A NEW VARIORUM EDITION

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

THE TRAGEDIE OF

ANTHONIE, AND CLEOPATRA

PHILADELPHIA
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IN MEMORIAM
PREFACE

It must be a source of gratification to all lovers of SHAKESPEARE that the discussion in regard to the superiority of this or that Text is gradually declining, and that what, in the time of our forebears, was a furious ebullition, is now subsiding into a gentle simmer, whereof the murmur is soothing rather than exciting. It must be acknowledged, however, that the flames burned about certain plays more fiercely than about others. And it was those 'stolne and surreptitious copies,' the Quartos, that supplied the fuel. Undoubtedly, the Quartos have at times yielded valuable assistance,—notably in Hamlet and in Richard the Third,—more emphatically, however, in supplying deficiencies than in elucidating the Text. As to the Text, it is doubtful that any very pronounced superiority can be observed in those plays whereof we have Quartos over those whereof we have none. There have been times, I confess, in this present play, when I have been tempted to sigh for a Quarto; but the sigh has been stifled by the reflection that, in all probability, instead of one point of discussion, we should then have several points, and that there would always be disputants ready to cast up to the Quarto the stigma of its birth and refuse to accept its testimony. Wherefore, in scanning the whole horizon, I have concluded that mankind is, in general, happier under the grey authority of the Folio, and of the Folio alone, which is nearer to SHAKESPEARE than a stolen Quarto, and that

'Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.'

In this present play of Anthony and Cleopatra it is the Folio that, I must say happily, furnishes our sole Text. There is, to be sure, an entry in the Stationers' Registers which warrants the supposition that a Quarto, if it did not actually appear, was at least in contemplation. There are two entries on the 20th of May, 1608, and they are as follows: *

Edward Blount
Entred for his copie vnder the andes of Sir
George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton
A booke called. The booke of Pericles prynce
of Tyre

Edward Blunt
Entred also for his copie by the lyke Authoritie.
A booke Called Anthony. and Cleopatra

Shakespeare's name is not mentioned; these entries are supposed,
however, to refer to his Plays. In neither case was the 'booke,' so
far as we know, in print. Edward Blount did not publish Pericles
by itself in that year, nor in any year; it was printed by Henry
Gosson in 1609. And Anthony and Cleopatra was not printed sepa-
ately, so far as we know, by anybody in any year. There still remains
the possibility that it was printed; and it may even yet be discovered,
der under dust and grime, to become the prize of unscholarly wealth.

For the present play the sole Text that is come down to us is,
therefore, that of the Folio of 1623, which, in the following pages, is
reproduced with all the fidelity which unwearied pains can bestow.

It is not generally realised, I think, to what an extent this First Folio
survives in all our texts, and how little, how very little, it varies, save
in spelling and in stage-directions, from the most popular texts of the
present day. We have heard so much of the 'corruption of the old
'texts,' of the labour expended, and of the eminent critical ability
demanded, to render them intelligible, that these original texts are
come to be regarded as sealed books to all but the most learned eyes;
and should they be divested of the emendations of the critics, it would
be labour lost to attempt to understand them. It may be, perhaps, worth
the while to examine how far editors and critics have amended Shake-
spere's language so as to fit it for our comprehension. The present
is the longest of Shakespeare's Plays,—it lacks but thirty-six lines of
four thousand.* Taking as a guide the Cambridge Shakespeare,
edited by Dr W. Aldis Wright, which is accepted the world over as
the standard modernised Text, and examining its Footnotes, we shall find
that, after omitting stage-directions, metrical divisions of lines, mere
punctuation, and inmomeints changes of spelling, the original text of
this play in the Four Folios has been set aside and emendations by
editors or critics adopted in sixty instances;† I am aware that there
is not in this calculation the nice accuracy of an astronomical problem,
in that the omission of punctuation, which at times makes the difference
between sense and nonsense, may be censured as ill-advised; yet, mak-

* The number is given as 3964 on p. 354, Shakspere Society's Transactions for
1874.
† This list is given in the Appendix, p. 598.
ing all allowances, nay, doubling sixty and calling it a hundred and twenty, there still remain three thousand eight hundred and odd lines of this play which come to us exactly as Shakespeare's printers have transmitted them, excepting a difference in spelling which would not trouble a school-boy withal. Furthermore, there is to be learned from this a second lesson, to be deeply conned by all who would airily undertake now-a-days to 'amend Shakespeare.' With the exception of a conversion by Dyce of a 'how!' into a ho!; of a change by Steevens of 'was' into vast; of a change by Malone of a long f into an f,—with the exception of these few alterations, I repeat, there has not been admitted into this standard Text of the Cambridge Edition a single emendation of a date later than Dr Johnson's edition in 1765. Be it noted, in passing, that of these sixty emendations that have taken their place in the Text, Theobald contributed sixteen,—nearly twice as many as those contributed by Rowe, who stands next in rank, with nine.

From what has just been said, it is, I think, manifest that the Text of the First Folio, with its three successors, is, in the present play, even better than we should expect, in view of the times and circumstances in which it was printed. Nay, it may be deemed especially good when we consider the terse, condensed style into which Shakespeare's thoughts seem to solidify at impassioned moments. Of course, there are here and there inexplicable words and phrases, mistakes of the eye and ear on the part of the compositors; but then, is there a play of Shakespeare where these are not? They are to be expected when an author has never seen the proof-sheets. We should be grateful that there are not more. And inasmuch as these textual puzzles are, generally, single words, such as 'Arme-gaunt,' * 'ribaudred,' † etc., which hardly affect the sense, and would pass unheeded were they heard from the stage, we need not be greatly cast down when they occur. In sooth, I think that they supply a certain charm; they give the imagination play. What an imposing grandeur is imparted to Anthony's deportment when we learn that 'he soberly did mount an arme-gaunt steeede'! What image of panoplied gauntness is there here lacking? And that Anthony could 'soberly' mount this hippocriff betokens a serenity of mind that of itself ranks him with the gods. Ah, no; give me Caliban's 'scammels,' and Anthony's 'arme-gaunt steeede.' If arm-gaunt be not the true word, I think Shakespeare's Shade must be grateful to the printers for having supplied its place with one so suggestive.

In connection with the subject of the Text, I trust that I may be pardoned for here mentioning a matter that is, in the main, personal.

* Act I, sc. v, line 56. † Act III, sc. x, line 17.
PREFACE

In the Preface to Love's Labour's Lost I set forth at some length the reasons for my belief that the compositors followed the voice of a reader, and closed my remarks with the assertion that 'if this surmise of mine be a fact, it is fatal to emendations founded on the ductus litterarum.' For this assertion I was gently taken to task by a critic,* who remarked that I seemed 'to forget that the compositor's reader, if not the compositor himself, must still have used his eyes, and so must have been liable to the same kind of mistake as was made at times by the compositor when he set directly from written copy.' I now wish to state that, in this particular regard, of the ductus litterarum, my critic is entirely right, and that I was entirely wrong. Be it understood that my faith remains unshaken in the belief that certain misprints are due to the misapprehension by the compositor of the words uttered by his reader. That there are many of these misprints has long been recognized; Malone attributed them to transcribers, Steevens surmised that they were possibly due to transcriptions of the plays taken down by shorthand during a performance. All that I contend for is that they are due to the practice of reading the copy aloud to the compositor,—a practice which we now know obtained in early printing offices. The following is a List of some of these errors of the ear in the present play. The Text of the First Folio reads:

'To such whose places vnder vs.' for 'To such whose place is under us.'

I, ii, 219.

'Thannoniad.'

III, x, 6.

'Mine Nightingale.'

IV, viii, 24.

'A tower'd Cittadell.'

IV, xiv, 6.

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‘Unarme Eros.’ for ‘Unarm me Eros.’ IV, xiv, 45.
‘No more but in a Woman.’ ‘No more but e’en a Woman.’
IV, xv, 93.

We are at times inclined to criticise our German brothers for translating the names, occasionally historic, which Shakespeare has given to his characters. Thus, in German translations, ‘Hotspur’ becomes Haussporn, ‘Mistress Quickly’ appears as Frau Hurtig, and ‘Juliet’ is styled Julia, and so forth. But it appears that this criticism should cease, or at least be measurably abated. For do not we, ourselves, here in Anthony and Cleopatra, fall under the same condemnation? In the Twelfth Scene of the Third Act Caesar addresses by name one of his followers, ‘Thidias,’ and bids him go to Cleopatra and try by bribery to win her from Anthony. In the next Scene the stage-direction reads ‘Enter Thidias.’ He has his interview, and, during it, Cleopatra asks him his name. ‘My name,’ he replies, ‘is Thidias.’ Anthony enters, and in his ungovernable fury at the sight of Caesar’s ambassador kissing Cleopatra’s hand, orders a servant to tug him away to be whipt, and the stage-direction follows, ‘Exeunt with Thidias.’ When, after the whipping, the servant brings back the ambassador, the stage-direction reads, ‘Enter a Servant with Thidias’; and at the conclusion of the interview we have ‘Exit Thid.’ It is hardly possible to have a name more clearly indicated; there is no misspelling, but the name is consistently, and clearly, and uniformly spelt ‘Thidias,’ with one trifling variation, Thidius. And yet Theobald as consistently, as clearly, and as uniformly changed it to Thyreus! and has been herein followed by every editor since his day. Shakespeare in his nomenclature was, as in all things else, exquisite; the smoothness or the befitting harshness of his names is a quality which differentiates him from other dramatists of his time. For certain reasons (did he ever do anything without reason?) he chose the name ‘Thidias.’ For a certain reason Theobald, and every modern editor acquiescing, changes ‘Thidias’ to Thyreus. Theobald’s reason, forsooth, was that he found in North’s translation of Plutarch the name of Caesar’s ambassador to be Thyreus, and, therefore, concluding that Shakespeare had blundered, incontinently converted Shakespeare’s own chosen name ‘Thidias’ into Thyreus.

A similar treatment has been dealt to ‘Camidius,’ whose name has been changed to Canidius. Here, however, the liberty is not so flagrant. The spelling in the Folio is not quite as uniform as it is in the case of ‘Thidias’; it is in one instance spelt ‘Camidias’* and in

* Act III, sc. vii, line 24.
another 'Camindius.'* 'Camidius' might possibly have been Canidius misread or misheard. But no such excuse can be urged for Thyreus.

A moral to be drawn from such liberties with the Text is that possibly we may scrutinize too closely the sources whence Shakespeare drew his plots, especially in the Historical Plays. We learn too much, and bring our knowledge to the interpretation of the plays. It is possible that, thus biased, our judgement becomes warped, and we read into a character somewhat that Shakespeare may not, possibly, have intended. It seems to me that we should accept these plays with our mind the proverbial tabula rasa, whence every previous record has been wiped away, and all the light we have comes, untinted, direct from Shakespeare. In the present play I think two characters, at least, have suffered from this extrinsic knowledge on our part: Caesar is one and Cleopatra,—yes, even Cleopatra,—is another. All that Caesar says or does we regard as said or done by the Caesar whom we have known aforetime. We shut our eyes to noble traits which Shakespeare offers us, and open them only on the crafty image of our school-days. Throughout the play, I believe Shakespeare intends us to accept Caesar's love for Anthony as perfectly sincere and very deep-seated. Witness the Scene where Caesar learns of Anthony's personal challenge and of his brutal conduct in having Caesar's own ambassador most disgracefully whipt. With justifiable heat Caesar breaks out, and calls Anthony 'that old Ruffian'; but as he leaves, after giving instructions for the disposition of his army, a flood of memories of old days comes over him, recalling the echoes of Anthony's sole voice which drove Julius Caesar's murderers in a mad gallop from Rome, and when Anthony had been to him as a protecting elder brother,—and with ineffable pity he sighs forth 'Poor Anthony!' That man is not to be envied who can read this without emotion. From no cold, calculating heart did that bitter sigh break forth. Even Caesar's affection for his 'dearest sister,' as he names her, has been questioned; and the very fervour of his expressions of love, as she stands pitifully before him after she has been deserted by Anthony, has been cast up to him as a proof of his insincerity. When, as Anthony's bride, Octavia bade farewell to her brother, all the number of the stars had been invoked to give light to her fair way. She returns a solitary, unattended, deserted wife. If ever there were a time when a brother should lavish on a sister all the treasure of his fondest love, surely it was then. What end could be gained in such an hour by 'insincerity'? Would not Octavia have detected an insincere ring in her brother's words instantly?

* Act IV, sc. vi, line 20.
On Caesar's first appearance, when Shakespeare so frequently gives us the key to a character, he rehearses with bitterness all Anthony's misdoings in Egypt, and yet before the Scene closes, as though to show how genuinely he loved Anthony, and how true he was to his own fine nature, he recalls with fervour what a grand, noble soldier Anthony was, what bitter hardships he had borne upon the march, and while sharing the lowest lot of the commonest of the host, had even drank the gilded pudding that beasts would cough at. And with what anguish wrung from his heart of heart does Caesar hear of Anthony's death! His first words are almost of self-reproach, as if he himself had partly been the cause, 'Oh, Anthony, I have followed thee to this!' and then, with 'tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,' he calls him

'my Brother, my Competitor

'In top of all design, my mate in empire,
'Friend and Companion in the front of War,
'The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
'Where mine his thoughts did kindle.'

And yet we are told that this man was cold, crafty, and self-seeking, and that these words were uttered for effect! Much learning has made us mad!

Moreover, does it not injure the tragedy as a work of art that the Power, representing Justice, which is to crush Anthony should be of a character no more elevated than Anthony's own? Anthony deserved to be crushed; he was false to what he knew to be right. But should not the Power that punishes him be more exalted than he? 'He who 'the sword of Heaven would bear Should be as holy as severe.' A man who is pure craft and selfishness ought not to be entrusted with the sword of Heaven.

Even with more reason than in Caesar's character, is it necessary that we should accept Cleopatra, at Shakespeare's hands, with minds unbiased by history. We should know no more of her than what we hear on the stage. Of her past, of her salad days, we should know nothing but what we are told. The first words that she and Anthony utter tell of boundless, illimitable love, and this love is maintained to the last throb of life in each of them. Although Cleopatra then says that she'll set a bourne how far to be beloved, and Anthony replies that then she must needs find out a new heaven and a new earth, yet it is not Anthony, but Cleopatra, who sets no bourne to it. Twice Anthony touches this bourne, and twice Cleopatra surmounts and spurns it. Never does Cleopatra waver in her wild and passionate love for Anthony. Even in the Scene with Caesar's ambassador, Thidias, who comes to Cleopatra with overtures of peace and favour on condition that she will give
up Anthony, we knowing ones, crammed with history as pigeons are with peas, tip each other the wink and lay our fingers on our shrewd noses at Cleopatra's evident treachery when she sends word that she kisses Caesar's conquering hand, and kneels, with her crown, at his feet. But those who read the Queen only by the light thrown by Shakespeare, see clearly enough that at this lowest ebb of Anthony's fortunes this was the only course she could prudently take; to gain time for her she must temporise with Caesar. And when Anthony surprises Thidias kissing her hand and rages 'like a thousand hurricanes,' she patiently waits until the tumult of the earth and skies abates, and then calmly asks, 'Not know me yet?' Are we blind that we do not see that Shakespeare here means to show that Cleopatra has been throughout as true as steel to Anthony, 'her mailèd Captain,' and that her protest that, if she be cold-hearted toward him, let heaven 'the next Caesarion smite,' is as sincere as it is tender and pathetic. From this deep, enduring, passionate love she never swerves, and in the very last moments of life she calls to Anthony, 'Husband, I come,' thus sanctifying her love by the holiest of bonds. In accepting her right to claim this relationship our hearts bow down before Shakespeare, not Plutarch. In this expression I find the loftiest note in the tragedy. Amid the 'infinite variety' which was hers, the love for Anthony burned with the unflinching flame of wisely devotion.

It is not until night the close that we are shown, in the 'dream' which Cleopatra told to Dolabella, the qualities of the god-like Anthony which had won and kept the Egyptian Queen's heart. On the other hand, the fascination wherewith Cleopatra enslaved Anthony is revealed to us early in the play, and is the key-note of her character. [Footnote: Enobarbus (who herein fulfills the office of a Greek Chorus, like the Fool in Lear, and, to a lesser degree, Feste in Twelfth Night) says of Cleopatra, in words that are become imbedded in the language,

'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
'Her infinite variety.'

It is the irresistible potency of this infinite variety which, in the very first Scene, Anthony avows, when he exclaims,

'Fie wrangling queen;
'Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
'To weep; whose every passion fully strives
'To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.'

When Mrs Jameson remarks that Anthony's love for Cleopatra is that 'of a man declined in years for a woman very much younger than himself,' was it necessary to restrict the infatuation to declining years? Does manhood, however long its span, hold a single year when subjec-
tion to the highest earthly ideal is not most welcome, and when the
privilege would not be eagerly claimed, of echoing Anthony’s
‘O’er my spirit
‘The full supremacy thou knew’st; and that
‘Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
‘Command me’?

One Scene there is, however, which must, I think, severely grate every
reader. It is the Scene,—the last of all,—where Cleopatra falls into a
towering rage with her Treasurer, Seleucus, for his honesty in refusing
to countenance the dishonesty of her brief of all she is possessed
of, in money, plate, and jewels. That she should descend to low,
unqueenly dishonesty is sordid enough, but that she should attempt,
while showering opprobrious epithets on her Treasurer, to scratch out
his very eyes with her nails is a lower depth to which no admiration,
however ardent, can follow her. Of course, ingenuity has been taxed
to find excuses for her. We accept her own feeble attempts at apology,
and sadly acknowledge, the while, that it is the last flickering of her
tempestuous, ungoverned temper which once more flames up, through
the ‘ashes of her chance,’ before it dies down for ever,—and the excuse
is inadequate enough.

It was reserved to Adolf Stahr, the learned German historian of
Cleopatra, so to interpret this Scene as to convert our humiliation into
approval. Be it remembered that Cleopatra’s last words, as Anthony’s
death body is borne away, are

‘Ah, women, women! Come we have no friend
‘But resolution, and the briefest end!’

And from this resolution to compass the briefest end, she never for one
minute departs. Before she could even begin her plans she was taken
prisoner, and her scheme for procuring an asp demanded the closest
secrecy. What she had most to fear was that Cæsar should get some
inkling of her design. It was, therefore, of the very highest importance
that Cæsar’s mind should be utterly disabused of any suspicion of
her suicidal intent, and that, instead thereof, he should be firmly con-
vinced, not only that she intended to live, but that she was becom-
ing reconciled to the thought of going to Rome. To give Cæsar a list
of her possessions was obligatory; but what proof that she intended
to live could Cæsar have greater than the withholding, from her list,
treasure sufficient to maintain her hereafter in regal state? This whole
Scene, then, with Seleucus was pre-arranged in order to deceive Cæsar.
The rage, the fury, the virago were all assumed. One exquisite touch
there is which must have extinguished, in Cæsar’s mind, the last spark
of suspicion that she intended to destroy herself. In pleading her excuse for thus retaining some of her treasure, she slights to the uttermost its value, calling it 'inmment toys,' 'lady trifles,' etc., and then with infinite cunning she refers to 'some nobler token' which she had kept apart 'for Livia and Octavia' as a friendly greeting,—in Rome, of course. In this last of all her encounters Cleopatra triumphed, and Caesar was the ass unpolicyed.

Of course, as is known to every one who has studied the play, Shakespeare derived this Scene with Seleucus from North's translation of Plutarch, and has here and there used North's very words and phrases, even to the gifts which Cleopatra intended to give Octavia and Livia, and, moreover, Plutarch says that Caesar was 'glad to hear her 'say so, persuading himself thereby that she yet had a desire to save 'her life.' All that is claimed for Stahr's interpretation is the suggestion that the display of honesty by Seleucus, and Cleopatra's violent behaviour, had been pre-arranged between the two for effect. If Caesar was deceived by it, the guile becomes finer by its having deceived even Plutarch.

Coleridge says that this play should be perused in mental contrast with Romeo and Juliet,—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. It is with unfeigned regret that I dissent from our finest Shakespeare critic,—not on the score of the contrast between these two tragedies, but that this play is one involving the love of passion and appetite. Where in the play is there any proof of it? Where is there any scene of passion? Where is there a word which, had it been addressed by a husband to a wife, we should not approve? And because they were not married is that love to be changed at once into sensuality? Has there not been, in our own day, a well-known union, unblessed by the Church, which was founded solely on the intellect? Is wandering through the streets and noting the quality of the people sensual? Is fishing sensual? Is teasing past endurance sensual? Such are the glimpses that we get into the common life of this 'sensual' pair. If these pastimes be sensual, then are tennis and cricket sensual. All the extravagant terms of love, such as the demi-Atlas of the world, the paragon of men, the great Fairy, and so forth, cannot turn love into passion and appetite. When Cleopatra asks for 'music, moody food of us that trade in love,' * she has no thought of trafficking, mercenary love; such love demands no music to sustain it. She and Orsino, in Twelfth Night, were fellow-traders in love. With them, Love was the sole thought, the business

* Act II, sc. v, line 1.
of their lives, as it is with all true lovers. Was it not Cleopatra's 'infinite variety' that enthralled and held Anthony's heart? His love for her was not of the senses; for, be it remembered, Cleopatra was not beautiful; she had no physical allurements; but she could laugh Anthony out of patience and then laugh him into patience, and dress him up in women's clothes and laugh consumedly at him. And he never knew at what instant her mood would change from imperial scorn to humble, irresistible tenderness. These are some of the charms of infinite variety which are attractive to a man whose grey hairs do something mingle with the brown.

If we read it aright, the whole of the Fifth Act is a vindication of Cleopatra. The very first words in it from her lips reveal the change which Anthony's death had wrought:

' My desolation does begin to make
' A better life.'

And this better life reveals to her that greatness is merely relative,—that true greatness consists in rising so superior to life that life can be cast off with indifference,—

' To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
' Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change.'

From now on, to her last hour, her resolution never falters. Of course, she wishes to make the best terms for her children, and it is of importance to know how Caesar proposes to treat her. If he is to leave her in Egypt her plans can be completed at will after his departure, but if he is to send her to Rome immediately, no time is to be lost. But before she has any interview with Caesar, she describes to Dolabella, under the guise of a dream, the proportions and qualities of the man she worshipped as Anthony. Every word springs to her lips, hot from the heart. We see her rapt, upturned gaze, and mark the sensitive, quivering mouth as she describes the man whom she adored:

' His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
' A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
' The little O, the earth.
' His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
' Crested the world; his voice was propertied
' As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
' But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
' He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty
' There was no winter in't; an Anthony it was
' That grew the more by reaping.'

Where in this description is there a trace of 'passion or appetite' or 'sensuality'? It is cruel to ask the question. But to those who ascribe
to her love these debasing qualities it is right that the question should be brought home.

That the student may have close at hand every facility for the study of this play, there is reprinted in the Appendix Dryden's All for Love, the only tragedy with the loves of Anthony and Cleopatra as its theme that deserves to stand in the neighborhood of Shakespeare. None of Dryden's other plays attained a popularity as great as this; for full eighty years, from 1678 to 1759, it usurped Shakespeare's tragedy on the stage; and, indeed, in these latter days came perilously and incomprehensibly near to shaking the allegiance of Sir Walter Scott. It is an admirable play, and is decried only by those who have never read it as attentively as it deserves. Dryden's own opinion of it, or at least of one Scene, and his aim throughout, in its composition, are contained in its Preface. It is followed, in the Appendix, by certain criticisms of it by those whose opinions are worthy of all respect. Dryden has been censured for bringing together Octavia and Cleopatra, and their interview has been characterised,—unworthily, it seems to me,—as a 'scolding match.' Octavia is, perhaps, a little less queenly than Cleopatra, but both are as dignified as were, probably, any high-born women whom Dryden had ever seen. One retort there is of Cleopatra which would hardly discredit Shakespeare. In the Third Act Octavia enters, and boldly addresses Cleopatra:

'I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,
    Your haughty carriage——

    Cleopatra.     Shows I am a queen.
    Nor need I ask who you are.
    Octavia.      A Roman.

A name that makes and can unmake a queen.

    Cleopatra.     Your Lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.'

It would not be easy, I think, to parallel the neatness of this stab. It is almost incomprehensible that Dryden should have brought himself to depict a Cleopatra so utterly unlike the Cleopatra of him, whom, in his Preface, he styled divine. He failed, apparently completely, to understand or appreciate Shakespeare's Egyptian Queen. Had he caught but a glimpse of that Queen he could not, one would think, present a Cleopatra, who describes herself as

' a silly harmless household dove,

' Fond without art, and kind without deceit.'

There is no department within the scope of these volumes which is to me more unsatisfactory and more unremunerative than that which
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deals with Actors. If the fame of Actors be transitory, rarely surviving the living presence, the fault lies in the lack of befitting memorials; the details of their acting are not adequately recorded. Emotional impressions we have in abundance. But these are worthless as far as transmitting any definite conception of the actor's art is concerned. Possibly, during the actor's lifetime and while still before the public, these effusions may serve as advertisements; when a man, learned and literary, acknowledges publicly, in print, that he has been thrilled, of course we all wish to experience the same emotion and flock to the theatre for that purpose. But the future fame of the actor has been no whit advanced. What definite idea is conveyed to us when we read that in such or such a part Garrick was 'most impressive,' or that Kean was 'superbly grand,' or that Mrs Siddons was 'ineffably tragic'? What we want to know are the emphasis, and the accent of words and phrases, the pauses, the gesticulation, the expression, and, in addition, what is technically known as 'stage business.' Without explicit information on such points, honest old Downes's descriptions are as satisfactory as the most elaborate impressions, when he observes that 'Mr Dogget was very aspectabund,' or that Mr Booth was 'of form venust,' or that Mr Estcourt could 'laetificate his audience.' When Gardiner in his Music of Nature * gives, in musical notation, the fluctuations and emphasis of Kean's voice in certain sentences, he does more to transmit the great actor, as a living presence, to succeeding generations than folios of emotional impressions. When Lady Martin in her Female Characters in Shakespeare (the finest interpretations that have ever been written, in my humble opinion) confides to us her own feelings at every moment, when she herself was the veritable Hermione, or Portia, or Rosalind, she places on record, not alone the scope of her own transcendent gifts, but also an illuminating guide for all time to both actors and public.

Of all the stories that History has transmitted, none possesses, it would appear, such universal interest as a theme for dramatic tragedy as the loves of Anthony and Cleopatra. In proof of this pre-eminence it is noteworthy that in the Dramatic Literatures of both France and Germany, this story is the subject of the earliest tragedy. Cleopatre Captive by Estienne Jodelle, in 1552, is chronologically the first French tragedy, and Cleopatra by Daniel Casper, in 1661, is the first German. And in each country there have been successive versions, down to Mad. de Girardin's, in 1847, and Dingelstedt's, in 1878.

* See Merchant of Venice, p. 380, of this edition.
In the belief that a comparison of the varied treatment of this theme would prove to others as interesting as it has proved to myself, I have given, in the Appendix, brief abstracts of about twenty Versions; not, be it understood, adaptations to the stage of Shakespeare's play, but distinct treatments of the same tragic fable. I have not included those dramas which portray Cleopatra's life before she met Anthony, such as Corneille's Pompée, Cibber's Caesar in Egypt, etc. I have made an exception, however, in favour of The False One, by Beaumont and Fletcher. This drama is referred to so constantly in connection with Shakespeare's play, that, in an edition like the present, it could not well be passed over in silence. A glance at the following list of Versions, whereof abstracts are given in the Appendix, will show how ever present in the minds of men have been these immortal loves of Anthony and Cleopatra: Jodelle, 1552; Garnier, 1578; Cinthio, 1583; Daniel, 1594; May, 1654; Delfino, 1664; Casper, 1661; Sedley, 1677; Dryden, 1678; de la Chapelle, 1683; Boistel, 1743; Marmontel, 1750; Alfieri, 1775; Brooke, 1778; Ayrenhoff, 1783; von Soden, 1793; Kotzebue, 1801; Le Citoyen, S. D. M. An. XI.—1803; Soumet, 1825; Mad. de Girardin, 1847; G. Conrad (Prince George of Prussia), 1868; and Dingelstedt, 1878.

These are not all. There are several others, described by Dr Georg Hermann Moeller,* but I have been unable to procure them, and have deemed the foregoing assuredly sufficient.

None of these Versions reveals any decided influence of Shakespeare; occasionally, there are similarities or parallelisms, which may be traced, however, to Plutarch, the source common to all. This assertion should be qualified, perhaps, in two instances where Shakespeare is openly followed up to a certain point, and then there occurs a wide divergence; one is by Henry Brooke, the author of The Fool of Quality, who introduces the two children of Anthony, and Ptolemy, Cleopatra's brother; and the other is by Dingelstedt, who represents Cleopatra's love for Anthony as turned into fiendish hate by the whipping of 'Thyreus.'

In describing these Versions my aim has been to set forth the dramatist's conception of the character of Cleopatra, and I have, therefore, translated chiefly what relates to her. In Anthony's character there is little variety; his vacillation has been interpreted as weakness, and this weakness has been converted into tameness, wherein there is nothing respectable or lovable. In Boistel, however, we find an exception. His Anthony is aware of his own vacillation, and, to pre-

* Auffassung der Cleopatra in der Tragedienliteratur, etc., Ulm, 1888,—to which I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness in obtaining a list of the Versions.
clude all chance of change, openly proclaims before his army that he repudiates Octavia, and that Cleopatra is his wife and their sovereign queen.

The 'infinite variety' which lies in Shakespeare's Cleopatra seems to have invaded the conception of her character by the various dramatists. This conception ranges from a beatification, with a benignity which enfolds even Octavia, to a blood-thirsty ferocity, which, in one instance, attempts to assassinate Antony, and, in another, does actually kill Octavia. Sufficient praise is not, I think, awarded to Jodelle, whose Cleopatra is really touching in her simple misery, and in the plaintive confessions of her many sins. In one regard his Version is certainly noteworthy; although he was trammeled by the necessity of following Seneca, he was, nevertheless, sufficiently keen-sighted to appreciate the characteristic treatment of Seleucus by his heroine and, in defiance of all staid Senecan rule, dared to reproduce her transports of fury in the Scene with him, and to portray her attempts to wreak personal vengeance. Herein, for boldness and breadth, he transcends all his long line of successors except poor Citoyen S. D. M[orgues], who, after the First Act, follows Plutarch so slavishly, with one or two noteworthy exceptions, that he seems to have inserted this Scene with Seleucus by mere force of habit. When we recall the year in which Jodelle's Cleopatra was written,—in the earliest infancy of the modern drama,—our admiration must be kindled afresh for a work so worthy of a French Plàiade.

As much cannot be said, it is to be feared, of the earliest offspring of the German tragic Muse, the prodigious bantling of Daniel Casper von Lohenstein, which extends to over four thousand lines of rhymed Alexandrines. Casper's knowledge of the Egyptian religion, with its elaborate burial rites, was, for his day, profound, and, in Cleopatra's zealous and business-like preparations for embalming the deceased Anthony, Casper found a truly delightful field for its display. Cleopatra's minute instructions to Iiras as to the extraction of the hero's brains shall not be repeated here,—it is enough that it has been printed once, and for all, in the Appendix. For Marmontel's extremely weak and juvenile version, it is said that the celebrated Vaucanson made an automatic aspic which imitated the movements and the hissing of a living one. It was forbidden, at that time, to hiss in the theatre, and soldiers were actually placed on guard to see that the order was rigidly obeyed. When the aspic darted at Cleopatra's breast it hissed loudly. As the curtain fell, a man in the audience asked his neighbour what he thought of the play, and received in reply, 'Je suis de l'avis de l'aspic!' The mot spread and did much to kill the play.
xx

PREFACE

In reviewing these Versions there rise in my memory three that possess a surpassing charm: DELFINO's, wherein the cold-blooded, austere Octavius is converted into a warm-blooded Italian lover and the timid, repentant Cleopatra basks for a few short hours in the warmth of his love; secondly, Madame de Girardin's, which is pervaded by an Egyptian atmosphere, and where the intellectual side of Cleopatra's character is emphasised, and where the sight of Octavia awakens in the Egyptian Queen, for the first time, a recognition of the nobleness of virtue; and, lastly, CONRAD's, where the poetry of life and of art and of love, personified in Cleopatra, comes into collision with the harsh, granitic prose of common life, as represented in Octavius,—where poesy is crushed, and youth with its enthusiasms, represented in Dolabella, expires on her lifeless body.

Apart from the interest awakened on their own account by these Versions, may there not spring from reading them a delight, keener and more triumphant, in seeing how immeasurably SHAKESPEARE has surpassed them all? In other lands and in other tongues tragedy after tragedy on this theme has been written, and may still be written, but, for those whose mother-tongue is English, the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra has been written once and for all time.

H. H. F.

AUGUST, 1907.
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA
Dramatis Personæ

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæsar.
Lepidus.

1. First given by Rowe. Persius et seq. (subsc.)
2, 3, 4. Marked as Triumvirs, Cap.

3. Octavius Cæsar | L. Schmitz (Smith, Dictionary, s. v.): Augustus, the first
Emperor of the Roman Empire, was born B.C. 63; his grandmother was Julia, Julius
Cæsar’s sister; he was, therefore, Cæsar’s grandnephew. He was most carefully
educated and became very early a great favourite of his granduncle who, being child-
less, is said to have made his will in favour of Octavius, as Augustus was then called.
The name Augustus, by which he is best known, was conferred upon him later by the
Senate. After the death of Cæsar, Augustus joined Antonius in prosecuting a war
against Cæsar’s murderers. In the course of it, the first Triumvirate was formed, con-
sisting of Antonius, Augustus, and Lepidus, and in the proscriptions of the adherents
of Brutus and Cassius which followed, Augustus was no less cruel than Antonius.
After the battle of Philippi where Brutus and Cassius in despair committed suicide,
and where the victory was mainly gained by Antonius, a new division of the world
was made by the Triumvirs, and Augustus returned to Italy. Here Fulvia, Antonius’
wife, fomented quarrels and insurrections in order to draw her husband away from
Cleopatra. Augustus, however, succeeded in defeating these garboils and Fulvia’s death
at Sicyon accelerated a peace between him and Antonius, which was further cemented
by the marriage of the latter to Octavia, the sister of Augustus. Peace seemed to be now restored everywhere, but Augustus was anxious to find some pre-
text whereby he could deprive Sextus Pompeius of his provinces which more or less controlled the supplies of food for Rome. This pretext was found in an accusation
that Pompeius upheld piracy, and in a war which followed Augustus was victorious
and Pompeius fled to Asia, and Lepidus who wanted Sicily from which Pompeius
had just been driven was deprived of his army and sent to Rome where he ended his
days as Pontifex Maximus. Having thus disposed of two of his rivals, Augustus felt
himself strong enough to cope with the third, Antonius, whose arrogant proceedings
in the East, coupled with his repudiation of Octavia, afforded ample grounds to
Augustus for representing him as an enemy to Rome. War was now declared against
Cleopatra, for Antonius was looked upon as merely her infatuated slave. After the
battle of Actium in September, B.C. 31, and the deaths of Antonius and Cleopatra,
Egypt was made a Roman province. [His subsequent career has no bearing on this
play, and is, therefore, omitted.]

4. Lepidus] M. Æmili. Lepidus, the Triumvir, is first mentioned in the year B.C.
37, when the Senate appointed him Interrex. In the civil war between Cæsar and
Dramatis Personae

Sex. Pompeius.


Pompey, Lepidus, who was then Praetor, joined Caesar. On the evening before the fatal 15th of March, Caesar had supped with Lepidus who was present on the following day in the Curia of Pompey, in the Campus Martius, and saw Caesar fall by the hands of the assassins; Lepidus stole hastily away, and repaired to his troops which he was then collecting for his province. In the turbulent times which followed, Lepidus endeavoured to remain neutral but was at last compelled again to espouse Antony's side and toward the end of the year the celebrated conference took place at Bononia between Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, which resulted in the Triumvirate. In the proscription-lists which followed this conference, Lepidus placed the name of his own brother, Paullus, who, to be sure, had been one of the Senators who had proclaimed his brother Gaius to be a public enemy for having joined Antonius; the soldiers, however, who were appointed to kill him allowed him to escape, possibly with the connivance of his brother. In B.C. 36, Octavius summoned him to Sicily to assist in a war against Sextus Pompeius. Lepidus obeyed, but tired of being treated as a subordinate, he resolved to acquire Sicily for himself, and regain his lost power. But he did not possess the confidence of his army; and Octavius found means on his arrival to seduce it from its allegiance. Detachment after detachment deserted Lepidus, who was at last forced to surrender. All his courage forsook him. He put on mourning, and threw himself before the knees of Octavius, begging for life. This was granted to him; Octavius then deprived him of his Triumvirate, his army, and his provinces, but allowed him to retain his private fortune. Still, insults and the loss of honour and rank did not shorten his life; he survived till B.C. 13. Lepidus had no decided character and was as incapable of committing great crimes as of performing noble acts. He possessed great wealth and was little scrupulous as to the means of gaining it. Neither in war, nor in peace did he show any distinguished ability. His wife was Junia, a sister of the Brutus who killed Caesar. (Much condensed from an unsigned article in Smith's Dictionary.)

5. Sextus Pompeius] E. H. Bunbury (Smith, Dictionary, s. v.): Sextus Pompeius, the younger son of the Triumvir, was born B.C. 75, since he was forty at the time of his death in B.C. 35. He did not possess any great abilities. He took arms from necessity, as he was first deprived of everything by Caesar, and then proscribed by the Triumvirs. His success was owing more to circumstances than to his own merits; the war between the Triumvirs and the republicans, and subsequently the misunderstandings between Octavius and Antonius enabled him to obtain and keep possession of Sicily. He seems never to have aspired to supreme power. He was personally brave, but deficient in refinement, with hardly any knowledge of literature. Paternicus says that he could not speak correctly, but this is doubtless an exaggeration. In B.C. 38 he sustained a severe loss in the desertion of one of his principal legates, Menas, who surrendered to Octavius Sardinia and Corsica together with a large naval and military force. After varying fortune in his contests with Octavius, Pompeius was at last disastrously defeated by Agrippa, Octavius's legate, B.C. 36. In the following year Antonius gathered a large force by land and sea which threatened to crush Pompeius; whereupon his friends, among them his father-in-law, and his soldiers deserted him; he was obliged to surrender and was put to death, B.C. 35.
6. Domitius Enobarbus] Smith (Dictionary, s. v.): Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus [i.e. Red-beard] had probably no share in the murder of Caesar; but followed Brutus into Macedonia after Caesar’s death, and was condemned by the Lex Pedia in B.C. 43 as one of the murderers. A year or two later Ahenobarbus became reconciled to Antony which gave great offence to Octavius. When the open rupture took place between Antony and Octavius, Ahenobarbus fled from Rome to Antony, at Ephesus, where he found Cleopatra with him, and endeavoured, in vain, to obtain her removal from the army. Many of the soldiers, disgusted with the conduct of Antony, offered the command to him; but he preferred deserting the party altogether, and accordingly went over to Octavius shortly before the battle of Actium. He was not, however, present at the battle; he died a few days after joining Octavius. [Walker (Verse 186) remarks that this name ‘is frequently used as if it were a trisyllable, in whatever way the anomaly is to be explained,’—a remark which reveals Walker’s strength and his weakness; his strength, in that it is a proof of his extraordinary observation, and his weakness, in that it makes no allowance for the position of a word in a line, or for the liberty permissible in dramatic colloquies. In all the five examples which Walker quotes, the name occurs either in a broken line or at the end of a line,—where there is always for proper names a certain freedom in rhythm, and where in this particular case, the name can be without harshness pronounced as a quadrisyllable; and that it was intended to be so pronounced we can almost positively conclude, because when Shakespeare wished it to be a trisyllable it was so spelled, namely: ‘You see we have burnt our cheeks.’ Strong Enobarbe’ II, vii, 144.—an instance which Walker seems to have overlooked. For those who may be interested in this question, I subjoin the places where the name occurs:—I, ii, 153; II, i, 1; II, ii, 283; II, vii, 144; III, ii, 64; III, xiii, 1; IV, v, 10; IV, vi, 23; IV, vi, 26; IV, vii, 32; IV, ix, 12 (472). It may be possibly worthy of note as a proof of Shakespeare’s exclusive dependence on North’s translation, that in Latin the name is not Enobarbus, but Ahenobarbus or Ahenobarbus, which the Dominian clan bore in memory of the appearance, to their founder, of Castor and Pollux who bade him away the news of a victory to Rome and confirmed his faith in their divinity by gently stroking his black beard which turned immediately to a red or bronze hue, hence Ahenobarbus. See Suetonius at the beginning of his Life of Nero, who was of this family. —Ed.] 7. Ventidius] George Long (Smith’s Dictionary, s. v.): ‘P. Ventidius Bassus was a native of Picenum, and having fought against the Romans, he was made prisoner by Pompeius Strabo, and appeared in his triumphal procession in chains; after this, being manumitted, he was admitted into the Senate in the course of time, and was then made Praetor in the time of Caesar, and attained such honour as to conquer the Parthians and to enjoy a triumph for his victory.’—Dion Cass. xliii, 51. We must infer that he was quite a youth when he was captured by the Romans. When he grew up to man’s estate, he got a poor living by furnishing mules and vehicles for those magistrates who went from Rome to administer a province. In this humble employment he became known to Julius Caesar, whom he accompanied into Gaul. After Caesar’s death, Ventidius sided with Antonius in the war of Mutina, B.C. 43. In
Canidius,  Eros,  Scarus,  Decretas,  Demetrius,  

Friends and Followers of Antony.

8. Canidius,  L. Schmitz (Smith's Dict.)  L. Canidius Crassus was with Lepidus in Gaul, in B.C. 43, when Antonius was compelled to seek refuge there and was the main instrument in bringing about the union between Lepidus and Antony. In B.C. 32, when Antonius resolved upon the war with Octavius, Canidius was commissioned to lead the army stationed in Armenia to the coast. On the outbreak of the war, many of Antonius's friends advised him to remove Cleopatra from the army, but Canidius who was bribed by the queen, opposed this plan, and she accordingly accompanied her lover to the fatal war. Shortly afterward, however, Canidius also advised Antonius to send her back to Egypt, and to fight the decisive battle on land and not on sea. This time his advice was disregarded. During the battle of Actium, Canidius who had command of Antonius's land forces, could act the part only of a spectator. After the unfortunate issue of the sea-fight, Canidius and his army still held out for seven days in the hope that Antonius would return; but in the end Canidius in despair took to flight, and followed his master to Alexandria, where he informed him of the issue of the contest and of the fate of his army. After the fall of Antonius, Canidius was put to death by the command of Octavius. He died as a coward, although in times of prosperity he had been in the habit of boasting that death had no terrors for him.

10. Scarus  William Ramsay (Smith's Dictionary)  M. Æmilius Scarus was the son of M. Æmilius Scarus and Mucia, the former wife of Pompey, the Triumvir, and consequently the half-brother of Sextus Pompeius. He accompanied the latter into Asia after the defeat of his fleet in Sicily, but betrayed him into the hands of the generals of Antonius, in B.C. 35. After the battle of Actium, he fell into the power of Octavius, and escaped death, to which he had been sentenced, only through the intercession of his mother, Mucia. [See Capell's note, IV, vii, 7.]
Philo, Friend and Follower of Antony.
Mæcænas, Agrippa, { Friends to Caesar.

