Lepidus. — So the second folio. The first reads "Be at Mount."

Act II., Scene 5.

P. 82. *My music playing far off, I will betray*
Tawny-finn'd *fishes.* — The original has "Tawny *fine* fishes." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 83. *Antony's dead? If thou say so*, thou *villain,*
Thou kill'st thy mistress. — The original lacks the second *thou.*

Walker proposes "If thou *do* say so, villain." This would indeed make good the metre, but would take the stress off from *so*, where the sense seems to require it.

P. 83. *But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony*
Be free and healthful, why *so tart a favour*
To trumpet such good tidings? — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original lacks *why*, which is clearly needful to the sense, let alone the metre.

P. 84. *Yet, if thou say Antony lives*, is *well*, &c. — The original has "*tis* well." The context evidently requires *is;* and so Capell reads.

P. 86. *O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,*
That art in *what thou'rt sure of!* — One of the most troublesome passages in this play. The original reads "That art *not* what th' art sure of." Here the last clause is surely too tame and truismatic a thing for either Shakespeare or Cleopatra to say on such an occasion. Various changes have been made or proposed. Of these perhaps the best is Mason's: "That art not! What! thou'rt *of't?*" Hanmer reads "That *say'st but* what thou'rt sure of!" and Mr. Grant White, "That art *but* what thou'rt sure of!" But I cannot see that any of these changes really helps the matter at all; and all of them, it seems to me, quite miss the right sense. Perhaps that sense would come best by reading "That *sharest in* what thou'rt sure of!" But this would probably be too bold a change, though not bolder than Hanmer's. Shakespeare repeatedly expresses the thought, that the bearing of ill news has a blighting effect upon the bearer. So in *2 King Henry IV.*, i. 1: "Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office; and his tongue sounds ever after as a sullen bell," &c. And Cleopatra's meaning evidently is, that the messenger is a sort of *particeps criminis;* that the contagion of his knavish message taints him into a knave; or, in other words, that he is so far in the guilt of what he reports, that the resentment may fitly light upon him. See foot-note 5.

Act II., Scene 6.

P. 88. *Made* the *all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus*, &c. — So the second folio. The first omits *the*.

P. 89. *Be pleased to tell us —*
For this is from the present — how you take
The offer *we have sent you.* — The original has *offers;* an error which the context readily points out. In the second line, Mr. P. A. Daniel would read "from the *purpose.*" But does not *present* give the same sense?

P. 89. *To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back*
Our targs *undinted.* — Instead of *targs*, the original has *targes*, which cannot be pronounced as one syllable, and surely there ought not to be two here. Walker says, "the plural *targes* seems to have been formerly a monosyllable, as in French, where its oldest form is *targues.*" Perhaps it should be *targe'*, as the Poet has *corpse'* for *corpses*, *horse'* for *horses*, &c.

P. 90. *I have fair* meanings, *Sir.*
Ant. *And fair words to them.* — The original has *meaning* instead of *meanings.*

P. 91. *No more* of *that: he did so.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *of.*

ACT II., SCENE 7.

P. 96. *These quicksands, Lepidus,*
Keep off them, or *you sink.* — So Walker. The original has "*for* you sink." See note on "And in my conduct shall your ladies come"; &c., *1 Henry IV.*, page 195.

P. 97. *And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:*
All then *is thine.* — The original reads "All *there* is thine." Corrected by Pope.

P. 98. *The third part, then, is drunk.* — The original has "then *he* is drunk."

P. 98. *It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,*
And it grows *fouler.* — The original has *grow* instead of *grows.*

P. 99. *The holding every man shall* bear *as loud*
As his strong sides can volley. — The original reads "every man shall *beat*." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 99. *Let me request you* off: *our graver business*
Frowns at this levity. — The old editions read "Let me request you *of* our graver businesse," &c. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 100. Men. *No, to my cabin.* —
These drums! these trumpets, &c. — The original omits the prefix here, and runs the speech of Menas in with the preceding one of Enobarbus.

Act III., Scene 1.

P. 101. *So thy grand captain Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant chariot, &c. — So Walker. The original has *chariots*. But what business has the plural here?

P. 102. *Without the which a soldier and his sword*
Grants *scarce distinction.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *Gains* for *Grants*. I suspect we ought to read "a soldier, *from* his sword, Gains," &c. The meaning evidently is, "a soldier scarce *differs*, or *is distinguished*, from his sword"; but the language is harsh and obscure.

Act III., Scene 2.

P. 103. Of *Antony? O thou Arabian bird!* — The original has "*Oh* Antony." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 103. *Hoo! hearts, tongues*, figures, *scribes*, &c. — The original has *figure*. Hanmer's correction.

P. 104. *The fortress of it; for* far *better might we*
Have loved without this mean, &c. — So Capell and Walker. The original omits *far*. Hanmer inserted *much*. The words *far* and *for* are so much alike, that one of them might well drop out.

P. 105. *Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can*
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down-feather
Thus *stands upon the swell at full of tide*, &c. — The original has *That* instead of *Thus*, and "at *the* full of Tide." The latter was corrected in the second folio. The other is Walker's conjecture; and I the rather adopt it, because the original has a period after *tongue*.

P. 106. *What willingly he did confound he wail'd,*
Believe't, till I wept *too*. — So Theobald. The original has *weepe* instead of *wept*.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 109. *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,
Or did it from his teeth. — In the third of these lines, the original has *then* instead of *them*, and in the fourth *look't* instead of *took't*. The former correction is Rowe's, the latter Thirlby's.

P. 110. Sure, *the good gods will mock me presently,*
When I shall pray, &c. — So Dyce. The original lacks *Sure*. Steevens inserted *And*.

P. 110. *Better I were not yours*
Than yours *so branchless*. — So the second folio. The first has "Than *your*."

P. 111. *The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,*
Your *reconciler !* — So the second folio. The first has *You* instead of *Your*.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 112. *Then*, world, *thou* hast *a pair of chops, no more :*
And, throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one *the other*. — The original reads "Then *would* thou *hadst* a paire," and "They'le grinde the other." The former correction is Hanmer's, the latter Johnson's.

Act III., Scene 6.

P. 113. *His sons* he there *proclaim'd the* kings *of kings.* — The original reads "His Sonnes *hither* proclaimed the *King* of Kings." Corrected by Johnson and Rowe.

P. 114. *The ostentation of our love, which left unshown*
Is often felt *unloved.* — The original reads "Is often *left* unlov'd." Collier's second folio substitutes *held* for *left.* Singer proposed *felt*, as it consists of the same letters as *left*, and gives substantially the same sense as *held.* The passage is commonly so pointed as to make *which*, referring to *love*, the subject of *is felt;* whereas it should be the clause itself, — "which *being* left unshown," or "the leaving of which unshown."

P. 115. *Being an* obstruct *'tween his lust and him.* — The original has *abstract.* Warburton's correction.

P. 115. *Till we* perceivèd *both how you were* wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. — So Capell. The original reads "Till we *perceiv'd* both how you were *wrong led.*"

P. 116. *And the high gods,*
To do you justice, make them *ministers*
Of us and those that love you. — The original has "*makes his* Ministers." The correction is Capell's. Theobald reads "make *their* ministers."

Act III., Scene 7.

P. 117. Is't *not denounced 'gainst us? why should not we*
Be there in person? — So Rowe and Capell. The original has "*If* not, denounc'd against us, why should not we," &c. — The correction is approved by the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch: "Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he *proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra*, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman."

P. 117. *Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,*
What should not thence *be spared.* — So Walker. The original has *then* instead of *thence.*

P. 119. *I have* full *sixty sails, Cæsar none better.* — The original reads "I have sixty Sailes." The correction is Seymour's. Hanmer reads "*Why*, I have," &c.

Act III., Scene 10.

P. 122. *On our side like the token'd pestilence,*
Where death is sure. Yon ribald *nag of Egypt,*
Whom leprosy o'ertake, &c. — So Hanmer. The original has "Yon *ribaudred* Nagge." This damages the metre; and I cannot perceive the sense of *red* thus tagged on to *ribaud.* Nor is *ribaudred* met with anywhere else. Bishop Hall has *ribaldish*, and so I suspect the Poet wrote here. *Ribaud* is merely another spelling of *ribald.*

Act III., Scene 11.

P. 125. *Let* that *be left*
Which leaves itself. — The original has "let *them* be left."

P. 126. *Her head's declined, and death will* seize *her, but*
Your comfort make *the rescue.* — Instead of "will *seize* her," which is the reading of the second folio, the first has "will *cease* her." I strongly suspect that the latter ought to be retained, for the Poet repeatedly uses *cease* as a causative verb. See vol. viii. page 248, note 3. — The original has *makes* instead of *make.* As *but*, here, is clearly equivalent to *unless*, or the exceptive *but*, as it is called, there can be no doubt that *make* is right.