[Attendants, five; Messengers, six; Soldiers (or Guards), nine; the

14. **Mæcænas**] Thomas Dyer (Smith's *Dictionary,* greatly condensed): It is most probable that Mæcænas (it seems to be agreed that this spelling is right) was born between b.c. 73 and 63; his family was of high antiquity and traced its descent from an Etruscan source. All that we know of his life is to be gathered from scattered notices of him in poets and historians of Rome. Shortly after the appearance of Octavius on the political stage, we find the name of Mæcænas in frequent association with his; and there can be no doubt that he was of great use to him in assisting him to consolidate and establish the empire. In the year b.c. 40, Mæcænas took part in the negotiations with Antonius which led to the peace of Brundusium, confirmed by the marriage of Antonius with Octavia, the sister of Octavius. About two years afterward Mæcænas seems to have been employed in negotiating with Antonius, and it was probably on this occasion that Horace accompanied him to Brundusium, a journey which he has described in the *Satire,* i. 5. In b.c. 36 we find Mæcænas in Sicily with Octavius, then engaged in an expedition against Sextus Pompeius. From this time till the battle of Actium, b.c. 31, history is silent concerning him; but at that period we find him again intrusted with the administration of the civil affairs of Italy. It has indeed been maintained by many critics that Mæcænas was present at the sea-fight of Actium; but the best modern scholars who have discussed the subject have shown that this could not have been the case and that he remained in Rome during this time. *(His subsequent life, familiar to us all as the munificent patron of learning and of poets, has no connection with the present play, and is, therefore, omitted.)*

15. **Agrippa**] William Plate (Smith, *Dict. s. v.):* M. Vipsanius Agrippa was born b.c. 63, and was descended from a very obscure family. At the age of twenty he studied at Apollonia in Illyria, together with young Octavius, afterwards Augustus. After the murder of Caesar, Agrippa advised Octavius to proceed immediately to Rome. Octavius took Agrippa with him, and in b.c. 43 gave him the delicate commission of prosecuting Cassius, one of the murderers of Caesar. At the outbreak of the Perusinian war between Octavius and L. Antonius, Agrippa commanded part of the forces of Octavius, and finally besieged L. Antonius in Persia, and took the town. In b.c. 38, Agrippa obtained fresh success in Gaul and contributed much to securing the power of Octavius, who recalled him to command the war against Sex. Pompeius, and promoted him to the consulship. After this promotion, Agrippa was charged by Octavius with the construction of a fleet, inasmuch as Sex. Pompeius was master of the sea. This order Agrippa executed with prompt energy. The Lucrine lake was transformed into a safe harbour and there he exercised his sailors till they were able to encounter the experienced sailors of Pompey. In two naval battles he gained such victories that he broke the naval supremacy of Pompey. In b.c. 33, although he had been consul, he voluntarily accepted the edileship, and expended immense sums of money on great public works. He restored the aqueducts, and constructed a new one, fifteen miles in length. His various splendid buildings were adorned with statues by the first artists in Rome, among these buildings was the
Dolabella,  
Proculeius,  
Thidias,  
Gallus,  
Menas,  
Menecrates, 

_Friends to Cæsar.*_

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17. _Proculeius_] Om. Kemble.  
*Friends..._] Cæsarians, Cap.  
18. _Thidias,]_ Rowe, Pope. _Thyrsus,_  
Han. _Thyrsus, Theob. et seq. Thyrsus._

[ _Messengers, three; Soldiers, six;_  
_the same._ (i.e. Cæsarians), Cap.

18. _Thidias,]_ Rowe, Pope. _Thyrsus,_  
Han. _Thyrsus, Theob. et seq. Thyrsus._

20. _Menas_] Om. Kemble.  
Dion Cassius.


Pantheon on which his name as the builder may still be read. When the war broke out between Octavius and Anthony, Agrippa was appointed commander-in-chief, and in the battle of Actium, where he commanded, the victory was mainly owing to his skill. [With this event our present interest in him ceases. He was one of the most distinguished men of the age of Augustus, and to him, as we all know, Horace addressed one of his _Odes._]

16. _Dolabella_] P. Cornelius Dolabella was the son of a profligate father of the same name and of his first wife, Fabia. (The father's second wife was Tullia, Cicero's daughter.) Very little is known of him beyond what is given in Plutarch's _Life of Antonius._

17. _Proculeius_] Concerning the life of Proculeius there is little to add to that which Plutarch (who calls him _Proculus_) has given in his _Life of Antony._ _Smith (Dictionary)_ says that 'the great intimacy of Proculeius with Augustus is attested by many writers. Dion Cassius speaks of him and Mæcenas as the principal friends of the emperor. Proculeius put an end to his own life by taking gypsum, when suffering from a disease of the stomach.'

20. _Menas_] _Edward Elder (Smith's Dictionary, i. v._—much condensed): Menas, a freedman of Pompey the Great and of Sextus Pompeius, seems to have been of a thoroughly mercenary character, and, in looking after the main chance, assumed and threw off allegiance with as much indifference 'as a huntsman, his pack.' In B.C. 39, when Antony and Octavius were feasting on board a ship of Pompeius, Menas made to the latter the treacherous proposal given in II, vii, 70–98. When Pompeius refused to become an accomplice to the treachery, Shakespeare represents Menas as saying aside 'I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more,' which was true only for a while. When not long after Pompey sent for Menas, the latter put all the messengers to death, and agreed to surrender the island of Sardinia with all its garrisons to Octavius, who treated him with great distinction and placed him in command of his ships. Just before a re-commencement of hostilities between Pompey and Octavius, Menas again played the deserter and went back to his old master. In the operations which followed, Menas gained some advantages; but in obedience to what he believed to be his interest, he again deserted to Octavius, who received him gladly, but very naturally regarded him with distrust. In B.C. 35 Menas was slain at the siege of Siscia.

21. _Menecrates_] _Edward Elder (Smith's Dictionary, i. v._): Menecrates, a
Dramatis Personæ

Varrius, Friend to Pompey. 22
Alexias,
Mardian,  
Diomedes,
Seleucus,
Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army. 25
Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
Euphronius.
A footsayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. 30

26. Seleucus] Added by Han. et seq. (abrev.)
27. Silius] Added by Theob. et seq.

Freedman of Sextus Pompeius, was sent by him as commander of a large squadron of ships, in B.C. 38, to act against Octavius's admiral and Menas, the renegade. The fleets came to an engagement off Cumae, and Menocrates had the advantage over the enemy in manœuvring; but burning with hatred against Menas, he attacked and grappled with the ship in which Menas sailed, and though disabled by a severe wound, continued to encourage his men until he saw that the enemy was on the point of capturing his vessel; he then threw himself overboard and perished.

22. Varrius] Walker (Crit. ii, 325) suggests that this is perhaps L. Varrius Cotyla, an officer and companion of Antony's, and that Shakespeare found him in North's Plutarch (p. 919, eds. 1603 and 1612) and perhaps by a slip of memory took him for a friend of Pompey's. 'The possibility,' Walker adds, 'is, however, so slight, that it is only just worth mentioning.'

28. Taurus] W. Smith (Dict. s. v.): Statilius Taurus was one of the most distinguished of Octavius's generals. At the battle of Actium, in B.C. 31, Taurus commanded the land-force of Octavius, which was drawn up on the shore.

32. Cleopatra] W. Smith (Dict. s. v.): Cleopatra, the third child and eldest surviving daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, [the Fluteplayer,] was born towards the end of B.C. 69, and was consequently seventeen at the death of her father, who in his will appointed her heir of his kingdom in conjunction with her younger brother, Ptolemy, whom she was to marry. The personal charms, for which she was so famed, shewed themselves in early youth, as we are told by Appian that she made an impression on the heart of Antony in her fifteenth year, when he was at Alexandria with Gabinius. Her joint reign did not last long, as Ptolemy, or rather Pothinus and Achillas, his chief advisers, expelled her from the throne, about B.C. 49. In the following year Cæsar arrived in Egypt in pursuit of Pompey, and took upon himself to arrange matters between Cleopatra and her brother. According to Plutarch, she made her entry
[32. Cleopatra]

into Caesar's apartment in a bale of cloth, which was brought by Apollodorus, her attendant, as a present to Caesar. However this may be, her plan fully succeeded, and we find her replaced on the throne, much to the indignation of her brother and the Egyptians, who involved Caesar in a war in which he ran great personal risk, but which ended in his favour. In the course of it, young Ptolemy was killed, probably drowned in the Nile, and Cleopatra obtained the undivided rule. She was, however, associated by Caesar with another brother of the same name, and still quite a child, with a view to conciliate the Egyptians, with whom she appears to have been very unpopular, and she was also nominally married to him. While Caesar was in Egypt, Cleopatra lived openly with him, and would have detained him there longer, but for the war with Pharnaces, which tore him from her arms. She however joined him in Rome, in company with her nominal husband, and there continued the same open intercourse with him, living in apartments in his house, much to the offense of the Romans. She was loaded with honours and presents by Caesar, and seems to have stayed at Rome till his death, B.C. 44. She had a son by him named Caesarion, who was afterwards put to death by Octavius. After the death of Caesar, she fled to Egypt, and in the troubles which ensued she took the side of the Triumvirate, and assisted Dolabella both by sea and land, resisting the threats of Cassius, who was preparing to attack her when he was called away by the entreaties of Brutus. She also sailed in person with a considerable fleet to assist Antony after the defeat of Dolabella, but was prevented from joining him by a storm and the bad state of her health. She had however done sufficient to prove her attachment to Caesar's memory (which seems to have been sincere), and also to furnish her with arguments to use to Antony, who in the end of the year 41 came into Asia Minor, and there summoned Cleopatra to attend, on the charge of having failed to co-operate with the Triumvirate against Caesar's murderers. She was now in her twenty-eighth year, and in the perfection of matured beauty, which in conjunction with her talents and eloquence, and perhaps the early impression which we have mentioned, completely won the heart of Antony. The first use Cleopatra made of her influence was to procure the death of her younger sister, Arsinoë, who had once set up a claim to the kingdom. Her brother, Ptolemy, she seems to have made away with before, by poison. Her connexion with Antony was interrupted for a short time by his marriage with Octavia, but was renewed on his return from Italy, and again on his return from his Parthian expedition, when she went to meet him in Syria with money and provisions for his army. According to Josephus, Cleopatra during Antony's expedition went into Judea, part of which Antony had assigned to her and Herod had necessarily ceded, and there attempted to win Herod by her charms, probably with a view to his ruin, but failed, and was in danger of being put to death by him. The report, however, of Octavia's having left Rome to join Antony, made Cleopatra tremble for her influence, and she therefore exerted all her powers of pleasing to endeavour to retain it. From this time Antony appears quite infatuated by his attachment, and willing to humour every caprice of Cleopatra. We find her assuming the title of Isis, and giving audience in that dress to ambassadors, that of Osiris being adopted by Antony, and their children called by the title of the Sun and the Moon, and declared heirs of unbounded territories. One can hardly wonder that Octavius should represent Antony to the Romans as 'bewitched by that accursed Egyptian'; and he was not slow in availing himself of the disgust, which Antony's conduct occasioned, to make a determined effort to crush him. War, however, was declared against Cleopatra, and not against Antony, as a less invidious
way. Cleopatra, indeed, persuaded Antony to retreat to Egypt, but the attack of
Octavius frustrated this intention, and the famous battle took place (B.C. 31), in the
midst of which, when fortune was wavering between the two parties, Cleopatra gave
a signal of retreat to her fleet, and herself led the way. Cleopatra died B.C. 30, in the
thirty-ninth year of her age, and with her ended the dynasty of the Ptolemy in Egypt.
She had three children by Antony: Alexander and Cleopatra, who were twins, and
Ptolemy Philadelphus.

33. Octavia] W. Smith (Dict. s. v.): Octavia, the younger daughter of C.
Octavius, by his second wife, Atia, and own sister* of the emperor, Augustus, was
married first to C. Marcellus, Consul B.C. 50, and subsequently to the Triumvir, M.
Antonius. She lost her husband towards the latter end of B.C. 41; and as Fulvia,
the wife of Antony, died about the same time, Octavius and Antony, who had lately
been at variance, cemented their reconciliation by the marriage of Octavia to Antony.
This marriage caused the greatest joy among all classes, and especially in the army,
and was regarded as a harbinger of a lasting peace. Octavius was warmly attached
to his sister, and she possessed all the charms, accomplishments and virtues likely
to fascinate the affections and secure a lasting influence over the mind of a husband.
Her beauty was universally allowed to be superior to that of Cleopatra, and her virtue
was such as to excite even admiration in an age of growing licentiousness and cor-
rup tion. Nor at first did this union disappoint public expectation. By the side of
Octavia, Antony for a time forgot Cleopatra, and the misunderstandings and jealousies
which had again arisen between her brother and husband, and which threatened an
open rupture in the year 36, were removed by her influence and intervention. But
Antony had by this time become tired of his wife; and longed to rejoin Cleopatra.
The war with the Parthians summoned him to the East. Octavia accompanied him
from Italy as far as Coreys, but upon arriving at that island he sent her back to her
brother, under the pretext of not exposing her to the perils and hardships of the war.
On arriving in Asia, Antony soon forgot, in the society of Cleopatra, both his wife and
the Parthians. Octavia, however, resolved to make an effort to regain her husband.
In the following year, B.C. 35, she set out from Italy with reinforcements of men and
money to assist Antony in his war against Artavases, king of Armenia; but Antony
resolved not to meet her and sent her a message, when she had arrived as far as Athens,
requesting her to return home. Octavia obeyed; she was great-minded enough to
send him the money and troops, and he mean enough to accept them. On her return
to Rome, Octavius ordered her to leave her husband's house and come and reside with
him, but she refused to do so, and would not appear as one of the causes of the war;
she remained in her husband's abode, where she educated Antony's younger son, by
Fulvia, with her own children. But this noble conduct had no effect upon the hard-
ened heart of Antony, who had become the complete slave of Cleopatra; and when
the war broke out in B.C. 32, he sent his faithful wife a bill of divorce. After the death
of Antony she still remained true to the interests of his children, notwithstanding the
wrongs she had received from their father. For Julius, the younger son of Antony,
by Fulvia, she obtained the special favour of Augustus, and she even brought up with
maternal care his children by Cleopatra. She died in B.C. 11.

* At II, ii, 139, Shakespeare follows Plutarch, who speaks of Octavia as Cesar's
half-sister.—Ed.
Charmian, } Ladies attending on Cleopatra.
Iras,

Ambassadors from Antony to Caesar, Captains,
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
The Scene lyes in several Parts of the
Roman Empire.

34, 35. Charmian, Iras] And Caesar sayed furthermore, that Antonius was not Master of himselfe, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe, by her charmes and amorous paysons: and that they that should make warre with them, should be Mardian the Eunuch, Photinus, and Iras, a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizled her haire, and dressed her head, and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius Empire.—Plutarch. See Appendix.

[In the foregoing brief accounts, no attempt is made to show where Shakespeare has deserted history.

Collier: 'The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' occupies twenty-nine pages of the Folio of 1623; viz., from p. 340 to p. 368 inclusive, in the division of 'Tragedies.' Although at the beginning it has Actus Primus, Scena Prima, it is not divided into acts and scenes, nor is the defect cured in any of the subsequent folio impressions of 1632, 1664, and 1685. They are all without any list of characters.
—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo:

Philo.

Ay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,

3. Scena] Scena Fv, F

1. COLERIDGE (p. 315): Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the 'Antony and Cleopatra' is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello.' *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. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed. This play should be perused in mental contrast with 'Romeo and Juliet;'—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion. Of all Shakespeare's historical plays, '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. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgement as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's 'All for Love.' A. W. Schlegel (iii, 173): *Antony and Cleopatra* may be, in some measure, considered as a continuation of *Julius Caesar*: the two principal characters, Antony and Augustus, are in both pieces equally sustained. *Antony and Cleopatra* is a play of great compass, its progress is less simple than in *Julius Caesar*. The fullness and variety of the political and warlike events, which ultimately brought about the union of the threefold division of the Roman empire under one master, were perhaps too vast to be combined for a distinct survey in one dramatic picture. This it is wherein precisely lies the great difficulty of the historical drama, it must be at the same time a condensed epitome of history and a vivid expansion of it; this difficulty Shakespeare has for the most part successfully overcome. Here, however, many things, which occur in the background, are intimated only in such a way as to presuppose an intimate knowledge of history, and the comprehension of a work of art should never depend on any extrinsic information. Many persons of historical importance appear and disappear in passing; the preparatory and co-operating circumstances are not adequately massed so as not to distract our view. The principal personages emerge, nevertheless, in outline and colour most forcibly, and arrest the imagination. In Antony we observe a combination of great qualities, weaknesses, and vices; powerful ambition and magnanimous emotions; we see his degradation in luxurious enjoyment and his noble shame at his own lapses,—inspired to follow noble resolutions which are in turn shattered by the seductions of a woman. It is Hercules in the chains of Omphale, transferred from the fabulous heroic age to authentic history, and clad in the Roman toga. The seductive arts of Cleopatra are displayed without a veil; she is also an ambiguous creature composed of royal pride, feminine vanity, luxury, inconstancy, and genuine attachment. Although the reciprocal passion of herself and Antony is morally worthlessness, it still excites our sympathy as an insurmountable fascination; they seem formed for each other, inasmuch as Cleopatra stands quite as much alone for her seductive charm as Antony for his splendid deeds. As they die for each other, we forgive them for having lived for each other. The open-hearted and lavish character of Antony is excellently contrasted with the heartless littleness of Octavius Caesar, whom Shakespeare completely saw through, without allowing himself to be led astray by the fortune and fame of Augustus. Hazlitt (p. 102): Shakespeare's genius has spread over the whole play a richness like the overflowing of the Nile.

6. Nay, but, etc.] Shakespeare's art in beginning his plays in the midst of a dialogue is so skilful that there is a certain feeling of loss, as though we had been deprived of some pleasing conversation; and that if we had come only a minute sooner, we should have heard something entertaining. Thus Othello begins:—'Tush! I never tell me.' 'You do not meet a man but frowns.'—Cymbeline. 'My lord, I'll tell you.'—Henry V. etc.—Ed.
ACT I, SC. i.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

13

Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneges all temper,

9, 10. Hau...turne] One line, Rowe at seq.
14. breft,] breft F,,


6. Generals] MALONE calls attention to this needless genitive, which, he says, was ‘the common phraseology of Shakespeare's time.’ It is not obsolete at this day, among writers who are as careless as were Shakespeare's printers. The latter ignored apostrophes in genitives. It would be rash to say they never used them, but I doubt that a single one will be found in the present play. So trivial a matter hardly needs verifying on the part of the Ed.

9. Mars] Shakespeare seems to have been guided only by the rhythm in the use of this genitive. Elsewhere he uses Marst and Mars his.—Ed.

12. Tawny] ROLFE: Tennyson refers to Cleopatra in A Dream of Fair Women, as a 'queen, with swarthy cheeks,' and some critics have supposed that he forgot she was of pure Greek blood, being the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus; but in a letter to me he called attention to 'the polished argent of her breast' in another stanza of the same poem. He says that he described her, as Shakespeare does in i, v, 33, as 'with Phoebus amorous pinches black,' not as a half-African.

12. Captaines] Anthony has just been called a 'General.' I suppose that that title was here avoided lest the ear might confound it with the adjective, 'his general heart.' Moreover, although a General is higher in rank than a Captain, has not the latter a more martial sound here, implying hand to hand fighting? A General would hardly mingle in the 'scuffles of great Fights.'—Ed.

14. reneges] CRAIGIE (N. E. D. s. v. Renegue): An adaptation of mediæval Latin, reneg are, formed on re-Ne-+ negare, to deny. [Under t 2, where it is used intransitively or absolutely, Craigie quotes, Lear, II, ii, 73, 'Renegue, affirm, and turn their halcyon beats,' etc., where the Qq read 'reneg.' See note ad loc. in this edition, where, as an additional proof that the g was pronounced hard a quotation from Sylvester's Du Bartas is given, 'All Europe nigh (all sorts of Rights reneg'd) Against the Truth and Thee, un-holy Leagu'd.' It is still common in this country (noted by Craigie, under 4. a) among whist-players, in the sense of revoke, and sometimes pronounced renig. It affords another instance of the survival in this country of words which are archaic in England.—Ed.

14. temper] This may be possibly explained as another of the many instances where 'temper' means temperament, constitution. SCHMIDT (Lex. s. v.) gives it, however, a separate section, as meaning, 'wonted disposition, freedom from excess or extravagance, equanimity,' to which the only parallel that he finds is Lear's 'Keep
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Luft.

*Flourish.* Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd

16-19. *To cooe...they come:* One line, Rowe et seq.
17. 18. After line 19, Rowe,+, Cap.
17, 18. her., Traine, with her Ladys
in the train, Pope. with their Trains,
After line 22, Dyce, Sta.
17. Ladies,] Ladys; Ff.
Flourish within (after Luft) Dyce.
Flourish without (after come:) Sta.
21. *(The...world)'] The...world,
Rowe. The...world Ff. Pope et cet.

me in temper; I would not be mad.' I, v, 51. May there not be here, where fighting
is the theme, a suggestion of the hardening of steel such as Othello refers to when
he speaks of 'a Sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper' ?—Ed.
16. *To cooe]* JOHNSON: Something seems to be wanting. The *bellowes and fan*,
being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author,
who might perhaps have written, 'To *kindle* and to coole.' M. MASON: Johnson's
amendment is unnecessary. The bellows and the fan have the same effects. When
applied to the fire, they increase it; but when applied to any warm substance, they
cool it. MALONE: The text is undoubtedly right. The following lines in Spenser's
*Faerie Queene* at once support and explain it, 'But to delay the heat, last by mis-
chaunce It might breake out, and set the whole on fire, There added was by goodly
ordainsance, An huge great pair of bellowes, which did styre Continually, and cool-
ing breath inspyre.'—II, Cant. ix, 267. STAUNTON (Athen. 12 Apr. 1873): Some-
thing appears to have been lost; but Johnson's remedy stretches out the line beyond
all measure. We might better read, 'To *heat* and cool,'—citing in confirmation,'To
glow the delicate cheeks which they did *cool*.'—II, ii, 239.
16. Gypsies Luft*] JOHNSON: 'Gipsy' is here used both in the original meaning
for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. IRVING'S Ed.: No
metaphor, as all who know anything of the gipsies know well, could be less exact
than that which takes their women as a symbol of lust. They might much more
correctly stand as a symbol of chastity.
ets, etc.), especially to announce the approach of a person of distinction.
21. triple Pillar*] WARBURTON: 'Triple' is here used improperly for *third or one
of three*. One of the *Triumsirs*, one of the three masters of the world. STEEVENS:
Compare, 'The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I hear up the pil-
lars of it.'—Psalm 75, 3. 'Triple' in the sense of *third* is used again where Helena
tells the king that her father gave her many receipts, 'chiefly one, which . . . He bade
me store up, as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear.'—*All's Well*, II, I,
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I, SC. i.]

Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

_Cleo._ If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

_Ant._ There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd

23. much.] much / F, F₂⁴, Rowe, + .

171. In Notes and Queries, I, iii, 498, A. E. Braek contended that in both instances Shakespeare used the word as the Latins, or at least Ovid, used _triplex_, and herein by a proof of Shakespeare's learning. But when Ovid represents (Jubis, 76) the fates as spinning (only Lachesis spun) _triplici politice_, it is to be feared that he is in the same condemnation with Shakespeare. Walker (Crit. i, 62) devotes a section to instances of an 'inaccurate use of words in Shakespeare, some of them owing to his imperfect scholarship (imperfect, I say, for he was not an ignorant man even in this point), and others common to him with his contemporaries.' Some of these instances are 'eternal' for _infernal_, 'impertious' for _imperial_, 'ceremonies' for _mement_, 'temporary' for _temporal_, the present 'triple' for _third_, and again in this play 'competitor' for _colleague_ (I, iv, 5; V, i, 52), 'important' for _importunate_, etc. The effect of this list is cumulative, and possibly it is therefore wisest to acknowledge at once that Shakespeare has here blundered. At the same time, we might not admit that after Shakespeare has used a word twice in an intelligible though illogical sense, the word might as well be adopted into the language for daily use? It would have a paternity which many a perfectly legitimate word might be content to own.

—Ed.

22. Strumpets Foole] Douce (ii, 73): Many ancient prints condue to show that women of this description were attended by buffoons; and there is good reason for supposing, partly from the kind of evidence, that in their houses such characters were maintained to amuse the guests by their broad jokes and seasonable satires. [Warburton, in the belief that the metaphor, introduced by 'Piller,' needed an antithesis, asserted that we should here, for 'Foole,' read _stool_, because 'women of this description' sometimes sat 'in the laps of their lovers.' Strangely enough, Walker (Crit. i, 63) had 'no doubt' that Warburton was right, and believes that 'pillar' requires it. To Walker's editor, Lettsom, the emendation appears very doubtful.' Grey (ii, 190) suggested a change, which he imagines would be proper, namely: _strumpet's stool_. It was reserved to Coleridge to put the question at rest at once and for ever. 'Warburton's conjecture is ingenious,' he says (p. 317), 'and would be a probable reading, if the scene opening had discovered Antony with Cleopatra on his lap. But, represented as he is walking and jesting with her, "fool" must be the word. Warburton's objection is shallow, and implies that he confounded the dramatic with the epic style. The "pillar" of a state is so common a metaphor as to have lost the image in the thing meant to be imagined.'—Ed.

23. Cleo. If it be, etc.] Hazlitt (p. 97): The character of Cleopatra is a masterpiece. What an extreme contrast it affords to Imogen! One would think it almost impossible for the same person to have drawn both. She is voluptuous, ostentatious, conscious, boastful of her charms, haughty, tyrannical, fickle. The luxurious pomp and gorgeous extravagance of the Egyptian queen are displayed in all their force and lustre, as well as the irregular grandeur of the soul of Mark Antony. Take only the first four lines that they speak as an example of the regal style of love-making.

24. Ant. There's beggary, etc.] Mrs Jameson (ii, 150): The character of
Cleo. Ille set a bourne how farre to be belou’d. 25
Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth. 27

Mark Antony, as delineated by Shakespeare, reminds me of the Farnese Hercules. There is an ostentatious display of power, an exaggerated grandeur, a colossal effect in the whole conception, sustained throughout in the pomp of the language, which seems, as it flows along, to resound with the clang of arms and the music of the revel. The coarseness and violence of the historic portrait are a little kept down; but every word which Antony utters is characteristic of the arrogant but magnanimous Roman, who ‘with half the bulk o’ the world played as he pleased,’ and was himself the sport of a host of mad (and bad) passions, and the slave of a woman. [Everyone will recall Romeo’s impatience, ‘They are but beggars that can count their worth’ (II, vi, 32), and Claudio’s, ‘I were but little happy, if I could say how much’ (Much Ado, II, i, 292). Steevens gives, from Theobald, without acknowledgment, a quotation from Ovid (Met. xiii, 824) which is possibly parallel. It is where Polyphemus is boasting to Galatea of his wealth in flocks and herds;—‘All this flock is my own; many others are roaming the valleys; Many are hid in the forest, and many are stabled in caverns. Should you ask how many there are, I should not be able to tell you. To number the tale of his flock is ever the mark of a poor man.’ ‘Hoc pecus omne mecum est: multae quoque vallibus errant; Multae silva tegit: multae stabulantur in antris: Nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint. Pauperis est numerare pecus.’ Golding’s translation (p. 170 verse), more vigorous than mine, is as follows:—‘This Cattell heere is all myne owne. And many mo besyde Doo eyther in the bottoms feede, or in the woods theym hyde, And many standing at theyr stallis doo in my Caue abyde. The number of them (if a man should ask) I cannot shewe. Tush beggars of theyr Cattell use the number for too knowe.’ Steevens quotes also from an Epigram, wholly apposite, where Martial (Bk. vi, No. 34) begs for kisses, and in answer to the question ‘how many?’ answers, ‘Bid me number ocean’s waves, or the shells scattered on the Egean shore, or the number of bees wandering on the Cecropian mount, or the number of voices and applauding hands when the people catch sight of Caesar’s face in the crowded theatre. I do not want as many as the clever Catullus begged from Lesbia, that is, any definite number, however vast, because ‘paucu cupit, qui numerare potest.’—Ed.]

25. Ile, etc.] Hartley Coleridge (ii, 185): If Antony owed to Cleopatra the loss of empire, he is indebted to her for less hateful renown than would else have clung to him. Shakespeare and Dryden make the Philippics forgotten, and the murderer of Cicero is lost in the lover of Cleopatra.

25. bourne] Murray (N. E. D.): Early modern English borne, apparently equivalent to Old Fr. bodne, bone, bowne. In English in Lord Berners, and in Shakespeare (seven times), then apparently not till the 18th century; the modern use being due to Shakespeare, and in a large number of cases directly alluding to the passage in Hamlet. 2. A bound, a limit [as in the present line]. 3. In Shakespeare’s famous passage, Hamlet, III, i, 79, ‘Borne’ (Q3), probably meant the ‘frontier or pale’ of a country; but has been associated contextually with the goal of a traveller’s course.

26. Then must thou, etc.] Johnson: Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.
Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,

28. Enter... Enter an Attendant. 

30. Grates me, the summe] JOHNSON: Be brief, sum thy business in a few words.

A. E. THISELTON (p. 7) believes that here is an instance where a comma indicates merely a grammatical inversion of the sentence and that the phrase is, in fact, 'The sum grates me.' The meaning is the same, whatever the punctuation, namely, that the sum, and not the particulars, of the news is to be delivered. If there be, however, an inversion, as Mr Thiselton contends, it is used for dramatic effect, and it seems to me, that this effect will be heightened in proportion as the punctuation is emphatic, even to the conversion, as in the majority of modern texts, of the comma into a full stop. Time should be given to Anthony at least to stamp his foot with vexation. He is too impatient to care for grammar, and any addition, such as 'It' or 'T' weakens the rasping harshness of 'Grates,' which is a relief and a satisfaction to his vexed soul.—Ed.

31. them] MALONE interprets this as referring to the 'newes,' and he may be right; as he says, 'news' may be plural. But Cleopatra, in lines 42 and 45, speaks of the 'messenger,' and, in line 62, of the 'Ambassadors.' Although only 'a' messenger enters, it is not impossible that others were seen approaching; or, what is more likely, by exaggerating the number. Cleopatra magnifies the importance of the news, and sells her jealousy of any control over Anthony greater than her own, in singing taunts at his subordination to a shrill-tongued woman and a beardless boy.—Ed.

31. Anthony] This spelling is as invariable in this play as the spelling 'Antony' is in *Julius Caesar*.

32. Fulvia] LEOHARD SCHMITZ (Smith's *Dict.)*: Fulvia was first married to P. Clodius, by whom she had a daughter, Claudia, afterwards the wife of Caesar Octavius. When Clodius was murdered, she married C. Scribonius Curio; and after his fall in Africa, she lived for some years as a widow, until about B.C. 44 she married M. Antony, by whom she became the mother of two sons. Up to the time of her marrying Antony, she had been a woman of most dissolute conduct, but henceforth she clung to Antony with the most passionate attachment, and her only ambition was to see her husband occupy the first place in the republic, at whatever cost that position might be purchased. When Antony was declared a public enemy, she addressed the most humble entreaties to the Senate, praying that they might alter their resolution. Her brutal conduct during the fearful proscriptions of B.C. 43 is well known; she gazed with delight upon the head of Cicero, the victim of her husband. In B.C. 40, while Antony was revelling with Cleopatra in all the luxuries of the East, Fulvia, stimulated partly by jealousy and the desire of drawing Antony
THE TRAGEDIE OF

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore hear it Anthony.

34-36. you...thee.] you. "Do... Perchance! Dyce.
this." Theob. Johns. et seq. (subs.)
38. Nay...like :] (Nay, and most like)
Perchance, Rowe, +
Cleo. Perchance? Perchance, Rowe, +
Theob. Han. Warb.

back to Italy, and partly by her hostility towards Octavius, resolved upon raising a commotion in Italy. She induced L. Antonius, her husband's brother, to come forward as the protector of those who were oppressed and reduced to poverty by the colonies of Octavius. He took his post at Praeneste whither he was followed by Fulvia. She afterwards followed him to Perusia, and endeavoured to rouse the inhabitants of the north of Italy to assist him, while he was besieged at Perusia by Octavius. When Perusia fell into the hands of Octavius, by the treachery of L. Antonius, Fulvia was permitted to escape, and went to Brundusium, where she embarked for Greece. Her husband, who had in the meantime been informed of the war of Perusia and its result, was on his way to Italy. He met Fulvia at Athens, and censured her severely for having caused the disturbance. It is said that, from grief at his rough treatment, she was taken ill, and in this state he left her at Sicyn while he went to Brundusium. Her feelings were so deeply wounded by her husband's conduct, that she took no care of herself, and soon after died at Sicyn, B.C. 40. The news of her death came very opportunely for the Triumvirs, who now formed a reconciliation, which was cemented by Antony marrying the noble-minded Octavia.

33. scarce-bearded] Caesar was at this time twenty-three years old.
35. Take in] Reed: That is, subdue, conquer. Halliwell (Select. Notes, 7): In 1610 a tract appeared which was entitled,—'Newes out of Cleeve-land, being the true relation of the taking in of the towne and castle of Guilcic in Germanie.' [See 'cut the Ionian Sea, And take in Troine.'—III, vii, 28. Merely the antithesis involved in 'Infranchise' would of itself supply the meaning of 'take in.'—Ed.]
36. damne] Collier (ed. ii): The MS alters 'damne' to doom; and although 'damne' certainly sounds rather coarsely in the mouth of Cleopatra, and would have done so even in the time of Shakespeare, yet we make no change, recollecting that the heroine, in other places, sometimes errs on the score of delicacy, and that 'damn' is the more expressive word, which the poet, on that very account, may have preferred. Still 'damn' and doom would be spelt with the same letters in shorthand, and the transcriber may have misread his note.
38. Perchance?] The interrogation is to be preferred, I think. Cleopatra is questioning the propriety of her 'perchance' in line 32.—Ed.
39. must] The emphatic word.
40. therefore] Even in this word, there is a taunt.—Ed.
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Where's *Fulvia* Proeese? *(Cæsar I would say)* both?

Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypt's Queene,
Thou bluheeth *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar* homager: elfe fo thy cheeke payes flame,

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleneffe of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuell paire,

41. *(Cæsar I would say)* ] Ff. *Cæsar's, I would say, Rowe. Cæsar's?*
*I'd say Pope, Theob. Warb. Cæsar's?*
*I would say Han. Cæsar's, I'd say—*

42. *I am* ] *I'm Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii.*
43. *blood* ] *blood F,F,F.*
44. *cheeks payes* ] *checks payes F,F.*

45. *Messengers—Theob.*


41. *Processe*] The writ or judicial means by which a defendant is brought into
court, to answer the charge preferred against him. So called because it *proceeds* or
issues forth from the court.—*Bouvier's Law Dict.*

47. *raing'd*] WARBURTON: Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal
arches to perpetuate their victories.—[Hereupon Warburton cannot refrain from a
stroke of smug self-praise by exclaiming, 'extremely noble!'—Ed.]—JOHNSON: I
am in doubt whether Shakespeare had any idea but of a fabric standing on pillars.
It is not easy to guess how Dr Warburton missed this opportunity of inserting a
French word, by reading *derang'd*. Which, if *deranged* were an English word,
would be preferable both to *raised* and *rung'd*.—[This conjecture was not
repeated in the *Var. of 1773*, where Johnson was associated as an editor with
Steevess. It is, therefore, to be assumed that it was charitably withdrawn.—Ed.]
—CAPELL (i, 26): That is, orderly ranged; whose parts are now entire and dis-
tinct, like a number of well-built edifices.—[Capell, followed by Malone, quotes as
parallel 'bury all, which yet distinctly ranges, in heaps and piles of ruins.'—*Cor. III*,
i, 206. But SCHMIDT (Loc.) differentiates both this use in *Cor.* and also, 'whatso-
ever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine,' in *Much Ado, II*, ii, 7,
quoted by Steevens, from the use of the word in the present line,—and, I think,
properly. Capell's interpretation seems to be just. Compare 'whose several ranges,'
III, xiii, 7, that is, whose several ranks of war.—Ed.]

48. *Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth] Have we not here the same con-
temptuous scorn for the merely physical, animal life that lies in Hamlet's words
where he speaks of being 'spacious in the possession of dirt'? See V, ii, 8.—Ed.

50. *Is to do thus:* I can recall but one solitary passage in all Shakespeare
where there is the need, within the scene, of a stage-direction, namely: in Hamlet's
interview with Ophelia when Polonius and the King are concealed behind the arras,
—and there the lack is indeed deplorable. But elsewhere the context, together
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peereleffe.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?

52. One] On Fl.

with that wherewith Northcote said he mixed his colours: 'brains,' will supply an
actor with the appropriate 'business.' In the present line, after 'thus,' Pope inserted
the stage-direction 'embracing,' and has been followed by every editor; I think, from
that day to this. I do not forget how much more childlike than at present were the
men and women of aforetime, whether in the days of the Cæsars or in the days of
Elizabeth, in the outward expression of their emotion, by embracing, by kissing, or by
the enviable gift, at command, of profuse and prolonged tears. But even with this in
mind, is it to be considered likely that Anthony would here publicly kiss, embrace,
or even touch Cleopatra? She was wrangling with him,—teasing him almost past
endurance, determined to obtain from him some assurance that, whatever the mes-
sage from Rome, he would not leave her; and is it in character that she should
tamely submit to be 'embraced' and then, when released from Anthony's arms,
where she had lain like an unresisting dove, renew the wrangling which this
'embrace' had interrupted? All wrangling thereafter would be absolutely stingless.
They were not standing side by side. Quarrels are not so conducted. They were
facing each other, and, I imagine, by some such gesture as an obeisance and a sweep-
ing wave of both hands toward her,—a not uncommon mode of illustrating 'thus,'
—he showed that his whole existence with her, day by day and hour by hour, was
the true nobleness of life, compared to which kingdoms are clay. In speaking above
of stage-directions, I refer to situations where a key is urgently needed. There are,
in the F1 and Q3, many insertions, such as 'They all start.'—Rich. III: II, i, 79,
etc., which are good, but not essential; experienced actors do not need to be thus
instructed.—Ed.

51. And such a twaine] Staunton (Athenaeum, 12 April, 1873): Here the
words, 'such a mutual pair And such a twain' are tautologous and feeble. Besides
which, they fail to account for the Queen's rejoinder, 'Excellent falsehood!' I
cannot but think Shakespeare wrote, 'And such a constane twain,' or 'such a faith-
ful twain.' Some epithet implying an indefeasible affection seems imperatively
called for.—[The addition of a disyllable mars the metre, but this would be venial,
if the need were beyond question. Does not, however, any epithet weaken 'such'?
which, in its full force, may imply constant, faithful, loyal, steadfast, and all other
appropriate epithets?—Ed.]

52. to weete] Skerat (N. & O. Qu. VII, ii, 385): 'We do you to wit' is a per-
fectly well-known phrase; literally, it means we cause you to know; practically, it
means we request you to take notice. Antony says, 'We bind the world to weet,'
i.e., we compel the world to take notice. 'Weet' is a late spelling of wit, verb, to
know.

54. falshood] Deighton: The abstract for the concrete, as in King John, III,
iv, 36, 'O fair affliction, peace!'; Tempest, V, i, 218, 'Now, blasphemy, That
swearest grace overboard.'
ACT I, SC. i.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ile feeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Loue, and her soft houres,

56. Ile...Anthony] One line, Pope et seq.  
57. But'} Buts i. e. But is Anon. MS ap. Hal.

56. [Ie] I Cap.  
Anthony...himselfe] As Aside, Pope. Cleopatra: Han. Cleopatra,— 
Kly.  
himselfe.] himself, F,F₂

58. her] his Rowe, +, Cap. Var. Ran.

56. Ie seeme the Foole I am not, etc.] Hxys: The world will deem me a fool because I give myself up to one who is faithless; but I am not a fool because I know how faithless he is. Antony will be himself, if he again becomes faithless to me.

57. But stirr'd] Upton (p. 261) continues this to Cleopatra: 'Anthony Will be himself, but stirr'd by Cleopatra,' and marks it as Aside. Heath (p. 448) thinks this emendation of Upton 'can admit of no dispute.' Capell (i, 26): Cleopatra checks herself for asking so idle a question as that about Fulvia, knowing as she (foresight) did, that Antony would be Antony; and is there stopped by a reply of most exquisite delicacy,—'But, stirr'd by Cleopatra,—'who can say what he will be? for that is left to be indicated by the tone in which the words are delivered, and the action and look that accompanies them. Johnson: 'But,' in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of without, unless, except. Antony, says the Queen, will recollect his thoughts. Unless kept, he replies, in commotion by Cleopatra. [Emphatically, this is to me 'obscurum per obscursius.'—Ed.] M. Mason seems as wide of the mark as Dr. Johnson. He observes that 'by "Antony will be himself," Cleopatra means to say, "that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cesar, or the anger of Fulvia."' To which he replies, "If but stirr'd by Cleopatra;" that is, "if moved to it in the slightest degree by her."' Singer believes Mason's explanation to be nearly correct; Antony will be himself without regard to Cesar or Fulvia. Add if moved to it by Cleopatra.' 

58. Loue] MALONE: That is, the queen of love. Compare 'Let Love, being
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT I, SC. I.

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?

Cl. Hear the Ambassadors.

An. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: who every passion fully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night

65. who every] whose every et seq.

fully] fully Coll. MS.
66. (in Thee) ] Ff. in thee Rowe et seq.

67. Messenger but thine,] Ff, Rowe,
Messenger but thine—Johns. Messenger; but thine. Kty. Messenger; but thine
Mal. et cet.
67, 68. to night...and note] One line, Rowe et seq.

light, be drowned if she sink.'—Com. of Err. III. i, 52. [Dyce apparently agrees with Malone; he refers to the same line in the Com. of Err. But Capell was not of this opinion; he followed Rowe in substituting 'his soft hours' for 'her soft hours.' I cannot believe that there lies herein the faintest reference to the queen of love or to her boy. The expression 'love of love' means, I think, the love of love in the abstract, the very soul of love; just as Hamlet, by 'heart of heart,' means the innermost shrine of his heart, 'his heart's core.' If it had been in common use, Shakespeare might possibly have said 'for the love of love and its soft hours,'—but then the exquisite feminine touch of the 'her' would have been lost. Tennyson uses this very phrase, with others exactly parallel, where he describes 'The Poet' as 'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, The love of love.'—Ed.]

59. confound] Malone: That is, consume. So in Cor. I. vi. 17. 'How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour.' [Both here and in I, iv, 31, 'confound the time' has, I think, a meaning wider than merely to consume; it means to lose, to waste, to ruin.—Ed.]

61. now.] Warburton: We should read now: a sentiment much in character of the luxurious and debauched Antony. Theselton (p. 8) proposes the same emendation, for the reason that Plutarch represents Cleopatra as ever devising 'sundry new delights' for Antony. Capell (p. 28): 'Now' is here a word of great force, for the reasonableness of what is then spoken is all wrapped up in it: by 'now' is insinuated the speaker's own advanced age, and that of the lady addressed to; which, in the opinion of persons like them, makes it proper that no time be lost in the pursuing of what they call—pleasures. Johnson adopted an original punctuation, without comment.

65. fully] Collier (ed. ii): This may be understood as entirely, and successfully strives.

67. No Messenger but thine, and] That the punctuation here is important is manifest by the changes recorded in the Text. Notes. There can be hardly a question that the punctuation of the Folios is wrong. Cleopatra had neither received
ACT I, SC. I] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Wee'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthonius priz'd fo flight?

Phil. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthony.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approoves the common
Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exeunt

70. [As they are going out Enoobarbus
pulls Antony's robe. Kemble.