P. 127. *And thou shouldst* tow *me after: o'er my spirit*
Thy *full supremacy thou knew'st,* &c. — Instead of *tow* and *Thy*, the original has *stowe* and *The.* The first was corrected by Rowe, the other by Theobald.

P. 127. *My sword, made weak by my affection, would*
Obey it on all causes. — So Capell. The original has "on all *cause.*"

Act III., Scene 12.

P. 128. *I was of late as petty to his ends*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To the *grand sea.* — So Hanmer and Walker. The original reads "To *his* grand Sea."

P. 129. *From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,*
And in our name, what she requires; add more
Offers *from thine invention: women are not,* &c. — The original reads "adde more From thine invention, *offers.*" Various changes have been made or proposed; but the transposition of *offers* appears to me the simplest. When I first made it, I was not aware that Mr. White had proposed the same. Walker proposes "*and* more *Offer* from thine invention."

P. 129. *Try thy cunning,* Thyreus. — Here and elsewhere, the original has *Thidias.* Corrected by Theobald.

Act III., Scene 13.

P. 130. *What though you fled*
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow you? — So Pope. The original omits *you.*

P. 131. *I dare him therefore*
To lay his gay caparisons *apart,*
And answer me declined, &c. — So Pope. The original has *comparisons* instead of *caparisons.* See note on "The Thane of Cawdor 'gan a dismal conflict," &c., *Macbeth,* i. 2.

P. 131. *Against the blown rose may they stop their* noses
That kneel'd unto the buds. — So Walker. The original has *nose* instead of *noses.*

P. 132. *Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,*
Further than he is Cæsar. — The original reads "Further than he is *Cæsars.*" Corrected in the second folio.

P. 132. *He knows that you* embraced *not Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him. — The original has *embrace* instead of *embraced.* Capell's correction.

P. 133. *And put yourself under his shroud,* who is
The universal landlord. — So Collier's second folio. The original is without the words *who is,* thus leaving the line badly mutilated. Hanmer fills it up with *the great,* which is not nearly so good.

P. 133. *Say to great Cæsar this: In* deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: &c. — So Warburton and Collier's second folio. The original has *disputation.*

P. 135. *Bring him again:* this *Jack of Cæsar's shall*
Bear us an errand to him. — So Pope. The original has "*the* Jacke." A little before, we have "Take hence *this* Jack."

P. 135. *O misery on't! — the wise gods seel our eyes;*
In our own filth dark *our clear judgments; make us*
Adore our errors; &c. — The original has *drop* instead of *dark.* The correction is Lettsom's, who quotes from *Pericles,* iv., Gower's speech: "This so *darks* in Philoten all graceful marks." The use of to *dark* as a transitive verb, and in the sense of to *dim* or *obscure,* was not uncommon. The main difficulty with *drop* is, that *gods* cannot well be the subject of it, while it is obviously the subject both of *seel* and of *make.* To say that in our own vices the gods darken or blind our judgments, is good sense; but to say that in our own vices the gods drop our judgments, is neither sense nor English.

P. 137. *The next Cæsarion* smite! — The original has *smile* instead of *smite.* Hanmer's correction.

P. 137. *By the* discandying *of this pelleted storm,* &c. — The original has *discandering.* The correction is Thirlby's. See foot-note 19.

P. 139. *Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood*
The dove will peck the estridge. I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has "*and* I see still"; *and* being probably repeated by mistake from the line above.

P 139. *When valour preys* on *reason,*
It eats the sword it fights with. — The original has "preys *in* reason." Rowe's correction.

Act IV., Scene 1.

P. 140. *Cæsar,* we *must think,*
When one so great begins to rage, &c. — The original reads "Cæsar must thinke." Ritson proposed "Cæsar *needs* must think." But I prefer Walker's correction.

P 140 *Within our files there are,*
Of those that served Mark Antony of late,
Enough to fetch him in *See it* be *done.* — So Pope. The original reads "See it done."

Act IV., Scene 2.

P. 141. *Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —*
And *thou, — and thou, — and thou:* &c. — *And,* at the beginning of the second line, is wanting in the original. Inserted by Rowe, and, as Dyce says, "positively required."

P. 142. *That I might do you service*
So good as you've done me. — The original omits *me.* Walker asks, "Does not the sense imperatively require 'So good as you've done *me'?*"

P. 143. *You take me in too dolorous a sense:*
I spake t' you *for your comfort; did desire you,* &c — So Theobald and Walker. The original reads "*For* I spake *to you* for your comfort," &c.

Act IV., Scene 3.

P. 144. *'Tis the god Hercules,* who *Antony loved,*
Now leaves him. — So Collier's second folio. The original has

"*whom* Antony loved." The propriety of the change is evident. Rowe reads "*who* loved Antony."

Act iv., Scene 4.

P. 145. *Come*, my *good fellow, put* mine *iron on.* — The original reads "Come good Fellow, put *thine* iron on." But Antony has just called, "*mine* armour, Eros!" "Come, *my* good fellow" is Rowe's correction. A little after, Antony says, "See'st thou, *my* good fellow."

P. 145. Cleo. *Nay, I'll help too.*
What's this for?
Ant *Ah, let be, let be! thou art*
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. *Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.* — In the original this stands as follows:

> *Cleo.* Nay, Ile helpe too, *Antony.*
> What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
> The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
> Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

For this strange piece of jumble and confusion it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to account. The correction is partly Hanmer's, and partly Malone's.

P. 146. *He that unbuckles this, till we do please*
To daff't for our repose, shall hear *a storm.* — Collier's second folio changes *hear* to *bear*. Perhaps rightly.

P. 146. Capt. *The morn is fair.* — *Good morrow, general.* — The original prefixes "*Alex.*" to this speech. A very palpable error.

Act iv., Scene 5.

P. 147. Sold. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!* — To the first three speeches of the Soldier in this scene, the original prefixes "*Eros.*" But the speaker is evidently the same person who remonstrated with Antony against fighting at sea, in iii. 7. The correction is Thirlby's.

Act iv., Scene 6.

P. 149. *Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on*
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar, &c. — The original has *disswade;* which is proved to be wrong by the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch: "But he [Alexas] remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perswaded* him to turne to Cæsar." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 150. *I tell you true: best* that *you safed the bringer*
Out of the host. — The original omits *that.* Inserted by Steevens.

Act iv., Scene 8.

P. 152. *We've beat him to his camp. — Run one before,*
And let the Queen know of our gests. — The original has *guests.* The correction is Theobald's, "as Mr. Warburton likewise prescribes."

P. 152. *You've shown all Hectors.* Go,
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, &c. — So Walker. The original is without *Go.*

P. 154. *Trumpeters,*
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle *with our rattling tabourines;* &c. — Mr. P. A. Daniel says, "In third line, for *Make mingle*, read *Make't tingle;* that is, Make the city's ear tingle with our rattling tabourines." A very ingenious conjecture, and perhaps right. But is not Antony still addressing the trumpeters, and calling on them to *unite with* the drummers in raising a huge din?

Act iv., Scene 10.

P. 156. *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: mount we, then,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. — The words *mount we, then,* are not in the original, which has a gap in the text, so that no sense can be fairly made of it without some such addition. With those words, of course the meaning is, "let us mount the hills aforesaid." Various insertions have been made; such as *further on,* by Rowe; *hie we on,* by Capell; *let's seek a spot,* by Malone; *forward, now,* by Dyce; and *ascend we then,* by White. Of these, the last seems to me the best; and I should have adopted it, but that it overfills the verse.

Act iv., Scene 12.

P. 157. *Swallows have built*
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, — they cannot tell; &c. — The original has *Auguries.* The correction is Capell's.

P. 157. *The hearts*
That spaniel'd *me at heels, to whom I gave,* &c. — The original has *pannelled* instead of *spaniel'd.* Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 158. *For poor'st diminutives, for* doits. — So Warburton. The original has *Dolts* instead of *doits.*

P. 159. *To th' Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall*
Under this plot. — So Hanmer. The old text has "*young* Roman Boy." Dyce remarks of *young,* that "while it injures the metre, it adds nothing to the sense." Probably the Poet wrote *boy* as a substitute for *young,* and then both words got printed together. "Roman *boy*" conveys a sneer, which "*young* Roman" does not.

Act iv., Scene 14.