71. the] their Rowe et seq. Gar.

72-75. Om. and II, ii, 218-277 in-
serted. Gar.

72. right] light Grey, ii, 190.

76. I...sorry] I'm sorry Pope, Theob.
Han. Warb. I'm full sorry Steev. Var.

Knt, Sing. Kity, Dyce ii, iii.

76-78. that hee...happy.] Three lines,
ending Fame... hope... happy. Pope,
Theob. Han. Warb. Three lines, end-
ing who...hope...happy! Cap. et seq.

77. Lyar...of him] liar Fame, Who
speaks him thus Pope, Theob. Han.
Warb.

nor sent a messenger. Malone's punctuation gives, I think, the true interpretation.
In Anthony's complete surrender and acknowledgement that he belongs to Cleo-
patra, the latter's victory is gained and her wrangling ceases.—Ed.

68. Wee'll wander, etc.] See North's Plutarch, in the Appendix.

72. Caesar with Anthonius] Abbott (§ 193) : 'With' is, perhaps, here used
for as regards, in relation to, as in our modern, 'this has not much weight with me,'
though, perhaps, 'with' may here mean by. At all events the passage illustrates
the connexion between 'with' and 'by.' Compare, 'His taints and honours,
waged equal with him.'—V, i, 30.

76. approoves] Murray (N. E. D.): † 2. To attest (a thing) with some au-
thority, to corroborate, to affirm. Compare, 'What damned error, but some sober
brow Will bless it and approve it with a text.'—Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 79. Malone:
That he prove the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.

77. 78. hope of better deeds] Abbott (§ 177) : 'Of' is sometimes used to
separate an object from the direct action of a verb: (c) when the verb is not always
or often used as a transitive verb, as 'hope' or 'like.' [As in the present instance.]
[Scene II.]

Enter Enobarbus, Lampricius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, moost any thing Alexas, almost moft abolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so to' th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with

Scene II. Pope et seq.
1-3. Enter... [Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer. Rowe, +. Enter Alexas, Charmian, Iras, a Soothsayer and others. Cap. et seq. (subs.)
4-8. Five lines, ending sweet Alexas... almost... soothsayer... say... garlands. Cap.
5. almost] may, almost Cap.

Scene ii] DELIUS (Sh. Jahrbuch, V, 267): The frivolous conversation of Cleopatra's court, expressive of the thoughtless life there, is carried on in prose. The soothsayer, in expounding the value of his prophecies, is the only one who uses blank verse. On the appearance of the impassioned Cleopatra language assumes a higher strain and blank verse is then used by the others. In the dialogue, at the conclusion of the Scene, between Antony and his trusty Enobarbus, the latter as the representative of the more elevated humour of the play, speaks in prose, in which his satirical remarks on Cleopatra and Fulvia are certainly appropriate. Antony himself barely responds to this mood and style of his friend.

1. Lampricius, ... Rannius, Lucillius] STEEVENS: It is not impossible, indeed, that 'Lampricius, Rannius, Lucillius,' might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakespeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance. [In Much Ado, there is a character, Innogen, who is set down in the Dramatis Personae, and enumerated among those who enter at the beginning of the Second Act, and yet she speaks no word throughout the play. See Appendix, Wyndham, p. 487.—Ed.]

4. sweet Alexas] COLLIER (ed. ii) reads 'most sweet Alexas,' in accordance with a marginal note in his Second Folio; 'by what follows,' he says, 'most' is clearly required, and we may be sure that it had, in some way, escaped in the press. [It cannot be denied that the addition, most, is an improvement; not absolutely necessary, but still an improvement. The next words 'most anything Alexas' seem almost to demand it. To improve Shakespeare, however, is no more justifiable than to deface him.—Ed.]

7. which you say, must change his Hornes with Garlands] THEOBALD: We
[7. which you say, must change his Hornes with Garlands.]

must restore, 'must charge' his horns,' that is, must be an honourable cuckold, must have his horns hung with garlands. Charge and 'change' frequently usurp each other's place in our Author's old editions. [Theobald hereupon adds, with his characteristic scrupulous honesty,—an honesty Warburton knew not,—'I ought to take notice, that Mr Warburton likewise started this emendation.'] In Warburton's own edition, no such scruples harassed him. He gave the emendation as wholly his own. Upton (p. 304) quotes this passage as an instance where Shakespeare uses 'change' in its secondary sense of new dress and adorn. Capell (i. 27, adopting charge): That is, dress them up 'with garlands,' set them forth gayly; a wanton thought, that suits perfectly the person it comes from, and is expressed in words equally wanton. [Theobald's] very slight change is necessary. Johnson: I am in doubt whether to 'change' is not merely to dress, or to dress with changes of garlands. Malone: I think the reading, originally introduced by Theobald [charge], is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none: for supposing change with to mean exchange for, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive change being formerly used to signify variety (as change of clothes, of honours, etc.) proves nothing: change of clothes or linen necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the word to 'change,' and no proof is produced to show that it signified to dress; or that it had any other meaning than to exchange. Charmian is talking of her future husband, who certainly could not change his horns, at present, for garlands, or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should 'change' or part with them, for garlands; but he might charge his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands; for having once got them, she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them contentedly for life. The same mistake happened in Cor. V, iii, 152, where the same correction was made by Warburton, and adopted by all subsequent editors: 'And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt.' Steevens: 'To change his horns with (i.e. for) garlands' signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. We are not to look for serious argument in such a 'skipping dialogue' as that before us. Knight stands loyally by the First Folio, and interprets 'change' by 'vary—give a different appearance to.' Staunton follows Knight, and suggests that 'change' 'may mean to vary or garnish. Charge is certainly very plausible.' Williams (Parthenon, 17 May, 1862): It seems to me that when Warburton offered an explanation of Shakespeare's meaning, he also well-nigh restored, unconsciously, the very words of the dramatist. He says the horns of Charmian's husband must be 'hung about,' with garlands. Now hung was anciently spelt Aange, and, although this orthography was dying out at the date of this tragedy, the omission or insertion of the final e depended pretty much on the caprice of the compositor. It can scarcely then be deemed unreasonable to conclude that the play-house copy from which this tragedy was probably printed would have shown Shakespeare's words to have been 'must hange his Hornes with Garlands.' . . . The insertion of a superfluous initial letter was equally likely as a source of error . . . We find in the old copies of this play, 'tis well,' where Shakespeare must have written 'is well,' and 'stow me after' for 'tow me after.' Staunton (Athenaum, 12 April, 1873): 'Change' is unquestionably a misprint for chain—of old spelt chayne. The allusion is to the sacrificial ox, whose horns were wreathed with flowers. [It is to be regretted that Staunton did not know
Garlands.

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

 Cleopatra’s health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forefee.

Char. Pray then, forefee me one.

Sooth. You shal be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall not paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attendiue.


11. things] all things Lloyd (N. &
Qu. VII, xi, 82).

12. In...secreci] One line, Theob. et

seq.

14. [Enter Enobarbus. Cap. et seq.


16. [to some within. Cap.

17. Good...me] Separate line, Han.

18. I] Madam, 1 Han.


20. You...yet] Separate line, Han.


22. you are] Om. Han.


that he was herein anticipated by Zachary Jackson; else, rather than be seen in such company, he would have withheld his hand. Inasmuch as two editors, as eminently respectable as Knight and Staunton, have decided that 'change' is intelligible, the obscurity cannot be so desperate as to demand the substitution of another word, nor is there a sufficient reason to disregard the wholesome rule that the more difficult reading is to be preferred. We must remember that the thought, whatever may be the words, is not that of Charmian, but of Alexas, who has evidently taunted the giddy girls with indulging in frivolity to its extremest limit,—even to the unparalleled limit of indifferently changing the symbols of disgrace with the chaplets of marriage. I cannot see any reason for adopting Theobald's emendation, which, moreover, seems to make the husband an active agent in loading his horns with flowers,—a task which is not generally supposed to fall to his share.—ED.]

15. Enob. Bring in the Banket, etc.] Wilhelm Koenig (Sh. Jarb. x, 381) calls attention to the fact that no one pays any heed either to the entrance or to the command of Enobarbus, and that we hear nothing further from him for more than thirty lines,—until he says that it will be his fortune to go drunk to bed. Koenig suggests, therefore, that the entrance of Enobarbus be transposed to follow Charmian's exclamation, 'Wrinkles forbid,' line 23, and that Alexas's command, 'Vex not his prescience,' etc. is addressed to him.
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. Hush.
Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.
Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with...

25 [to Ira. Cap.
27. with.] with much Han.
32. me to] me, to Pope, +.

27, my Luer.] M. MASON: The liver was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, 'she had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated.'

29-32. Let mee bc married . . . Oebaulus Caesar.] TH. ZIELINSKI (Philologus, p. 19): Shakespeare imagined Charmion as younger than her mistress; the age of fifty, then, would bring her to the birth of Christ. Is it clear who that child is 'to whom Herode of Jewry may do homage'? In Matthew, ii, 8, Herod himself says 'Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.' And to whom does he say this? To the 'Holy Three Kings.' Are not these the same that are included in the list of Charmion's wishes? The fancy deserves a Mystery:—wife to the Holy Three Kings, the mother of God, and, withal, Empress of Rome. [It is by no means easy to disprove this interpretation, which at first decidedly shocks us. It is unwailing to appeal to the text of the Scriptures, where, in the Bishop's Bible of 1568,—the Version used by Shakespeare,—the Magi are termed, not Kings but 'Wise men'; these Wise men had been called 'Kings' centuries before Shakespeare was born; and such had been familiar characters in Christmas carols throughout England, and, possibly, are so, to this day. It is also possible that any allusion whatever to 'Three Kings' would at once have suggested to Shakespeare's audience the 'three wise men.' Furthermore, the 'Three Kings' must here be considered as a unit or as a single group; Charmian was to be married to them all at once or in one forenoon. This play opens in B.C. 40 and extends to B.C. 32; if Charmian be now eighteen or twenty, she will be fifty in the year when Christ was born. The reference to Herod and the verse in Matthew are a little staggering. I do not like this interpretation; it more than grates me. It imparts to Charmian's words an air of furious irreverence, which is to me un-Shakespearian. But there is never anything uttered at random by any of Shakespeare's characters, and the chances are many against this wish of Charmian's being spoken at haphazard and tallying at the same time so exactly with dates. Whenever an allusion is thrown out, we must catch it of ourselves; Shakespeare will not point it out to us. It is to be feared that there is many an allusion in his plays, less pointed than this, which critics have accepted and approved.—Ed.]

31, 32. Herode of Jewry.] STEEVENS: Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the Mysteries of our early stage, on which
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-lieue the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figgs.

Sooth. You have feene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall haue no names:
Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-tell every wish, a Million.

33. marry me with] marry me, with
35. excellent] excellent I Theob.
36. then...approach] Separate line, Pope. fertile or fertile Theob. et cet.
37. &...Million] Ff, Johns. One
38. 39. prose cap. et seq.

he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that 'Herod of Jewry' became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he 'out-herods Herod.' And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra [III, iii, 6] that 'not even Herod of Jewry dare look upon her when she is angry;' i.e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. [That this is the specific, theatrical Herod to whom Charmian refers has been universally accepted, and will probably so remain, in spite of the preceding ingenious note.—ED.]

33. Octavius Caesar] She could not aspire to Anthony without being a rival to her mistress. She, therefore, elects the next highest potentate.—ED.

35. Oh excellent] Capell (p. 27): It has been observed by a gentleman,—that this is 'one of those ominous speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious,' and the observation is just; for the Poet deals largely in them. [Very doubtful.]

38. my Children shall haue no names] Johnson: If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose 'I shall never name children;' that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, 'how many boys and wenches?' Steevens: A 'fairer fortune,' I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce: 'That's as much to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.'—Two Gent. III, i, 321. Malone: Compare R. of L. 'Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.'—line 532.

40. euery] For other examples of 'every' equivalent to every one, see Franz, § 219, c.; or Abbott, § 12.

40, 41. fore-tell] Theobald: The poet certainly wrote 'And fertile every wish.'
Char. Out Foole, I forgue thee for a Witch. 42
Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
your withe. 45
Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. Wee'll know all our Fortunes.
Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed. 48

42. Out ] Out, out, Han.
43. be] be to go Rowe, +. be—Cap.
44. your wifhe] Separate line, Han. et seq. (subs.)
45. come] come, and Han.

[I make no question that this is Theobald's own emendation, albeit that Warburton
repeate it in his edition and made no allusion whatever to him. Consequently, to
Warburton has the credit pretty generally been given.] JOHNSON: The emendation
of Dr Warburton is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand.
"If you had as many wembles as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all
those wishes, I should foretel a million of children." "And" is for and if, which was
anciently, and is still provincially, used for if. [THIEMETON (p. 8) says that
"and" is here illative,—a somewhat unusual function, but the topic is unusual.—Ed.]
MALONE will not listen to untold millions of 'wishes' unless accompanied by ferti-
licity. COLLIER (ed. ii) adopts fruitful, the emendation of his MS corretor, and
DICK (Strictures, p. 201) tells him that the ductus literarum is not favourable to
it.

42. for a Witch] For an analysis of shades of meaning of this 'for,' meaning in
the quality of, in the capacity of, as, which is far more common in Shakespeare than
in modern usage, see FRANZ, § 329.
43. Witch] WALKER (Crit. ii, 88): 'Witch' in the sense of a male sorcerer, or
without any specific reference to sex, frequently occurs in the old writers [whereof
many examples follow. In Wint. Tale, Leontes calls Paulina a 'witch' and to
add to it an especial roughness, calls her a 'mankind witch.' Walker concludes
his article with a quotation from Minshew's Guide into the tongues, 1617 (s. v. Con-
junction) where the difference is set forth 'betweene Conjuration, Witchcraft, and
Inchantments;'—'the Conjurer seemeth by praieres and inuocation of God's powerfull
names, to compell the Diuell to say or doe what he commandeth him: The Witch
dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement betweene him or
her and the Diuell or Familier, to haue his or her turne serued in liue or stead of
blood, or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule: So that a Con-
jurer compactes for curiositie to know secrets, and worke manuells; and the Witch of
mere malice to doe mischief: And both these differ from Inchaunters or Sorcerer,
because the former two haue personall conference with the Diuell, and the other
meddles but with Medicines and ceremoniall forms of words called Charmes, with-
out apparition.' Walker quotes only a portion of the foregoing, but the whole of it
seems interesting. J. CHURTON COLLINS (Note in The Pinner of Wakefield, III,
ii, 703) quotes from Latimer: 'We run hither and thither to witches or sorcerers
whom we call wise men.'—Sermons preached in Lincolnshire, V. (ed. not given).
In the edition of 1572, however, this passage runs, 'we runne hither and thither to
wynders, or sorcerers, whom we call wyse men.'—Fol. 98, verso.—Ed.]
Iras. There's a Palme prefages Chastity, if nothing els.
Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus prefageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike, Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.
Sooth. I haue said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it.
Iras. Not in my Husbands nofe.
Char. Our worfer thoughts Heauens mend.
Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
merry a woman that cannot go, sweet Ifs, I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his grawe, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Ifs heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good Ifs I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen,deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foule Knaue vn-cuckolded: Therefore deere Ifs keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

6. woorf worst Warb. (Corrected 71. the] thy Daniel. N. & Qu. VIII, iii, 262.) 74. 75. decorum] Ff, Rowe,+. decorum Cap. et seq.

The True Reading of Shakespeare in all the Editions ever yet publish'd. The volume which followed did not belie this unfortunate title-page; it achieved Pope's undying enmity, and, for its author, a chief place in The Dunciad. In reference to the present passage Theobald says (p. 157) in substance:—'The fact is evidently this: Alexis brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, "We'll know all our fortunes." Well; the Soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in Alexis's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognosis of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observations which Alexis immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused.' Theobald's Shakespeare Restored was published in 1726; two years afterward appeared Pope's Second Edition wherein the Editor was forced to adopt many, very many of Theobald's corrections. It looks, in the present passage, as though Pope, smarting under the judicious slashes which Theobald administered, was determined to adopt as little of Theobald's emendation as possible. He therefore omitted the name 'Alexas' altogether, and by Italicics tried to make Charmian's speech apply to him, thus: 'Char. Our worser thoughts heav'n's mend. Come, his fortune, his fortune.'—Ed.

65. that cannot go] That is, that cannot have children. See N. E. D. s. v. 7. 71, 72. prayer of the people] Thiselton (p. 9): This seems to mean 'that universal prayer.'

74, 75. decorum] Both here and in V, ii, 21, the composers give this word in italics, as an indication that it had not yet been adopted into the language. Herein they seem to have followed the prevailing fashion. In a majority of the examples, gathered by the N. E. D. extending from Ascham's Scholemaster, in 1568, down to Shakespeare's time, the word is similarly italicised; and the Text Notes above, show that the practice was kept up in all the early editions down to, and including, John-son's.—Ed.
Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hufh, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexias?

Alex. Heere at your servise.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Exeunt.

Go with vs. Messen. Fultia thy Wife,

Firt came into the Field.

76. Char. ] Iras. Rowe ii.


78. now. ] now ! Cap.

80. Scene III. Pope, +.

81. Enter....] Enter...attended (After line 82) Cap. et seq.

83. Saue you, my] Saw you my Fi et seq.

87. sodaine ] sudden F.F.

88, 89. A...Enobarbus ] One line, Rowe et seq.


91. Alexias?] F. a.

92, 93. One line, Rowe et seq.

92. Here ] Here, lady, Cap. Here, madam, Steev.

92, 93. servise. My] service ; see, my Han.

94. Enter....] Enter...and Attendants.

95, 96. We...or] One line, Rowe et seq.


97, 98. One line, Rowe et seq.

81. heere comes Anthony] A veiled sneer. Enobarbus knew well enough that it was Cleopatra.—Ed.

95. We will not looke vpon him] Possibly, because he was 'disposed to mirth;' moreover, she was jealous of every thought that he gave to Rome.—Ed.
ACT I, SC. ii.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANT. Against my Brother Lucius?
Meffen. I : but soone that Warre had end,

And the times state
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar,
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the first encounter drauе them.

ANT. Well, what worth.

Meff. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

ANT. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus, Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death, I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meff. Labenus (this is stiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

102. ioynting] joining Coll. MS ap. Cam.

force 'gainff] forces against Han. Cap.
103. [f]e] Ise Rowe i (misprint).
warre from Italy,] warre of Italy, F, F,., Rowe, Pope. war, from Italy Han. et seq. (subs.)
worst?] Ff. worse? Han. Ran.
worste? Rowe et cet.

109. his] the Rowe ii, +.
111. this is stiffenewes] Om. Han. Gar. Separate line, Cap.
111-115. (this...whiff] Lines end force... Euhphrates... Syria... Ionia...
113, 114. from...hooks] His conqu'ring banner from Euphrates shook Han.
113-115. (from...whiff] Lines end shook... Ionia... whilst Pope, +, Cap. Ran. Mal.

101. the times state] This phrase, when expressed as 'the state of the times,' is familiar enough.—Ep.
103. warre from Italy,] This comma after 'Italy' Hanmer was the first to place properly after 'warre.'
111. (this is stiffe-newes)] CAPPELL (i, 27): If this be meant of the style in which the Messenger couches his news,—and no other meaning presents itself,—there was never a greater truth: The words are expunged in [Hanmer's] edition; and had been so in this, had they appeared in the light which they now do; which is that of—a gloss on the other words, put by heedlessness into the manuscript, and creeping thence into print.
113. Extended] BRADLEY (N. E. D. s. v.): ii. Law. To take possession of
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil’t—

Ant. Anthony thou would’st say.
Mef. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call’d in Rome:
Raile thou in Fulvia’s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full Licenfe, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vttre. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

114, 115. from...Ionia,] And Syria, to Lydia and Ionia; Han. 116. say.— Theob. et seq. (subs.)
117. Ok] Oh, no Kly. 118–120. Speak...Rome] Two lines, ending tongue...Rome Rowe et seq. (subs.)

by a writ of extent; to seize upon (land, etc.) in satisfaction for a debt; to levy upon. b. transferred sense. To seize upon, take possession of, by force. [As in the present line.]

113. Euphrates] The Text. Notes give Keightley’s division of these lines, but it is not easy to understand from them that it is in order to avoid the pronunciation ‘Euphrates’ that he reads ‘Euphrates and.’ Walker (Vers. 172) shows by examples from Drayton, Spenser, Fairfax, and Sylvester that Euphrates, with the accent on the first syllable, was the common Elizabethan pronunciation. [See Appendix, Plutarch.]

124. our quicke windes] Warburton: We should read minds. The m was accidentally turned the wrong way at the press. The sense is this: While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest. This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him. Capell (i, 27): By ‘winds’ are meant—friends; persons so truly such, as to remind those they love of their faults; the observation is certainly just; and the metaphor in which it is wrap’d, a physical truth; and that this is a true interpretation, is clear from what immediately follows,—‘and our ills told us, Is as our earing;’ i. e.—and the telling us our ills or ill actions, is a kind of culture to minds that lie waste;—still pursuing the image he had borrowed from husbandry. Johnson [reading ‘winds’]: The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. Blackstone: I suspect that quick winds is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word, signifying either arable lands, or the instruments of husbandry used in tilling them. Steevens:
This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called wind-rows. Quick winds, I suppose to be the same as teeming fallows; for such fallows are always fruitful in weeds. HENLEY: When the quick winds lie still, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which the tyrannous breathings of the north would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow. M. MASON: The words lie still, are opposed to earing; quick means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: 'When our pregnant winds lie idle and untill'd, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them.' The pronoun our before quick, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the wind is. To talk of quick winds lying still, is little better than nonsense. MALONE: Dr Johnson's explanation is certainly true of soil, but where did Dr Johnson find the word soil in this passage? He found only winds, and was forced to substitute soil ventilated by winds in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes winds to mean to fallow, because the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed wind-rows; though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, rows exposed to the wind, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called wind-rows. Our quick minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in a Hen. IV: IV, iii, 107: 'It ascends me into the brain;—makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive.' Again, in this play: 'The quick comedians,' etc. The same error is found in King John, V, vii, 16 where we have, in the only authentick copy: 'Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now Against the wind.' Again, in Tro. and Cress. F. F.: 'Let it be call'd the mild and wand'ring flood.' KNIGHT [reading 'winds']: When do we bring forth weeds? In a heavy and moist season, when there are no quick winds to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the winds of March, rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself,—the earing. COLLIER [reading 'winds']: Perhaps winds ought to be spelt wints, which in Kent and Sussex is an agricultural term (in other parts of the country called a bow), meaning two furrows ploughed by the horses going to one end of the field and back again. See Cooper's Sussex Glossary, 1836; also Holloway's General Provincial Dictionary, 1838. 'Our quick winds,' therefore, is to be understood as our productive soil. 'Earing' is ploughing; and its use shows that Anthony had agriculture in his thoughts, with reference to winds or wints. STAUNTON [reading 'winds']: Warburton's change is, perhaps, without necessity. 'Quick winds' may mean quickening winds, and Johnson's explanation of the passage is possibly the true one. DRAUGHTON [reading 'winds']: It is when our active minds are allowed to lie untill'd by wholesome truths that they shoot up noxious growths, and the telling us of our faults is as the ploughing of the soil which roots up such growths. [To me an insuperable difficulty in accepting 'winds' is the possessive pronoun 'our.' I do not know what these winds are, which we possess and, if quiescent, suffer us to bring forth weeds. The agency of our reformation comes
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

*Mef.* At your Noble pleasur[e.

*Exit Messenger.*

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Ant.* From Scicon how the newes? Speake there.

1. *Mef.* The man from Scicon,

Is there such an one?

2. *Mef.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in detention.

*Enter another Messenger with a Letter.*

What are you?

3. *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where dyed she.


126. *Noble* good Words.

Exit...* Om. Rowe. Exit first Messenger. Theob.

127. *Enter...* Om. Rowe, Cap.

128. *Scicon* *Sicyon* Pope.

128. *Speak* Speak to him Words.


129, 130. The man...an one?] One line, Rowe et seq.

130. *am one* a one Cap.


132. *Sicyon* how the] Sicyon, how the


134. *loofe*] left F, F.

135. *Enter...* After line 136, Rowe.

After line 133, Coll.


125. *Is* Abbott (§ 337): The real nominative is not the noun 'ills,' but the whole noun clause. Thus, 'The telling us of our faults is like ploughing us.'

128. From Scicon how the newes?] Possibly, the reason why Capell did not change this 'how' into ho, as he wisely converted the 'How' of line 153 (thereby anticipating Dyce), was because the sense may here be, 'how is the news from Sicyon?'—ED.

131. *upon* For other examples of the use of 'upon' involving the idea of waiting on, attending to, etc. see FRANT § 344, a. See also II. i. 52, post. Steevens quotes 'Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.'—I. iii. 148.
ACT I, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 37

Mef. In Scion, her length of sickness,
With what elbe more serious,
I importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antho. Forbeare me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,

139-141. In ... bears] Lines end, 143. did I desire] I desire d Pope, Han.
Scion...serious...bears. Pope et seq. 144. contempts doth] contempt doth
141. Importeth] Importe to Ff. Import to Ff et cet. 144. contempts do Ff
port to Ff et cet.
142. [Exit second Messenger. Theob. 145. ours] our's Coll. ii.

143. Spirit] Walker (Crit. i, 201) includes this 'Spirit' in his list of numerous
passages 'in which the disyllabic pronunciation of spirit renders a line positively
unmetrical or inharmonious to a degree beyond what the poet's ear could possibly
have tolerated.' [From childhood we have been so accustomed to regard sprit as
the name of a goblin, that its introduction in a solemn line like the present could
hardly fail to have a jarring effect, for which metrical smoothness would be hardly a
sufficient compensation.—Ed.]

144. from vs] Walker (Crit. iii, 294): I suspect a word has dropt out. '—'do
do often hurl from 's, gone We wish it ours again.' [Walker does not quote the pre-
ceeding line; had he done so, he would have seen at once that his repetition of
'gone' renders his proposed change extremely doubtful.—Ed.

145. we wish it ours againe] Theobald refers to 'Virtutem incolunem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi.'—Horace, Odets, III, xxiv, 31. Steevens:
Compare, 'We mone that lost, which had we did bemone.'—Sidney's Arcadia, ii.
[p. 148, closing line of chant of Basilius; ed. 1598. Compare, for the sentiment,
209-211, infra.—Ed.]

145. The present pleasure, etc.] Warburton: The allusion is to the sun's
durnal course; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting in the
west, becomes the opposite of itself. [Rolvey thinks that there is an allusion rather to
the turning of a wheel, probably suggested by the familiar 'wheel of Fortune.]
Johnson: This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr Warburton has
offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps, Shakespeare, who was
less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are
revolved in the mind, turn to pain. Capell (i, 28): The sentiment contained in the
passage that begins with these words is, in the main, no other than that con-
ceived in the general maxim preceding it, and in the reflections with which it is fol-
lowed. Tollett: I rather understand the passage thus: 'What we often cast from
us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers
in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession
becomes undesirable and disagreeable.' Steevens: I believe revolution means
c change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the
passage. — The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circum-
cstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.' [Knight
and Dighton adopt this interpretation of Steevens.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ACT I, SC. ii.

By resolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it felse: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how

---

146. By resolution lowring] COLLIER (ed. ii. Reading 'By repetition souring') : Our text has been furnished here by the MS and we cannot doubt that it is what the poet wrote. The meaning of course is, that pleasure, souring by repetition, becomes the reverse of itself. The old compositor misread 'repetition' resolution, and 'souring' (as the word was then often spelt) lowring, and thus made almost nonsense of the whole passage. The restoration by the old annotator can hardly have been a mere guess. [We are willing, all of us, upon a compelling occasion, to listen with condescending benignity to almost any emendation of the text of Shakespeare, but—we must draw the line at souring,—a repulsive word, and worse than a wilderness of flies in the apothecary's ointment. In his Third Edition Collier returned to the received text, but remarked in a footnote that the reading of the MS 'is perhaps right.' See note on Daniel's Cleopatra, Appendix, p. 515.—Ed.]

148. could plucke] HEATH: The verb could hath a peculiar signification in this place; it doth not denote power but inclination. The sense is, 'the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.'

150. harms, more] I doubt the propriety of this comma, which has been uniformly adopted, I believe. I think the sense is: My idleness hatches ten thousand more unknown harms than the illes I see at hand.—Ed.

153. How now] DYCE (Notes, p. 150): It would be impossible, I presume, to point out, in any old writer, an instance of 'How now!' used as the exclamation of a person summoning another into his presence. Here the right reading is indubitably,—'Ho, Enobarbus!' I have already shewn [in a note on Love's Lab. Lost, V, ii, 45, quoted ad loc. in this edition—ED.] that 'ho' was very frequently spelt 'how:' and the probability is that in the present passage the author's manuscript had 'how:' to which either some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added 'now' (making the line over-measure). [Dyce in his edition, printed four years after his Notes, acknowledged that he was unaware, when he wrote the foregoing note, that he had been therein anticipated by Capell.]
ACT 1, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.

It were pitty to caft them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great caufe, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra catching but the leaft noyse of this, dies instantly: I haue feene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempefts then Almanackes can report. This cannot

160. a compelling an] a compelling
Rowe et seq. as compelling an Anon. 167. celebrity] alacrity Han.
sp. Cam. Thiselton. so compelling an 169. no,] no; Theob.

158. the word] DEIGHTON: That is, the watch-word on every lip. Compare 

Fut. Cat. V, v, 4;—"saying is the word;" Cor. III, ii, 142: 'The word is "mildly."' [See also, 'you were the word of warre,' II, ii, 57.]

165. poorer moment] JOHNSON: For less reason; upon meaner motives.

165. mettle] Thiselton (p. 9): The metaphor is probably taken from the load-
stone. 'Aimant' is the French word for magnet.

170, 171. her winds and waters, sighes and teares] MALONE: I once idly supposed that Shakespeare wrote—'We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters;'-which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. 'We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears; they are greater storms,' etc. [It is doubtful that Zachary Jackson, or his cosemate Andrew Becket, or Lord Chedworth, who makes a good third, ever wrote a more trying note than this of Malone. In supposing this sentence of Enobarbus to be inverted, Malone betrayed his misapprehension of its meaning, and I think that he made his feeble conjecture before he had read the rest of the speech. If, in speaking of Mont Blanc we should say 'we cannot call Mont Blanc a molehill' is there any phraseology of any time or of any people in which this expression would be termed an inversion? However, before he finished his comment Malone discovered his error, but he should have cancelled the first portion of his note.—Ed.]

172. Almanackes can report] HALLIWELL quotes at length Sordido's consultation of a 'prognostication' wherein the wind and rain and blustering storms are duly foretold for each day of the month, in Jonson's Every man out of his Humour, I, 1.
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shoure of Raine
as well as Ioue.

  Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

  Eno. Oh sIR, you had then left vnfeeene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall,
would haue discredite your Trauaile.

  Ant. Fulvia is dead.
  Eno. Sir.
  Ant. Fulvia is dead.
  Eno. Fulvia?
  Ant. Dead.
  Eno. Why sIR, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice:
when it pleafeith their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-


                               Sir # Han.

                           Rowe, Pope, Han. Warb.

177. peece of worke] Note the critical eye which appreciates Cleopatra as a piece
of mechanism to be classed with other wonders.—ED.

186. it shewes, etc.] JOHNSON: I have printed this after the original, which,
though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. I think the passage, with
less alteration [than Hanmer's], for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus—
'It shows to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them,' etc. CAPELL (i, 28):
'It stands for—this action of theirs; His 'tailors' are women, the artificers of other
women; and in that lies the comfort he speaks of; for 'when old robes are worn
out,' that is—when an old wife is carried to her grave, 'there are members' (videlicet,
of the community) still left 'to make' newer and fresher. MALONE: When the
deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them
appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that
the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the
tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. ANON. [Far. '21]:
The meaning is this—'As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife
Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as
the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with
new ones. HUDSON: 'Shews' 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 out-worn
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 wince
under the cutting irony of his talk. DEIGHTON detects in 'there are members' a
probable allusion to the scriptural narrative of Eve being made out of one of,
forting therein, that when olde Robes are wore out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulvia, then had you indeede a cut, and the cafe to be lamented: This greefe is crown’d with Con-olation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this forrow.

Ant. The businesse the hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach’d heere cannot be without you, especcially that of Cleopatra’s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake

The caufe of our Expedition to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriving Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius

203. 1oue] love Fl. Rowe, Cap. Var.
Pope, +, Dyce, Hal. Wh. Coll. ii, iii (MS),

203. love] CAPELL (i, 28): They who alter'd 'love' into leave had not reflected sufficiently, who the person is that they gave it to: the person is Antony; Antony coming to himself, and beginning to think rather seriously; who, in that disposition, must be suppos'd to consider his own dignity, of which the word leave is an evident breach; it seems indeed to have been avoided with some study; and 'love,' a less natural expression, substituted for it: the sense we must take the words in, is as follows:—and get her, whose love is so great for me, to consent to my parting. MALONE: If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word get connects much more naturally with the word leave than with love. The same error has happened in Tit. And. and therefore I have no longer any doubt that leave was Shakespeare's word. In that play we find: 'He loves his pledges dearer than his life,' instead of—'He leaves.'—[III, i, 292. Dyce adopts this conclusion of Malone.] STEEVENS: The old reading may mean:—'And prevail on her love to consent to our separation.' [Thus KNIGHT substantially. The original text is not, to me, sufficiently obscure to justify a change. Capell's reason is weighty, and, in addition, it seems somewhat absurd in Anthony to send notice to his officers of his intention, and to all his subordinates of his quick return 'hence,' and then to say that he would get Cleopatra's leave to depart. 'Durior lectio preferenda est.'—[ED.]

204. more vrgent touches] JOHNSON: Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

206. our contriving Friends] WALKER (Crit. i, 163): 'Contriving' here is not managing or plotting, but sojourning; conferentes tempus. See Tam. Shr. I, ii. MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. Contrive, 4th obs.): Apparently irregularly formed on Latin contrivé, pret. of contrervere to wear away; cf. contrive, contrivion; perhaps associated by translators with 'contrive' to invent, etc. Transitive. To wear down, wear away, consume, spend; to pass, employ (time). Cf. 'Please ye we may contrive this afternoon.'—Tam. Shr. I, ii, 276. [The context is not, I think, in Walker's favour. It was not for the sake of Anthony's company that his friends, who happened to be sojourning in Rome, petitioned him at home, but much was breeding that might endanger the sides of the world, and Anthony's presence was needed to encourage those friends, who were looking after his interests. This seems, I think, to favour the usual meaning of 'contriving.'—[ED.]

206. Rome] WALKER (Crit. i, 163): Pronounce 'Rome,' as usual, Room; this removes the jingle between 'Rome' and 'home.'

207. Petition vs at home] JOHNSON: Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home.
ACT I, SC. ii.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Haue given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link’d to the deferuer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Upon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o’th’world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courlers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To fuch whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

208. Haue] Hath Ff et seq.
209. the dare] thee dare Ff,Fs.
210. slippery] slip’ry Rowe, + .
211. Sonne,] Ff, Rife. son; Rowe et cet.
212. quality] quality, Cap. et seq.
213. o’th’] oth’ Ff.
214. hair] hare Ff,Fs; hair Rowe.
215. Say our pleasure,] Ff, Rowe.


210, 215. Whose Loue . . . deserts are past] See line 145, above.
214, 215. stands vp For the maine Souldier] ‘Stands up’ is here used as in ‘We stand up peerless,’ I, i, 53. For other instances of ‘main,’ in the sense of first in importance, chief, see Schmidt, Lex.

216. sides o’th’world] This same phrase is used in Cymb. III, i, 51, also, to express the vastness of the Roman empire.

217. Courlers heire] Theobald: Holinshed in his Description of England, [Third booke, Chap. iii, p. 224, ed. 1587] has this remark: ‘yet it beleeued with to lose assurance of some, than that an horse hair laid in a pale full of the like water will in short time stirre and become a liuing creature. But sith the certente of these things is rather proued by few than the ceriteint of them knowne unto manie, I let it passe at this time.’ Coleridge (p. 317): This is so far true to appearance, that a horse-hair, ‘laid,’ as Holinshed says, ‘in a pail of water,’ will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small shiny water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school boys in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Hudson (p. 20): I remember very well when the same thing was believed by children in Vermont.

219. places] An error of the ear, not of the eye.—Ed.

220. Our quicke remoue] Johnson: I believe we should read: ‘Their quick remove.’ Tell our design of going away to those, who, being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ACT I, SC. iii.

Enter. I shall do't.

[Scene III.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Clev. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Clev. See where he is,
Whole with him, what he does:
I did not lend you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncking, if in Myrth, report
That I am fadaine fickle. Quicke, and returne.
Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.
Clev. What should I do, I do not?

Enter, I shall.] I'll Pope, -. Sir, I shall Words.
don't] don't F. do it, in Kily.
do it Nicholson ap. Cam.
Scene IV. Pope, -. Scene III. Cap.
et seq.
The same. Another Room. Cap.
[Trequiv. Vases for perfume. Grecian Statue of Antony with attributes of Hercules, Egyptian Sana, Tables, Chairs,
Out

3. since J. ABBOTT (§ 92): "Since" when used adverbially as well as conjunctionally, frequently takes the verb in the simple past where we use the complete present, [as in the present phrase]. This is in accordance with an original meaning of the word, ilter ("sthe"). We should still say, "I never saw him after that," and "since" has the meaning of ilter. [See also § 347, for examples of the simple past, did for complete present with "since," etc.]

4-5. See... sick? Miss JAMISON (4, 120): The whole secret of her absolute dominion over the fadle Antony may be found in this one little speech. [I think that this assertion is a little too sweeping. In mere opposition there can hardly be 'infinite variety.'—Ed.]

6. I did not send you?] JOHNSON: You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.

9, to. if you did... You do not?] DEIGHTON: The irregular sequence of tenses here is due to the stress which Charmian wishes to lay upon the fact that Cleopatra could not possibly love Antony: "if you do love him" would have meant "if you love, which is possible, though doubtful"; "if you did love" means "if you loved, which is evidently not the case.'
ACT I, SC. iii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cle. In each thing give him way, croffe him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teacheft like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I with forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But here comes Anthony.
Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.
An. I am forry to glie breathing to my purpose.
Cleo. Helpe me away deere Charmian, I shall fall,

14. teacheft...foole:] teacheft, like a foole: the way, etc.] COLLIER (ed. ii) claims for his punctuation (also that of his MS) a priority over all editions; the Text. Notes show that it had been adopted by Johnson. Collier, with pardonable zeal, pronounces the punctuation of his MS a decided improvement on that of the Folio, of which, he says, 'there can be no dispute that [its] mode of pointing the passage is wrong,'—an assertion, on the part of a veteran editor, so strange, that though it stands off as gross as black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. As if there were a phrase, a word, a comma in Shakespeare about which 'there can be no dispute!' And, moreover, Collier was unfortunate in making so extravagant a claim for his MS in this passage, of all passages, where the majority of editors in favour of the original punctuation is so very heavy. The majority has not erred, I think. Never would Cleopatra have uttered so tame, so dispassionate a sentence as that which Collier and his MS offer to us: 'thou teacheft, like a fool, the way to lose him.' If the Folio err in punctuation, it errs on the side of moderation. Instead of a colon after 'foole,' I think a period would be better.—Ed.

15. too farre] ABBOTT (§ 434) holds this to be a compound epithet: too-far.
15. wish forbeare] STAUNTON: That is, I commend forbearance. KEIGHTLEY (Exp. 311): 'Wish' here signifies recommend, advise. I think we should read 'wish you' [so reads Keightley's text], as it is always followed by its object when used in this sense. JOHN HUNTER: Forbear is my wish. The verb 'forbear' is here in the imperative mood. DEIGHTON: An elliptical expression for 'I should like to see you forbear to try him so far.' [The paraphrases just given are all of them obvious, but none of them supplies the strength, which the weak expression, 'I wish, forbear' lacks. It is this weakness, this childishness, almost infantile, which renders the words suspicious, so it seems to me. Nicholson's conjecture, recorded in the Cam. Ed., 'the wish forbear' is plausible, and is certainly stronger than the weak 'I wish.' It is better than his alternative conjecture, 'your wish, forbear.' Weakness is, however, no sufficient ground for disturbing the text.—ED.]

19. sullen] Into this word we may read all the moods most unlively in woman, from waspishness to gloomy malignity. 'O!' exclaims Coleridge, 'the instinctive propriety of Shakespeare in the choice of words.'—ED.
It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

_ant._ Now my dearest Queene.

_Cleo._ Pray you stand farther from mee.

_ant._ What's the matter?

_Cleo._ I know by that fame eye ther's some good newes.

What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had never guen you leave to come.

22. [Seeming to faint. Rowe, +.
24. dearest F, dearest F, darest F,.
26. matter] marter F,
27. that same eye ther's some good newes] This is a wilful and highly irritating misinterpretation of Anthony's expression. His looks had been, of course, downcast, as befitted words which he was 'sorry to breathe.' Cleopatra had instantly divined his 'purpose,' and conjectured the purport of his message from Rome; she resolved, therefore, that before Anthony could declare it, he should be 'chased' almost beyond endurance; then, by tenderly yielding, she knew that she could bind him to her more strongly than ever. She begins, accordingly, by wilfully misinterpreting his looks.—Ed.

28. What sayes the married woman you may goe?] Thielston (p. 9): To punctuate this line as it is done both in the Globe and Oxford editions is to spoil the antithesis between it and the next. 'What' is exclamatory and expresses surprise: 'you don't mean to tell me.' It is to be observed that Cleopatra as yet knows nothing of the nature of the news from Rome which had aroused Anthony. She had only concluded 'A Romane thought hath strooke him' from a sudden subsidence of his mirth, and she infers that the news probably involves his speedy departure, and is really welcome to him as importing reconciliation with Cesar. Fulvia and Lucius had been at war with the latter, and Cleopatra believes or pretends to believe that it has been Fulvia's wish that Anthony should keep out of the way, and that it was merely owing to this that he was able to dance attendance on herself. [Rowe's division of the line seems to me to be right; but the interrogation mark of the Folios at the end should have been retained. The line contains the two questions: 'What says the married woman?' and, in effect, 'Does she give you leave to go? ' Then follows the antithesis, 'Would she had never given you leave to come!'-Ed.]

28, 29. What sayes the married woman ... leave to come] Th. Zirkinski (Philologia, 1905. Bd. ixiv. Hft. i. p. 17): In this farewell scene between Anthony and Cleopatra Shakespeare had in mind Ovid's Epistle of Dido to Æneas. First of all, the situations are exactly analogous, as every one may see at once; even the Poet himself acknowledges it, where he says: 'Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,' etc. IV, xiv, 64. Shakespeare's Cleopatra is developed psychologically, not from the Vergilian, but from the Ovidian Dido; from the latter she derives her nervousness, although she derives from the English poet,—or rather from Plutarch,—that fatal admixture of instinctive, foxlike slyness, which Ovid's heroine lacks. Special points of resemblance the student will find for himself; the most noteworthy
ACT I, SC. III.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Lett her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere. 30
I have no power vpon you: Hers you are.
Ant. The Gods best know.
Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the Treafons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throane Gods)
Who haue beene False to Fulvia?