P. 162. *Unarm* me, *Eros; the long day's task is done,*
And we must sleep. — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original has "Unarme Eros."

P. 163. *Condemn myself to lack*
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells, &c. — The original has "lesse *Noble minde.*" Corrected by Rowe. Walker also says, "Read *less noble-minded.*"

P. 165. *I learn'd of thee. How! not* yet *dead? not dead?* —
The guard, ho! — *O, dispatch me!* — So Pope. The original omits *yet.* — Here, again, in the second line, the original has *how?* instead of *ho!*

Act iv., Scene 15.

P. 168. *O Sun,*
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying star *o' the world!* — The original has "The varrying *shore* o' th' world." — The correction is Staunton's, and a very happy one it is too. As the word was commonly written *starre*, it might easily be misprinted *shore. Star*, with some epithet, such as *moist* or *watery*, is repeatedly used by Shakespeare for the *Moon.* See foot-notes 1 and 2.

P. 168. *I'm dying, Egypt, dying; only* yet
I here importune death awhile, &c. — So Pope. The original is without *yet.*

P. 168. *I dare not, dear,* —
Dear my lord, pardon, pardon me, — *I dare not,*
Lest I be taken: &c. — The original reads "Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not." As the line is shockingly mutilated, several ways have been proposed for completing it. Theobald ends the previous line with "I dare not," and then reads "Dear, dear my lord, *your* pardon, *that* I dare not." I think the sense fully justifies the repetition of *pardon*, and that the simplest way of completing the verse is by inserting *me.*

P. 169. *And welcome, welcome! die* where *thou hast lived.* — The original has *when* instead of *where.* Corrected by Pope.

P. 170. *And do now not basely die,*
Nor *cowardly put off my helmet*, &c. — The original has *Not* instead of *Nor*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 171. *O, see, my women,*
The crown o' the Earth doth melt. — My lord! my lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war, &c. — So Walker. The second *my lord!* is not in the original. As Walker says, "surely the repetition is required."

P. 171. *No more but* e'en *a woman*, &c. — So Johnson and Capell. The original reads "No more but *in* a Woman."

Act v., Scene 1.

P. 173. *Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks* us by
The pauses that he makes. — The original reads "he mocks the pawses that he makes." Walker notes upon the passage thus: "Can a good sense be made out of the original reading? the play of words seems a very strong argument in its favour." But I do not see how it is possible to strain any sense at all out of the original reading. The words *us by* were inserted by Malone; and with that insertion a clear and fitting sense is gained at once, and the metre rectified at the same time.

P. 173. *The breaking of so great a thing should make*
A greater crack: the round-uproarèd *world*
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. — In the original, the second of these lines is shockingly mutilated, both in metre and in sense, thus: "A greater cracke. The round world." It is evident, I think, that *round* is no fitting epithet to *world* here, unless in combination with some other word; as round-encircling, round-convulsèd, or round-upheaving. Shakespeare elsewhere uses to *uproar* as a transitive verb, and in a sense well fitting the present place. Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures "A greater crack *in* the round world." With this change, *breaking* becomes the subject both of *should make* and of *should have shook;* which seems a rather harsh construction. See foot-note 2.

P. 174. Cæs. *Look you sad, friends?*
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings: and strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds. — The original makes this two speeches, the first ending with *kings*, and prefixes "*Dol.*" to the second. But Dolabella has just been sent away on special business by Cæsar. And so Theobald assigned the latter half of the speech to Agrippa. But surely, as Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests, it comes more fitly from Cæsar. To the next speech but one, also, the original prefixes "*Dola.*"

P. 174. *His taints and honours*
Waged *equal with him.* — Rowe and Collier's second folio substitutes *Weigh'd* for *Waged.* Rightly, I suspect. See, however, foot-note 5.

P. 175. *I must perforce*
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd *on thine.* — The original has *looke* instead of *look'd.* Hanmer's correction.

P. 175. *We'll hear him what he says.* — *Whence are you,* sir? — So Capell. The original lacks *sir.*

P. 176. *For Cæsar cannot* live
To be ungentle. — So Rowe and Southern. The original has *leave* instead of *live.* Tyrwhitt conjectured *learn,* which is preferred by some.

Act v., Scene 2.