32. know,] know,— Theob. et seq.
(subs.)
34. betrayed] betray'd Pope et seq.
35. Treafons] treason Walker (Crit. i, 246).
planted] planned Warb. (N. & Qn. VIII, iii, 262).
38. in swearing] swearing Fl. with swearing Rowe, +.
40. One line, Rowe et seq.

occurs in line 139 of Ovid’s Epistola VII: Dido Ænea:—‘Sed jubet ire deus. Vdlem vetuisset adire.’ [Undoubtedly, in this one solitary line there is found a notable parallelism between Dido’s words and Cleopatra’s; but the antithesis between going and coming is in itself so marked that it might almost be said to be one d’daily use. As to the ‘special points of resemblance which the student will find for himself,’ I can merely humbly acknowledge that I have scrutinized closely every line of Ovid’s Epistle, and if there be another parallelism there, it has escaped me. Not so, however, Zielinski; one passage there is whereto he detects a second parallel in this present scene. The passage is, I suppose, for he does not specify it:—’For siam et gravidam Dido, scelerate, relinquas, Parsque tui tardae corpore clausa meo.’—123, 124. This clausa pars’ Zielinski finds in the ‘one word,’ which Cleopatra is at a loss to pronounce, in lines 108–113, until at last Zielinski reveals it for her in ‘Oh, my oblivion is a very Anthony.’ Thereupon, after a little grüle derision of the commentators for their obtuseness, he finds further confirmation where Cleopatra says, ‘’Tis sweating labour To bear such idleness so near the heart, As Cleopatra this.’ ‘This,’ Zielinski suggests, was accompanied by a discreet significant gesture;’ deuntio, as Aristotle has it. ‘Verily,’ he says, in conclusion, ‘a poet understands a poet better than the critics understand him; I refer to Puschkin, who has openly imitated these words of Cleopatra in a passage in his lovely “Nixe” (Rsulka): “Fürst. Leb’ wohl—Mädchen. Nein, wart… ich muss dir etwas sagen… Weiss nimmer, was. Fürst. So denke nach! Mädchen. Für dich Wär ich bereit… Nein, das ist’s nicht… So wart doch. Ich kann’s nicht glauben, dass du mich auf eig Verlassen willst… Nein, dass ist’s immer nicht… Jetzt hab’ ich’s: heut war’s, dass zum ersten Mal Dein Kind sich unter’m Herzen mir bewegte…’” I leave this untranslated. For those who read German, a translation is needless, and for those who do not, the loss is less than trifling. I think I ought to add that Warburton appears to have had the same idea as Zielinski. See note 114–116 infra.—ED.]

31. vpon] For the various uses of ‘upon,’ see ABBOTT, § 191.
Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselfes in swareing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you secke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you fued flaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldest know
There were a heart in Egypt.

40. madness] Rowe, Pope, Han.
43. Queene.] Queen. F., F., Queene,—
Theob. et seq. browne bent Rowe, +. browne, Han.
browne bent, Johna. browne bent; Cap.
et cet.
49. none our] none of our Han. Ktly.
50. race] ray Han.
49. browes bent: F., browes bent:
52. greatest] greater Ff, Rowe, Pope.

40. Riotous madness] This is her own self-reproach.
49. browes bent] Steevens: That is, the arch of the eye-browes. So, in King John: 'Why do you bend such solemn browes on me?'—IV, ii, 90. SCHMIDT (Lex. s. v. Bent. 3) interprets it as meaning the whole forehead.
49. none our parts] For other instances of the use of certain adjectives, like 'none,' as 'pronouns, in a manner different from modern usage,' see ABBOTT, § 12.
50. race of Heauen] WARBURTON: That is, had a smack or flavour of heaven. JOHNSON: 'Race' is well explained by Warburton; the 'race' of wine is the taste of the soil. MALONE: I am not sure the poet did not mean, 'was of heavenly origin.' JOHN HUNTER: 'Race' is a suspicious word here, for which I would venture to substitute trace. . . . It should be remarked, however, that 'race' had for one of its meanings smack or relish. [Between the two interpretations of Warburton and Malone subsequent editors have been pretty evenly divided. Warburton carelessly wrote 'had a smack' instead of 'was a smack'; possibly, this weakened his general acceptance, but needlessly, I think. 'Race' was undoubtedly applied, in Shakespeare's day, to the flavour of wine. CRAIGIE (N. E. D. s. v. Race, s. h. 10) gives among others a quotation from Massinger: 'A pipe of rich Canary . . . Is it of the right race.'—New Way, I, iii. This justifies Warburton's interpretation of flavour. Cleopatra says, in effect, there was no single feature, however insignificant, but was of a flavour, or, was the very flavour of heaven. The objection to Malone's interpretation seems to me to lie in the difficulty of accepting any one single feature as a 'race' whether of heaven or of earth.—Ed.]
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. Heare me Queene:
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vfe with you. Our I tally,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestick powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strengthe
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued
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
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke here, and at thy Soueraigne leyfure read
The Garboyls she awak'd: at the last, best,

---

68. *purge* SCHMIDT (*Lex.*): That is (thus used intransitively), to be cured, to be restored to health.

69. *more particular*] That is, what is more especially my own personal, private reason. This is an unusual use of the comparative. MURRAY (*N. E. D.* s. v. III, B, † 6) quotes from the first line of Heminge and Condell's *Epistle Dedicatoria* in the First Folio: 'Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular,' etc. SCHMIDT (*Lex.*) gives 'who loved him in a most dear particular. — Cor. V, i, 3, where it is 'dear' that is compared, not 'particular.' See IV, ix, 24, 'in thine own particular,' where it means, 'in thine own special person.' — Ed.

70. should safe my going] ABBOTT (§ 290): It may be said that any noun or adjective could be converted into a verb by the Elizabethan authors, generally in an active signification [as 'safe' in this present line, where the meaning is], 'make my departure unsuspected by you of dangerous consequences.'

73. Can Fulvia dye?] STEEVIENS: That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be: 'Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?' She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it freed her from a childish belief in all he says. RITSON: I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it. MALONE: Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. *Mrs Jameson* (ii, 128): Cleopatra recovers her dignity for a moment at the news of Fulvia's death, as if roused by a blow. And then follows the artful mockery with which she tempts and provokes him, in order to discover whether he regrets his wife. [It is extremely difficult to decide on which one of these three words the emphasis should be laid; each can appropriately bear it. It is even more difficult than *Lady Macbeth's*, 'We fail!' Possibly, none should be emphasized, but each uttered slowly, after a pause, as though the speaker were revolving many things in her mind.—Ed.]

76. Garboyles] BRADLEY (*N. E. D.* s. v.): ('An adaptation of Old French gar-
ACT I, SC. iii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

See when, and where she died.

Cle. O most false Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill


bouill, garboille (= Spanish garbillo, adaptation of Italian garbuglio connected with Latin bullire, to boil; the origin of the prefixed element is disputed.) Confusion, disturbance, tumult; an instance of this, a brawl, hubbub, hurly-burly.

76. at the last, best.] STEVENS: This conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia may be illustrated by Malcolm's eulogium on the Thane of Cawdor: 'nothing in his life Became him, like the leaving it.'—I, iv, 7. BOSWELL: Surely it means her death was the best thing I have known of her, as it checked her garbille. IRVING EDITION: Antony evidently means either, 'in the last part of the letter is the best news,' or 'the best thing she ever did was her last act, that is, her leaving me.' ROLFE: These words probably refer to the last part of the letter, or that giving the good news of Fulvia's death. STAUNTON: The commentators will have the word 'best' to relate to the 'good end' made by Fulvia. But it is no more than an epithet of endearment which Antony applies to Cleopatra;—read at your leisure the trouble she awakened; and then at the last, my best one, see when and where she died. [Of course, after 'best' Staunton's text has the comma, of the Folio.] STAUNTON (Athen. 12 April, 1873): Very many years ago I protested against the error modern editors had committed in altering the punctuation of the old copy by placing a colon or semi-colon after 'best,' and interpreting it to mean that Fulvia's death was the most becoming act of her life; or that the intelligence of her decease was the best part of the news. I showed conclusively, as it appeared to me, that 'best' in this place was simply a term of endearment, like 'sweet,' or 'love,' or 'dear,' the construction being,—read in these letters all the tumults she provoked, and, at the last, my best one, read when and where she died. It seemed to me incredible that there could be any question as to this, the obvious meaning, being accepted as the true one, when it was once explained. I did not then know that young ignorance and old prejudice were not the only or the worst foes a modern restoration of Shakespeare's language had to overcome. I had to learn that the most implacable opponents of all improvements in Shakespeare's text in these days were to be found among Shakespeare's editors. This use of 'best,' or of analogous epithets, is very common with our early poets. Compare—'but that I love thee, best, O most best I believe it.'—Hamlet, III, ii; 'Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Caesar.'—Jonson's Poetaster, V, i; 'Believe me, Philomus, i' faith thou must, The best-best scale of wit is wit's distrust.'—Intro. to Marston's What you Will; 'Be she with that goodness best Which may merit name of best.'—George Wither's song, 'Shall I waiting in despair; '—kind, forgive me: Make me not sick in health.'—The Revenger's Tragedy; '—But, last, good, thy humour.'—Induct. to Marston's Antonio and Mellida, where the turn of expression is precisely the same as—'at the last, best, see when,' etc. [Staunton overlooked Florizel's enamoured words 'When you do speak, sweet, I'd have you do it ever'? Had we only dutifully followed the Folio, and disregarded Cpell's unfortunate colon, there would never have been, I think, any doubt as to the comprehension of Anthony's epithet 'best,' which harmonizes with his eagerness to propitiate her whom he had already called his 'Queen.'—Ed.]

79. Sacred Violles] JOHNSON: Alluding to the lachrymatory viols, or bottles of
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receive'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus' flame, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony louses.

81. receive'd shall be shall be receive'd
84. th'advice] th'advises Pope, +, , Cap.
85. smile] smile Rowe ii (misprint).

86. Souldier, Servant] soldier-servant
87. affects] affecteth F., affecteth F., et seq.
88. well; Swarb. well;—So, Johns. well:

So Var. '78, '85, Mal. Steev. Var.

[ACT I, SC. III.

taste, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. Halliwell:
These vials are now known to be unguent bottles.

80, 81. I see, . . . shall be} This rhyme grates. One cannot but admire Rowe's
courage in evading it.

84. th'advice. By] Abbott (§ 508) in order to complete the metre, suggests,
what is most true, that 'a pause, perhaps, may be expected before an oath,' but
immediately ruinates the good suggestion by adding: 'but 'vice' or 'by' may
be prolonged.' It were better far, brazenly to insert, like Steevens, a superfluous New,
or even a whole Dictionary, than weakly to quaver out 'vice' or 'By.'—Ed.

87. affects] Walker (Crit. ii, 138) in his Article to show that 's is not in-
frequently substituted for st in the second person singular of the verb has the follow-
ing: 'Quere, therefore, in cases where st would produce extreme harshness, and
where at the same time the old copies have s, whether we ought not to write the
latter. (In the north of England, and in Scotland (see, for example, Burns's poems),
s for st in the second person seems to be the rule.)' [The propriety of Walker's
suggestion can hardly be questioned, I think. There are instances where it is almost
impossible to pronounce the full form in st and at the same time impart any smooth-
ness whatever to the verse. In the well-known line where Hamlet asks the Ghost
why 'thou dead corse again in complete steel Revivest thus the glimpses of the moon,'
can cacophony further go? Thus to pronounce these two words is to pay too
dear a price for grammar. Again in Lear, where the old demented king says 'thou
body lastest to use.' In both cases we are forced to use the forms in the Folio and
say 'Revisits thus' and 'lusts to.' Thus, too, in the present line, an ear that would
shrink under 'effects' for affectest is too grammatical to be of use to anybody, much
less to its owner. When Heine said that to his ears the English language sounded
like the harsh notes of sea-merlins, I think he must have had in memory some of the
second person singulars of verbs ending in .—Ed.]

89, 90. and well, So Anthony louses] Capell (p. 29): Meaning—such is
ACT I, SC. iii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare, and giue true evidence to his Loue, which standes An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

92. evidence] credence Coll. ii, iii (MS), Wh. i. audience L. Campbell ap. Cam.

ANTONY'S love; fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health. [Of recent editors, STAINTON and HUDSON are the only ones who adopt this interpretation.] MALONE: [At one time] I thought this to be—"My fears quickly rendre me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me." 'So' for so that. If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus:—'I am quickly ill,—and well again, so Antony loves.' [The interpretation which Malone rejected is that which has been generally adopted. KNIGHT accepts it; COLLIER also, adding: 'First Cleopatra tells Charmian to cut her lace, then to let it be, for the necessity being at an end, in consequence, perhaps, of receiving some indication of love from Antony.' IRVING'S ED., DEIGHTON, and ROLFE all adopt Malone's discarded interpretation. In the use of the indicative 'loves,' instead of the subjunctive, ABBOTT (§ 363) discerns such complete assurance on Cleopatra's part, that he is inclined to consider 'So,' as 'almost' equivalent to since. Had we only closed our eyes to Warburton's colon, Steevens's semi-colon, and Johnson's full stop, and opened them on the comma of the Folio, no doubts would have ever clouded our minds. To me, the simple meaning is that whether she is ill or well depends entirely on Antony's love.—Ed.]

92. evidence] COLLIER (ed. ii): There can be no hesitation in adopting here the excellent emendation of the MS, viz.: credence for 'evidence'; it suits both measure and meaning admirably; for the sake of the metre 'evidence' [must be pronounced] evidence. Cleopatra was not to give evidence, but belief, to the affection of Antony. SINGER (SA. Vind. 280): The substitution of credence would be specious, but that the occurrence of 'trial,' in the next line, shows that the old text is right. Cleopatra had just cast a doubt on Antony's love; he bids her give 'true evidence' in favour of it, not bear false witness against it, as she had done. DYCk (Strict. 201) quotes with approval this note of Singer, and adds: Compare 'Proceed no straiter against our uncle Gloster Than from true evidence,' etc.—2 Hen. VI: III, ii. 'Give true evidence' is 'Bear true witness;' but what is 'Give true credence'? STAINTON: Mr Collier's annotator... would properly read credence, which, like many of his suggestions, is very specious and quite wrong. The meaning of Antony is this,—'Forbear these taunts, and demonstrate to the world your confidence in my love by submitting it freely to the trial of absence.'

92. to his] WALKER (Verse 77) recommends that these two words should be written to his. Could Walker have vainly imagined that by writing these words thus the rhythmical flow of the line would be promoted? If to his represents one sound, why should it not be written honestly to's? Does not the apostrophe by indicating an omission equally indicate a pause long enough to show that to's is not to's? And if there is to be a pause, however brief, it is a pause long enough to give a breathing and say to his. No flow of rhythm can compensate, to my ear at least, for such slipshod pronunciation of English as to's.—Ed.

94. So Fulvia told me] It is not, of course, to be supposed that Fulvia ever told
THE TRAGEDIE OF

I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and fay the teares
Belong to Egypt.  Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

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

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target.  Still he mends.

But this is not the best.  Looke prythee Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

100. blood no more?  Rows et seq. (subs.)
102. by Sword.] by my Sword. Ft. by

Sing.

106, 107. The...Lady] As one line,
Steev. Var. Knt.


Cleopatra this, or anything else.  It was Cleopatra's cutting and cruel way of telling
Anthony at how high a rate his treatment of Fulvia had led her to prise his love.
Fulvia had experienced Anthony's 'honourable trial,' and Fulvia's experience pro-
claimed Cleopatra's; tears shed for Fulvia should be Cleopatra's "true evidence to
his love."—Ed.

97. to Egypt] Johnson: To me, the Queen of Egypt.
98. let it] Abbott (§ 472): So strong was the dislike to pronouncing two dental
syllables together, that 'it' seems nearly or quite lost after 'let' [in the present line.
To the same effect Walker, Vers. 77.]

103. Still he mends] This speaking of Anthony in the third person implies the
calm critical eye of a disinterested spectator, pronouncing on the excellence of the
performance with judicial coolness,—un speakably irritating when the victim's blood
is seething.—Ed.

104. Looke prythee Charmian] This appeal to Charmian is virtually turning
Anthony into a public exhibition; and proves the limit of his endurance.—Ed.

105. Herculean Roman] Steevens: Anthony traced his descent from Anton,
a son of Hercules. [See Appendix, Plutarch.]

106. chafe] Staunton: Can any one who considers the epithet 'Herculean,'
which Cleopatra applies to Antony, and reads the following extract from Shake-
speare's authority, hesitate for an instant to pronounce 'chafe' a silly blunder of the
transcriber or compositor for chief, meaning Hercules, the head or principal of
the house of the Antonii? [Here follows the passage from Plutarch, referred to in the
preceding note. Twenty years later, Staunton (Athen. 12 April, 1873) upheld his emen-
dation, and closed his remarks, in substance the same as in his note just given, with
the assertion that Shakespeare 'puts into the mouth of Cleopatra the stinging taunt,
—"How this Hercules Roman does become the carriage of his chief." A sarcasm
which is rendered absolutely pointless by the fatuous reading of the old text.']
Hud-
sen: This is obscure. But Cleopatra here assumes that Anthony is but playing a
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that’s not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou’d, but there’s not it:
That you know well, somethings it is I would:
Oh, my Obliution is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

but ... well.] (but ... well,) all forgotten] all-forgotten Cap.
Var. "78, Ran. all forgetting Theob.
conj. (withdrawn).

put; 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 resemblance or make-believe of
king chafed at my words.' DEIGHTON: That is, see what full justice he does to the
put he has to play of being in a rage; how well he carries out his assumed rôle.
Ms JAMISON (ii, 130): This is, indeed, most 'excellent dissembling;' but when
she has fooled and chafed the Herculean Roman to the verge of danger, then comes
that return of tenderness which secures the power she has tried to the utmost, and we
have all the elegant, the poetical Cleopatra in her beautiful farewell. [Although
these words are a part of the irritating appeal to Charmian, yet they give in one par-
ticular word the first hint that Cleopatra is relenting and that her mood is changing.
In her very next speech she is utterly subdued and is the gentle, caressing, heart-
broken queen, whose very soul is lost and forgotten in Anthony. It would be unnatu-
ral to represent this change as taking place as swift as the lightning in the collied
night, as it would be were it preceded by a 'stinging taunt' and 'sarcasm.' The
indication of a change, which though swift, is still gradual, lies in the word 'chafe,'
—it is Cleopatra's confession that she has been merely teasing; when she speaks in
earnest she lacks words to tell her love, but hitherto it has been mere fun—'Look,
Charmian,' she says, in effect, 'how becoming it is to this Herculean Roman to
have to bear a little teasing;' or, in modern slang (perilously near 'chafe') 'to
bear a little chaff.' Of course, it is not to be supposed that, however bewitching the
smile which accompanies these words, Anthony is at once appeased. No man likes
to be told that he has been teased, although teasing is better than venom. So Anthony
is disguised and calls Cleopatra 'lady' and is almost ludicrously sarcastic in his next
speech. But,—he is limed. The 'infinite variety' has triumphed.—ED.]

Oh, my Obliution . . . forgotten] HAMMER: 'All forgotten' is an old
way of speaking for, apt to forget everything. CAPELL (1, 29): Intimating by this
expression,—that Antony's oblivion was something more than even oblivion itself;
the hemistic that follows may be explain'd in these words;—and the memory I once
had is all a blot. JOHNSON: It was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony
was deserting her. I think a slight change will restore the passage. The Queen,
having something to say, which she is not able, or would seem not able to recollect,
cites out, 'O my oblivion!—'Tis a very Antony.' The thought of which I was in
quest is a very Antony, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me.
'And I am all forgotten.' If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Hammer
must be received. But I will venture another change, by reading, 'And I am all for-
gone.' I am all deserted and undone. STEEVENS: Cleopatra has something to say,
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.
ACT I, SC. iii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idleneffe so neere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpitied Folly,
And all the Gods goe with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth succeffe
Be firew'd before your seete.

Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding here, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeing, heere remaine with thee.
Away.

Exeunt.

123. [Pope] On Pope, +. 126, 127. Let...Come:] As one line, Pope et seq.
Ft et cet. goes] goest Ff, Rowe, +. go' st
Cap. et seq.

120. my becomings] The things which become me, best me.
124. Lawrell victory] Both Collier and Dyck think that 'Lawrell'd' of F. is the preferred. The former suggests that a d has dropped out at the press; and the latter 'suspects that [thus] Shakespeare wrote here.' But they overlooked certain examples which Abbott (§ 430) furnishes:—'The honey of his music vows'—Hamlet III, i, 164; 'The venom clamours of a jealous woman.'—Com. of Err. V, i, 69; 'Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud.'—R. of L. 850. 'The Carthage queen'—Mid. N. D. I, i, 173. Malone was assuredly correct when he said that the use of a noun for a past participle or an adjective 'was the language of Shakespeare's time.'
128, 129. That thou . . . remaine with thee] Steevens: Compare 'She went, they said; or rightly for to say, She staid in them, they went in thought with her.'—Sidney, Arcadia, lib. i, [p. 87, ed. 1598.] Thus also in Plautus, Mercator: 'Si domi sum, foris est animus: sin foris sum, animus domi 'st.' [III, iv, 2.]
[Scene IV.]

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Cas. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesars Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandrea
This is the newes: He fishes, drinks, and waftes

5. One great] HEATH (p. 450): I have little doubt but Shakespeare wrote, Our great competitor. That is, that he doth not naturally bear a personal hatred to Antony. The whole scope of this scene confirms the emendation, as containing the justifying motives of Octavius his present resentment. [JOHNSON, of course independently, made this same conjecture; and as his Edition and Heath's Revival were both issued in 1765, it would be difficult to decide the priority, were it not that Johnson in his Preface refers to Heath's attack on Warburton.—ED.] CAPELL (i. 30): From the first of these words may be gather'd—that the party who utters it had been engag'd in conversation with Lepidus before their entry; and that a topic of that conversation had been,—a charge brought against him by the other, of designing to get rid of his partners, and govern singly: The passage being seen in this view, there can be no occasion for changing 'One' into—A, or into—our, as has been done by different gentlemen. BOSWELL: 'One' competitor is any one of his great competitors. [It is difficult, if not impossible, to uphold the Foliore here. By retaining 'One' the inference becomes not unfair that it is Caesar's natural vice to hate many competitors. The whole sentence seems either carelessly written or else dependent on the contents of the letter which Caesar has just read. 'Vice' and 'hate' both seem stronger than the occasion demands. It is not a 'vice' to disapprove of impropriety; nor is it natural that the misdemeanours which Caesar rehearses should inspire 'hate,' however severely they may be condemned. The unanimity with which all modern editors have adopted our cannot be here lightly disregarded.—ED.]

5. Competitor] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. † 2) : One associated with another in seeking the same common object; an associate, a partner. [Thus again Caesar calls Anthony in that touching lament, when word is brought to him of Anthony's death: 'thou my Brother, my Competitor In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,' etc.—V, i, 52. See also note on I, i, 21.—ED.]

6. He fishes] That Fishing should be here found in a list of heinous faults, cannot fail to give a profound shock to all gentle and refined natures. It is cheering to note, however, that the sympathetic author of Shakespeare as an Angler has had the strength to quote (p. 12) the present passage, and manfully forbear all comment.—ED.
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Ptolomy
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,

7. reuell] revells Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.


9-12. More...follow.] Lines end, audi-

...partners...abstract...follow. Pope, 

Thob. Han. Warb. he...think...man
...follow. Johns. he...or...there...faults
...follow. Var. '73. audience...there...

 faults...follow. Knt. Sta. or...there... faults
 faults...follow. Cap. et cet.

10. vouchsafe] did vouchsafe Fl, Rowe,

...Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. vouchsaf'd 

Johns. et seq.

11. finde there] there find Theob. ii,

...Warb. Johns.

...th'abstracts] th'abstract F,F,F,

...Rowe. th' abstract F, the abstract 

Pope et seq.

...faults;] faults; Rowe. faults
 faults; Pope et seq.

7. reuell] Walker (Crit. iii, 285), having found a line in Tourneur's Revenge's Tragedy where revells is to be pronounced as a monosyllable, asks, 'Is revells thus pronounced in a passage in Shakespeare?' To which his editor, Lettsom, answers, 'I think not except in [the present line]. And even this example is ambiguous.' (Perhaps, because the word occurs in the third foot, where extra syllables are at times tolerated and perhaps because 'reells' may refer to a drunken gait.) Lettsom might have been, however, a little more bold. The word occurs again in 'Our Alexandrian Reuels:—V, ii, 262, where also it may be pronounced as a monosyllable, if 'Our' be a disyllable. And in II, vii, 111, Revels has been spelt outright, as I think,' Reeves.' It is to be remembered that even to this day how easy is the confusion of words containing a v between two vowels, such as ne'er, e'er, etc. In Winter's Tale, IV, iv, §11, (of this ed.) in a note on 'shovels,' a quotation from The Antiquary is given, where Sir Walter spells the word shoes. In Ben Jonson, 'marle' for marcel is not infrequent, see Every Man out of his Humour, II, i.—Ed.

8. Queene of Ptolomy] Knight: All the modern editions omit 'of,' reading 'Queen Ptolemy.' [The omission is due to a misprint in the Variorum of 1803, which was continued in those of 1813, and 1821. These are Knight's 'all.'—Ed.]

10. vouchsafed to] A convincing proof, as it seems to me, that the compositor obeyed his ear when taking the words from the mouth of his reader. The dental d in 'vouchsafed' was lost in the dental t of 'to.' Johnson very properly restored the d, but it is sufficiently heard when the line is spoken. Steevens believed that he had restored metre to the line by omitting 'to.' If what I have said, about the absorption of d in the t of 'to,' be correct, the present is not to be classed among the instances given by Walker (Crit. ii, 62) of 'final d and final e confounded.' See 'dumbe,' I, v, 58; 'Tawny fine,' II, v, 16; 'Or looke on thine,' V, i, 49 (although this last is doubtful).—Ed.

11. abstracts] One of the most valuable of Walker's chapters, as has been remarked in almost every volume of this edition, is that on the frequent interpolation, and frequent omission, of the final s, in the first Folio. 'The interpolation of an s at the end of a word,' says Walker (Crit. i, 234), '—generally, but not always, a
That all men follow.

_Leit._ I must not thinke

There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More sierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To goe a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slawe,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaues that fines of sweate: Say this becomes him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,

19. You are] You're Pope, +, Dyce
ii. iii. 19. nov.] Om. F, Rowe.
20. Ptolomy] Ptolemy F.
24. smels]/smell F et seq.

lations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on
black ground than on any other.—Compare 1 Hen. IV: 1, ii, 236:—'And like
bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation, glittering o'er my fault, Shall show
more goodly, and attract more eyes, Than that which hath no foil to set it off.'
[Caell, for all his gnarled English, is often our surest guide. His present inter-
pretation is, to me, by much the most poetical. It was the blackness of the rising
sun that gave an unusual brilliance to Anthony's misdeeds.—Ed.]
15. Spota] QUINCY (p. 48): The Corrector reads 'stars of Heaven,'—thus doing
his best to destroy the felicity of the comparison, and render a striking line tame and
puerile.

16, 17. Hereditarie, Rather than purchaste] LORD CAMPBELL (p. 117): That
is to say, they are taken by descent, not by purchase. Lay gents (viz., all except
lawyers) understand by 'purchase' buying for a sum of money, called the price; but
lawyers consider that 'purchase' is opposed to descent,—that all things come to the
owner either by descent or by purchase, and that whatever does not come through
operation of law by descent is purchased, although it may be the free gift of a donor.
Thus, if land be devised to A. in fee, he takes by purchase, or to B. for life, remainder
in A, and his heirs, B. being a stranger to A., A. takes by purchase; but upon the
deth of A., his eldest son would take by descent. So in a Hen. IV: IV, iv, the
King, who had usurped the crown, says to the Prince of Wales:—'For what in me
was purchas'd Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.' i.e. I took by purchase, you will
take by descent.

19, 20. You are... Ptolomy] WALKER (Crit. iii, 295): Arrange, perhaps,—
'You are too indulgent: Let's grant 'tis not amiss | To tumble on the bed of Ptolemy.'
21. a Mirth] For a merry joke. DEIGHTON: It seems doubtful whether 'To
give a kingdom' means to bestow a kingdom on his entertainer, or to squander the
wealth of a kingdom in a single feast.
22. turne of Tipling, &c.] See North's Plutarch, Appendix.
23. To reele the streets] For other instances of the omission of prepositions
after verbs of motion, see ABBOTT § 198.
25. As his composure, etc.] JOHNSON: This seems inconsequent. I read:
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony
No way excuse his foyle, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuosnesse,
Full furfets, and the drinck of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,

'And his composer,' etc. Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him,
he must have in him something very uncommon, yet, etc. MALONE: Compare As
You Like It, 'what though you have beauty, (As by my faith I see no more in
you Than without candle may go dark to bed,')—III, v, 41. ABBOTT ($§$): 'As,' equivalent to as regards which, though, for, was sometimes used parenthetically
in a sense oscillating between the relative which, as regards which, and the
conjunction for, though, since. [Thus Abbott explains the 'as' here and in II, ii, 66.
In both places, as well as in Malone's quotation from As You Like It, 'as' appears
to me to introduce a clause which expresses a reason, and is equivalent to imas-
much as, since; of which use examples may be found in the N. E. D. s. v. IV,
18.—Ed.]

27. his foyle] MALONE: For the emendation now made [soils] I am answer-
able. In the MSS of our author's time, f and $f$ are often undistinguishable, and no
two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakespeare has so regularly used
this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest
doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in Hamlet: [Hereupon Malone gives
examples of soil from Hamlet, Love's Lab. L., Meas. for Meas., 2 Hen. IV, and,
doubtless, a Concordance would furnish many more.] STEEVES: If 'foils' be inad-
missible (which I question), we might read—soils. In The Winter's Tale, we meet
with this substantive, which signifies omission, or non-performance: 'Mark, and per-
form it. See' at thou? for the fail Of any point in't, shall not only be Death to thy-
self, etc. Yet, on the whole, I prefer Malone's conjecture. COLLIER (ed. ii):
Malone and modern editors have altered 'foils' to soils, without sufficient necessity;
the 'foils' of Anthony are his vices, his foibles (possibly Shakespeare's word, though,
according to our dictionaries, not so old), which foil, or defeat, the exercise of our
virtues. 'I fail to perceive any gain in substituting soils for 'foils.' 'Fools' is a
synonym of soils, and has all its strength. BRADLEY (N. E. D. s. v. Foil, 5th, 2. t. b)
gives as its definition 'A disgrace, stigma. With mixture of the sense of Foil, v.', 6.
which means To foul, defile, pollute. In material and immaterial sense.' SCHMIDT
(Lex.) also gives a definition of 'foil' as 'blemish, shortcoming' and quotes the
present passage as an example. With such evidence before us, is there any sufficient
reason why we should discard Shakespeare's word and adopt Malone's?—Ed.]

28. So great weight in his lightnesse] JOHNSON: The word light is one of
Shakespeare's favourite playthings. The sense is—His trifling levity throws so
much burden upon us.

31. Call on him for't] JOHNSON: 'Call on him,' is visit him. Says Caesar—If
Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Fawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to judgement.

32. ours, 'tis] ours; 'tis Pope, +.
34. rate] rare F.; being mature] immature Han.
chid Cap. et seq.

punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits, and dry bones. Collier (ed. ii): Here Mr Singer, with some apparent unscrupulousness, adopts the emendation of the corrected Folio, 1632 (Notes and Emendations, p. 487) viz. Fall for 'Call.' The alteration is trifling, but it never, that we are aware of, was hinted at before 1633 and all editors, until Mr Singer's time, printed 'Call,' etc. He was quite right to use Fall, but surely not right to leave it to be supposed that it was his own unprompted emendation. Staunton: Call him to account for it. [An interpretation more Shakespearean, I think, than Dr Johnson's.—ED.]

32-36. 'tis to be chid: As we, etc.] Heath (p. 451): As we rate boys, who, when they have attained a sufficient maturity of knowledge to regulate their own conduct, sacrifice to their present pleasure, the experience they have had of the ill consequences which will certainly follow from such indulgence, and thus rebel against their own judgment. According to Hamner's reading, the fault of the boy is not to proceed from the immaturity of his knowledge, that is, want of sufficient experience to teach him that knowledge at the same time that he is said to have that experience, and to act in contradiction to it, and to his judgment founded upon it. Capell (i, 30): 'Being mature' has been chang'd into—immature: but 'boys' are not usually 'rated' for faults before they are of years to know better; nor can they 'rebel to judgment,' till such time as they have some. Johnson: By 'boys mature in knowledge' are meant, boys old enough to know their duty. R. G. White (ed. i): Hamner's reading, 'immature in knowledge' is most plausible. For boys are not mature in anything, and least in knowledge; and were they mature they would not pawn their experience to their present pleasure; or at least their so doing would not be chosen as an illustration here. Without an equivalent to Hamner's too great change, the passage appears to be inexplicable. Daniel (p. 80): Read these four lines thus: —'he's to be chid As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge, Pawns his experience to his present pleasure, And so rebels to judgment.' Boys are not mature in knowledge, and cannot pawn experience nor rebel against judgment they do not possess; but Antony being so, and doing thus, is to be chidden as a boy. J[oseph] C[robys] (N. & O. Qu. V, vii, 464, 1877): The only objection to Daniel's emendation is that it makes no less than five changes in the original text. But the same sense and construction may be obtained by only one alteration, and that a very slight one,—viz. by reading They're for 'tis,'—placing the parenthetical clause between dashes, and closing the first sentence with a note of exclamation after 'ours,’ thus: —'As his own state and ours! They're to be chid—As we rate boys—who, being mature in knowledge,' etc. By this arrangement and pointing, it will be seen
Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere’s more newes.

Mess. Thy biddings have beene done, & euerie houre
Most Noble Caesar, shalt thou haue report
How ’tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou’d of those
That only haue feared Caesar: to the Ports
The discontentes reipaire, and mens reports
Gie him much wrong’d.

Caesar. I shoulde haue knowne no leffe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall state

47. bin] seem F

at once that ‘As we rate boys’ is to be construed as a parenthesis, and that ‘who’ has for its antecedent ‘they’ of the previous line, viz. persons generally who do so and so, and does not in any way refer to ‘boys.’ [HUDSON adopted this emendation of Crosby in his text. I cannot but believe that recent editors would have found less difficulty in these lines had they only followed the punctuation of the FOLio, with a colon after ‘child,’ instead of adopting Capell’s text where is no punctuation after ‘child.’ With ‘child’ the sense is complete.—Anthony’s conduct deserves to be chidden. Then the simile begins. It seems to me idle to discuss whether or not boys in general are mature or immature. The ‘boys’ that Shakespeare had in mind in this passage were ‘mature in knowledge’ and did ‘pawn their experience.’ ‘Boys’ is an elastic term. Later on, Anthony calls Caesar a ‘boy.’ Compared with Anthony’s fifty-two years thirty-two years may well be a boy’s span, and can any one say that such a ‘boy’ might not be mature enough to recognize the folly of pawning experience to present pleasure? The old shepherd in The Winter’s Tale thought that youths of three-and-twenty knew too much.—Ed.]

43. haue feared Caesar] JOHNSON: Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Caesar, now show their affection for Pompey.

43. to the Ports] COLLIER (ed. ii): ‘To the fleets’ in the MS with some plausibility; but though we may believe ‘ports’ to have been caught from the line below, we refrain from alteration, inasmuch as ‘ports’ may be right. We are previously told that ‘Pompey is strong at sea,’ and to say that the ‘discontentes’ repair ‘to the fleets’ is what might have been expected. [COLLIER adopted fleets in his Third Edition.] DYCK (ed. ii): I do not mean to say that the old text is wrong; but there is something disagreeable in the two lines [43 and 44] ending with the same syllable. [This adds a shade of plausibility to the emendation of Collier’s MS.—ED.]

44. discontentes] For examples of participles or adjectives, when used as nouns, with the inflection of the plural, see, if need be, ABBOTT, § 433.

45. Gie him] That is, represent him.

47. primall state] WORDSWORTH (p. 337): I am inclined to think there is a reference here to the meaning of Cain’s name, ‘a man gotten from the Lord,’ at his mother’s wish. See Gen. 4v, 1 and margin. Compare the use of the word ‘primal’ in Hamlet III, iii, 37; also with reference to Cain: ‘It hath the primal eldest curse upon ’t, A brother’s murder!’
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,

51. Comes fear'd, by being lack'd] WARBURTON: Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose: 'The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be "fear'd" by them.' But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read: 'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd,' i.e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey and what occasioned this reflection. So in Coriolanus: 'I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd.' MALONE: Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of 'ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love?' I suppose that the second 'ne'er' was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read 'till not worth love.' KNIGHT (who follows the Folio): The general reading is dear'd. But it must be remembered that Cesar is speaking; and that, in the notions of one who sits at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous. COLLIER (ed. i, also following the Folio): Warburton's alteration is plausible, but does not seem necessary. Cesar may mean, that Pompey, by being so much backed by the people, has become powerful, and is therefore 'fear'd.' Ibid. (ed. ii, adopting lov'd from his MS): We accept the emendation of the MS with confidence, not lessened by the Shakespearian alliteration thus afforded. The meaning is too plain to need explanation. [In his Third Edition COLLIER adopted Warburton's dear'd.] J. CROSBY (Shakespeareana, Dec. 1883, p. 46) suggests that 'fear'd' should be 'spelt 'feer'd, abbreviated from after'd, i.e., estimated at its true worth, appraised, valued.' [This suggestion would be almost conclusive, were it possible to find a single instance where after is abbreviated to /feer, or where even any of the word's modifications is so abbreviated. Not an instance is to be found, I think, in the N. E. D. nor in Wright's English Dialect Dictionary, where such an abbreviation could not fail to be given, if it had been ever used in any English dialect. Cesar is in a bitter mood. To his vexation over Anthony's misdoings is now added the mortifying news that those whose love for him had changed to fear were flocking to Pompey. Whereupon he begins to moralize and says that he ought to have known that this would be so, because from time immemorial he who is in power was loved up to the very moment when he attained that power. Then he became feared and people deserted him (just as they had deserted him for Pompey). Next, through this desertion, he becomes an ebb'd man. And this ebb'd man (again a victim of popular caprice, and now loved when all his power is gone and there is no longer profit in loving him), by being missed and wanted again by the people, comes again to be feared. Thus the common people go to and back, hither and yon, like a vagabond flag on the stream. If this interpretation be just, Warburton's emendation, dear'd, is needless, and the text of the Folio may be vindicated.—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT I, SC. iv.

Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde
To rot it felle with motion.

Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,

Menocrates and Menas famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keelees of euerie kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fluxh youth reuolt,
No Veffell can peepe forth: but 'tis as foone
Taken as seene: for Pompeyes name strikes more

Vagabond'] Vagabond Fv.

53. too] to Fv.
backe] fro Ktly.
lackying'] Fv. Rowe. lacking Pope.
lacquying] Theob. Han. Warb. lacing
Johns. lackying Cap. lackying Steev.
et seq. lacking Gould.

54. [Enter another Messenger. Cap.


eare] tear Grey [ii. 197].

57. keelees] kneels Fv. knells Fv.

58. lacking] fresh youth reuolt Fv. fresh youth reuolt
et seq. fresh youth reuolt Anon. ap. Hal.

59. Italy,] Italy; Cap. et seq.

60. fluxh youth reuolt] fluxh youth reuolt Fv. Rowe.


52. 53. lacking] THEOBALD: The addition of a single letter [to the word in the FOLIO] will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain: — 'Lackeying the varying Tide,' i.e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or lacquey, at his master's heels. STEEVENS: Compare Chapman's Iliad: 'My guide to Argos, either shipp'd, or lackeying by thy side,' Bk. 24th, [line 392.] Again, '—who would willingly Lackey along so vast a lake of brine.—'Odyssey, Bk. 5, [line 130.] Again in Marston's Antonio and Melida, 1602: 'O that our power Could lackie or keep wing with our desires.'—Second Part, Prologue. COLLIER (ed. i.): Southern in his Folio, 1688, altered 'lacking' to lackying. HALLIWELL (Notes, etc. p. 13): 'Lacking' is rather a variation of form than an error. The same orthography occurs in a MS dated 1615, quoted by HAWKINS, in his edition of RUGGLE'S Ieronimus, 1787, Appendix, p. 120. J. CHURTON COLLINS (p. 290): Theobald gave us back one of the finest onomatopoeic lines in Shakespear:— 'Goes to add back lackeying the varying tide.'

55. Mes.] STEEVENS: Perhaps another Messenger should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. HEYSE (p. 146) makes the same suggestion, 'inasmuch as Caesar had been assured that he should "every hour have report How 'tis abroad." That this second messenger brings nothing absolutely new is no more than is to be expected from reports every hour.'

57. ear] JOHNSON: To 'ear' is to plough; a common metaphor.

60. Lacke blood to think e on't] JOHNSON: Turn pale at the thought of it.

60. flush youth] STEEVENS: That is, youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow.
Then could his Warre resifted.

Cæsar. Anthony,

Leave thy lascivious Vassailers. When thou once

Was beaten from Medena, where thou flew'st

Hirius, and Pausa Confuls, at thy heele

Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,

(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more

Then Sauages could suffer. Thou didst drinke

65. Vassailers] F. Vassails F., Vassals
68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq.
69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
69.70. more] Then Sauages could suffer, etc.] HAZLITT (p. 99): It is worth 70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.

68. follow.] follow; Cap. et seq. 69. with] here with Wray sp. Cam.
70. Then] Than F.
The state of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat th'o did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Fature sheeths,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate Strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey

---

less striking—perhaps perhaps to excuse the effeminacy of Mark Antony of whom they are related as having happened, but more to preserve a certain balance of feeling in the mind. [See Appendix, Plutarch.]

71. The state of Horfes] STEEVENS: All these circumstances of Antony's distress are taken literally from Plutarch. [The present item is not in Plutarch.—ED.]

71. gilded Puddle] HENLEY: There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools, that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime.

81. 'Tis pitty of him] ABBOTT (§ 174): 'Of' passes easily from meaning as regards to concerning, about. [This half-line and the preceding, 'So much as lank'd not,' Abbott (§ 510) combines into one metrical line by 'giving the full pronunciation to 'lank'd.' But is not thereby the evident intention of throwing the emphasis on 'Tis' defeated? For 'of,' see FRANZ, § 364; V, I, 81.—ED.]

85. Assemble me immediate counsell] MALONE: I do not recollect any instance where Shakespeare has introduced this [ethical dative] in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps the second Folio is right. So 'Haste we' II, ii, 194 ['dispatch we,' II, ii, 195]. KNIGHT: The modern read-
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Third in our Idleneffe.

Lep. To morrow Caesar,
I shall be furnishd to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of firrers abroad, I shall befeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. Exeunt

[Scene V.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

89. Both what ] With what, both Kty.

With what Anon. ap. Cam.

be able ] assemble Anon. ap. Cam.

90, 91. To....encounter ] As one line

Pope et seq.


91. if it ] 'Tis Pope.

Farwell ] Om. Han.

92–94. Farwell...partaker ] Lines end,

Lord...abroad...partaker. Pope, +.

93, 94. Sir To ] Om. Pope, +.

94. partaker ] partaker of Kty.


Ran.

for ] Om. Pope.

ing is 'Assemble we,' and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt Caesar had for Lepidus; they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself [as shown in lines 93, 94. What Knight says about the slight estimation in which Caesar held Lepidus is true enough and ingenious enough, but it may be doubted that Caesar would thus give Lepidus orders as though he were a servant, especially since Lepidus would be himself of the council when assembled. I prefer we of F9.—Ed.]

95. I knew it for my Bond] M. Mason: That is, to be bounden duty. [I do not see the force of the past tense, 'knew.' Walker (Crit. iii, 295) says 'Of course, knew,' and one is inclined to acquiesce. Of the foregoing scene, Vischer (p. 88) remarks that it might be dispensed with altogether or combined with a later one.—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF


4. Ha, ha] It is not easy to decide how this exclamation should be spelt, expressive as it is of mingled weariness and impatience. What is, possibly, the modern equivalent was spell by Shakespeare's composers five times 'heigh ho' and once 'hey ho.' I say 'modern equivalent' because Shakespeare does not always employ it to express weariness, for example, in the song in As You Like It, 'Then heigh ho, the holy, This life is most jolly.' In the present instance, howsoever it be spelt, it is not laughter, any more than is Othello's agonized, 'Ha, ha, false to me?' —Ed.

4. glue me to drink] DRIGHTON: Not 'give me mandragora to drink,' but 'enable me, put it in my power, to drink mandragora,' as in Othello, II, iii, 209, 'Give me to know How this foul rout began.' [I think these two instances are hardly parallel. Othello demands certain information and follows up this demand with direct questions. Cleopatra gives a command which she does not expect to be obeyed; and would probably have refused the smallest sip, had mandragora been really brought to her.—Ed.]

4. Mandragor] In the Text. Notes of the Cam. Ed. 'Mandragora' is given as the word in F, This is possibly an instance, among many, of a variation in copies of the same edition. It is clearly 'Mandragor' in my copy of F; it is so also in Vernon and Hood's Reprint of 1807; in Booth's Reprint, and in Staunton's Photolithograph. It is a matter of very small importance, and serves only as a warning against a reliance, too implicit, on the spelling of Shakespeare's composers.—Ed.

4. Mandragor] 'Mandragora hath that name, for it beareth apples with great savour of the greatnese of the apples of Macian, and is called Malum terre among Latines. And Poets call it Antropomorus, for the root thereof is some deale shapen as a man; the rinde thereof medled with Wine is given to them to drink that shall be cut in the body, for they shuld sleepe and not feel the sore cutting. . . . And Disco, saith, that Mandragore is a sleeping hearbe. . . . For the rindes thereof sod in Wine, cause sleepe, & abateth all manner sorenese: and so that time a man feeleth vneth, though he bee cut.'—Batman upon Bartholome, 1582, Liber XVII, Chap. 104, p. 304. Page after page could be quoted of the superstitions which have clustered about this plant. All that Cleopatra cared for here and now was its narcotic power, and that quality is all that a note need set forth. Therefore it is, that only the foregoing extract from Bartholome is given,—a book probably less accessible to the general reader than many another. Should a student wish, however, to pursue the subject further, he is referred to:—Lyte's trans. of Dodonaeus, ed. 1578, p. 437; Holland's Plinie, tome II, bk. xxv, ch. 13, ed. 1634; Gerard's Herball, p. 351, ed. 1633; Lupton's Thousand Notable things of sundrie sortes, Third Books, 43, ed. 1627 (where directions may be found 'to make a counterfeit Mandraghe, which hath been sold by deceivers, for much money'); Nares, s. v.; Ellacombe, Plant Lore, p. 117; Grindon, Shakespeare Flora, p. 290; Seager, Natural History in Shakespeare's Time, p. 195; or Othello, III, iii, 384; Rom. & Jul. IV, iii, 47 of this Edition. Finally, there is an exhaustive discussion of it, historically and botanically, by Prof. Ferd. Cohn in the Fünfundzwanziger Jahres-Bericht der Schlesischen Gesellschaft f. vaterländische Cultur, Breslau, 1888, p. 285.—Ed.
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

_My Anthony is away._
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treason.
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch _Mardian_?
Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing, I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnseminal'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fife forth of Egypt. Haft thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

6. _time:_] Fl. _time_ Knt, Dyce, Wh.     11. _Mardian_] _Mardian_— Theob.
9. _O 'tir_] _O, that is Han._ _O!_— Cap.     15. _vnseminal'd_] _unseminaried_ Fl, 
0. Steev. _Oh! it is Kily._     Rowe.
11. _Thou, Eunuch_] _Thou, Eunuch,_     19. _in deed_] _indeed_ F, F,
Rove, Theob. Warb. Johns. Cap. Coll.   20. _in deed_] _indeed_ Fl, Rowe, Pope,
Wh. _Thou eunuch, Pope, Han._ _Thou!_     Han. Warb. Cap. Var. '85, Knt, Sing. 
_Eunuch!_ Var. '73. _Thou, eunuch!_     Dyce, Sta, Glo. Cam. Kily, Wh. ii.
Var. '78, Mal. Steev. Knt.

_MRS JAMESON_ (p. 130): Finer still are the workings of her variable mind and
likely imagination, after Antony's departure; her fond repining at his absence, her
volent spirit, her right royal wilfulness and impatience, as if it were a wrong to her
majesty, an insult to her sceptre, that there should exist in her despite such things as
space and time; and high treason to her sovereign power, to dare to remember what
she chooses to forget.

6, 7. _this great gap of time: My Anthony is away._] The modern punctuation,
either with or without a comma after 'time,' is, I think, much to be preferred to the
colon of the Folio, and yet it does not convey exactly the meaning of the Folio.
According to the Folio, Cleopatra seems to say in effect, 'That I might sleep out
this great gap of time. Cannot you understand? My Anthony is away.'—Ed.

9. _O 'tis Treason_] STEEVENS deemed this phrase 'cold and unmetrical,' he,
therefore omitted 'tis.' WALKER (_Crit._ iii, 295) agreed with him in the omission.
And both were anticipated by _CAPPELL._

16. _May not fife forth of Egypt_] For several other examples of this somewhat
unusual form, 'forth of,' see _FRANZ_, § 383, 2): Compare also, IV, x, 9, 'They have
put forth the Hauen,' where 'forth' is a true preposition.
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmion:
Where think’st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Anthony!
Do brauely Horse, for wot’t thou whom thou must’st,
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgonet of men. Hee’s speaking now,
Or muttering, where’s my Serpent of old Nile,
(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinkes on me


28. the Arme] Collier: By ‘arm’ is probably to be understood weapon.

29. Burgonet] Murray (N. E. D.): An adaptation of Old French bourgogne, apparently formed on Bourgogne, Burgundy. b. A helmet with a visor, so fitted to the gorget or neck-piece, that the head could be turned without exposing the neck.

29. men] Although the reading of the First Folio should not be disturbed, the reading of the Folios, ‘man,’ with its all-embracing scope seems the finer; Anthony is the demi-Atlas of the earth, the arm and burgonet of all the inhabitants thereof.—Ed.

29. Hee’s speaking now, etc.] Hazlitt (p. 97): Few things in Shakespeare (and we know of nothing in any other author like them) have more of that local truth of imagination and character than the passage in which Cleopatra is represented conjecturing what were the employments of Antony in his absence. ‘He’s speaking now, or murmuring—Where’s my serpent of old Nile?’ Or again, when she says to Antony, after the defeat at Actium, and his summoning up resolution to risk another fight—‘It is my birthday; I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.’ [This ‘birthday,’ Shakespeare found in Plutarch.]

31, 32. calls me: ... Thinks] Keightley (Exp. 312): ‘For so he calls me—Now I feed myself With most delicious poison—thinks on me,’ etc. It is thus I would give force to the passage. The appeal to those present is feeble. [In considering ‘Now I feed myself With most delicious poison’ as parenthetical, Keightley is anticipated by Capell. What Keightley may gain in force by continuing in thinks the nominative of ‘calls,’ does he not lose in elegance by adopting a commercial style in omitting he?—Ed.]

31. Now I feede my selfe] Seward (Preface to Beaumont & Fletcher, p. lxvi): The editions which distinguish Antony’s speech, either by italics or commas, make him only say, ‘where’s my serpent of old Nile?’ and the rest is Cleopatra’s own. But surely it is a strange compliment only to call her a ‘serpent of Nile.’ And why
ACT 1, SC. V. [ ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 73

That am with Phebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A norfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspeťt, and dye

34. time.] Ff, Pope, +, Wh. i. time! 36. Pompey] Pompey's son Anon. Vv. 73. Kity. time? Rowe et cet. (MS in Editor's copy of F).

then does she mention it as a wonder that he should say such rapturous things of her in her decline of life? No, Antony's speech should be continued as the metaphor is: 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?—Now I feed myself With most delicious poizen.—' Both parts belong to him; and then she goes on, 'Think,' says she, 'that betters such raptures as these on me, tho' now wrinkled deep in Time.' [It is most needless to remark that no one has ever adopted this arrangement.—Ed.]

32. most delicious poizon] It is poison because the reminiscence 'works like madness in her veins.'

32-34. Thynke on me . . . wrinkled depee in time] Theobald, in his first edition included these lines in quotation marks, for which he has nowhere, that I can find, offered any explanation. It is not his custom to mark mnemonic lines; only Pope and Warburton thus mark them. They were not repeated in his Second Edition.

33. with Phebus amorous pinches blacke] Hazlitt (Elizabethan Literature, p. 56, ed. 1869) says that this line of Cleopatra is the same as the following exclamation of Eleazer, the Moor, in Lust's Dominion:—'Now by the proud complexion of my cheeks, Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun.'—III, iv, p. 140, ed. Haz. Dodg. Collier thinks that Lust's Dominion was probably written in 1590—1600. There is, however, but little parallelism between the two passages. It is only by a flight of fancy that 'kisses' can turn a fair cheek black (they generally turn it red), but an 'amorous pinch' is a 'feeling disputation' which is sure to be followed by black traces.—Ed.

34. wrinkled depee in time.] It is almost impossible to accept the interrogation mark which a large majority of editors have followed Rowe in placing at the end of this sentence. Cleopatra is wrapt out of herself by the delicious poison, and apostrophises the absent Anthony, just as, in the next line, she apostrophises the dead Cesar.—Ed.

34. Broad-fronted Caesar] Seward [Preface to Beaumont & Fletcher, p. lxi]: Is there the least ground from Medals, Statues, or History for this description of Caesar? No, but the very reverse. Look on his medals, and particularly on the fine bronce at Dr Mead's, and you'll find that he has a remarkably sharp forehead. But there is a peculiarity in Caesar's forehead mentioned by all Historians, and confirmed by medals and statues. He was bald, and boasted that he would cover his temples with laurels instead of hair; and, for that purpose, after he was Dictator, constantly wore his laurel-crowned. I read therefore, 'Bald-fronted Caesar.' Henley sees in 'broad-fronted' the very allusion to baldness which Seward denies.

38. Aspeťt] For a list of other words 'in which the accent is nearer the end than with us,' see Abbott, § 490.
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Marke Anthony?

Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue Marke Anthonie?

Alex. Laft thing he did (deere Qu ene)

He kift the laft of many doubled kiffes

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43. 44. that great Med'cine hath With his Tinct gilded thee.] There seems to have been, of old, some nicety observed in the spelling of Medicine. Hamner here spells it ‘Med'cin,’ and Capell, who in his text spells it, ‘Med'cine,’ as it is in the Folio, says in his Notes that it should have been spelt Med'cin, because ‘the appellation is given to Antony, as being the curer of all her sorrows.’ On the other hand, Hamner in All's Well, II, i, 74, ‘I have seen a medicine That's able to breathe life into a stone,’ spells the word in question, Medecine, and, in a note, says it is ‘here put for a She-physician.’ So that according to Hamner, we have Med'cin, masculine, Medecine, feminine. Walker (Crit. iii, 295) also thinks that ‘medicine’ in the present passage means physician. Johnson comes nearer the truth, I think, when he says that there is here an allusion ‘to the philosophers stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The Alchemists call the matter, whatever it may be, by which they perform transmutation, a medicine.’ The particular ‘medicine’ Cleopatra refers to, is, I think, the elixir vitae, which is what Anthony certainly was to her, and into this elixir, gold enters as an essential ingredient, hence the word ‘gilded.’ There would have been no thought that Anthony was himself the physician, I think, had the use of its been so common that Cleopatra could have said ‘that great medicine hath With its tinct gilded thee.’ As to any distinction between Med'cin and Med'cine, if there be a reference to it in the N. E. D., it has escaped me.—ED.

47. doubled kisses] Capell (i, 39): Should a man be so hardy, as to say—that the last of many doubl'd kisses is predicat'd of the 'pearl,' might he expect pardon? Grammar is on his side, and the truth of construction; But where find a reason why a pearl should be called so? The pearl is met with in oysters that are found in some particular seas; and naturalists tell us—it is at first a small seed, that has a kind of growth in the shell it adheres to; which growth is effected by the accession of cost after cost, one enclosing other in the manner of onions: Now, is it too great a liberty for a poet to say of it—that the fish it's mother forms those coats by a repetition of touchings, which he calls—'kisses'? if this will not be allow'd of, a better solution must be sought for; and no such offers itself at present. This circumstance of the pearl is not in Plutarch: but there is mention in Pliny—of a pearl
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyfter: at whole foot
To mend the petty present, I will preece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaft,
(Say thou) shall call her Misftris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,


of incredible value, belonging to Cleopatra; and this, it is probable, was Antony's 'petty present.' [Anthony showed the wild warmth of his love and longing by doubled and redoubled kisses.—Ed.]

48. Orient] ST A U N T O N: That is, pellucid, lustrous. [Thus, Milton: ‘His orient
liqueur in a crystal glass.’—Comus, 65.]

51. the firme Roman] W A L K E R (Crit. iii, 295): What can 'firm' mean here?
Read ‘the firft Roman.’ ‘But,’ asks D Y C K (ed. ii) ‘does not “firm” mean con-

52. at whose footes] T H E R O B A L D (ed. i): This has relation neither to Cleopatra,
but her throne; but means, that in sequel of the present sent, he would seconde it with
a richer. We have a similar expression in II, ii, 184, ‘At heele of that, defie him.’

53. piece] W A R B U R T O N: This expression of ‘piecing her throne’ is indeed
worne. I suspect that Shakespeare wrote, ‘I will pace Her opulent throne,’ i.e. I
will erect an imperial throne for her, and every step up to it shall be a kingdom. The
expression is noble, and the idea vastly magnificent. S E W A R D (Preface, p. lxvii):
To piece, to this day signifies to join two pieces together, or to fasten new parts
in anything, as to piece a robe, to piece a beam. I will join new kingdoms to her
Dominions, and make her Queen of Asia as well as Egypt. S C H M I D T (Lex. s.v.
Pers, vb. 3) to the same effect furnishes the following:—‘all of it with our dis-
plesure pieced.’—Lear, I, i, 203; ‘I twice five hundred and their friends to piece
them.’—Cor. II, iii, 220; and two or three other examples.

54. opulent] D E B R O N T: It is perhaps doubtful whether this means ‘already
plenteous,’ or ‘which shall thereby be made opulent.’

56. an Arme-gaunt Steede] W A R B U R T O N: That is, his steed worn lean and
this by much service in war. So Fairfax, ‘His stall-worn steed the champion stout
breede.’ S E W A R D (Preface, p. lxvii): Why must Antony . . . have nothing to ride
on but an old battered lean war-horse? . . . By ‘arm’ we all understand the
shouder, in Latin armus; ‘gaunt’ is lean or thin. . . . ‘Arm-gaunt’ therefore sig-
nifies thin-shouldered, which we know to be one of the principal beauties of a horse.
E D W A R D S (p. 131, where he proposes, independently, the same meaning as Seward):
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Mr Warburton here seems to have stolen Don Quixote's Rosinante, to mount the demi-Atlas of this earth. ... However, he seems to have matched him well, with one from Fairfax who is stall-worm. ... But Mr Warburton, who made this match, has played us a Yorkshire trick; and the odds are prodigiously on old Fairfax's side; for when I come to look upon him in his stable, he is really not a stall-worm, but a stallworth steed; now stalkworth or stalkwart, signifies bold, courageous, strong. Heath (p. 452): 'Arm-gaunt' is in my apprehension, a steed whose armour fitted him, and set close about him. Johnson: Arm is the Teutonick word for want, or poverty. 'Arm-gaunt' may be therefore an old word, signifying team for want, ill fed. Edward's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as 'arm-gaunt' seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Malone: On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his Venus and Adonis. M. Mason: I should amend by reading: 'a tormant steed, That neigh'd,' etc. Tormant means furious. So Douglas, in Henry IV. is called the tormant Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted composedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded post-horse, would not have done. Steevens: When I first met with Mason's conjecture, I own I was startled at his boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it, its appearance in the present text of Shakspere will sufficiently prove. The sobriety displayed by Antony in mounting a steed of temper so opposite, reminds us of a similar contrast in Addison's celebrated comparison of the Angel: 'a Calm and serene he drives the furious blast.' Boswell: May I be permitted to throw out a conjecture, as to which I myself have no great confidence. Gaunt is certainly thin; but as it is generally used in speaking of animals made savage by hunger, such as a gaunt wolf, a gaunt mastiff, it is possible that it may derivatively have acquired the sense of fierce, and an arm-gaunt steed may signify a steed looking fierce in armour. Nares (Glos. 3. v.): It seems to me that Warburton though he failed in his proof, gave the interpretation best suited to the text, worm by military service. This implies the military activity of the master; all the rest of the senses are reproachable, and are therefore inconsistent with the speech which is made to display the gallantry of a lover to his mistress. Dyce (Notes, p. 151) quotes Nares with approval, and adds that he has not the slightest doubt that Collier's MS and Hammer were right in their 'arm-girl.' Knight: 'Arm-gaunt' conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour; and the epithet therefore is not to be lightly replaced by any other. Collier (Ed. i.): 'That is, a horse which had perhaps become gaunt by bearing arms. However this is doubtful.' Collier in his Second Edition adopted the change of his MS, arm-girl, 'which accords with Hammer's suggestion: arm-girl is, of course, girded with armour.' In his Third Edition, he discarded arm-girl and returned to 'arm-gaunt' which, he says, 'is very intelligible, and not less forcible.' W. N. Lettson? (N. & Q. i. vii. 378, 1853): This appears to me a mere misprint for rampant, but whether rampant was Shakspere's word or a transcriber's sophistication for ramping is more than I can undertake to determine. ... At one period to ramp and to trounce seem to have been
SYNONYMOUS. Spenser makes the horses of night 'fiercely ramp,' and Surrey exhibits a *prancing* lion. R. G. WHITE (Sh.'s Scholar, 1854, p. 448) made the same emendation. PERRING (p. 436) also approves, and, on the supposition that the phrase originally stood on a rampaunt, furnishes an imaginary genealogy of the word as we now have it, thus:—arambous, aramgaunt, armgaunt. SINGER: The epithet, *armgaunt* [adopted in Singer's text], is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden, and is to be preferred, both on account of its more striking propriety and because it admits of the original article, 'an' retaining its place before it. R. G. WHITE: Being able to discover no meaning in 'arme-gaunt,' I hardly hesitate to substitute Hamlet's *arm-girt.* HALLIWELL: 'Arm-gaunt,' that is, a steed as thin as one's arm, one worn lean and thin by excessive service in war. Chaucer has a similar compound, *arm-grete,* as large as the arm,—'His large heer y-kempt byhynd his bak. As eny raven feder it schon for blak. A wrethe of gold arm-gret, and hige of wighte, upon his heed,' etc.—[The Knightes Tale, line 1285, ed. Morris.] ST A U N T O N: If the original lection be genuine, which we doubt, 'gaunt' must be understood to mean *fiere, eager.* W A L K E R (Crit. iii, 297) adopts Mason's *termagant,* of course, and adds, 'Termagant may have been written *termagant,* as *cleargie,* and some other old forms, among the rest *tearme.* But I rather think it was written *termagant.* Hamlet of 1603, 'I would have such a fellow whipt, for o'redoing termagant.' ... The old spellings, 'Arm-gaunt' and *termagant* render the mistake easily intelligible.' L E T T S O M (Walker's editor) in a footnote to the foregoing, 'confesses that he cannot agree with Walker in his approbation of Mason,' and justly says that, 'Termagant in the sense of *violent* is essentially a comic word.' D Y C E rehearse[s] various emendations, without expressing any opinion other than that Mason's *termagant* is 'very bad.' K I G H T L E Y (Eexp. 312): The best correction seems to be that of Boaden and myself, *arm-gaunt;* we might also read *ardent*; or *angry.* I had, like M. Mason, conjectured *termagant,* but that term is never applied to an animal. J O H N H U N T E R: We think 'arm-gaunt' refers to the angular parts of the horse's armour, as resembling the projecting bones of a lean or gaunt animal. S C H M I D T (Lex.): There is in old English another 'gaunt,' the German gans, signifying *whole, healthful, lusty,* and 'arm-gaunt' may mean completely armed, harnessed, or rather: lusty in arms, full of life and spirits even under the weight of arms. R. M. SPENCE (N. & Ou. 1878, V, i, 244): Of the one adjective I make two, 'arm'd gaunt.' I regard it as an error not of sight but of hearing. Let any one pronounce the two words, and, unless his utterance be more than ordinarily distinct, ten to one his *arm'd gaunt* will reach the ear of his auditor as *arm-gaunt.* In this case the printer has only too faithfully followed the amanuensis. J. D. (N. & Ou. 1879, V, xii, 163) on the authority of The Gentleman's Dictionary, 1705, accepts *arm* as denoting in Shakespeare's time, 'the fore-thigh, or upper part of the fore-leg of a horse. ' 'Arm-gaunt' means, therefore, he says, 'slender in the fore-thigh, or fore-leg, and is equivalent to *high-bred.*' B. N I C H O L S O N (N. & Ou. 1892, VIII, i, 182) suggests that *gaunt* might have been the perfect participle *gaunted,* where the final -ed had been absorbed in the final / of *gaunt,* and inasmuch as this, 'as shown by *gauntlet,* is derived from the French gant, *arm-gaunt* is *armour-gloved.* A poetic metaphor, and one which beautifully expresses how the armurer so metal-gloved his steed as not to impede any of his animal actions.' R O L F S: I have no doubt that it is a misprint. The poet's word was not improbably *rampaunt,* though the article 'an' favours *armgant.* M U R R A Y (N. E. D. s.v. Arm. sb¹, III): Meaning not certainly known. ? with gaunt limbs.
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,

Was beauly dumbe by him.

_Cleo._ What was he fad, or merry?

_Alex._ Like to the time o' th' yeare, between y extremes

57. _hıe_ F. Ff. 58. _beasly_ beastlike Han. Om. Words. sad... between... sad... disposition... note kim. Han.


Bailey. dumb'd Theob. et cet. 60. _e th_] all F.

59-62. _What...note him._ Lines end,

[If 'Arme-gaunt' be not a misprint, it is so near it that it might as well be one outright, and live up to its character. Some of the best editors and critics have so deemed it. In view of the formidable, not to say appalling combination of equine qualities and armourer's art which has been detected in this adjective, Anthony would have been more than mortal had he not approached his steed with extreme caution, and mounted it 'soberly.'—Ed.]

58. _Was beauly dumbe by him]_ THEOBALD: Alexas means, the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke he could not have heard. I suspect the poet wrote, 'Was beauly dum'd by him,' i.e. put to silence. Thus in _Pericles_, V, Prologue 5, 'Deep clerks she dum's.' WARBURTON: Shakespeare wrote: 'Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke Was beauly done by him,' i.e. the sense of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho' in inarticulate sounds. [No space on any page can be so precious that room should not be found on it for this Warburtonian gem.] COLLIER (Emend. p. 498) : The MS gives, 'Was beauly fully dum'd by him.' One slight objection to this change is that beaulyfully must be read as a disyllable, and such is the case with various words. . . . Beaslfully might be, and probably was, misprinted 'beauly.' DYCK (Notes, p. 152) : But why did the MS alter 'beauly' to _beaulyfully_ (which I should have thought nobody could read as a disyllable,) had not Mr Collier declared that it 'must be read as such? ' Merely because he happened not to perceive the meaning which Shakespeare evidently intended 'beauly' to convey, viz. in the manner of a beast,—i.e. by inarticulate sounds which rendered vain all attempts at speaking on the part of Alexas. SINGER: 'Dumbe' was altered by Theobald without necessity. The _arrogant_ steed, says Alexas, would let no sound be heard but his own, he neighed so loud that what I would have spoke was made unintelligible, no better than the sound of a dumb animal. WALKER (Crit. ii, 61) gives the present 'dumbe' as the first example under his 'Article, lxxii,' which treats of 'final e or d and final e confounded.' He concludes, of course, that the true word is dum'd. This confusion he attributes mainly (and his editor, Lettsom, agrees with him) to some peculiarity in the old method of writing the final e or d. This may be so, but in a number of cases, this confusion is due, I think, either to the imperfect pronunciation of the reader who read aloud the copy to the compositor, or else to the failure of the compositor to catch the reader's full pronunciation. See 'vouchsafe,' I, iv, 10; 'Tawny fine,' II, v, 16, and 'Or looke on thine,' V, i, 49.—Ed.

59. _What was he sad, or merry?]_ Neither the punctuation of the Folio nor that of Rowe, which has been almost uniformly followed, seems to me quite correct. I should prefer, as more natural, 'What was he, sad or merry? '—Ed.
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well dividèd 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 lookees by his. He was not merrie, Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both. Oh heavely mingle! Bee'th thou sad, or merrie, The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no mans elfe. Met'ft thou my Pofts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty feuerall Messengers. Why do you send fo thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to Anthonie, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Charmian. Welcome my good Alexas. Did I Charmian, c-uer louse Caesar so?

Char. Oh that braue Caesar!

Cleo. Be chock'd with such another Emphasis, Say the braue Anthony.

Char. The valiant Caesar.

Cleo. By Ifis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Caesar Parago nagaine:

62. Note him.] Om. Pope, + .
63. Charmian] Charmain F, Rowe, 72-76. Why...fo F. Ff. Lines end, day, ... Anthonie, ... Charmian, ... Charmian, ... fo ? Rowe et seq.
70. mans] man F, et seq.
70. mingle] For many other words similarly used as nouns, see ABBOTT, § 451. 68. Bee'est thou] ABBOTT (§ 298): Be, Beest, etc. were used in Anglo-Saxon generally in a future sense. Hence, since the future and subjunctive are closely connected in meaning, be assumed an exclusively subjunctive use; and this was so common, that we not only find 'if it be' (which might represent the proper inflected subjunctive of be), but also 'if thou beest,' where the indicative is used subjunctively.
70. So doe's it no mans else] That is, 'So does it as no man else.' For other examples of the omission of as, see ABBOTT, § 281. 'Mans' is here one of the very many instances gathered by Walker (Crit. i, 240) of 'the final s interpolated and omitted in the First Folio,' see I, iv, 11.
73, 74. Who's borne that day, ... shall dye a Begger] There is no hidden meaning here, I think; it is simply that the day shall be ill-omened, or as Constance says in King John, 'This day all things begun, come to ill end.'—Ed.
82. Parago nagaine:] THISELTON (p. 10): The colon after 'again' was probably deliberately placed there to indicate by a pause a special emphasis on the succeeding 'My man of men.'
My man of men.

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

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I said then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
he shall haue every day a feuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-

people Egypt.

87–88. judgement,...blood,...then.] Fl, Rowe. judgement,...blood / ...then. Pope. judgement; ... blood / ... then,— Theob. judgement; ... blood / ... then,— Warb. Johna. Var. '73. judgement,...blood; ... then / Cap. Hunter, Sta. judgement; ... blood; ... then / Wh. i. judgement; ... blood; ... then / Ktyl. judgement; ... blood; ... then / Var. '78 et cet.


86–88. My Sallad dayes, When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I said then.] THEOBALD questions the propriety of 'sallad,' and calculates the age of Cleopatra, when she was in love with Cesar, to be twenty years. He then goes on to say that, 'If an Egyptian could at those years have reason to complain of coldness of blood, she must have a very particular constitution.' But he concludes by upholding Shakespeare, who found his authority in Plutarch's report that Cleopatra was 'but a young thing' when she knew Cesar and Pompey, and that she fell in love with Anthony in the prime of her beauty. (See Appendix, Plutarch.) WARBURTON inflicts what it is difficult to regard as other than an injury to the text, by giving what he calls, 'Shakespeare's best justification' in 'restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing:—"My sallad days: When I was green in judgement. Cold in blood! To say as I said then." Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. Those, says she, were my sallad days, when I was green in judgement; but your blood is as cold as my judgement, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.' This punctuation, and interpretation have been substantially followed down to this very hour. BOSWELL remarks that 'cold and green seem to be suggested by the metaphor sallad days.' Wherein he is right; what he should have added is that both apply, not to Charmian, but to Cleopatra. What to her was the temperature of Charmian's blood? The coldness had been her own, and she was finding excuses for having 'ever loved Cesar so.' If those were her sallad days they were as inevitably both green and cold. The abruptness of the phrase, 'To say, as I said then!' intensifies its scorn. It is parallel to her reply in a previous scene, 'Thou teachest like a fool! The way to lose him!' and in a succeeding scene, 'so tart a favour To trumpet such good tidinges.'—II, v, 48; and in Enobarbus's speech, 'That he should dreame . . . the full Cesar will answer his emptinesse.'—III, xiii, 39. HAMNER's punctuation seems to me exactly right: 'My sallad days! When I was green in judgement, cold in blood! To say, as I said then!'—ED.

90, 91. Ile vnpeople Egypt] JOHNSON: By sending out messengers.
Enter Pompey, Menocrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iuft, they shall assist


1. Menocrates, and Menas] Johnson: The persons are so named in the first edition. I know not why Menocrates appears; Menas can do all without him. [In the following note, Capell endeavours to prove that a judicious discrimination will distinguish Menas from Menocrates; that 'Mene,' in line 5, should be Menas; and that, furthermore, Warburton's emendation, delay's for ' decayes ' is just.] Capell (i, 31): All the speeches in this scene, except one by Varrius, are given by the Folios to Pompey and Menocrates only; this was such a palpable error with respect to one of them [line 49] that it stands corrected in all the moderns, and of that speech Menas is made the speaker, and so he should be of [that in line 5]. A little reflection upon the characters of the parties in question, will set the whole of this scene in the clearest light; and shew, withal, the propriety of both these corrections [namely, Menas for Mene. in line 5, and Warburton's delay's]: The character of Pompey is mark'd by—a high sense of honour; and by a natural honesty, join'd with irresolution and a backwardness to engage in great actions: that of Menas has nothing particular, but that he is Pompey's fast friend: Menocrates is also his friend; but not in favour, like Menas, from being discontented, and disapproving his patron's conduct: Thus stated, the characters themselves will point out who the speeches belong to: he who speaks in the second agrees with Pompey, in thinking—that the gods would bestir them at last; but, delivering his opinion in the form of a maxim, "what they do delay, they do deny," the other takes occasion from one of those words to tell him—that there was a delay which he should make his chief petition to heaven, meaning—a delay of the preparations against him: this is taken up by Menocrates, whose dissent is worded also in maxims, a respectful way of expressing consent; intimating by them,—that his opinion was rather, that Pompey himself should prepare, and attack the triumvirs before their whole strength was gather'd together: and this speech of Menocrates is a most unanswerable argument in favour of the latter amendment [delay's], and no small one in that of the first [Menas for Mene.]: for, unless delay's be admitted, no reason can be assign'd for making the reflections contain'd in it; and, if he be the maker of them, he could not be so of that in the other speech, their tendencies being so contrary. Malone: I have given the first two speeches to Menocrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence. [For Johnson's suggestion that this Scene might be included in the First Act, see the beginning of the next Scene.]

3. they shall assist] Staunton: The precision now observable in the employment of shall and will in the best writers was not regarded in Shakespeare's day. He commonly follows the old custom of using the former for the latter to denote futur-
The deeds of iustest men.

_Mene._ Know worthy _Pompey_, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

_Pom._ Whiles we are futors to their Throne, decayes
the thing we fue for.

_Mene._ We ignorant of our felues,

Begge often our owne harmes, which the wife _Powres_

Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loofing of our Prayers.

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5. _Mene._ Menas. _Cap_. conj. 7. _decayes...for_ One line, _Rowe_.
6. _that...deny_ One line, _Rowe et_ 7. _decayes_ delay's _Warb. Cap_.
seq. 8. _the_ The Pope et seq.
5. _what_ which _Ft_, _Rowe_. 9. _Wj_ Wj, _Rowe_.
7. _While_ While _FjFj_, _Rowe_., +. 12. _loofing_ loofing _FjFj_.

ity, whether in the second and third persons or in the first. [There is more than sim-
pie futurity in the present 'shall'; there is a futurity so inevitable that it is equivalent
to _must_. _Abbott_ (§ 315) has gathered several similar uses of _shall_.—ED.]

7. _decayes_ Warburton: This nonsense should read thus: _delay's_. Menecrates
had said, 'The Gods do not deny that which they delay.' The other turns his words
to a different meaning, and replies, 'Delay is the very thing we beg of them,' _i. e._ the
delay of our enemies in making preparations against us; which he explains after-
wards, by saying Mark Antony was tied up by lust in _Egypt_; Cesar by avarice
at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keeping well with both. [This emendation of
Warburton would have been relegated to the _Text. Notes_, had it not beguiled as
sensible an editor as Capell.] _Heath_ (p. 453): This emendation of Mr War-
burton's is certainly nonsense, whatever becomes of the common text which he is
pleased to call so. Who ever prayed for success in any enterprize, and at the same
time prayed that that success might be delayed as long as he should pray for it?
Besides the reply of Menecrates plainly implies that delay was not the thing sued
for; but something else which was for the present denied; which could not be
delay, since _Pompey_ was already in possession of that, but must the attainment
of the empire. The ancient reading is undoubtedly the true one. The sense is,
While we are wearying the Gods with prayers, the very thing we are praying for,
that is the empire, is falling into decay and ruin by the ill conduct of my competitors,
by the luxurious indolence of Antony, the avaricious extortions of Cesar, and by the
insincerity and private views of all the three triumvirs. _Johnson_: The meaning is,
'While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.'

9-12. We ignorant of our selues, ... By loofing of our Prayers] _Theobald_
refers to the parallelism between these lines and the following from _Juvenal's_ _Satirae_.
'Quid enim ratione timemus, Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis,
ut te Constat non poni reat, votique peracati? Evertete domos toas, optantibus ipsa,
Divi faciles. [lines 4-8]... Si consilium vis, Permettes ipso expendere numinis,
quid Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris. Nam, pro iucundis, spitiis semique
dabunt Div. Caior est illis homo, quam sibi.' [Lines 346-350.] _Walker_ (Crit. i,
153) also calls attention to these lines of _Juvenal_; and _J. Churton Collins_ (Stud.
ACT II. SC. i.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

Pom. I shall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cresfent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full.  Mark Antony
In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores.  Cæsar gets money where
He loothes hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene.  Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From Silvia, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together

15. powers are] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Coll.
Dye, Wh. Glo. Cam. Sta. Ktly. pow'r's
16. it] they could.
19. loothes] loothes Ff.
Separate line, Han. et cet.
26, 27. He...looking] Separate line, Han.

etc., p. 29) says that we cannot 'attribute to mere coincidence the terse translation' given of the foregoing lines in the present passage. 'Again' observes Collins, p. 28, 'Juvenal was not translated into English until after Shakespeare's death, but that he had read him seems certain.'

12. By loosing of our Prayers] See Abbott (§ 178) for other examples of the use of after verbal nouns, and especially where there is a preposition before the verbal noun rendering the substantive use of the latter evident.

15, 16. My powers are Cresfent, and my Auguring hope Sayes it will come to'th'full' Theobald: What does the relative 'it' refer to? It cannot in use relate to 'hope', nor in concord to 'powers.' 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. Dyce: Theobald's change though adopted by all his successors, except Mr Collier, appears to me a very hasty alteration:—our old writers frequently make 'it' refer to a preceding plural substantive. [It is to be regretted that Dyce did not give some of these instances. It is probable that in all of them there would have been found some noun, in the singular, interposed between the plural antecedent and its singular relative, whereby the relative becomes singular by attraction. In the present case, 'it' refers to 'powers,' but 'crescent,' although an adjective, is, in the imagination of the speaker, a singular and, consequently, by its proximity, throws the relative 'it' into the singular also.—Ed.]

20. he neither loues] That is, neither Cæsar nor Anthony.
Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip,

27. the] Om. Steev. Varr.

wand'] Ff, Rowe, Coll. i. wan
Pope, +, Cap. Varr. Mal. Ran. wan

Glo. Cam. Coll. iii. wanton Kty. wan'd
Steev. et cet.
28. lip'] Ff, Rowe, Pope. lip; Coll.
lip / Theob. et cet.

28. Salt] That is, most wanton.
28. soften thy wand lip] Theobald (Nichols, ii, 501) 'suspects' that 'wand,' or as he has it in his text, after Pope, wan, should be warm, but as he made no later allusion to this conjecture, it is to be inferred that he withdrew it. Johnson makes the same conjecture, as well as 'perhaps, fond.' Steevens: 'Wand,' if it stand, is either a corruption of wan, the adjective, or a contraction of wanred, or made wan, a participle. So, in Hamlet: 'That, from her working, all his visage wan'd.' Again, in Beau. and Fl. Queen of Corinth: 'Now you look wan and pale; lips' ghosts you are.' [IV, i.] Or perhaps wanred lip, i.e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i.e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover; or, as Ritson expresses the same idea, that 'her lip, which was become pale and dry with age, may recover the colour and softness of her sallow days.' The epithet wan might indeed have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. Percy: Shakespeare's orthography often adds a d at the end of a word. Thus, 'vile' is (in the old editions) everywhere spelt vild. 'Laund' is given instead of lawn: why not therefore wan'd for wan here? If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, wan'd; i.e. wanred, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. Collier (ed. i): It may be doubted whether 'wand' and 'lip' ought not to be united by a hyphen; 'wand' probably has reference to Cleopatra's power of enchantment,—that her lip is as potent as a magician's wand; and this construction seems warranted by what immediately follows: 'Let witchcraft join with beauty.' 'Wand' is the 'witchcraft' and 'lip' the 'beauty.' Dyce (Remarks, p. 245): What Mr Collier says here about Cleopatra's 'wand-lip,' i.e. lip as potent as a magician's wand, cannot be allowed the merit of originality; at least, it had been previously said in that mass of folly, ignorance, and conceit, Jackson's Shakespeare's Genius Justified; and one can hardly suppose that such a wild fancy would spring up spontaneously in the brains of two commentators. Not even in Lycophron, the most enigmatic of poets, is there any expression half so far-fetched or so strangely compounded as wanred-lip! Whether the word be written wan or wan'd, it is evidently the past participle of the verb wane; Cleopatra herself has previously touched on the decrease of her beauty: 'with Phoebus' amorous pinches black And wrinkled deep in time.' Collier, in his Second Edition makes no allusion to his extravagant suggestion of a wizard's wand,—it cannot be enlivening to be coupled with Zachary Jackson,—but restricts himself to recording that his MS has warm, and the safe remark that 'wan'd' ought probably to be taken as wanred, i.e. a lip that is on the wane.' Kightley's text reads wanton 'in the sense of soft, yielding, like the wanton rushes,'—1 Hem. IV: III, i,—and he strongly suspects [Exp. p. 313] that the poet's word may have been tann'd, spelt of course tann. She is more than once called gypsy; she has 'a tawny front.'
ACT II, SC. I.] 

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Luift with both, 
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,

39. Witchcraft] withcraft F,. 39. both,] FI, Rowe, Pope. both. 

[Keightley's tann'd can be upheld only at the expense of physiology; there are, I believe, no pigmented cells in the lips which can be affected by the sun's rays. I cannot accept Dyce's assertion that 'wand' is 'evidently the past participle of the verb worn.' I see no reason why it should not be the same 'wand' which the Quartos give us in Hamlet, 'all his visage wand' (II, ii, 537) where almost every modern editor to the complete satisfaction of himself and of his readers prints worn'd that is, made wan. And, moreover, this interpretation is not lacking in fitness. Cleopatra's lips, at the age of thirty-eight, as has been suggested, could hardly be as 'ripe in show' as the lips of Helena, 'those kissing cherries' as Demetrius calls them; and it is to be remembered that it is not an admirer of Cleopatra that terms her lips wan. To Anthony, one kiss from them, wan'd or not, 'repaid all that he had lost.'—Ed.]

30. Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts] COLLIER (ed. ii); The MS thus alters this line:—' Lay up the libertine in a Flood of feasts;' but we do not feel warranted in deserting the old editions, although it is true that in Othello, I, i, we have seen 'Laying' misprinted 'Tying, as here Lay may have been misprinted 'Tie.' As to 'field of feasts' we hardly know what is to be understood by the expression, but 'flood of feasts' seems almost equally objectionable, though intelligible; however, if any part of this play, as published, were derived from shorthand notes, 'field' and Flood would be spelt with the same letters, and hence possibly the confusion.

W. Williams] (Partenon, 17 May, 1862): Assuredly, Shakespeare has no metaphor similar to 'field of feasts' throughout his works. 'Field' is defined by Johnson as being strictly 'ground not inclosed, the open country;' and to 'tie,' he tells us, is 'to constrain or confine, up being little more than an emphatical addition.' Pompey, wishing to fasten Antony to a particular spot, would scarcely desire the security of an open space. But there is a word, for which, by a very probable misreading, 'field' may have been substituted. Fold, says Johnson, is an 'enclosure of any kind,' and a fold would therefore exactly suit Pompey's purpose. The most rigid foliantist cannot object to weigh for a moment whether the true meaning may not be,—'Tie up the libertine in a fold of feasts.' We have then a figure of which Shakespeare is particularly fond.... A reference to a Concordance will save me any parade of confirmatory passages. [The phrase is certainly obscure, and yet I venture to think that the Folio needs no alteration. Pompey's train of thought is, let me imagine, somewhat as follows: At all hazards, Anthony must be kept in Egypt, a prisoner to his passions; within this boundary the libertine must be tied up. But the very idea of a libertine involves a certain freedom of motion; a libertine cannot be tied up to a single feast, else he would cease to be a libertine in feasts; there must be many feasts; in using the word 'libertine' there may have then crept into Shakespeare's mind that charming simile which elsewhere he twice uses, whereby the air becomes a 'chartered libertine,' blowing whereasover it pleases, over hill and dale, and a single feast thereby expands, in imagination, into a whole field of feasts. Some limitations there must be; what better than a field of vague extent, wherein a libertine could be confined and indulge in endless feasting, day and night.
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes, Sharpen with cloyleffe fawce his Appetite, That slege and feeding may prorogue his Honour, Euen till a Lethied dulneffe—

Enter Varrius.

How now Varrius?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

Marke Anthony is euerly inrome

Expeected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis

34. till ] till Rowe, +. to Han.  F, F. Rowe et cet.  
Lethied ] Lethed Pope et seq,  35. Enter... ] After line 33, Cap. After  
dulneffe—] F, dulnes Han.  line 36, Var. '78.

Thus, for the preservation of the text of the Folio, faci potui, faciant meliorem potestem.—Ed.

30. Libertine] There is one Article in Walker's Vernificatio (XL, p. 201) which, for the sake of that fine scholar's reputation, ev'n his admirers would, I think, like to see expunged. Its title is: 'The s in -ity is almost uniformly dropped in pronunciation,' and, in proof, he quotes upwards of twenty instances where he assumes that this barbarous pronunciation must be adopt'd. Apparently, warming with his subject, he goes from bad to worse until, toward the close, he recommends such words as hostity, virginity, purity and 'suspects that the Elizabethan poets extended this rule to all substantives ending in -ty, as honesty, liberty, poverty, etc. Hence it is that majesty is almost uniformly a disyllable in Shakespeare.' His last quotation is this present line, wherein he asserts that 'libertine' is 'used in the same way,' and, therefore, to be pronounced lat' tie.—Ed.