P. 177. *Which sleeps, and never palates more the* dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's. — Warburton and Collier's second folio substitute *dug* for *dung,* — very injudiciously, I think; though Dyce adopts *dug,* and says in a note, "To me the word *nurse* is almost alone sufficient evidence that *dung* is a transcriber's or printer's mistake for *dug.*" But Cleopatra has never *palated* the *dug* since she was a baby; and the sense of the passage clearly requires some contemptuous word for the *common* supports of human life, as such, — the food that she has to palate every day. See foot-note 2.

P. 179. Gal. *You see how easily she may be surprised.* — Instead of "*Gal.*", the original here repeats "*Pro.*", the prefix to the preceding speech. Corrected by Malone.

P. 179. *Here* PROCULEIUS *and two of the* Guard *ascend*, &c. — The original has no stage-direction here; and this was made up by Malone from the narrative in North's Plutarch.

P. 181. *Rather on Nilus' mud*

Lay me stark-naked, and let water-flies

Blow me into abhorring. — The original has, "and let *the* water-Flies," &c.

P. 181. *And he hath sent for thee:* as *for the Queen,*

I'll take her to my guard. — So the second folio. The first omits *as*. Dyce and Walker read "And he hath sent *me* for thee: for the Queen," &c. I do not see but that the sense is the same in both readings.

P. 182. *For his bounty,*

There was no Winter in't; an Autumn *'twas*

That grew the more by reaping. — So Theobald. The original reads "An *Anthony* it was." Professor Corson contends stoutly for the old text. "If," says he, "'An Anthony it was' is not right, 'an autumn 'twas' is certainly wrong. It is too tame for the intensely impassioned speech in which it occurs, or, rather, into which it has been introduced by the editors. Again, if *autumn* could, by metonymy, be wrenched to mean the crops of autumn, it could hardly be said that an autumn *grows* the more by reaping. Now, could the 'less Greek' which, Ben Jonson tells us, Shakespeare possessed, have enabled him to see in *Anthony* the word *ἄνθος*? His Bounty had no winter in it; it was a mead of perennial luxuriance, affording a *flowering* pasturage (*Ἀνθόνομος*), and 'that grew the more by reaping.'"

But it appears that the old reading, with this explanation of it, if it have any meaning at all, must mean that Antony's bounty was a flower-*cropper*, or flower-*eater*, that grew the more by *eating*. I probably cannot do better than to leave the question in the hands of Mr. Joseph Crosby and Mr. James Spedding. The former, in a letter to me, justly

observes that "*ἀνθονόμος* does not mean *flower-producing*, but *flower-feeding* or *flower-consuming*. Νέμω is rather to *consume* than to *produce*, and Æschylus uses *ἀνθονομέω* in the sense of to feed on flowers. So *ἀνθονόμος*, while it would be a very good epithet for a bee, seems to me a poor one for the open-handed bounty so glowingly pictured by Cleopatra; indeed, if I am right in my construction of the word, would make it imply the very reverse of what she intended." After the above was written, the following from Mr. Spedding appeared in *Notes and Queries*, April 18, 1874: "I cannot understand Prof. Corson's objection to *Autumn*. In the cursive black-letter hand of the time, *Autumn* might easily be written so as to be hardly distinguishable from *Antonie*, and surely it makes better sense and better poetry. I should instance it as one of the noblest, boldest, and liveliest images in poetry. 'An Autumn that grew the more by reaping,' — that, the more you took of its harvests, the more there remained to take, — is surely as great an image of 'bounty' as the mind in its most impassioned state ever created. As for the difficulty of understanding by Autumn the crops of Autumn, how is it more difficult than to understand by 'Winter' the absence of crops. And what are we to come to? Instead of allowing Tennyson to say, — 'To strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,' — we shall have to ask him to print *Sprigs* for *Spring*. As for the amount of Shakespeare's Greek, of which he has left us no means of judging, the difficulty is to understand how he could have had Greek enough to know that *ἄνθος* meant a flower without knowing also that *Anthony* could *not* mean a pasture of flowers; and not only could not really mean it, but could not, by any process of association, legitimate or illegitimate, suggest the image to an Englishman."

P. 183. *But, if there be*, or *ever were, one such,*
It's past the size of dreaming: &c. — The original has *nor* instead of *or*. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 183. *But I do feel,*
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root. — The original has *suites* for *smites*. Capell's correction, but conjectured independently by Tyrwhitt and others. Pope reads *shoots*.