31. Epicurean] In Greek names, Shakespeare usually followed, not the Latin, but the Greek accent, which was the method of Reuchlin, the accepted authority of his day; thus, 'Euruploso. Thus, too, Bapstis in The Mer. of Ven. Walker overlooked this fact, which would have spared him trouble in compiling his Article XLII, Vers. p. 211. 'Euphates' in I, ii, 113, is an exception.—Ed.

33. feeding may prorogue his Honour] Steevens: This undoubtedly means 'to delay his sense of honour from exorting itself till he become habitually sluggish.' Deighton: To 'prorogue,' from Lat. pro, publicly, and rogare, to ask (the technical term for proposing a measure to a legislative body), properly means to propose a further extension of office, thence to carry forward from one meeting to another, and so to defer. Staunton: Shakespeare certainly uses 'prorogue' here, as he employs it in Pericles, V, i, 24, 'nor taken sustenance But to prorogue his grief,'—in the sense of deaden or bemoan.

34. Lethied dulnesse] The CAM. EDD. record an Anonymous conjecture of 'Leithe dulness,' which seems probable. It must have been difficult for the ear of the compositor to escape from hearing the d of 'dulness' transferred to Leithe.

—Ed.

ACT II. SC. i.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could have giuen leFFE matter
A better care. Menas, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfeeter would haue don’d his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt’s Widdow, plucke
The neere Luft-weared Anthony.

Mene. I cannot hope,

39. 40. ‘tis A space for farther Trauaile] Steevens: That is, since he quitted / Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. Abbott (§ 405) suggests that there is merely an unusual ellipsis after ‘is;’ in the present case sufficient is probably to be supplied after ‘space.’

42. Menas] Steevens: I cannot help supposing, on account of the present irregularity of metre, that the name ‘Menas’ is an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood:—‘I could have given. Less matter better ear.—I did not think.—’

47. Egyptians Widdow] Steevens: Julius Cesar had married her to young Polomy, who was afterwards drowned.

48. The neere Lust-weared Anthony] Rowe and Pope having followed the Third and Fourth Folios, Theobald (Sh. Restored, p. 184) proved that the First Folio is right by printing ‘neer lust-weared,’ and restored sense to the passage, which means, he says, ‘if Antony, though never tired of luxury, yet moved from that charm upon Pompey’s stirring, it was reason for Pompey to pride himself upon being of such consequence.’

49. I cannot hope, etc.] Steevens: Mr Tyrwhitt observes, that to ‘hope,’ on this occasion, means to expect. So, in The Revell’s Tale, v. 4027: ‘Our mancypyle, as I hope, he wil be deed.’—Bowwell: Yet from the following passage in Puttenham, it would seem to have been considered as a blundering expression in the days of Queen Elizabeth: ‘Such manner of vaguell speech did the Tanner of Tamworth vse to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner hauing a great while mistaken him, and vsed very broad talke with him, at length perceiuing by his trayne that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, said thus with a certaine rude repentance: “I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow!” For [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed a good, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill shapen terme.’—Arber’s Reprint, p. 263.—Daniel (p. 80): It was not
Caesar and Anthony shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespass to Caesar,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by Anthony.

Pom. I know not Menas,
How lesser Enemies may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,

51. that: who's Pope, +, Var. '73. F: greater,...all, Rowe et seq.
52. wan'd] war'd Fi et seq.
57. 'Twer] F: himselfe:]
55, 56. greater,...all: greater,...all: themselves:]

Menas' cue to hope that they would; his hope, if he was true to Pompey, must have been the other way; read, therefore,—I cannot hold.

50. Caesar and Anthony shall well greet together] If we accept 'greet' in its prominent sense of to salute, it becomes difficult to comprehend how two men can 'greet together.' It would be still more difficult, I think, to find, throughout English literature, a second example of the phrase. The N. E. D. knows none such,—as far as I can discover. May it not be, however, that 'greet' is an error of the compositor, who, deceived either by his mental ear or the voice of his reader, has added to the verb gree the t of the next word, 'together'? and that the true reading is 'Cesar and Anthony shall well gree together'?—Schmidt (Lex.) gives many instances, and the N. E. D. still more, of the use of gree in the sense of to agree, to be in accord, etc. The past participle, 'greed' occurs in II, vi, 47, 'this greed vpon, To part with vnbackt edges,' etc.—Ed.

52. wan'd vpon him] See 'He stays vpon your will,' I, ii, 131.
54. I know not Menas, etc.] Tisselton (p. 11): Modern editors have taken great liberties with the Folio punctuation of this speech, in total disregard of the point on which Pompey is enlarging, viz., that Anthony's accession to the side of Caesar and Lepidus will, if it prove to be a fact, indicate the strength of Pompey's menace. As usually punctuated the speech is self-contradictory, for Pompey is thereby made to say first that he knows not how it is, then to explain how it is, and finally to reassert that he knows not how it is. On the other hand, according to the Folio punctuation, Pompey states the only possible ground that occurs to him for Anthony's reported movements; he would rather expect Anthony to remain on quarrelsome terms with his colleagues of the Triumvirate; he therefore awaits confirmation of the report, holding it, if true, as a proof of his power and, at the same time, of the necessity of using that power to the uttermost against such a combination.

57. pregnant] Nares (Gloss. s. v.) discusses the various meanings of this word, and, under the fourth head, says that it signifies 'full of force or conviction, or full of proof in itself.' This definition, Dyce (Gloss.) quotes as the interpretation of the word in the present passage. Nares, in conclusion, says that this word was used with great laxity, and sometimes abused, as fashionable terms are; but may be generally referred to the ruling sense of being full, or productive of something.'

57. they should square] That is, quarrel. Cotgrave has: 'Se quarrel. To strout, or square it, looke big on't, carrie his armes a kemboll braggadocchio-like.'
ACT II, SC. ii. | ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May Ciminent their divisions, and bind us vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongeest hands
Come Menas.

Exeunt.

[Scene II.]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him

To answr like himselfe: if Caezar move him,
Let Anthony looke ouer Caezar's head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's Beard,

Ciment] Censent F, F'
62. Be't ... haue't] Ff, Rowe, +,
Dyce, Glo. Sta. Be't... have it Var. '73,
Coll. 1. Be it... have it Sing. Coll. ii, Wh.
Kly. Be it... have it Cap. et cet.
only) only F',

[Scene II. Rowe et seq.

69. Ciment] Censent F, F'
62. Be't ... haue't] Ff, Rowe, +,
Dyce, Glo. Sta. Be't... have it Var. '73,
Coll. 1. Be it... have it Sing. Coll. ii, Wh.
Kly. Be it... have it Cap. et cet.
only) only F',

3. to intreat] 't'intreat Pope, +, Dyce
ii, iii.
9. Antonio's] Ff, Antonio's Rowe,
+, Cap. Kly. Antonio's Var. '73 et
cet.

See, if need be, 'But they do square, that all their Elues for seare,' etc.—Mid N. Dream, II, i, 29, of this edition.

62, 63. it onely stands Our liues vpon] Stauton: Our existence solely depends, etc., or it is incumbent on us for our lives' sake, etc. [For other examples of this idiom, see Abbott, § 204.]

64. Exeunt] Viscyher (p. 91): This scene could have been dispensed with. [It is omitted in the version which Capell made for Garrick.—Ed.]

Scene II. Johnson: I think the First Act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the Second Act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

9. Were I the wearer, etc.] Capell (i, 32): 'Alluding,' says [Warburton],
'to the phrase—I will hear him.' But the speaker had no such thing in his head;
but either meant as he spake, or—that he would put on his grussest look. There is something uncommonly noble in the management of this interview, and the dignity of these great personages is wonderfully sustain'd; their entry without accosting each
other, the conversation apart that each has with his friends, are circumstances finely
I would not shaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Eno. Every time ferues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters muft glue way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia:

Hearke Ventidius.

10. shaue't] shewe Var. '03, 13.
11. 'Tis...time] Separate line, Han. Cap. Steev. et seq.
12. Every time] Separate line, Pope et seq.
13. borne] born F.F.
Knt. 16, 17. Your...Anthony.] Three lines, ending passions ... comes ... Anthony. Pope et seq.


imagin'd.—JOHNSON: I believe he means, 'I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.'

16, 17. pray you stirre No Embers vp] DEIGHTON: Do not take up any old quarrels.

20. Enter Cæsar, etc.] KNIGHT (Supp. Notice, p. 356): The interview between Cæsar and Antony is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar—the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune, and yet apparently so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony—all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least five hundred lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or an elevation of the voice. It is solid business throughout. Antony we might think was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion.—LLOYD (p. 338): The fated superiority of the cool and steadfast gamester for power, over the ardent and dissipated, is set forth with admirable effect in the long scene with the Triumvirs, which never pauses, and flags not in a line, though the subject matter is no whit more vivacious in itself than the contents of interchanging protocols.

21. If we compose well] STEEVENS: That is, if we come to a lucky composition, agreement. So afterwards is 'composition' used. See II, vi, 74.
22. Hearke] DYCE (ed. ii) has, I think, rightly interpreted this as 'Hark ye,'—possibly, misheard by the compositor.—ED.
ACT II, SC. ii.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Caesar. I do not know Mecenas, aske Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
A lesser action rend vs. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial differences loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly befeech,
Touch you the lowest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curstnessse grow to' th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Caes. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Caes. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

23. I...know] Separate line, Cap. et

Seq. (subs.)

know Mecenas,] Ff. know; Me-

Ces., Rowe, +. know, Mecenas; Han.

etc. cet.

26. leauer] meaner Quincy MS. lesser

27. heard ] mov'd or urg'd Gould.


30. rather] rather, Pope.

31. you] thou Han. ii.

32. Nor curstnessse grow to' th' matter] JOHNSON: Let not ill humour be added to the real subject of our difference.

35. I should do thus] CAPELL (i, 32): Meaning.—as Lepidus had entreated; talk the difference over gently, and not make it greater by reproaches and harsh language; for that is the import of the words which that entreaty is couched in.—COLLIER'S MS interpreted these words differently; he inserted a stage-direction, "They shake hands," which Collier adopted in his Second and Third Editions, followed by Singer and, in effect, Keightley. The "Flourish" manifestly indicates some action; the trumpets would hardly blare at the mere expression of a sentiment.

—ED.]

38, 39. Ces. Sit. Ant, Sit sir.] STEEVENS: Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Caesar to be seated: Caesar answers, 'Nay, then;' i.e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point
Cæs. Nay then. 40

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern ye not.

Cæs. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i’th’world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to found your name
It not concern’d me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cæsar, what was’t to you?

Cæs. No more then my reciting heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt

40. then.] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Dyce, Glo. Cam. Sta. then—Theob. et cet. 46. Once ... sound’] Separate line, Pope, +.
41. not] nor Ff,
42. you] you Ff
43. I...at ] Separate line, Rowe et seq. et seq.
little, ] little, Ff.

at the end of this, as well as the preceding speech.—JOHNSON: The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr Steevens’s opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Condé de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, ‘Condé de Lemos, be covered.’ And being asked, by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, ‘I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian.’—MALONE: I believe, the author meant no more than that Cesar should desire Antony to be seated: ‘Sit.’ To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: ‘Sit, sir.’ ‘Nay, then,’ rejoins Cesar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat. However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr Steevens at the end of Antony’s speech, undisturbed.—KNIGHT: We agree with Malone that they each desire the other to be seated; and that Cesar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.—[I think there can be little doubt that Malone is right.]

42. Or being] ABBOTT (§ 404): ‘Being’ is often used for it being or being so, very much like ὅ τι and its compounds in Greek.—[See also III, vi, 32, which Abbott gives as a parallel example, but is capable of a different explanation.]

46. derogately] WALKER (Vers. 274) gives this word in the present passage as an example in his ‘Article lv’: ‘We sometimes find two unaccented syllables inserted between what are ordinarily the fourth and fifth, or sixth and seventh, the whole form being included in one word.’

51. Did practise on my State] STEEVENS: To ‘practise’ means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the Countess of Pembroke’s Antonio, ‘nothing kills me so, As that I so my Cleopatra see Practize with Cesar.’ [Act III. For ‘practise’ in this sense, see Shakespeare passim.]
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, praefis'd?

Caes. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,

By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother

Made warres vpon me, and their contestation

Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.


55. me.] Om. Pope, +

56, 57. their...you.] for contestation yours, Onson. Was you for theme Mil-

ford ap. Cam.

Theame] Theme F, Theme F,

56, 57. their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of

ware] WARBURTON: The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's

wife and brother made upon Cesar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the

casion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which

shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot

doit then, but the poet wrote: 'and their contestation Was them'd for you,'

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name,

and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection.—JOHNSON: I am

neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation: them'd is, I think, a word

unauthorized, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read: '—their contestation Had

theme from you.' The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected

by mere transposition: '—their contestation You were theme for, you were the

word.—'—CAPELL (i, 32): Though there can be no doubt made that [Warburton's]

emendation is just [Capell adopted it.], and his interpretation also; yet is grammar

made dreadfull free with, and the analogy of language: for, according to the latter,

them'd can have no other sense but—propos'd as a theme, given out as such; and

must, according to grammar, be govern'd of 'contestation.' but this sense and con-

struction bring matters back nearly to the point they were in under the old reading

'theme.' the fault is in the Poet himself, whose licence of expression is sometimes

excessive.—STEEVENS: 'Was theme for you,' I believe, means only, 'was proposed as

an example for you follow on a yet more extensive plan; ' as themes are given for a

writer to dilate upon. Shakespeare, however, may prove the best commentator on him-

self. Thus, in Coriolanus, I, i: '—throw forth greatest themes. For insurrection's argu-

ing.' Sicinius calls Coriolanus, '—the theme of our assembly.'—MALONE: That is,

their contestation derived its theme or subject from you; you were their word of war;

this affords a clear and consistent sense. To obtain the sense desired from War-

burton's emendation, we should read—' Was them'd from you.—' So, in Tro. and

Crm.: 'She is a theme of honour and renown, A spur to valiant and magnanimous

deeds.' That he must have written from, appears by Antony's answer: ' You do

make your business; my brother never Did urge me in his act.' i. e. ' never made

as the theme for insurrection's arguing.'—M. MASON: I should suppose that some

of the words have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus: '—and for con-

testation Their theme was you; you were the word of war.'—COLLIER (ed. ii): Their

contestation was not theme for Antony, but Antony was their theme for con-
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
Did verge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from some true reports
That drawer their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,

60. reports] reporters Pope, Han.
61. you.] you. F F4 et seq.

Camm.

enquire Var. '78.

This is all that is necessary, and it is strange that the commentators, in their 'contestation,' should not have discovered what was required.—[Thus it stood in Collier's Second Edition, but in his Third Edition, Collier himself failed to 'discover what was required' and his text follows the Folio, 'Was theme for you,' without comment.]—STAUTON: The meaning is apparent, though the construction is obscure and perhaps corrupt. We ought possibly to read,—' Had you for theme,' etc.—SCHMIDT (Lex.) defines 'theme' in the present passage as 'a matter, an enterprise undertaken in your interest.'—DEIGHTON:

(Conject. Readings, p. 41): Schmidt's explanation would be excellent, if only the words would bear that sense. Though 'theme' is spelt in the Folios 'theame' or 'them' [or 'theme,' F4], I am satisfied that it is nothing else than thene (thene), perhaps sophisticated by a copyist who thought 'the word of war' was explanatory of it. [There is, possibly, one interpretation which may justify the text as it stands. Cesar has just insinuated that Anthony while still in Egypt 'practised' against him, and is attempting to prove this, by what befell in Italy. His case would have been weak indeed, if he could assert merely that Anthony's wife and brother, in their war, had used Anthony's name as a pretext; in such circumstances, Anthony himself might be as innocent as the babe unborn. To prove Anthony guilty, therefore, Cesar must connect him, personally, with this 'contestation.' He asserts, therefore, that this very contestation was cause enough, in itself, for Anthony's practises—the mere fact that it existed was sufficient matter for Anthony to work on, or it stands, in the fewest possible words, in the text, 'their contestation was theme for you.' Then, in order to involve them all, Fulvia, Lucius, and Anthony, in one common 'practise,' Cesar adds, 'you were the word of war.'—Ed.]

57. you were the word of warre] JOHN HUNTER: The signal word of battle. So in the Julius Caesar of North's Plutarch, 'Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not the word of battle, nor commandment to give charge.' [See also, 'death's the word,' I, ii, 158.]

58, 59. neuer Did verge me in his Act] WARBURTON: That is, never did make use of your name as a pretence for the war.

60. reports] That is, reporters, the abstract for the concrete. See (in this ed.) Love's Lab. L. V, ii, 88, 'incounters' for encounterers, together with the following additional instances:—'wrongers' for wrongers.—Rich. II: II, iii, 128; 'speculations' for speculators.—Lear, III, i, 24; 'chase' for object of chase.—3 Ham. VI: II, iv, 11; possibly, there may be added, 'slander' for slanderer, Rich. II: I, i, 113.
Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,

64. cause] cause: F, cause? F, f1

65. you'] you Fr, Rowe. you will
Cap. (Errata.)

66. As matter] No matter Coll. MS.

66. you have to make] Ran. Kat, Coll. (MS), Wh, i, C-Clarke. you have to

take FI. you've not to make Rowe, +
Dyce ii, iii, Ktly, Dtn. you not to
make Cap, et cet. you've nought to make
and you have to make Anon. ap. Cam.

64. Having alike your cause] JOHNSON: The meaning seems to be, 'having
the same cause as you to be offended with me.' But why, because he was offended
with Antony, should he make war upon Caesar? May it not read thus: 'Having
like our cause?' — STEEVENS: The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's
being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.—
MALONE: That is, I having alike your cause. Did he not (says Antony) make wars
against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with
yourself? Dr Johnson supposed that having meant, he having, and hence has sug-
gested an unnecessary emendation.

66. As] Here equivalent to inasmuch as, since. See I, iv, 25.

66. As matter whole] you have to make it with] JOHNSON: The original read-
ing is without doubt erroneous.—STEEVENS: The old reading may be right. It
seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Caesar; but yet Antony
does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alleged against him.—
MALONE: I have not the smallest doubt that the correction made by Rowe is right.
The structure of the sentence, 'As matter,' etc., proves decisively that not was
omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent.—

KNIGHT (following the text): That is, if you'll patch a quarrel so as to seem the
whole matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint.
Patch is opposed to patch.—COLLIER (also following the text): That is, do not find
out a cause of quarrel where none exists; do not patch a quarrel when no patching is
required, because the matter is whole.—SINGER: The negative is absolutely necessary
to make sense of the passage.—STAUNTON: The negative is clearly indispensable;
but to satisfy the metre, Shakespeare may have adopted the old form n'have instead
of have not.—NICHOLS (i, 9): The original text is right, and means, as if you have
a whole matter to make it of, and wish to preserve to it the appearance of integrity,
—of its being made out of a whole piece,—' it must not be with this' —for this patch
will show, will be seen. On the other hand, if [Rowe's not] be correct—if Caesar
did wish to 'patch a quarrel'—not having matter whole to make it of, surely no better
matter could offer itself for the purpose than that which he is here expressly told he
could not use. The wife and brother of Antony had made war upon Caesar. Caesar
accuses Antony, although he was in Egypt, of having instigated them; of being, as
he says, 'the word of war.' Antony denies it; and, most likely, truly; but had
 Ceasar wanted to make use of the facts, as far as they went, for the purpose of patch-
ing a quarrel with Antony, public opinion, notwithstanding Antony's denial, would
perhaps have gone with Caesar; and though in itself, it might not have been a su-
ficient cause of quarrel, yet with the addition of a few other grievances, it might have
been made to constitute one. Still, it would have borne the appearance, as Antony
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patcht vp your excuse.

says, of a patched quarrel, and not as made out of whole matter.—INGLEBY (Sh. the Man, etc., i, 145) accepts the reading of the Folio, and interprets 'you have' in the sense of obligation, you must. 'Antony,' he says, 'refers to former letters, and Cæsar to former excuses; so that when Antony speaks of patching the quarrel, he means that the quarrel has been already worn out by discussion. Cæsar ought (he says) to be able to adduce a new and entire ground of complaint; but that if he will patch up the old quarrel he must do it with something else than the pretense that Antony's wife and brother have made wars upon him.' Inglesby concludes somewhat in Warburtonian style: 'This conclusive interpretation of the text was proposed to me by Prof. Sylvester, the world-renowned mathematician. After this, an editor who shall reprint the text with Rowe's emendation will only have the excuse of ignorance.'—HUDSON adopts in his text the emendation, 'As matter whole you lack to make it with,' and remarks, 'I had conjectured lack but found afterwards that I had been anticipated by an anonymous writer.' I do not know who this anonymous writer is; he is also, apparently, unknown to the Cambridge Editors.—THE COWDEN-CLARKES (following the text): That is, if you wish to both up a quarrel, as you have whole and sound matter to make it good with, you must not use such flimsy stuff as this. We think that the phraseology is purposely equivocal here: Antony allowing Cæsar to understand either 'If you desire to pick a quarrel with me, you could find stronger ground to base it upon than these frivolous causes of complaint,' or 'If you wish to make up the quarrel between us, you have better means of doing so than by ripping up these trivial grievances.'—IRVING EDITION finds Cowden-Clarke's suggestion that the phraseology is equivocal, 'a forced interpretation. The meaning appears rather to be the reverse: make trivial things—mere bits and patches, as it were—the ground of quarrel. These slight occasions for disagreement are opposed to matter whole, or some serious cause for dissenion.'—ROLFE: A few editors follow the Folio, but their attempts to explain the passage are forced and unsatisfactory.—THESKELTON: 'As' is equivalent here to as though; compare I, ii, 110; IV, i, 1. The meaning is, 'in such a way that it will seem to be made all of a piece.' [To me the meaning seems to be, If you'll patch a quarrel, inasmuch as you must make the patch out of good whole material, you must not take this. I think Inglesby is entirely right in his interpretation.—Ed.]

68, 69. laying defects of judgement to me] CAPELL (i, 32): The import of which in short, is—you praise yourself at my expense: and this being so, the word 'me' in the next line, must be spoke with an emphasis; which can not be lay'd upon it, in the situation it occupies in all former copies [see Text-Notes for Capell's text], and by this the transposition is justifi'd: Mistakes of this sort are often made by the pen, and ofter [sic] still by the press; such presses especially as this Poet had the fate to come out of.

69. excuses] WALKER (Crit. i, 246): I think excuse is more Elizabethan.—DYCE (ed. ii) makes independently the same conjecture, which is adopted by HUDSON.
ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Anth. Not so, not so: I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't, Very necessitie of this thought, that I Your Partner in the caufe 'gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another, The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace eafe, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wises, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurvable, her Garboiles (Caesar)

71. I am] I'm Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii. Varr. Kyd.
72. Very] The very Kyd. 76. such] Om. Steev. conj.

71-75. I know you could not lacke, . . . mine owne peace] Drivgton: That is, I am certain that you could not help feeling how impossible it was for me, whose interests were the same as yours, to regard with favourable eyes those wars which were so opposed to my own peace. 'Very' is here an adjective, thorough. 'Attend,' in this sense, is more commonly applied to the ears than to the eyes. 74. gracefull eyes] Steevens: We still say, I could not look handomely on such or such a proceeding.

75. fronted] Bradley (N. E. D. i. v. Front, v. 1 3): To stand face to face with; especially to face in defiance or hostility; oppose.

76. I would you had her spirit, in such another] Malone: Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman. By the words, 'you had her spirit,' etc. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant, 'you were united to, or possessed of, a woman with her spirit.' Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that Antony wished Augustus to be actuized by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I proposed to read -'em such another, in being frequently printed for 'em in these plays. Steevens: The plain meaning of Antony is, I wish you had my wife's spirit in another wife; i. e. in a wife of your own. [See Appendix, Plutarch.]

76. spirit] For the pronunciation of spirit, see Walker (Crit. i, 193) or I, ii, 143. 77, 78. with a Snaffle, You may pace easie] Schmidt (Lex. i. v. Pace. 2, transitive): To teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider. -[Quan-
doque bonus dormitus, etc. —Ed.]

79, 80. that the men might go to Warres with the women] Hudson: I am uncertain whether this means that the men might go to war in company with the women, or go to war against them.—[I think that the plural 'warres' decides in favour of Hudson's first meaning; the number of fighters on one side, at least, would be certainly doubled. —Ed.]

81. So much vncurvable, her Garboiles] John Hunter observes that 'uncurb-
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

_Cæsar._ I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did give my Misuie out of audience.

_Ant._ Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feastved, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much

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83. _Shrodenesse_ [Shrodenesse] _F.Pro_, _F. _d_._. 
84. _muft_ [muft] _F. _d_._. 
85. _it_ [it] _F. _d_._. 
86. _when...you_ [when...you] _F. _d_._. 
87. _Admitted_ [Admitted] _F. _d_._. 

83. _Shrodenesse._ Spelled phonetically.—Ed.
86-88. _I wrote to you, . . . out of audience._ The feeble punctuation of the Folio will readily give way to almost any punctuation of these lines. Dyce's, which has been followed by the _Globe_, the _Cambridge_, and the majority of subsequent editors: _I wrote to you When rioting in Alexandria;_ is somewhat objectionable, inasmuch as it is grammatically ambiguous whether Caesar was rioting or Anthony. There should be at least a comma after 'you' (as in the Folio), but a semi-colon, as suggested by Lloyd (_ap. Cam._), would be better. Capell's punctuation is good: _I wrote to you, When, rioting in Alexandria, you,_ etc. All colons or semi-colons after _Alexandria_ seem to me misplaced. Caesar is enumerating Anthony's offences; to pocket up his letters is the first distinct and separate offence; to give his missive is the second; and the two should be distinguished as they are in the Folio, so it seems to me.—Ed.

88. _Misuie._ Macbeth in his letter to his wife says that there came 'missives from the king, who all-hailed me,' etc.

92. _I told him of my selfe._ Warburton: That is, told him the condition I was
As to have asked him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

_Cæsar._ You have broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

_Lep._ Soft _Cæsar._

_Anth._ No _Lepidus,_ let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,

---when he had his last audience.—DELIUS questions Warburton's interpretation and
boths the true meaning to be, 'I told him of my own accord.’ Whereupon, SCHMIDT
(Notas, p. 173) acutely remarks that had this been the meaning, the text should run
'I told it him of myself.'

_94._ Be nothing of our strife] Compare 'but nothing of his ill-ta’ne suspicion.'

—_Wint. Tale_, I, ii, 530; 'nothing of that wonderfull promise,' etc.—_Twelfth Night_,
_III_. iv, 263.

_99._ _No_ WALKER (_Vers._ 289): Lines wanting the tenth or final syllable, are (as
it appears to me) unknown to Shakespeare, as they are certainly at variance with his
rhythm.—[Accordingly, Walker approves of the arrangement which was adopted first
by Hamner, whereby 'No' was separated from 'Lepidus' and made to follow
'Cæsar.' It is to be observed that the division of ll. 96, 97 into metrical lengths was
made by Rowe, and it is quite possible so to change it as not to need 'No' for a
tenth syllable,—an ineffable relief to the o’erfraught heart.—ED.]

_100._ The Honour is Sacred] WARBURTON: Sacred, for unbroken, unviolated.

—JOHNSTON: Warburton seems to understand this passage thus: 'The honour which
he talks of me as lacking, is unviolated. I never lacked it.’ This, perhaps, may be
the true meaning; but, before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus inter-
rupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be
endured by Antony; to which Antony replies—'No, Lepidus, let him speak; the
security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now,
is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before.—MALONE: Antony, in my
opinion, means to say—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the
religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it
is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his
charge, that I may vindicate myself.—M. MASON: I do not think that either John-
son’s or Malone’s explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of
it appears to be this:—Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to
send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in
his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midst of dissipation, neglected to
send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had
redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was now
Supposing that I lack it: but on Cæsar,

\[101\]
The Article of my oath.

\[102\]

Cæsar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir’d them, the which you both denied.

\[103\]

Anth. Neglected rather:

\[105\]

And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may, Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Worke without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

\[110\]

To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour

To stoope in such a case.

\[115\]

Lep. ’Tis Noble spoken.

\[116\]

Meece. If it might please you, to enforce no further

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\[101\] on Cæsar] on, Cæsar F, F,


\[103\] To...them] Separate line, Rowe et seq.

\[106\] poysoned] poison’d Pope et seq.

\[107\] knowledge.] F. knowledge; Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb. knowledge. Han. Johns. et seq.


\[116\] had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge] Deighton: That is, I had become a complete stranger to my nobler nature.

\[109\] nor my power Worke without it] Malone: Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. Delius prefers to consider ‘it’ as referring not to ‘honesty’ but to ‘greatness,’ and thus paraphrases the sentence: the honesty with which I acknowledge my fault, cannot injure my greatness, cannot diminish the knowledge of my worth; nor can it cause my power to be proved worthless.

\[115\] ’Tis Noble spoken] For many examples of adjectives used as adverbs, see, if need be, Abbott, § 1. Compare ‘How honourable . . . wee Determine for her,’ V, i, 71.

\[116\] If it might please you, etc.] Capell (i, 33): This imperfect and conditional mode of expressing a wish, may be intended as a mark of submissiveness: in
ACT II, SC. II.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken Mecenas.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one another's love for the
infant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle
in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, only speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
more.

117. quite,] quite. Ff.
118. remember: that] remember, that
Ff. remember that Cap. et seq.
119. attone] attone F, o
120. Worthy] Worthy F.
121. Souldier,only] Ff, Rowe, Pope,
122. Warb. soldier only: Theob. et cet.

any other light, is improper; and—Would were greatly better than 'If.'—THISELTON
(p. 12): The punctuation of the Folio indicates a deferential hesitancy in venturing
to offer advice.—[If this 'punctuation' refers to the comma after 'you,' it is not
peculiar to the Folio. There is, I think, no edition without it.—Ed.]

117. griefes] That is, grievances.
118. the present neede,] THISELTON (p. 12): The comma after 'neede' shows
that word is to be dwelt upon for emphasis.—[Independently of the fact that the
punctuation of Shakespeare's compositors cannot be implicitly followed, it may be
doubted that in the passage before us, 'present' be not the emphatic word. In the
very next line above there is a comma after 'quite'; does this indicate that 'quite' is
more emphatic than 'to forget?'—Ed.]

119. attone] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v.): 'Atone is formed on the adverbial phrase
at one in its combined form as representing a simple idea, and 16th century
pronunciation. Short for the phrase 'set or make at one.' . . . From the frequent
phrases 'set at one' or 'at onement,' the combined atonement began to take the
place of onement early in the 16th century, and alone to supplant one, verb, about
1550. Alone was not admitted into the Bible in 1611, though atonement had been
in since Tindale.
120. spoken] DYCE (ed. ii) conjectures that this should be spoken, overlooking
the fact that it is so printed by STEEVENS in 1793, followed by the Variorums of 1803
and 1813, and is suggested by WALKER (Crit. i, 131). This oversight, unaccountable
in so careful an editor, beguiled the CAM. EDD. who record it as Dyce's conjecture
in their footnotes.—Ed.
126. That trueth should be silent] STEEVENS: We find a similar sentiment in
King Lear: 'Truth's a dog must to kennel,' etc., i, iv, 124.—WALKER (Crit. ii,
170): The structure of the sentence looks as if Enobarbus were referring to a proverb.
—[Steevens and Staunton in the next note make a similar suggestion.]
Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stone.

130. Go too] Go to Fl.
your Considerate stone:] your con-
siderate stone. Var. '73. your con-
siderate stone. your confed-
erates love. Heath. your considerate tone
Nichols (withdrawn). your considerate stone am I Kty conj. your confederate's
gone Leo (ed. p. 142 and N. &
iii, 191). see me your consider-
Words. you're considerate ston
your confederates stone Lloyd a;
your confederate stone Browne a

130. your Considerate stone] JOHNSON: This line is passed by all the
as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot f
any obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore rea
to then, you considerate ones.' You who dislike my frankness and tem
speech, and are so considerate and discreet, go to, do your own business.—
(i, 33), in this instance keener than Dr Johnson, gives the meaning of Enob
that 'he would, from thenceforth, be a very stone for silence, but he woul
a little.'—STEEVENS: That is, if I must be chidden, henceforward I will be
as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. 'As all
stone,' however, might have been once a common phrase.—[Hereupon follow
examples which might be multiplied, drawn from old sources where a stone
as a simile of silence or stillness.]—BLACKSTONE: The metre of this line is c
It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a
'—your consideratest one.' I doubt, indeed, whether this adjective is ev
in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pard
RITSON (Curatory Crit. 85): As Enobarbus, to whom this line belongs, g
speaks in plain prose, there is no occasion for any further attempt to harmony
COLLIER (ed. i): It may be a question whether Enobarbus means to call An
considerate stone,' or to say merely that he will be silent as a stone. If the
we must, with Johnson, change 'your' to you; but the latter affords a clos
without any alteration of the ancient text.—DYCE (Remarks, 246): En
call Antony a stone! he would as soon have ventured to throw one at him
son's proposed alteration, bad as it certainly was, did not involve such an al
—COLLIER (ed. ii): That is, I will be as considerate as a stone. Johnson'
[where?] that Enobarbus meant to call Antony a 'considerate stone,' does n
us, recollecting that the words were those of a rough free-spoken soldier,
'absurdity' as it appeared to the Rev. Mr Dyce. In speaking of the note in ed
ition, he ought to have remembered two things, which he has entirely ove
vz., that we gave the very text he supports, and that we ourselves said no ch
needed. If Mr Dyce had been more of a 'considerate stone,' he would ha
himself from the appearance of endeavouring to make a fault where he could
one. We do not at all say that the suspicion would be just, but that he h
himself open to it.—[Whoever wishes to hear the last word in this deplorable
between two men who had been for many years fast friends, will find it in S
Structures, p. 203, where he exultantly proves that to Collier exclusively bel
notion that Enobarbus called Antony a stone! Time did not abate the
Dyce's triumph. Seven years later he repeated these remarks in his Struc
full length, in his Second Edition. Apparently, so far from being crushed
this appalling stigma of bad preeminence, Collier in his Monovolume placidly
'you considerate stone,' and in his Third Edition, while returning to the cr
reprinted the substance of the note in his First Edition.]—STAUNTON: A
ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge

131, 132. matter...manner] manner
...matter Warb. Cap.
134, 136. knew...staunch...world :
...knew...staunch...world, Rowe. knew
...staunch...world, Theob. Warb. Johns.
135, 136. world Pope et cet.

a stone was an expression not unusual formerly, and the words in the text may hereafter be found to be proverbial; at present they are inexplicable.—HUDSON: Meaning, apparently, I am your considerate stone; like a statue, which seems to speak, but does not.—ELZE (p. 285) is, apparently, willing to be pilloried alongside of Collier, and suggests, although 'with hesitation,' 'you're considerate stone,' that is: 'You are indeed considerate (—discreet, circumspect), but at the same time 'senseless as a stone,' inaccessible to conciliatory and tender emotions.'—[Instead of saying as in modern parlance, 'All right. Your obedient servant,' Enobarbus replies in effect, 'I understand. Your intelligent and accommodating stone,' with all that a 'stone' implies of dullness, deafness, and impassivity. At least such is the interpretation of Enobarbus's words in the opinion of the present Ed.]

131, 132. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner, etc.] Will BURTON: What, not dislike the matter of it? when he says presently after, that he would do everything to prevent the evil Enobarbus predicted. Besides are we to suppose that common civility would suffer him to take the same liberty with Antony's lieutenant, that Antony himself did? Shakespeare wrote 'I do not much dislike the manner, but 'The matter of his speech,' etc., i. e. 'tis not his liberty of speech, but the mischief he speaks of, which I dislike. This agrees with what follows, and is said with much urbanity, and show of friendship.—HEATH (p. 454): That is, As to the matter of what he hath said, there is probably too much truth in it, though the want of respect in his manner of saying it may deserve blame. That this is the sense is not clearly evident from the confession of Cæsar which immediately follows.—CAPELL (i, 33): Here is another transposition; the words 'manner' and 'matter': the emendation was started by [Warburton], is confirmed by what the speaker says afterwards, and recommended by much delicacy.—[The present play was the fifth that Capell printed (vol. i, p. 19, footnote). It is noteworthy how much in these early plays he was under the influence of Warburton. In the present instance, he preferred the speciousness of Warburton to the sound sense of Heath.—Ed.]

JOHNSON: 'I do not (says Cæsar), think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.'

133. conditions] That is, dispositions, natures, tempers.
135. What Hoope should hold vs staunch] There is the same simile of a hoop about a cask in 2 Hen. IV: IV, iv, 43, 'A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood . . . shall never leak.'—CORSON (p. 277): It must evidently be understood by this speech, that a 'hoop,' and a very politic one, has been already decided upon by Octavius and his crafty counsellor, Agrippa. What
THE TRAGEDIE OF 

Ath'world: I would perfue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue Caesar.

Caesar. Speake Agrippa.

Agri. Thou haft a Sifter by the Mothers side, admir'd of.

Oclauia: Great Mark Antony is now a widdower.

Caesar. Say not, say Agrippa; if Cleopater heard you, your prooфе were well deferred of rashneffe.

follows shows this; and affords a special illustration, too, of Antony's genius rebuked by Octavius's.

137. Giue me leaue Caesar.] It can hardly be that the comma and dash after 'Cesar,' begun by Capell and continued by a large majority of modern editors, are right. Where all are so courtly in this conference, it cannot be likely that Cesar would break in upon Agrippa's first words, especially if it were merely to tell him to continue speaking, a very needless permission; the end would have been gained by Cesar's keeping silent. If we erase the period of the Folio, I think we should substitute an interrogation mark.—Ed.

139. a Sifter by the Mothers side.] Octavia was Cesar's own sister, by the same mother, Atia; but Shakespeare here follows Plutarch who says that her mother was Ancharia. See Appendix, Plutarch.

141. Say not, say Agrippa Corrected by Rowe. This is one of the very numerous instances collected by Walker (Critic. i, 314) in his fifty-eight pages of the 'Substitution of Words,' generally to be attributed, as here, to proximity.

141, 142. your prooфе] Theobald said that he made 'no scruple to restore 'your approof'.' Hanmer's text reads, 'your reproof,' and a footnote has 'Warb. and it's Warb. Warb.' Warburton's own text, however, follows Theobald, and he has no note on the passage. Heath (p. 451) gives a good interpretation of Theobald's text, but there is little need to reprint it, inasmuch as Warburton's emendation has been uniformly followed. M. Mason properly interpreted 'your reproof' as 'the reproof you would undergo,' and quoted as parallel a passage from Beaumont & Fletcher's Custom of the Country, V, iv, where 'Your great opinion in the world' is equivalent, so he said, to 'the great opinion conceived of you;' but he was herein possibly wrong as to the exact meaning. Malone detected the source of the error in the Folio, which lay in making the r in 'your' do double duty, for itself and for 'reproof,' and cited as a parallel case 'Mine Nightingale,' IV, viii, 24. This error was due, so Malone said, to the transcriber's ear deceiving him.—Abbott (§ 423):
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Anh. I am not married Caesar: let me heere Agrippa further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie, And to make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony, Octavius to his wife: whose beauty claimes No worke a husband then the best of men: whose Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none els can utter. By this marriage, All little Ieloues which now seeme great, And all great feares which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing: Truth's would be tales, Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke For this is studied not a preffent thought,

143. Agrippa...[speake] Separate line, Rowe et seq.
144. further] further Coll. Wh. i, Hal.
149. whofe...[speake] One line, N, Rowe et seq.

143, 144. Agrippa...[speake] Separate line, Rowe et seq.
154, 155. Truth's...truth's] F, truths...truths F, F et seq.
154. be tales] be but tales Pope, +, Steev. Var. '03, '13, Sing. Dyce ii, iii.
then be tales Cap. Coll. iii. be half tales Ran. Sta. conj. be as tales Steev. conj.
tales only Killy. be mere tales Id. conj.
155. halfe tales] half-tales Killy.

Instead of 'your reproof of rashness' we should now say, 'the reproof of your rashness' (unless 'of' here means about, for).—CORSON (p. 277): This speech seems to convey the impression that the proposal of marriage between Antony and Octavia, intimated in the last speech of Agrippa, was something new to Octavius. But he evidently knows just what's coming from Agrippa.

147. take Anthony] For other examples of the subjunctive used imperatively, see ABBOTT § 364.

154. would be tales] WALKER (Perp. p. 165) approves of Hamner's 'would be best tales.'—STAUNTON: The remedy [for the defective metre] most accordant with the poet's manner is to read 'would be half tales,' etc.—[Herein Staunton was, unwittingly, anticipated by RANN, an editor far too often overlooked.—Ed.].—HUDSON: 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 do all the mischief of truths.' Here, as often, 'where' is equivalent to whereas.

ABBOTT (§ 508) gives this line as an instance of the omission of a foot [before 'Truth's'].

105
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will Caesar speake?

Caesar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

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

Caesar. The power of Caesar,
And his power, unto Octavia.

Anth. May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And swaye our great Designes.

Caesar. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deereely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Fli off our Loues againe.


Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great

---

161. toucht] touch’d Rowe.
162. spoke] spoken F.F., Rowe.
already] Om. Han.
164. Agrippa ... fo] As quotation, Theob. 166, 167. The...And] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Knt, Sta. Separate line, Theob. et cet.
168. May] Mao F.

161. touch’d] See line 115, above.
162. spoke] If I would say] Abbott (§ 331): This means, ‘If I wished, were disposed, to say.’
170. let me haue thy hand] Note the instant change to the familiar ‘thy.’
175. I bequeath you] Murray (N.E.D. s.v.): An ancient word, the retention of which is due to the traditional language of wills. II. To ‘say (a thing) away,’ to give or part with by formal declaration. . . . b. To ‘leave’ by will. (The only surviving sense for which it is the proper term.)
178. Fli off] In the same construction with ‘Let’ in line 176.
ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lept. Time calis vpon's,

Of vs must Pompey prefently be sought,
Or else he seeces out vs.

Anith. Where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anith. What is his strength by land?

Ces. Great, and encreasinf:

But by Sea-he is an absolufe Master.

Anith. So is the Fame,

Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it,

182. him onely.] him, only Nicholson
ap. Cam.

183. Left] Left Ff et seq.

185. vpon's] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob.


191. What is] Ff, Rowe, + , Knt, Glo.


190-192. What...Master] Ff, Rowe,
+, Knt, Glo. Sta. Lines end, strength
...sea...master Han. Cam. et cet.

191, 192. Great...Sea] Separate line,
Theob. et seq.

193. So is] So's Han.

Yet ere we put our felues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

_Cæsar._ With most gladnesse,
And do invite you to my Sistres view,
Whether straught Ie lead you.

_Anth._ Let vs _Lepidus_ not lacke your companie.

_Lep._ Noble _Anthony_, not sickenesse shoule detaine me.

**Flourish. Exit omnes.**

_Mec._ Welcome from _Aegypt_ Sir.

_Gri._ Halfe the heart of _Cæsar_, worthy _Mecenas_. My
honourable Friend _Agrippa_.

_Mec._ We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
well diggested : you staied well by't in _Egypt_.

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199. _Whether_ [Whither Fl.]

_Ile_ [I'll Fl. Fl. I will Varr.

200-202. _Let...me_ Lines end, _Lepi-
dus...Anthony...me_ Han. Cap. Var. 78
et seq.

[Scene III. Pope, +.

201. _Noble_ [Nobld Fl.]
202. _Flourish._] Om. Fl, Rowe, Pope,
Wh. Glo. _Kilty_. by it Cap. et cet.

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197. With most gladnesse_ See _ABBOTT_ (§ 17) for other examples where
'most' is used as the superlative of _great._

199. _Whether_ _WALKER_ (_Verses_. 105)_ : The verse indicates that this is a mono-
syllable.

206. _Halfe the heart_ _DEIGHTON_ : A translation of _Horace's_ ' _anime dimidium
mee._'—_Ode_ I, iii, 8.

206. _Eno. Halfe the heart, etc._ _DELIS_ (Sh. _Jahrb_. V, 267)_ : Only once in
the earnest political conference of the _Triumvir_ did _Enobarbus_ venture, in prose,
to interject a bold word, for which he was immediately checked; but now, there-
fore, after the departure of his rigorous masters, he enters with more freedom into
a conversation in prose with _Mecenas_. But as soon as the talk rises from the
domain of mere gossip to a description of _Antony's_ first meeting with _Cleopatra_, he
resumes blank verse. The poet was well enough aware that only in blank verse
could this majestic masterpiece be adequately portrayed, and, therefore, the humou-
rous side of _Enobarbus's_ character is here abandoned.

210. _digested_ An old, not uncommon form ; it occurs again in _Coriol._ I, i,
154, in the Folio.
ACT II, SC. II.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 109

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Meec. Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Enob. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deferred noting.

Meec as. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Enob. When the first met Marke Anthony, he purfit vp his heart vpon the Riuier of Sidnis.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter did well for her.

Enob. I will tell you,


there. } Ff, Rowe, Pope. there! 220. purs'd Rowe.


118-125. Transposed to follow I, i, 224. you,] you, Sir: Cap.


Eight Wilde-Boares, etc.] See Appendix, Plutarch.

This was but as a Flye by an Eagle] By the few editors who have taken note of this phrase, it has been interpreted as conveying merely a comparison; the eight boars were merely as a fly by the side of, and so in comparison with, an eagle. Is it not capable of a different interpretation? Maccenas wonders that eight boars should have been a breakfast for only twelve persons. Enobarbus replies, in effect, that so far from eight boars having been considered an inordinate repast, it was no more than a fly would be considered a hearty breakfast by an eagle.—Ed.

if report be square to her] Steevens: That is, if report quadrates with her, or suits with her merits.

Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that, whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper.—Cowden-Clarke: The inattention is Mason's, not Shakespeare's; the expression 'upon the river of Cydnus,' is here used to signify 'the district on the shores of the river of Cydnus,' including the 'city' which 'cast her people out upon her,' and its 'market-place' wherein 'Antony' sat enthroned. The idiom 'upon the Seine,' or 'upon the Thames' is employed to express the adjacent shores of those rivers, the country in their neighborhood.—Rolle: Mason's criticism reminds one of Yellowplush's surprise at finding Boulogne-sur-Mer was on the shore and not 'on the sea.'
THE TRAGEDIE OF

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sick.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept flocke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their flockes. For her owne person,
It beggered all description, she did lye
In her Pauilion, cloth of Gold, of Tifuse,
O’re-picturing that Venua, where we see

228, 229. The ... Siluer] One line, 232. their Iter] her flrokes F, &
Pope et seq. 234. cloth of Gold, of Tifuse] cloth-of-
Rowe. love-sick with ’em; Pope, +,
et seq. of Tifuse] and tisuse Coll. ii,
Var.'73. love-sick: with them Knt. i, Kily.
ii. love-sick with them; Cap. et cet.
229. the Owers] the Oares F,F, th’

225. The Barge she sat in, etc.] Hazlitt (p. 97): The rich and poetical
description of Cleopatra’s person seems to prepare the way for,
and almost to justify the subsequent infatuation of Antony when in the sea-fight at Actium, he leaves
the battle, and ‘like a doating mallard’ follows her flying sails.—Hartleian Coleridge
(ii, 154): Beautiful as this description is, one might almost desire that it had been
uttered by a more interesting personage. Dryden has transferred it to Antony,—copied
it pretty closely,—or perhaps kept closer to Plutarch’s prose. The poetry he almost
suppresses; but he certainly introduces the story more artfully. Narration for its
own sake is not, however, a frequent fault of Shakespeare.

228. were Loue-sick.] Knight (ed. i and ii) virtually adheres to the pen-
tuation of the Folio, which he observes ‘is surely more poetical.’ Dyce quotes the
observation, prints it in Italics, and affixes two exclamation marks; a cheap mode
of expressing a patronizing superiority. In Knight’s Second Edition, Revised, the
Folio is abandoned and Capell followed.—Ed.

234. cloth of Gold, of Tisuse] Collier (ed. ii): This is nonsense; it could
not be ‘cloth of gold’ if it were ‘of tissue.’ What was meant must have been that
the ‘cloth of gold’ of the pavilion was lined with ‘tissue.’ The contraction for ‘and’
was not unfrequently read of by old printers, and such, according to the MS., seems
to have been the case here.—Staunton: That is, cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue.
The expression so repeatedly occurs in early English books that we cannot imagine
how anyone familiar with such reading can have missed it.—[Staunton here quotes
Collier’s note, which, he says, is made ‘with incredible simplicity.’ Collier in his
Third Edition abandoned of; the reading of his MS.]

235. that Venua] Theobald suggests that there is here a reference to the cele-
ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With duiers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did feeme,
To glowe the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

_Agrip._ Oh rare for _Anthony._

_Eno._ Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eies,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.

238. _duers coulour'd._ Ff. divers-
3. _glow._ Glove. Ff. glow Rowe et seq.
2. _vndid._ vndid. did Theob. et seq. (nub.)
4. _Gentlewoman._ Gentlewomen Ff.

239. _Venus Anadyomene._ Apelles which was painted from Campaspe as a model,
whereof an account is given in Pliny's _Natural History_, Book xxxv, chap. 10. If
Shakespeare had any particular Venus in mind, Theobald is possibly right. War-
burton, for no reason, that I can see, other than jealousy of Theobald, asserts that it
was the Venus of Protagenes and gives the reference to Pliny which Theobald did not
give. Warburton's assertion, but not Theobald's suggestion, is repeated in the Var-
iorum of 1721, and has been ever since, by those who have mentioned it at all, accepted
as his own. Yet, his reference been verified, it would have been found that
while the _Venus Anadyomene_ by Apelles is there twice described, there is not a word
said of any Venus by Protagenes.—_Ed._

240. _what they vndid did._ JOHNSON: It might be read less harshly: 'what
2. they did, undid.'—MALONE: The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to
Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and 'what they undid,' i.e.
that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, _they did, i.e.,_ they seemed
to produce.—STAUNTON: We should prefer, 'what they undid, dy'd,' that is, while
diminishing the colour of Cleopatra's cheeks, by cooling them, they reflected a new
glow from the warmth of their own tints.

241. _Nereides._ DYCE (ed. ii.): Here in my first edition I altered 'Nereides' to
_Nerides,—wrongly; for formerly the word used to be written _Nereides; see, for
instance, the article 'Nereides' in Heywood's _Various Historie concerning Women,
etc., p. 36, ed. 1624._

242. _Mer-maides._ COLERIDGE (p. 317): I have the greatest difficulty in believ-
ing that Shakespeare wrote the first 'mermaids.' He never, I think, would have so
weakened by useless anticipation the fine image immediately following. The epithet
'seeming' becomes so extremely improper after the whole number had been positi-
vely called 'so many mermaids.'

243. _So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eies, And made their bends
adornings._ Warburton: This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus, her
[243, 244. tended her i' the eyes, And made their bands adorning; and] maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is as what Shakespeare would say; Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus rising from the waves; at which time, the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to adore, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole conformable to the story represented, we may be assured Shakespeare wrote: 'And made their bands adoring.' They did her observance in the posture of adoration as if she had been Venus.—HEATH (p. 455): I very much doubt whether such an affected flat expression as adorning came from Shakespeare. The word, bend, is her used for an arch, and the bends of the eyes are the eye-brows. Thus the sense will be, that these seeming nereids were employed in adjusting Cleopatra's eye-brows as often as they happened to be discomposed by the fanning of the boys, or any other accident. This interpretation is confirmed by the preceding words, tended her in th' eyes.—[The student is entreated not to condemn Heath utterly on account of this one aberration of mind; he is usually eminently sane.—ED.].—CAPELL (i, 33): The is, watch'd her looks, to receive commandments from them: in the receiving of which, the submiss inclination of body was perform'd with so much elegance, their other personal beauties were much set out by it. This is the obvious meaning of 'made their bands adorning.'—JOHNSON: Perhaps 'tended her by th' eyes,' discovered her will by her eyes.—STEREVS (Var. 1773): That Cleopatra personate Venus we know; but that Shakespeare was acquainted with the circumstance of her homage being paid her by the Deities of the Sea [as stated by Warburton], is by no means as certain.—TOLLET: I think 'bands' or bands is the same word, as means, in this place, the several companies of Nereids, that waited on Cleopatra.—[Although I have no idea at what age Tollet died, it is to be regretted that he did not live long enough to withdraw this conjecture.—ED.].—MALONE in the Var. of 1778 apprehended that 'their bands' refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and that 'the attendants watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which adde new lustre to her beauty.' But he withdrew this interpretation in his edition of 1790, and gave in his adhesion to Warburton's adorings. And in the Var. of 1821 he conceded that 'tended her i' the eyes' 'may only mean they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress.'—STEREVS (Var. 1793): Perhaps 'tended her i' the eyes' may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly int her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation. After all, I believe it only means waited before her, in her sight. So, in Hamlet, IV, iv, 5: 'If that his majesty would aught of us, We shall express our duty in his eye,' i.e. in our personal attendance on him, by giving him ocular proof of our respect. Henley explains it thus: 'obeyed her looks without waiting for her words.'—MONCK MASON: The passage, as it stands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight modification of the text, by reading, the guise, instead of 'the eyes,' and then it will run thus: 'Her gentlewomen, lik the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the guise, And made their bands adorning.' 'In the guise,' means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and b the bends which they made adorning, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the ver
[243. 244. tended her i' th'eyes, And made their bends adornings]  

sent sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says: "at the helm A seeming mermaid steers."—[This note of Mason with its harmless allusion to the "siren of the fictitious tails," afforded Steevens too good an opportunity to be lost. Accordingly, after observing that Mason's conjecture, guiris, could not be thus used absolutely, without a limiting noun, he turns to the mermaids, who, 'whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. . . . I will undertake, in short, the expense of providing characteristic tails for any set of mimic Nereids, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these admirably terminations, so as 'to render them a grace instead of a deformity.' . . . It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was increased by the salmon or dolphin tribe." Finally, with the malicious smile still on his face, Steevens proposed to amend the phrase 'merely by the omission of a singular letter, and read "made their ends adornings."' Mason replied very temperately, like the Right Honourable gentleman that he was, in an Appendix to his Comment on Steevens and Fletcher, maintaining his ground and concluding with the assertion that he could 'find no sense in the passage as' Steevens and Malone 'have stated it.' The foregoing notes which I have condensed are 'so very long, as originally written,' that in the Variorum of 1821 Boswell transferred them 'to the end of the play'; there the student may read them at length; but, as in all such controversies, he will find but a half-pint of Shakespeare to an intolerable deal of the disputants.—[Ed.] Z. Jackson, whose insufferable book was many years ago banned from these pages, must now be heard, inasmuch as his contribution to the discussion happens to be of value. He believes (p. 293) that 'bends' is here used in a nautical sense (the 'bends' are, according to Admiral Smyth's Sailor's Word-Book, 'the thickest and strongest planks on the outward part of the ship's side, between the plank-streaks on which men set their feet in climbing up'); the 'eyes' also is nautical and means the 'dead eyes' (a dead-eye, also according to Admiral Smyth, is 'a sort of round flattish wooden block, . . . pierced with three holes through the flat part, in order to receive a rope called a laniard, which, corresponding with three holes in another dead-eye on the shroud end, creates a purchase to spread the shrouds, etc.'); on the bends of Cleopatra's barge, therefore, stood her gentlewomen, uncovered to the waist, with an artificial mermaid's tail floating on the water. Thus Cleopatra's attendants, 'as so many mermaids, tended her i' th'eyes (for there they held by the rigging, connected with the eye), and made the bends (whereon they stood) adornings, i. e. they adorned the bend, which otherwise would have remained devoid of ornaments.' Accordingly, Jackson proposed to read: 'And made the bends adornings.' [Jackson is undoubtedly the earliest to apply a nautical interpretation to 'bends' and 'eyes,—an interpretation to which the most recent criticism seems to be drifting. Unfortunately Jackson restricted 'eyes' to the 'dead eyes.']—Knight: We hold to the 'adornings' of the original.—Collies: 'Tended her i' th' eyes' seems to mean nothing else but tended in her sight; Mr Barron Field truly remarks, that in Mid. N. D., we have the expression 'gambol in his eyes,' for gambol in his sight; 'made their bends adorning' is probably to be understood, that they bowed with so much grace as to add to their beauty. —[Zachary Jackson believed, as we have seen, that 'th'eyes' refers to 'dead eyes,' for the nautical use of which term there is good authority; in the following note
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[243. 244. tended her th'eyes. And made their bends adornings]
‘th’eyes’ is supposed to refer to the hawse-holes,—a use for which, in Shakespeare’s time, authority is thus far lacking. The note is much condensed and paraphrased, as indeed all the notes on this vexed question are, of necessity,—C. F. B. (Petri- nam’s Maga., March, 1857) : In Webster’s Dict. under the article ‘Eye’ there will be found a phrase ‘the eyes of a ship,’ with the definition that they are ‘the parts which lie near the hawse-holes.’ [‘The foremost part of the bows of a ship, where formerly eyes were painted; also the hawse-holes.’—Webster, Dict. 1892.] It is a phrase in common use, at present, among mariners, when speaking of the interior bows of a vessel. Bearing in mind the foregoing definition, and also that ‘tended’ may be an abbreviation of attended, I think we shall find no difficulty in reading the passage as it now stands. If we follow Enobarbus’s sketch we shall find that the size and interior arrangements of the barge were such as to allow no other space for her gentlewomen to occupy, and that they must be stationed in the bows. The pavilion was too small and the air too warm to admit any more than the ‘dimpled boys’ on each side of Cleopatra and they were endeavouring to keep its fair owner cool. There can be no space for the majority of the gentlewomen near the pavilion, while, stationed in the bows, or eyes of the barge, their various and ever-changing attitudes and movements (either while waiting on Cleopatra’s commands or when gazing on the crowd that lined the shore) added to and improved the general effect of the scene, or ‘made their bends adornings.’—WALKER (Crit. iii, 299) : Undoubtedly, adornings is the true reading. In the play of Dr. Dodymol [I, 1, p. 101, ed. Bullen] the same erratum occurs,—And devout people would from farre reparie, Like Pilgrims, with their dutious sacrifice, Adorning thee as Regent of their loves.’ Undoubtedly, adorning; and so correct in Spenser, Virgil’s Gnat,—’Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie bee Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades, Go too, and dauncing all in companie, Adorn that God.’ [Il. 25-28, ed. Grosart.] Original, v. 18,—’ite, sorores, Naiades, et celebrare deum plaudente chora.’—Dyce (ed. ii), who cites, but does not quote, this note of Walker, pronounces adorning ‘a more than plausible emendation.’—R. G. WHITE: ‘In the eye’ was a universally recognized idiom for in the presence, before the face, and was particularly used to express service before a superior. Thus, Gymbelin, III, v, 142, ‘first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour.’—[White’s text reads ‘adornings,’ but his note implies that he had adopted adornings. He asks, ‘is it not clear that we have here an instance of the super- fineus s final, and that ‘adoring’ is not a substantive, but a participle?’ In his Second Edition, 1883, he still follows the Folio, and pronounces the phrase, ‘incomprehensible;’ and adds, ‘no acceptable explanation or correction has been proposed.’]—STAUTON: By adopting [Warburton’s] likely substitution, and supposing the not improbable transposition of ‘eyes’ and ‘bends,’ we may at least obtain a meaning ;—‘tended her in the bends, And made their eyes adornings.’ It may count for something, though not much, in favour of the transposition we assume, that in Pericles, II, iv, we find,—‘That all those eyes adored him.’—JOHN HUNTER: That is, Attended on her with their eyes; and by their gaze directed towards her formed ornamental appendages to the main figure. Compare Psalms, cxxiii, 2 : ‘As the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait,’ etc.—SCHMIDT (Trans., note, p. 174) : In the only other passage in Shakespeare where ‘bend’ occurs as a substantive, it refers, not to a bending or bowing, but to the eyes, ‘that same eye whose bend doth awe the world.’—Jul. Cæs., I, ii, 123. . . . ‘Their’ in
of the present passage refers to ‘eyes’ in the preceding line, and the literal translation is: ‘die erwiesen ihr in (oder mit) den Augen Huldigung, und machten deren Blick (oder Ausdruck) zu einem Schmuck.’ In his *Lexicon* (s.v. Adornings) Schmidt paraphrases the sentence thus: ‘regarded her with such veneration as to reflect beauty on her, to make her more beautiful, by their looks.’—C. M. Ingledew (Sh. Hermeneutics, etc. 1875, p. 119, footnote): ‘We read, after Zachary Jackson, ‘the lamps’ adornments.’ [Z. J. wrote *bends* without an apostrophe.] Both ‘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: ‘then tending the tackle and ropes of the barge;’ which settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes*; and that once fixed, the other part of the interpretation is inevitable. What could the hardy soldier, Enobarbus, care for the curves of the servant’s 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.—[Jackson held the ‘eyes’ of the barge to be the ‘dead-eyes,’ for which he had authority in so far as ‘dead men’s eyes’ is mentioned, together with ‘pulleys, blockes, shiners, caskets and crowes feet,’ in Captain Smith’s *Advancement for yeong Seamen*, 1626, p. 15; Ingledew changes these ‘eyes’ to the ‘hawse holes’ for which to be sure he has modern authority in Admiral Smyth’s *Sailor’s Word-Book*, 1867, s.v. Eyes of her, but it is open to doubt that this use was known in Shakespeare’s time. I can find no trace of it in the N. E. D. Finally, how Ingledew’s quotation from North ‘settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes*’ is, for me, incomprehensible.—ED.—F. J. Furnivall (N. & Q. 1875, V, iv, 101) quotes North’s words, ‘others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge,’ and then continues: I think that Shakespeare’s repetition of North’s *tend* strengthens the position of those who urge that the *eyes* were the eyes of the barge,—the bows; not the hawseholes or eyes, through which the anchor chains passed,—and not Cleopatra’s eyes; while on the other hand, North’s allusion to the Graces makes it certain that ‘their bends’ is the curves of the ladies’ bodies, and not the bends or prominent staves,—*gy* including the gunwale,—of the barge, as has been suggested with the reading ‘the bend’s.’ . . . To the meaning generally given to ‘tended her i’the eyes,’ ‘attended to the movements of her eyes, watched her eyes for orders,’ I do not take.—E. H. Pickersgill (N. & Q. 1875, V, iv, 365): Plutarch speaks of ‘tending the tackle,’ but, according to Shakespeare, the gentlewomen, who are first mentioned ‘tended *her*’ (Cleopatra) i.e. were in waiting upon her. . . . ‘Tended her i’the eyes’ is equivalent (I take it) to tended her *with* their eyes, gave her (in a sense different from that in which the term is usually employed) eye-service. Compare *Haml.*, IV, iii, 4, ‘the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,—that is, like in their eyes. If one may be said to like in eyes, why not also tend in eyes? I presume that Mr Furnivall has found contemporary authority for the use of the word ‘eyes’ in the sense of the bows of a ship, although he has not produced any reference.—J. E. Smith (N. & Q. 1890, VII, x, 402): The suggestion now made is that ‘tended her i’the eyes’ should be *bended to the ears*. This change would make clear the meaning, mend the measure [is it defective?—Ed.], and complete the description. We now see the Nereids rowing, steering, and sailing the barge, instead of ‘tending Cleopatra i’th’eyes,’ an inscrutable function not to be found in Plutarch. . . . *Oars* is spelt differently on each of the three occasions when it occurs in the Folio: ‘oares,’ in *Two Gent.* II, iii; ‘oars,’ *Much Ado*, III, i; and ‘Owers’ in line 229 of the present speech. Now if
in the MS it were indistinct, or had been subjected to any other orthographical variation, or spelt as in Much Ado, what more likely than that the printers, at their wits' end, should set it up as 'eyes'? Then 'tended' would be a very probable mistake for bended.—[This ingenious but extremely violent emendation deeply stirred the contributors to Notes and Queries. R. M. Spence (1890, VII, x, 483) termed the supposition that the female attendants rowed the heavy silver oars, 'preposterous.' T. A. Trollope (1891, VII, xi, 82) came to the rescue, declaring that he considered the emendation 'peculiarly and strikingly happy,' and furthermore 'humbly submitted' that 'tended her the eyes' is 'sheer nonsense.' In the same volume (p. 182) H. Ingleby, Br. Nicholson, and R. M. Spence, all horrorstruck at the stigma of 'sheer nonsense,' pleaded for the original text, with here and there a withering sneer at the proposed emendation. On p. 363, Trollope replied in a long communication (adhering inflexibly to his original opinion), written so brilliantly throughout and with such good-humoured benignity that his opponents must have been glad, I should think, that they had been the means of eliciting it. Of course their own opinions were not a whit changed by it. He who can acknowledge that he is convicted of an error is unfit to enter into a discussion; even though vanquished he must argue still. And so, in vol. xii (of the same Series), p. 62, H. Ingleby rejoined; J. E. Smith, the font et origine of the discussion, unrepentant, reinforced his original position; G. Jocoky asked whether the line would not have run either 'tended in her eyes,' or 'tended her un their eyes,' if Titania's 'gambol in his eyes' is to be taken as a parallel phrase (as had been alleged by Spence and earlier by Barron Field); and C. C. B. suggested 'tended on her eyes.' On p. 202 (of the same volume), we have Trollope again master of fence and, apparently, of the situation; and Br. Nicholson and Spence, and W. F. Prideaux join in. Finally, on p. 261, Trollope 'feels obliged to write yet a few words (my last on this subject);' G. Jocoky suggests 'tend her in her eyes And make their bends adornings;' H. Ingleby suggests that 'bends' 'may be the equivalent in nautical phraseology, to knots;' C. E. Seaman asks whether there might not lie in this description some allusion to the heightened effect of Cleopatra's eyes by the use of stibium or antimony. 'By this the eyes' bends (i.e., either the curves of the eyelids, or every motion to which her eyes were "bent") had been made adornings.' The editor of Notes and Queries here threw down his warder with the remark that 'he ventured to think this passage has received a full share of attention,' whereby I think every one will agree. The discussion had lasted from the 22nd of November, 1890 to the 3rd of October, 1891 and I think every one of the disputants would have been supposed upon a book that he ended precisely where he began. During its course, however, but not in connection with it, W. W. Lloyd (ibid. VII, xii, 4) proposed the emendation 'tended her the eyes, And marked their bends, adoring.' The discussion had a brief recrudescence in 1902, when N. H. Prenter (IX, ix, 222) revived the idea that the 'eyes' were the hawseholes, the 'bends' were the sailors' knots, etc. On p. 342 of the same volume, J. Marshall argued that the 'eyes' were sailors' loops, etc. In the meantime, while this discussion was going on, Deighton gave his paraphrase of the original text:—'the mermaids waited upon her, ever observant of her wishes as shown by her looks, and lent fresh beauty to the picture by the grace with which they paid their homage.' H. Littledale, in his admirable edition of Dyce's Glossary, gives, as a definition of 'bends' in the present passage, 'glances; their eyes turned towards her, and by their bright glances
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisibile perfume hits the senfe


246. Smell] Smell Coll. ii, iii. move
Yearly F.F., Row.e ii. Serv'd Kinnear.

247. yearly] yearly F.F., Rowe ii.

adorned her.' The latest voice to be heard on the question, and one worthy of all re-
spect, is that of Rolfe, who says, 'The part of North's account which corresponds to
"made their bends adorning" seems to be the statement that the gentlewomen were
apparelled "like the Graces," and this must suggest a reference to grace in their
movements. I believe that in all that has been written on the passage, no one has
called attention to the very close paraphrase of North which Shakespeare gives:
"Her ladies and gentlewomen . . . were apparellde like the nymphs Nereids (which are
the mermaids of the waters) and"—after getting so far we have only to seek
a parallel for "like the Graces;" and may we not find it in "made their bends
adornings?"—made their very obeissance, as they "lent her, like that of the Graces
waiting on Venus." I doubt that there is any corruption in this passage. A para-
phrase by Rann has been reserved as a final word. To me it adequately expresses
the meaning of the whole phrase:—'Her gentlewomen took their orders from the
motion of her eyes, which gave her the happy opportunity of adding, by her looks,
new lustre to her beauty; and made their obeissance with the utmost imaginable
grace.'—Ed.

246. Smell with the touches, etc.] Collier (ed. ii) adopts the change, smell,
of his MS. In a note he asks, 'how was "the silken tackle" to "swell"? The
"flower-soft hands" imparted a perfume to "the silken tackle," and we are told just
afterwards that the "smell" reached even "the adjacent wharfs."'—R. G. White
(SA. 's Scholar, p. 450): If Mr Collier must be literal, does he not know that cordage
will swell with handling?—Dyer (Strictures, etc. p. 204): Mr Collier ought certainly
to have accounted for so remarkable a circumstance [as set forth in preceding note]
on physical grounds, and also to have shown (what may be doubted) that, in Shake-
peare's days, the verb 'smell' was ever followed by the preposition with.—Thiell-
ton (p. 13): The yielding softness of their hands gives rise to the illusion that the
silken tackle swells.—[There is to me something peculiarly disagreeable in the
amendment of Collier's MS; the idea that any smell results from a human touch is
offensive, and wain-ropes cannot halfe me to the belief that smell is Shakespeare's
word. I do not forget 'Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of itself but
thee,' and I also do not forget that the rosy wreathe was perfumed because 'Thou
thereon didst only breathe,'—a very different thing from smelling because it had been
handled. It is my firm belief that the silken tackle actually swelled with sheer delight
at having been clasped by those flower-soft hands.—Ed.]

247. yearly frame the office] Steevens: That is, readily and dexterously per-
form the task they undertake.—[See Tempest, i, 1, 4, and elsewhere in that play.]
THE TRAGDIE OF

Of the adiacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her people out upon her: and Anthony
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopater too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, Anthony sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: she replyed,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated of our Courteous Anthony,

251. i'th'] Fi, Rowe, +, Wh. in the cet.
253. Cleopater] F, our]
255. entreated,] entreated. Rowe.
259. entreated.] entreated. Rowe.
252. to'th'] F, to th' F.F, Rowe, +, Dyce ii, iii, Wh. to the Cap. et

249. Wharfs] SCHMIDT (Lex.): 'The banks of a river; as in Hamlet, i, v, 33:
'the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.'—W. W. SKEAT (Academy, 6 April, 1878): 'The root of 'wharf' is the same as that which appears in Anglo-Saxon hwærfan, to turn, so that wharf is rightly spelt with initial wh. But the word wharf, in the sense of bank or sea-shore, is misspelt. It should rather be warf, and even then it is a corruption—viz. of the Middle English warth. The derivation is from a Teutonic base wara, meaning 'sea.' Hence was formed Anglo-Saxon warth or warth, meaning 'sea-shore,' or 'shore,' 'bank.'

254. And made a gap in Nature] WARBURTON: Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, that 'Nature abhors a vacuum.'—MALONE: 'But for vacancie' means for fear of a vacuum.—CORSON (Introd. etc. p. 265): 'What is chiefly remarkable, are the additions which Shakespeare makes to his prose original; his imagination projects itself into inanimate things and impresses them. For example, the winds are represented as love-sick with the perfumes from the sails; the water beat by silver oars, follows faster, as if amorous of their strokes; the silken tackle swells with the touch of the flower soft hands that tend them; the very air of the city, whose inhabitants had all gone out to gaze on Cleopatra, is represented as eager to go and gaze upon her too, but that it feared to make a gap in nature! In such a highly-colored and richly-sensuous passage, the great artist creates the atmosphere in which the passion-fated pair are exhibited.

257. Supper] 'With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilye go to dinner at eleueen before noone, and to supper at fieue, or betueene fieue and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. ... As for the poorest sort they generallie dine and sup when they may.'—Harrison, Description of England, etc. 1587; prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicles, Bk. II, cap. vi. p. 171 (p. 166, New Sh. Soc. Reprint).

258. It should be better] For this use of 'should,' see ABBOTT, § 326.
ACT II, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great Caesar lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and the cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publique strecthe,
And haunging loft her breath, she spooke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

260. of no] of ne, Rowe. of No Pope. Theob. et seq.
of No. Theob. et seq. (subs.) —no Cap. 271. breathlesse powre breathless,
conj. 

268. street.] street. Rowe. street; seq.

260. woman hard speaks] 'Hard' is here probably a phonetic spelling of the compositors. Possibly this pronunciation of heard may still exist in New England. It was common enough fifty years ago.—Ed.

262. ordinary] Nares: A public dinner, where each person pays his share. The word, in this sense, is certainly not obsolete; but it is here [i.e. in Nares's own Glossary] inserted for the sake of observing that ordinaries were long the universal resort of gentlemen, particularly in the reign of James I. They were, as a modern writer well observes, 'The lounging-places of the men of the town and the fantastic gallants who herded together. Ordinaries were the exchange for news, the echoing places for all sorts of town-talk; there they might hear of the last new play and poem; these resorts were attended also to save charges of housekeeping.'—Curiosities of Literature, iii, 82. In 1608, a common price for a genteel ordinary was two shillings.

264. Wench] This is by no means always a derogatory term. In the most tragic moment of his life Othello calls his dead Desdemona 'O ill-star'd wench!'

—Ed.

271. And breathlesse powre breath forth] Capell (i, 31): 'Power' is—power of charming; this, says Enobarbus, Cleopatra breath'd forth even by being breathless; making (as he express'd it before) defects perfections, by the grace that went along with her panting.—Daniel (p. 80): The Third and Fourth Folio, for 'breath' have breathe, and on their authority (?) the line has always, I believe, been given thus,—'And, breathless, power breathe forth.' If we modernise the spelling, I think we should read, what I believe to be the sense of the First Folio,—'And, breathless, pour breath forth.' 'Powre,' of the First Folio is the form in which the verb pour is frequently there printed; as, indeed, to the present day it is still frequently pronounced.—Staunton (Athenaeum, 12 April, 1873): Long before I read Daniel's happy conjecture, the true lecction occurred to me on copying the passage from the history where this not very feminine exploit is narrated. There we are
THE TRAGEDIE OF  

Mect. Now Anthony, must leave her utterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselfes in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mect. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modefty, can sett le

The heart of Anthony : Octavia is
A blessed Lottery to him.

272. must ... utterly] Separate line, Han. Cap.
Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
276. The appetites] th' appetites Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
appetites F5.

277. vildest] vild F5, wildest Blumhof.
278. her,] Ft, Rowe, +, Coll. Wh. i, Cam. Hal. Sta. Kdy. her; Cap. et cet.
Octavia i2 Octavia's F, F.

272. must ... utterly] Separate line, Han. Cap.
Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
276. The appetites] th' appetites Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
appetites F5.

277. vildest] vild F5, wildest Blumhof.
278. her,] Ft, Rowe, +, Coll. Wh. i, Cam. Hal. Sta. Kdy. her; Cap. et cet.
Octavia i2 Octavia's F, F.

272. must ... utterly] Separate line, Han. Cap.
Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
276. The appetites] th' appetites Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
appetites F5.

277. vildest] vild F5, wildest Blumhof.
278. her,] Ft, Rowe, +, Coll. Wh. i, Cam. Hal. Sta. Kdy. her; Cap. et cet.
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278. her,] Ft, Rowe, +, Coll. Wh. i, Cam. Hal. Sta. Kdy. her; Cap. et cet.
Octavia i2 Octavia's F, F.

272. must ... utterly] Separate line, Han. Cap.
Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
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Octavia i2 Octavia's F, F.

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Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
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appetites F5.

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Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
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Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
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appetites F5.

277. vildest] vild F5, wildest Blumhof.
278. her,] Ft, Rowe, +, Coll. Wh. i, Cam. Hal. Sta. Kdy. her; Cap. et cet.
Octavia i2 Octavia's F, F.

272. must ... utterly] Separate line, Han. Cap.
Cap. et seq.
274. stale] stale, F, Fz, F4, F6, Rowe.
275. Her ... women] One line, Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
276. The appetites] th' appetites Steev.
Var. '03, '13.
ACT II, SC. III] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 121

Agrip. Let vs go. Good Enobarbus, make your selfe my gueff, whilfe you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. Execunt 285

[Scene III.]

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octavia betwene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide me from your clofeome.

Oct. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My Octavia Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:

I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done byth’Rule: good night deere Lady:

Good night Sir. 10

284. Good...guesf] Separate line, Rowe et seq.

Scene III. Cap. et seq.

The Same. A Room in Caesar’s House. Cap.


1. Enter...] Enter...Attendants behind, and Soothsayer. Cap.

2, 3. The...Sometimes] One line, Rowe et seq.

4, 5. All...you] Lines end, time...

prayers...you Rowe et seq.

5. my prayers] Ff, in prayers Rowe,


9. byth’] Ff, Rowe, +, Wh. i. by the Cap. et cet.

10. Good night Sir] Ff, Mal. Var. ’21,

Coll. i, Dyce i, Wh. Glo. Cam. Hal.


Good night, Sir Ff, +, Rowe et cet.

* present designation and a future chance.—[Again, the influence of Warburton on Capell is noteworthy (see Text. Notes). Fortunately this influence ceased with Capell.]

Scene III.] In all editions down to Capell’s, the Scene is continued. Capell first made Scene III. begin here; he also added the ‘Soothsayer’ to the list of those who enter, and there the ‘Soothsayer’ remained until Collier restored him to the time of entrance which he has in the Folio.

4, 5. my knee shall bowe my prayers] Collier (ed. ii): ‘Bow with prayers’ in the MS; but if any change were desirable, it would rather be, ‘my prayers shall bowe my knee.’—[Whereby I fear all expression of that love which prompts first the silent kneeling, and then the supplication of prayer, is lost.—Ed.]

8, 9. kept my square, ... done byth’Rule] Is there no enthusiastic Free Mason at hand to claim Shakespeare as a member of that fraternity? Or is this lesser grade included in the higher Rosicrucian brotherhood, to which Gen. Hitchcock maintains that the Sonnets prove Shakespeare to have belonged?—Ed.

10. Good night Sir] Malone: These last words, which in the [First Folio] are given to Antony, the modern editors [see Text. Notes] have assigned to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Caesar, who immediately replies,
Caesar. Goodnight.

Enter Soothsayer.

Anth. Now sirrah: you do with your selfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Anth. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,

night Pope.


13. you do] do you F., Pope, R.F.

14. nor] or Han.

15. thither] Come thither F., Kity.

16-19. ...me] Prose, Pope, +. Lines end, in...not...me Cap. Varr. Mal. Ran.

17. I see it] I see't Steev. Var. '03,'13.

18. ...tongue] Pope, Rowe.

19. ...tongue] Pope et cet.

Glo. Kity.

Rowe.

Scene IV. Pope, +.

Enter...] Om. Cap. Varr. Mal.


Would...you] As verse, Cap. Varr.

11. Good night.—RITSON (Curs. Crit. 85): The first of these 'modern editors' happens to be [Malone's] old friend the editor of the Second Folio (which he pretends to have collated with so much care), who appears, from this and numberless other instances, to have had a copy of the First Folio corrected by the players who published it, or some other well-informed person. That Mr Malone sees 'no need of change' is the strongest possible reason for believing that a change is absolutely necessary. And so it certainly is: Antony has already said 'Good-night, sir' to Caesar in the three first words of his speech: the repetition would be absurd.—[The reading of the Second Folio is probably right, and certainly plausible. Dyce (ed. i) pronounced 'the repetition natural enough,'—an assertion which he did not repeat in his ed. ii, but quoted only Ritson.—Ed.]

12. Soothsayer] See the first note in this Scene.—KNIGHT (Supp. Notice, p. 356): Shakespeare has most skilfully introduced the Soothsayer, at the moment when Antony's moral weakness appears to have put on some show of strength. He found the incident in Plutarch; but he has made his own application of it.

14, 15. nor you thither] M. MASON: Both the sense and grammar require that we should read hither, instead of 'thither.' The Soothsayer advises Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome; because when they were together, Caesar's genius had the ascendant over his.—[HUDSON adopted this change. The Soothsayer means, 'Would I had never left Egypt nor you gone thither.' It is merely a confusion of two constructions. He says afterward, 'But yet hie you again to Egypt,' which seems to refer to this 'thither.'—Ed.]

17. I see it in my motion] THEOBALD: I can trace no sense in this word, 'motion,' here, unless the author were alluding to that agitation of the Divinity, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but then I think verily, he would have wrote emotion. I am persuaded, Shakespeare meant that the Soothsayer should say, he saw a reason in his thought or opinion; tho' he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. And motion is a word which our author frequently
ACT II, SC. iii.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 123

But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Cæsars or mine?

Sooth. Cæsars. Therefore (oh Anthony) stay not by his side
Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,
Where Cæsars is not. But neere him, thy Angell 24

18. to Egypt againe] again to Egypt
Johns. et seq.

19. Say to me] Separate line, Dyce ii.
Say to me, whoe] Separate line,
Kty.


Cæsars] Separate line, Han.

(thats) F. that shay...thee, Bulloch.

that's...thee, Rowe, Glo. et cet.

22. high] high, F, F₂ et seq.

chooses, to express the mental faculties.—WARBURTON condensed the first portion of the foregoing note into 'the divinatory agitation,' and as he made no acknowledgment to Theobald, has received whatever credit has accrued. DYCE (ed. ii) accepted the phrase and ascribed it to Warburton.—CAPELL (i, 34): There is no occasion for supposing—that 'motion' implies here 'the divinatory agitation;' nor—that it is put by mistake for another word 'motion.' It means—a something moving within me; that unknown something which others also feel at some junctures, who are not soothsayers: 'in,' or by, this inward 'motion,' the speaker saw the 'reason, that Antony call'd for, but could not give it expression.—SCHMIDT (Lex.) defines the phrase as equivalent to 'intuitively.' [In his capacity as seer he 'sees' (thus purposely used, I think), the reason in his mental perturbation, but cannot put it into words.—Ed.]

22. Thy Demon, etc.] It verily looks as though the editor of the Second Folio had consulted North, where the corresponding passage runs thus: ' "For thy demon," said he (that is to say the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), 'I am afraid of his" etc. The Second Folio deserts the First Folio to an unwonted degree, and adopts the parenthesis of North. This same predominance of Cesar's demon over Anthony is spoken of by Macbeth;—'under [Banquo] My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said, Mark Anthonies was by Cesar.'—III, i, 67 (of the Revised Edition of the present series), where the Editor has added a note by Prof. BAYNES, who says, 'in Shakespeare, the terms angel and genius [and here, demon] are usually employed to denote the higher nature of man, the rational guiding soul or spirit, which is in connection with the mortal instruments determines his character and fate.'—Ed.

22. 32. spirit] As to pronunciation, see I, ii, 143.

23. high vnmatchable] Every edition, I think, since the Third Folio has placed a comma after 'high.' Should there be one? I think there should be a hyphen. 'High-unmatchable' is a compound adjective, like 'pardon me, I am too sudden- hold' in Love's Lab. Lost, and 'Fools should be so deep-contemplative,' in As You Like It. In the propriety of this hyphen I have the support of an Anonymous conjecture recorded in the Cambridge Edition.—Ed.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

124

ACT II, SC. III.

Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betwene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose: And of that Naturall lucke,

25. Becomes...o're-powr'd] One line, Han.

28. thee...more but: when to thee,

30. Thou art] Thou'rt Pope, +, Wh.

24, 25. thy Angell Becomes a feare] For ‘a feare’ Upton (p. 192) suggested
afear’d, and was severely criticised for it by Seward in his Preface to Beaumont and
Fletcher’s Works (p. lxxiv), ‘A Fear becomes’ says Seward, ‘not only fearful but
ev’n Fear itself. The image is extremely poetical... God himself personizes Fear;
in Ezekiel, xxx, 13, He says “I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt.”... But the
instance most apposite is in The Maid’s Tragedy, where the forlorn Aspasia sees her
servant working the story of Theseus and Ariadne, and thus advises her to punish
the perfiy of the former:— “In this place work a quick-sand... and then a Fear,
Do that Fear bravely.”’ Thirle, in a letter to Theobald dated May, 1729
(Nicholls Illust. ii, 228), anticipated Upton, whose conjecture appeared first in
print, I believe, and therefore has the prior claim. Heath upholds Upton and in
the Soothsayer’s next speech: ‘I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee
near him,’ he says, ‘the reader will be pleased to observe the words, I say again.’
—Capell (i, 34): ‘A fear’ has been chang’d into—afear’d, a word that stands conden-
m’d by the sound; for whose likes it, or can even endure it, so near in place to
‘o’er-power’d,’ his ear is to be pity’d: But why is ‘fear’ to be parted with; mean-
ing only, in language of poetry,—a thing frighted or terrify’d.—Walker (Crit. iii,
299): What does this mean? I suspect that Shakespeare wrote afear’d. I should
prefer afear’d, the final d and e being often confounded with one another; but I can-
not away with afear’d—o’er-power’d.—R. G. White considers Upton’s conjecture
‘plausible;’ and Staunton observes that ‘the personification of fear renders the
passage more poetical; but it may be questioned, considering the old text has “a
fear” whether Upton’s emendation is not the true reading.’ [I prefer to retain
the text of the Ff with Capell’s interpretation of it, in spite of Heath’s strong point
in the ‘I say again’ in line 32.—Ed.]

25. therefore] Walker (Vern. 112) gives this as an instance where the stronger
accent is on the last syllable.

30. And of that Naturall lucke] That is, in consequence of that natural luck.
For other examples where ‘of’ is used with a causal signification, see Franz, § 365,
Anmerkung 1; or Abbott, § 168. The difference between of and from in Shake-
spere’s time was so very slight that occasionally it is almost impossible to catch the
ACT II, SC. III.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventigius I would speake with him. Exit.
He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spokne true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battale, till of mine,

thickens'] sickens Gould.
32. is] is Ff, Rowe.
33. thy] 'tis Pope et seq.
34. Ventigius] Ventidius Ff.
35. Parthia] Parthia; Pope. Par-

noble meaning that divides them; in the final resort this meaning must depend on
the verb. In the present phrase, for instance, we could here substitute from for
'of' without at all modifying the meaning, until we come to the verb, 'beats,' and
then we perceive that 'he beats thee from that natural luck' conveys a different mean-
ing from 'he beats thee of that natural luck;' as when Hermione says (Wint. Tale,
i. i. 42), 'say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.' These prepositions are not,
therefore, here at least, interchangeable, however much they may seem so at first
sight. Nevertheless there are cases where it does seem perfectly immaterial which
one is used. Take, 'His cocks do win the battle still of mine (line 41, below).
Would it not run equally well if the phrase were still from mine? Prospero uses
'trom' after the verb 'to win,' where he says (Temp. I. i. 455), 'hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me.' This coalescence of these two prepo-
sitions has incited the grammarians to find some rule which may be a guide to their
use. Abbott (§ 166) says that 'of' is used for from with verbs that signify, either
literally or metaphorically, depriving, delivering, etc. Franz (§ 356) is more
specific, and enumerates a considerable number of verbs where one or the other may
be used, such as, discharge, deliver, rid (to free and to release, on the other hand,
as used in Shakespeare only with from), cleanse, clear, purge, wash, havre, get,
rince, take, borrow, win, wrest, be, descend, come, moreover, after the adjectives
fair, clear, secure. If, continues Franz, 'after these verbs, of and from occasionally
occur when they do not seem to be absolutely the same, and it may be desirable
to decide upon the difference between them, then there seems to be no principle to
be discerned in their use.' See, also, 'he frets That Lepidus of the Triumphant
should be deposed,' III, vi, 30, 'Get gole for gole of youth,' IV, viii, 29.—ED.
41. Cocks] A good account of the training of cocks for fighting is given by Hart-
no (p. 172) who says the sport 'was much in vogue in Shakespeare's day.' A short
historical account of the game is to be found in Kelly's Notices of Leicester, p. 162.
41. of mine] See note on 'of' in line 30 above.
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

42. naught] Fr. Rowe, Dyce, Wh. i.
aught Pepe et cet.
43. Quailes...hoopt] quails in-
hooped Ever beat mine Words.
43. (in hoopt) at odd's] Fr. in-hooped
d
43. at odds] Pope, Theob. Warb. Johnson, in-
hooped at odds Ham. in whoop'd at odd's Seward, Cap. in whoop'd, at odds Rowe
et cet.

43. Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's] Seward (p. lxv): Here is evidently a sad
anti-climax. His cocks win the battle of mine when it is all to naught on my side,
and his quails, fighting in a hoopt, beat mine when the odds are on my side. What
a falling off is there! . . . To whoop or hollow, might have been spelt hoopt, without
the w; I read therefore: 'Beat mine in whoop'd at odds.' i.e. when the odds are so
great, that the better on my side shou'd and whoop for victory. All who have been
in a Cock-pit will have a clear idea of this: Flatness and Anti-climax will be avoided,
and the soaring spirit of Shakespeare will recover its own vigour.—[Seward's reasoning
proved too cogent for Capell, who adopted both it and his emendation.]—Hazlitt
(p. 457): I shall only observe, that the phrase, as I apprehend, is, to best at odds, not
to best in odds; and that the meaning of the common reading is, Beat mine even
when put into the cage, unequally matched, with the odds very much in my favour.
—Johnson: 'Inhoop'd' is inclosed, confined, that they may fight. The modern
editions read, 'Beat mine in whoop'd at odds.'—[The Cambridge Editors quote
this note of Johnson and remark: 'No edition we know of reads thus. In Steevens
and all subsequent editions Johnson's note is repeated, 'whoop'd at' being
hyphened.']—Farmer: Shakespeare gives us the practice of his own time; and
there is no occasion for in whoop'd-at, or any other alteration. John Davies begins
one of his Epigrams Upon English Proverbs:—'He sets cocke on the hoope, in,
you would say; For cocking in hoopes is now all the play.'—[No. 287, ed. Grosart,
where it is not punctuated as intelligently as Farmer gives it.—Ed.]—Douce (ii, 87):
It may be doubted whether quail-fighting was practised in Shakespeare's time; but
when our poet speaks of their being in hooped, he might suppose that Caesar's or
Antony's quails, which he found in Plutarch, were trained to battle like game cocks
in a ring or circle. Quail combats were well known among the ancients, and espe-
cially at Athens. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds
were placed, and he whose quail was driven out of this circle lost the stake, which
was sometimes money, and occasionally the quails themselves. [Douce gives an
engraving from a Chinese miniature which] represents some ladies engaged at this
amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.—Nares (s. v. Inhoop'd): The
substance of this passage is from North's Plutarch, but the 'inhooped' is the addition
of our poet. No trace of such a mode of fighting has been found except in Davies's
Epigrams, quoted by Farmer. Yet R. Holmes, who gives a list of terms and customs
used in cock-fighting, has no mention of hoopt. See his Acad. of Armory, B. ii, ch.
11. Nor is any trace of the hoops to be found in any book on cock-fighting. If
this custom of fighting cocks within hoops could be thoroughly proved, it would also
afford the best explanation of the phrase cock-a-hoop; the cock perching on the hoop,
in an exculting manner, either before or after the battle.—[The N. E. D., 'in explana-
tion of cock-a-hoop, says that it is 'a phrase of doubtful origin; the history of which
has been further obscured by subsequent attempts, explicit or implicit, to analyse it.']
And though I make this marriage for my peace, 
I'_fnEast my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready: 
Follow me, and receive't. 

[Scene IV.]

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your felues no further: pray you hasten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Marke Anthony, will e'ne but kisse Octavia, 
and weele follow.

Lej. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dreffe, 
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mec. We shall: as I conceive the journey, be at Mount before you Lepidus.

Lej. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

44. And' ] For Cap. conj.
45. Commissions] Commission's F, F
46. receiv' et seq. [? Ff, Rowe, +, Cap. Dyce, Glo. Cam. receiv et var. '73 et cet.

Some IV. Cap.

The Same. A Street. Cap.


2. Trouble...drea[en] One line, Rowe et seq.

2. your felues] your selfe Ff, Rowe.

4. Anthony,] Anthony Ff et seq.
4. will...follow] One line, Theob.

et seq.
7. both :] both, Rowe et seq.
8, 9. Wr...Lepidus] Lines end, be...

Lepidus Rowe. shall...mount...Lepidus Pope et seq.

8. shall:] shall, Rowe.

at] at the Ff, Rowe, Cap. Var. '73,

Ran. Knt, Dyce, Glo. Cam. at th' Pope, +.


Mount Misenum Ktly. mount Pope et cet.

10, 11. Your...me] Lines end, shorter...
about...me Rowe et seq.

Exeunt

44. And though ] WALKER (Crit. ii, 156): Read, as the connection of the thoughts requires, 'An though.'

3 hasten your Generals after] For other instances of the transposition of Prepositions, see, if need be, ABBOTT, § 203.

8. be at Mount] STEEVENS: That is, Mount Misenum.—MALONE: Our author probably wrote 'a' th' Mount.'—[Is it not more likely that there is an absorption of the in the final f of 'at'?—Ed.]

11. you'le win two dayes vpon me] FRANZ (§ 334): The persistent advance of any action, which chiefly takes place either at the cost or to the advantage of
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Both. Sir good successe.
Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

(Scene V.)

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iris, and Alexas.

Cleo. Gie me some Muficke: Muficke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Muficke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come Charmian.

another person, or which, through a gradual increase, impairs or in any way les-
sens the stable condition of another, is indicated, after such verbs as 'to gain,' 'to
encroach,' by on or upon. The preposition fulfills the same function after 'to win,'
'to grow;'; but the expression is, however, occasionally in Shakespeare so pregnant
as to be not always understood by a modern reader without further amplifications.
[Thus, the present phrase is equivalent to] 'you will get the advantage of me by two
days.'—[See also IV, xiv, 118, 'My Queen and Eros Hau... got upon me A
Noblenesse,' etc.—Ed.]

2. Musick, moody foode, etc.] JOHNSON: The mood is the mind, or mental
disposition. Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between mood the mind and moods
of music.—STEVENS: 'Moody,' in this instance, means melancholy.—[Thus in the
first line of Twelfth Night, 'If music be the food of love, play on.'][

3. of vs that trade in Loue] There is no thought here of traffic,—traffic is
mercenary. No mercenary love demands music as its food. Cleopatra means that
her sole dealing is in love; it is her very life.—Ed.

6. let's to Billards] MALONE: This game was not known in ancient times.—
HUDSON: 'An anachronism,' say the critics. But how do they know this? Late
researches have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt, which, afterwards
lost, have been reinvented 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 learn-
ing, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people had never heard
of. Which were the greater anachronism?—A. A. ADEE (Lit. World, 21 April,
1883, Boston): For about one hundred and fifty years, the favourite anachronism in
Shakespeare's plays, singled out by the hypercritics, has been [this passage]. Of late, however, certain investigators have turned the tables, and instead of leaving the unlucky anachronism to support the Farmerian theory of Shakespeare's want of learning, or the more kindly modern belief that he wrote too impetuously to be bound by mere chronology and scientific facts, they find in it an argument against the Shake-spearian authorship of the plays, since as one of them says: 'The human encyclopædia who wrote that sentence appears to have known,—what very few people know nowadays,—that the game of billiards is older than Cleopatra.' It may be, as asserted, that a rudimentary game, in which ivory balls were punched with a stick into holes in a table, after the fashion of our modern 'tivoli' or 'bagatelle,' was really in vogue more than two thousand years ago, but it is very certain that Shakespeare never bothered his head about it. He simply followed his habit, and cribbed the idea from somebody else. In Chapman's Blind Beggar of Alexandria, Egiale says: 'Go, Aspasia, Send for some ladies to go play with you At chess, at billiards, and at other game.' As Chapman's play was printed in 1598, ten years before Ant. & Cleo. was written, it is easy to see where Shakespeare got the idea that billiards was an Egyptian game, and a favourite pastime of women. Whether George Chapman, whose classical learning enabled him to translate Homer, wrote from actual knowledge, or committed an anachronism, may be disputed; but the probabilities lean to the latter conjecture, for, in this same play, the hero flourishes a pistol, smokes tobacco, swears by 'God's wounds,' and talks fair modern Spanish, in the time of the Poilomies.—Murray (N. E. D.): An adopted form of French billard, the game; so named from billard, 'a cue,' originally 'a stick with curved end, a hockey-stick,' diminutive of bill, piece of wood, stick. In England introduced only as the name of the game, and made plural as in draughts, skittles, bowls, etc. 1591 Spenser, Mother Hubberd, 803, 'With all the thrifles games that may be found . . . With dice, with cards, with billiards. 1598 Florio, Trucco, a kinde of play with balles vpon a table, called billiards.'—[Then follows the present passage. In an Article in the Edinburgh Review (April, 1871, p. 377) on the 'Chorizontes,' the writer observes that 'Shakespeare could not have made any of his characters speak of tobacco without being grossly anachronistic, the incidents in all his plays having occurred at remote periods, or, at any rate, much anterior to the introduction of tobacco into Europe, whereas Ben Jonson [who does mention tobacco] laid the plot of many a play in his own time when tobacco was familiar to all.' This statement having been criticised by Dr Hayman, the editor of the Odyssey, the author of the Article replied (Athenæum, 6 Sept. 1873), and admirably defines the distinction between anachronisms, that might be termed permissible and those that are too 'gross' to be ever tolerated. After referring to the mention by Shakespeare of 'cannon' in King John, a 'clock striking' in Julius Cæsar, and 'billiards' in this present play, the writer continues, 'but no dramatic author, to produce a scenic effect, would shrink from such anachronisms, because they are not "gross," not so "gross," as to be detected in an instant by a theatrical audience, which knows nothing whatever about the origin of cannon, clocks, and billiards. But all Shakespeare's contemporaries, even the most ignorant, knowing that tobacco had been introduced into the old world during their lives, would have derided the great dramatist had he represented Sir John Falstaff consulting himself at Dame Quickly's in the reign of Henry the Fourth, with a pipe of tobacco. . . . So a dramatist of our age could not speak of William the Conqueror travelling by an express train, or sending a message by the electric telegraph; the
Char. My arme is fore, beft play with Mardian.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,

Though't come to short
The Aftor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Give me mine Angle, weeke to'th'Riuer there
My Musick playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy lawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them every one an Anthony,
And say, ah hay're are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke which he with ferenue drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messeneger.
Ramme thou thy fruifull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

_Mef._ Madam, Ma dam.

31. _bin_ been F._
_Sing. Kdy._
32. _Madam._ Madam / Rowe. mad-

**fruifull**] faithful Theob. ii, amen,— Cap. et seq. (subs.)
_Warb._

with Octavia. She perceivs at once with quicknesse that all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitements, and at length into fury, is wrought out with a force of truth which makes us recoil.—STAFFER (p. 402) : In the scene between Cleopatra and the messenger who brings the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia, her fury and unreasonableness know no bounds. Harpagon, thumping Maitre Jacques, who, in obedience to his master's orders, tells him candidly what is said of him in the town; the Viceroy of Peru, in the 'Péricole' of Mérimée, banishing his secretary for a like service, are models of wisdom and coolness compared to Cleopatra. There is some shadow of excuse for their anger, as the account given them is not the mere simple announcement of a fact, but consists of a long prescambnt which the secretary and Maitre Jacques may have flavoured with a spice of malice of their own; but the unhappy messenger to Cleopatra is as guiltless of the message as if he had given it to her under cover, closed and sealed. To insult him, beat him, and threaten him with a dagger shows a capability of exercising the same frenzy upon inanimte objects, such as pieces of furniture, mirrors, and china. No man, however furious, vent's his rage in so senseless a form as this, which would seem to belong peculiarly to the anger of women and children. But at the same time, we must notice how passion dignifies every movement and action; the impetuious torrent of her wrath makes what is immeasurably petty, mean, and ridiculous appear even grand. No one would ever feel inclined to laugh at this scene, in which what might have been the subject for a comedy is transformed by the violence and force of Cleopatra's love into tragic cries and outbursts.—COLLIER (ed. ii) : In the MS this Messenger is called Ellis; but whether that were the name of the actor of the part, or of the character, as represented in some MS of the play, we cannot determine. We know no player of that day of the name of Ellis or Ellis.

30. _Ramme_ STREVENS: Rain of Hammer agrees better with the epithets fruiful and barren. So, in Timon: 'Rain sacrificial whisp'ring in his ear.'—MALLOW: The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker; and is supported incontestably by a passage in _Jul. Cæs._: 'I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears.' Again, in _The Tempest:_ 'You cram these words into my ears, against The stomach of my sense.'—RITSON: _Ram_ is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basker. It is here evidently a misprint for rain. The quotation from _Jul. Cæs._ does not support the old reading at all, the idea being perfectly distinct.—STREVENS: 'Ramm'd,' however, occurs in _King John:_ II, i, 272.—STAUNTON: The expression in the text is quite characteristic of the speaker.—[Had Cleopatra said sweetly and poetically 'rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,' the succeeding scene would never have been enacted.—ED.]
Cleo. Anthonyo's dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'ft thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and here
My blewst vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Hauete lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But sirrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vterting throate.

Mef. Good Madam heare me.

33-36. Anthonyo's ... and here} F, Rowe. Lines end, so, ... free, ... here Cap. villain, ... free, ... here Sing. Dyce, Glo. Cam. Sta. dead?... mistresse... free, ... here Pope et cetera.
34. Oh, Antony is Kily. Anthony's Pope et cetera.
35, 36. yeild him. There} F, yeild him. There F, F, Rowe, Pope i. yeild him, there Pope ii et seq.
38. Hauet} F, Hauet F, F, F, F.
40, 41. Why... v/e} One line, Rowe, t, Cap. Varr. Steev. Var. '03, '13, Knt, Sta.
Pope. dead! Dyce, Glo. Cam.
34. so Villain,} so, Villain, F, F, F.
34-36. Anthonyo's dead, If thou, etc.] It is all very well for sudden terror to dash at Cleopatra's heart and stop her pulses, but this is no excuse whatever for not speaking rhythmically. To what trouble her heedlessness gives rise! Abbott (§ 484) decides that Antony is 'de - ad,' and that the villain will kill his 'Misteress.' Walker (Verg. 48) does not prolong the term of Antony's demise, and twice say the slain, but inserts a do after 'thou,' 'If thou do say so;' he cannot, however, abide plain 'Mistris,' but must also pronounce it Misteress. Deuies believes that in her intense excitement Cleopatra uses Anthony's full dignified Latin name 'Antonius,' on the only occasion when it is used throughout the play. Keightley emits an additional groan before 'Anthonyo.' And thus all pare and protract the lines into sice, decorous lengths to please the eye, and rhythm is smug again.—Ed.
35. But well and free} Rann: But well; and free:—Say but he is well; and thou gain'st thy freedom.—[Rann seldom, if ever, gives any authority in his notes; conjectures are there found of Capell, of M. Mason, and others; all mingled with those which I believe to be his own. I think that the foregoing note is one of the latter.—Ed.]
37. My blewst vaines to kisse, etc.] Hazlitt (p. 99): How all the pride of beauty and high rank breaks out in her promised reward.—[Is there not in Beaumont & Fletcher's False One, I, ii, a reminiscence of these lines:—'and for thy news, Receive a favour kinas have kneeled in vain for, And kiss my hand'?—Ed.]
Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony
Be free and healthfull: so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt pleafe you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speakeft:
Yet if thou say Anthony liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a fower of Gold, and haile

46. go too [go to F, &c.
47. face [face, if F. Knt. face,
if Rowe, + Coll. Wh. Hal. Kty. face:
if Cap. et cet.
48. healthfull; so F, Knt. healthful;
Why so Rowe, + healthful, why so Cap.
healthful, needs so Mal. conj. healthful
—so Var. '73 et cet. (subs.)
49. trumpet'] asker M. Mason.
50. tidings.] Ff. tidings! Knt, Coll, i,
Sing. Dyce, Glo. Cam. Hal. Sta. tidings?
Rowe et cet.
51. Wild] Will's Rowe ii et seq.
52. 'tis] Ff, Rowe, +, Var. '73, Coll.
53. Hal. Sta. is Tyrwhitt, Cap. et cet.
54. Captiue] Captaine or Captain Ff,
Rowe.
55. Captiue] Captaine or Captain Ff,
Rowe.
56. set'] see F, F, Rowe, Pope.

47, 48. no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony Be free] I cannot but consider
the punctuation of the Ff, which places a comma merely after 'face,' to be far better
than Capell's colon. Cleopatra means, I think, that no one with good tidings to
impart could wear such a hang-dog look.—Ed.
48. so tart a fauour] KNIGHT: How full of characteristic spirit is this passage,
in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original. But the editors are not
satisfied with it. So they read, 'why so tart a fauour.'—DYCE (ed. ii): The 'why'
added by Rowe (and by Collier's MS) is absolutely necessary for the sense of this
passage, to say nothing of the metre.—[Knight is exactly right, I think, when he says
this speech is characteristic of Cleopatra, but he seems hardly to be aware how right
he is. Twice before have we had exclamations from Cleopatra as full of scorn and
contempt as this. She said to Charmian (I, iii, 14) 'Thou teachest like a fool. The
way to lose him!' and again (I, v, 86) 'When I was green in judgement, cold in
blood. To say as I said then!' The present speech seems to me to be parallel. It
appears to be a fashion of speaking as peculiar to Cleopatra as little short repetitions
are to Rosalind, such as 'Me believe it!' 'You a lover!' etc. Rowe's didactic
'why' is to me offensive; and the pause after 'healthful' makes good the metre.—Ed.]
50. a Furie crown'd with Snakes] DEIGHTON: The Erinyes are represented
by Eschylus as having bodies all black, snakes twined in their hair, and blood dripp-
ing from their eyes.
51. formall] JOHNSON: Decent, regular.—STEEVENS: A man in his senses.
52. 'tis well] TYRWHITT's emendation, 'is well,' is not absolutely necessary.
53. set thee in a shower of Gold, etc.] WARBURTON: That is, I will give thee
ACT II, SC. V.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

Rich Pearles vpon thee.

_Mef._ Madam, he's well.
_Cleo._ Well said.
_Mef._ And Friends with _Cæsar._
_Cleo._ Th'art an honest man.
_Mef._ _Cæsar_, and he, are greater Friends then euer.
_Cleo._ Make thee a Fortune from me.
_Mef._ But yet Madam.
_Cleo._ I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
Bur yet is as a taylor to bring fororth
Some monfrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with _Cæsar_,
In state of heal th thou faift, and thou faift, free.

_Mef._ Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto _Ottauia_.

_Cleo._ For what good turne?
_Mef._ For the best turne i'th'bed.

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57. *thee.* the. _F_.
Ran. _Th'art'_ Rowe et cet.
63. *Maick.* _Marks_ _F_. _Mark_ _F,F_ _F_.
Rowe. Cap. _Fortune_ _F_. _Fortune_ _F_ _F_.
64. *Madam.* _Madam— Rowe et seq._
(subs.)
65, 66. *but yet.* As a quotation, Pope et seq.
66. _precedence.* _precedent_ Han.
67. *Bur.* _F_.
Ran.
71. *faift,* free. _faift_ or _fayft_ free FL.
_say'st_ free Rowe.
72. *Madam._ _Madam _FL._
_made._ _have made_ Pope.
_report._ _report_ _F,F,F_ Rowe, Pope.

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a kingdom, it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with _gold-dust_ and _seed-pearl:_ So Milton,—"the gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold"—Bk. ii, line 5. In the _Life of Timur-loc or Tamerlane_, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, Bk. ii, chap. 1: 'Les Princes du sang royal et les Emirs repondirent a pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or et de pierresies selon la coûte.'

65, 66. *alay.* The good precedence] _STEEVENS:_ That is, abate the good quality of what is already reported.

66. *fie vpon but yet.* Compare, Sir Philip Sidney, _The Defence of Poesie_, 1598, p. 518, _ad fin._. 'Thus doing, you shall be placed with _Dantes Beatrix_, or _Virgils Anchises_. But if (fie of such a But) you be born so neare the dirt-making _Cataract of Nikus_,' etc.—Ed.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT II, SC. V.

Cleo. I am pale Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Ophelia.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mef. Good Madam patience.


Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hailes him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and strew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will gие thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou ha'dst
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guilt beside
Thy modestie can begge.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haft liu'd too long. Draw a knife.

Mef. Nay then Ile runne:

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. Exit.

Char. Good Madam keepe your felse within your felse,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:

80. patience] have but patience Han. 95. knife.] dagger. Rowe. seq.
82. horrible...eyes] Separate line, Cap. 97. Madam.] Madam? Rowe ii et seq.
Var. '78 et seq. 99. Ile] Ile de l'art. 100. Innocents] Innocents F, F'c.

93. modestie] SCHMIDT (L.8.) : That is, freedom from arrogancy or obtrusive impudence.—[Whereof the present passage is given as an example. But is it not, more properly, equivalent to moderation?—ED.]

95. Draw a knife] Note the mandatory tone, indicative of a play-house copy.—ED.

100. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt] DOUCE (ii, 89) takes this line as the subject of a note on the Roman belief in regard to those who were struck by lightning; it in nowise illustrates Cleopatra's words, which mean simply that the innocent sometimes suffer with the guilty, and that therefore this man cannot complain.—WALKER (Crit. iii, 300) will have us arrange, 'as my ear requires,' he says, this and the preceding line thus: 'The man is innocent. Some innocents |
ACT II, SC. V.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the flawe againe,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaneer then my felse: since I my felse
Haue giuen my felse the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Message
An hoft of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

101. kindly [kindled F, Rowe.
104. afeard] afraid Pope, +, Var.

113. ill... Themselfes] it... Them-

105. [Exit Charmian. Dyce.

'Scape not the thunderbolt,' whereby it is difficult to perceive the gain. The half-
line 99 is filled up, to be sure; but why should 'Scape not the thunderbolt' be
mutillated?

101, 102. Melt Egypt... Turne all] ABBOTT (§ 364) observes in regard to
these two verbs that it is 'often impossible to tell whether we have an imperative
with a vocative, or a subjunctive used optatively or conditionally.' I hardly under-
stand what is meant by an 'imperative with a vocative' in this passage. The voca-
tives can hardly be 'Egypt,' or 'kindly creatures.' But omitting the 'vocatives,'
both verbs seem to me imperatives, like 'Let Rome in Tiber melt.' TISSELTON
(p. 13), in the present command of Cleopatra and in that of Anthony last quoted,
would find that 'the affinity of nature between Anthony and Cleopatra is sug-
gested by their similar imprescions when the continuance of their connection is threatened.'

—ED.

103. Call?] Is this interrogation mark absolutely wrong? It has been discarded by
every editor since the Third FOLIO. But may it not indicate Charmian's hesi-
tation, and Cleopatra's imperious questioning of her delay? May it not be similar
to Lear's frenzied shout, 'Who stirs?' when the circle of courtiers stand motion-
less with horror at the banishment of Cordelia, and Lear has already cried, 'Call
France!'

—ED.

106. These hands do lacke Nobility, etc.] MALONE: This play was probably
not produced until after Elizabeth's death, when a stroke at her proud and passion-
ate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise
them too) might be safely hazarded.—What cared Shakespeare, at such a moment,
for Elizabeth and all her court? He was Cleopatra.—ED.

107, 108. since I my selfe... the cause] DEIGHTON: Sr. by allowing myself
to be such a slave to love for Antony. —[Or, possibly, in that she had ever allowed
Anthony to leave her.—ED.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Me: I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes.

Me: He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Doft thou hold there still?

Me: Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Ceferne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ft thou Narcissus in thy face to me,
Thou wouldst appeere most vgly: He is married?

Me: I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Me: Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to Oclasua.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knawe of thee,

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114. I haue] I've Dyce ii, iii. 125. face to me.] face, to m. done] but done Cap. seq.
117. thou] you Rowe ii, +.
120. One line, Rowe et seq.
122. I would] would F,F, Rowe,
Pope.
didst:] didst, Coll. Dyce, Wh.
124. Ceferne] Cefern F.F.
Go get] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob.
i, Han. Cam. ii. go, get Theob. ii et cet.

125. face to me.] face, to m. seq.
126, 128. married] married
129. offence, that'] offence, for
Han. offence, Gould.
130. do] do, Rowe.
131. vnequall,] unequal. John
'73. vnequall: Ff et cet.
he's] he is Varr. Mal. Ran
he's married to Oclasua]
to Cleopatra followed by the stag
tion: The messenger pauses and
no answer. Orger.

123. So halfe my Egypt] ABBOTT (§ 133): 'So,' thus meaning on co
that, is sometimes used where the context implies the addition of even. Tha
'So (even if) half my Egypt,' etc.

126. appeere most vgly] STEEVENS: So in King John, III, i, 36, 37
low, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight; This news hath made thee a no
man.'

129. Take no offence, etc.] CAPELL (i, 35): Meaning—no new offence;
spoke upon seeing her angry, that her question was not instantly answer
delay, as the speaker would intimate, proceeding from no other cause, but—
would not offend her.
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,


133. [art] not Jarvis. art's Bulloch.

133. That art not what th'art sure of] JOHNSON: I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts: 'That art—not what? — Thou'rt sure on't.' 'That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what shall I say thou art not? Thou art then sure of this marriage.' — STEEVES: In Meas. for Meas., II, ii, is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us: 'Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assured. His glassy essence.' — TOLETT: That is, 'Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art, in my opinion, a knave by thy master's fault alone.' — [KNIGHT substantially adopts this paraphrase.] — M. MASON: A proper punctuation, with the addition of a single letter, will make this passage clear; the reading sure of 't, instead of 'sure of': 'That art not! — What? thou'ret sure of?' That is, 'What? are you sure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia?' — MALONE: Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally explains: 'O, that his fault should make a knave of thee, That art not what thou'ret sure of!' for so I would read, with the change of only one letter. 'Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet sore with my blows!' If it be said, that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra means to say to the Messenger, that he is not himself that information which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in Coriolanus answer the objection: 'Lest you should chance to whip your information, And beat the messenger that bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.' — [IV, vi, 53.] The Egyptian queen has beaten her information. If the old copy be right, the meaning is — Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringest such certain assurance.' — STAUNTON observes that the 'simple change [sore] proposed by Malone is more Shakespearian' than Mason's. COLIER (ed. i), who follows the punctuation of M. Mason without changing 'of' into 'of', admits that the original text is 'far from intelligible. By the words,' he continues, 'What? thou'ret sure of?' Cleopatra intends to inquire of the messenger once more, whether he is certain of the tidings he brings. In his Second Edition, however, Colier adopted Mason's of', but in his Third Edition he returned to the punctuation and reading of his First. — DVCE (Remarks, p. 247): 'M. Mason's punctuation, with the change of 'of' to of', afforded at least a sense; but Colier, . . . has made the passage mere nonsense. I should strongly protest against any deviation from the old eds. here. 'That art not what thou'ret sure of' may mean, 'That art not the evil tidings of which thou givest me such assurance.' — [COLIER did not relish having his reading stigmatised as 'mere nonsense'; accordingly in his
That art not what th'art sure of]

Second Edition he contrived in an adroit way to say that the Rev. Mr Dyce was in
'somewhat of a dilemma,' a hideous imputation which flesh and blood could not stand;
and so in both of Dyce's subsequent editions, Dyce denounced Collier's 'discreditable
subterfuge,' printing these two words in small capitals, which are always thus
supposed to sting like adders fanged. If it were not ludicrous, would it not be humili-
ating, to see, in the awful presence of Shakespeare, wee atomies taking themselves
so seriously?—R. G. White (ed. i) reads 'That art but what thou'rt sure of,' and
thus explains: That is, being merely a messenger you are to be regarded only
according to the tenor of your message... The universal previous punctuation of
the passage makes it not superfluous to say, that it is not an optative exclamation,
but a declaration; and that 'that' in the previous line is not the conjunction, but the
definitive adjective. Cleopatra, in reply to the messenger's plea, that he only per-
forms his office, says, 'O that [i. e. Antony's marriage], which is his fault, should
make a knave of thee, that art but what thy tidings are.'—[White retained this rea-
 ding in his Second Edition, with substantially the same paraphrase.]

The Cowden-Clarke's: That is, who art not thyself that fault which thou art so sure has
been committed. The Messenger has before said, 'I that do bring the news made not the
match,' and 'I have made no fault.'—Hudson (reading 'That art in what thou'rt
sure of'); That is, 'sharest in, or art mixed up with, or infected by, the message
which thou art sure of.' So in i, ii, '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.—C. M. Ingleby (N. & Qu. 1889, VI, xi, 362): The
sense is: 'that ought not to be confounded with thy foul message, yet seemest to be
tarred with the same brush.'—G. Joyce (N. & Qu. 1891, VII, xii, 342): Read:
'That art not—that thou art sure of! Is not Cleopatra about to say 'that art not
married'? She cannot bring herself to utter the (to her) detestable word again and
paraphrases it as above. The meaning would be, 'O that Antony's knavish fault of
getting married should cause thee—thou that art not married—to be treated as a
knave.'—Br. Nicholson (N. & Qu. 1892, VIII, i, 182): I take it that the author
meant that Cleopatra,—looking to what she had just done,—would assume that such
a knave was sure to be whipped or carted. One must not look for speech other than
impulsive from an infuriated woman, still less from a Cleopatra maddened by jealous
rage; nor was Shakespeare so bad an imitator of nature as to make her talk at such
a time as thoughtfully as when debating what would best set off her charms when
robed as the Paphian queen.—Deighton (Old Drama. ii, 41): Perhaps 'That art
no whet th' author of 't': i. e. that you, who are in nowise answerable for his fault,
should be made a knave by it. This seems a suitable sense, and author for 'art
sure' is no very violent alteration considering the writing of the time and the various
spellings of the word.—Herford: (With irony) that art innocent, forsooth, of
offence, yet sure to offend!—[This line has not proved very encouraging to those
who have lightheartedly attempted to amend it. Its most popular emendation has
but five adherents. The original text can be paraphrased hardly better, I think,
than it is by Dyce (following Malone substantially), as quoted above in his Remarks.
What the messenger was following was of the ill tidings. These he himself assuredly
was not, and these it was that Cleopatra would like to tear in pieces; but as she had
maltreated him instead, all the pity she could give him was that Anthony's fault had
exposed him to the treatment of a knave.—Ed.]
ACT II, SC. V.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

141

The Marchandize which thou haft brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:

135

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnese patience.

Cleo. In praying Anthony, I haue disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,

I faint, oh Iras, Charmian: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him
Report the feature of Octavia: her yeares,

143

134. Marchandizes which] Merchandize which F; Cap. Merchandises which
140. I am] Lam. F, e.
143. Arr...hand,] One line, Cap. et seq.
135. 136. Arr...hand,] One line, Cap. et seq.
136. em] 'em F,F. et seq.
139. Charman:] Charmian!—Rowe
140. Two lines, Cap. Steev. et seq.

136. em] The only other instances, that I can recall (Concordances give no help)
of the use in the First Folio of this abbreviation, are in The Tempest, where Prospero,
spaking of his government in Naples, says 'The creatures that were mine, I say, or
chang'd 'em, Or els new form'd 'em;' I, ii, 99, 100; and again in Henry V: IV,
iii, 124, where Henry dismisses the French Herald who had come to demand a
ransom from him, Henry replies, 'They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints; Which if they have as I will leave 'em them, Shall yield them little,' etc.,
where the full form, them, would be decidedly harsh; and the reason for the abbre-
viation is plain. Again, in Coriolanus, II, iii, 220, the First Citizen boasts, 'I
[have] twice hundred [voices] and their friends to piece 'em.' Possibly this may
indicate the low estate of the speaker. And, lastly, we find Macbeth demanding of
the witches, 'Call 'em; let me see 'em.'—IV, i, 72, which may indicate his frenzied
impatience. But why this form should be used in the present line and in The Tem-
pest, I do not know.—Ed.

140-143. I am. . . . her yeares] Walker (Crit. iii, 300): Arrange and write,
perhaps,—'I'm paid for't now.—Lead me from hence, I faint; | O, Iras—Charmi-
an—'Tis no matter.—Go | To th' fellow, good Alexas; bid him report | The
feature of Octavia, her years.' |

143. Report the feature, etc.] Grey (ii, 201): This is a manifest allusion to
the questions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil concerning his mistress
the Queen of Scots.—[The MS, containing Sir James Melvil's account, was not
discovered until 1660, and was not published until 1683. It would not have been
worth while to repeat this note of Grey, had it not been reprinted in the Variorum
e of 1824.—Ed.]

143. feature] Schmidt (LXX.) furnishes many examples where 'feature' means
'the shape, make, exterior, the whole turn or cast of the body.'
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you Alexas
Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me Charmian,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

146. Let him for euer go] JOHNSON: She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the Messenger, but of Antony.—TYRWHITT (p. xx) : This, I think, would be more spirited thus:—'Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmion.'—[Adopted, substantially, by Rann and Wordsworth.]
147. painted one way . . . other wayes a Mars] STAUNTON: An allusion to the 'double' pictures in vogue formerly, of which Burton says,—'they are like these double or turning pictures; stand before them, you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl.'—[Democritus to the Reader, p. 73, ed. 1651.]—And Chapman, in All Foolest, I, i, 'But like a crusing picture, which one way Shewes like a Crowe, another like a Swanne.'—[Burton had once before (p. 36) thus referred to these pictures: —'and he, and the rest are hypocrites, ambtesters, out sides, so many turning pictures, a lyon on the one side, a lamb on the other.'—Ed.]
148. wayes a Mars] Is not this clearly a sophistication due to the ear?—Ed.
151. Exeunt] MRS. JAMESON (ii. 139): The pride and arrogance of the Egyptian queen, the blandishment of the woman, the unexpected but natural transitions of temper and feeling, the contest of various passions, and at length—when the wild hurricane has spent its fury—the melting into tears, faintness, and languishment, are portrayed with the most astonishing power, and truth, and skill in feminine nature. More wonderful still is the splendour and force of colouring which is shed over this extraordinary scene. The mere idea of an angry woman beating her menial presents something ridiculous or disgusting to the mind; in a queen or a tragedy heroine it is still more indecorous; yet this scene is as far as possible from the vulgar or the comic. Cleopatra seems privileged to 'touch the brink of all we hate' with impunity,
ACT II, SC. VI] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Scene VI.]

[Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Caesar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hoftages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Caesar. Most meeete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs fent,
Which if thou haft considered, let vs know,
If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That elle muft perfir heere.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief F Actors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father shoule reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Cæsar,
Who at Phillippi the good Brutus ghosted,

Scene IV. Rowe. Scene VI. Pope et seq. 6. 7. that first...haue we] One line, Rowe et seq. 9. considered] consider'd Pope et seq. 10. 'twill] it will F,
12. muft] much F;
17. Friends] friends; Rowe et seq.

This imperial termagant, this wrangling queen, whom every thing becomes, becomes her fury. We know not by what strange power it is, that in the midst of all these unruly passions and childish caprices, the poetry of the character, and the fanciful and sparkling grace of the delineation are sustained and still rule in the imagination; but we feel that it is so.

3. Menas] Collier: In the Folios, Menas is inserted as if he were one of the friends and followers of Caesar.—[Rowe made the change. See Text. Notes.]

11. much tall youth] Gifford remarks: There is scarcely a writer of Jonson's age who does not frequently use 'tall' in the sense of bold or courageous.—Every Man in his Humour, IV, v, p. 124.—[See 'tall fellow of his hands.'—Wint. Tale, V, ii, 164 of the present edition.]

18. ghosted] Bradley (N.E.D. 2. trans.): To haunt as an apperition.—[The present is the earliest instance. The next is from Burton, 'Ask not with him in the Poet . . . What madness ghosts this old man, but what madness ghosts us all?']—p. 19, ed. 1621; p. 22, ed. 1651.]
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine Brutus,
With the arm'd reft, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Caft on my Noble Father.

Cæsar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'ft not feare vs Pompey with thy failes.

         war's] Ff, Rowe, Cap. Sing.
20. conspire t] conspire; Dyce, Glo. conspire, Cam.
         all-honor'd] all-honoured Coll. i, Del.

         (Nichols, Illust. withdrawn.) Han.
         man but a man] Ff. one man but a man; Pope. One man, but a man i
         Theo. i. one man, but a man ? Theob. ii, Warb. Johns. Var. '73. one man but
         a man? Han. et cet.
         his] is Ff et seq.
27. despightfull] despightful Han. i,
         Steev. et seq.
29. failes.] saults, Rowe.

19. There saw you labouring for him] HUDSON: That is, Julius Cæsar, after
his death, saw you his son and friends labouring for his revenge at Philippi; there
fore I know no reason why my father should want revengers, as he has also a son
and friends surviving him.
20. pale Cassius] ' Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousie, and suspected him
much: whereupon he say'd on a time to his friends, what will Cassius doe, thinks ye?
I like not his pale looks.'—North's Plutarch: Julius Cæsar, p. 787, ed. 159;
(Leo's Photothiograph).
23. Capitoll] CRAIK (Jul. Cæs. II, i, 77): As an historical fact, the meeting of
the Senate at which Cæsar was assassinated was held, not in the Capitol, but in the
Curia in which the statue of Pompey stood, being, as Plutarch tells us, one of the
edifices which Pompey had built, and had given, along with his famous Theatre, to
the public. The mistake is found also in Hamlet, III, ii, and [here in Ant. & Cleop.].
24. one man but a man] THEOBALD: That is, they would have no One aim a
arbitrary power, and a degree of preeminence above the rest. What did they kill
Cæsar for, but to prevent his aspiring above his Fellow Countrymen?
30. Thou can'rt not seare vs] JOHNSON: Thou canst not affright us with thy
numerous navy.
ACT II, SC. VI.  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

Weele speake with thee at Sea.  At land thou know'st  
How much we do o're-count thee.  

Pom.  At Land indeed  

Thou dost ore count me of my Father's house:  
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himselfe,  
Remaine in't as thou maist.  

Lepi.  Be pleas'd to tell vs,  
(For this is from the present how you take)  
The offers we haue sent you.  

Cæsar.  There's the point.  

Ant.  Which do not be entreated too,  

But weigh what it is worth imbrac'd  

Cæsar.  And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.  

31. Weele speake with thee.  See 'Would we had spoke together,' II, ii, 194.  
34. Thou dost ore count me, etc.] CAPELL (i, 35): 'O'er-count' in this speech  
is a perversion of that [in Antony's speech, line 32]; for where Antony meant,—  
over-number, this speaker means,—over-reach. — [See Plutarch, Appendix.]  
35, 36. since the Cuckoo ... Remaine, etc.] CAPELL (i, 35): Where is the  
propriety of bidding Antony stay in this house, 'since the cuckoo builds not for himselfe'?: the only solution of that is,—that 'tis one of those half-worded speeches, that  
are purposely left incomplete, and to be made out by the understanding of the party  
derived to: what is wanting to perfect this speech, is contain'd in the following  
paraphrase:—But, since providence suffers the cuckoo to use a nest that is not of  
his building, (I too must submit to a like dispensation; and so) 'remain in't, as thou  
may'st,' keep the house you have seiz'd upon how you can. —JOHNSON: Since like the  
cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you  
could not build, keep it while you can.—[Dr Johnson once said that if Capell had  
only come to him he would have 'endowed his purposes with words.'—Ed.]  
38. from the present] STEEVENS: That is, foreign to the object of our present  
discussion. —[For many examples where 'from' means apart from, away from, with-  
out a verb of motion, see ABBOTT, § 158.]  
42. It is worth imbrac'd] It is within the bounds of possibility that the omission  
of a full stop after 'imbrac'd' is intentional, and indicates that Cæsar in his eagerness  
interrupts Anthony. That Cæsar begins his sentence with 'and' adds a faint  
tinge of probability to this doubtful surmise. Where we have an undoubted interrup- 
tion, as in line 87, the dash is portentous.—Ed.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed upon,
To part with unackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes voidinted.

Ommes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepared
to take this offer. But Mark Anthony,
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise if it by telling. You must know
When Cesear and your Brother were at lowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde

44. You have] You've Pope,+; Dyce
ii, iii.

45. Cicelie] F.,
Sardinia] Sardinian F.,
46. greed] F., Hal. Dyce ii, iii. 'greed
F., et cet.
47. Targe] targets F., Rowe. targe
Pope,+, Cap. Var. '73, Steev. Var. '03,
'13, Coll. iii.
49. Our Targen voidinted] Walker (Vers. 253): Palpably targets'. [Where the apostrophe marks an abbreviated plural, like business, mightiness]; and so write in Cymbeline, V, v, 5.—'Strept before targes of proof, cannot be found.' Targe in the singular would not be Elizabethan English. [Of this last remark of Walker, Dyce (ed. ii) says] I am not sure that I understand [it];—but compare the following passages of Chapman's Homer:—'As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of brasse.'—Iliad, B. xi, p. 150, ed. Folio; 'And (with his lance) strooke through the targe of that braue Lycian king.'—B. xii, p. 167; 'With sword and fire they vext for them their targes hugely round,'—B. xii, p. 168. In a note on the line in Cymbeline Mr. Singer (Shakespeare, ed. 1856) observes: 'The plural targes seems to have been formerly a monosyllable [targe], as in French, where its oldest form is targes.' That Chapman at least did not use it as a monosyllable is shown by the third of the passages just cited from his Homer.—[Hudson adopted targe.]

50. by telling. You must know] Theobald's excellent restoration of the punctuation reveals the meaning of 'You must know,' which is I must tell you, and cannot be it must have been already known to you.
ACT II, SC. VI.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey,

And am well studied for a liberall thanks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:

I did not think Sir, to have met you heere,

Ant. The beds in East are soft, and thanks to you,

That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:

For I have gained by't.

Cesar. Since I saw you last, there's a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,

What counts harsh Fortune cast's upon my face,

But in my bosome shall she never come,

To make my heart her vassail.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so Lepidus, thus we are agreed:

And seal'd between us,

Cesar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but first or last,

63. [They take hands. Coll. ii.


66. I have ... by't] F, Rowe, Cap.

Yet Wh. Glo. Cam. Sta. I've ... by it

Pope, +. I have ... by it Var. '73 et cet.

67. Two lines, ending last ... you

Rowe et seq.

there's] F, there's F, F, Sing.

71. herewith] a vassail F, a vassal

FF, Pope, Han.

74. composition] composition F.

may] my F.


78. lots] lots ? Pope i.

79. will] I will Theob. ii, Warb.

80-82. No ... there] F, Sta. Lines

end, lot: ... cookery ... Cesar ... there.

Rowe, +, Cam. Kity. first ... cookery...

Cesar ... there. Cap. Glo. et cet.

80. Ne] No, noble Cap.

73. Fortune] F.

76. That's the next to do] See Abbott, § 405, for ellipses after will and is.

80. a liberall thanks] We still say, a hundred thanks, or a thousand thanks.

69. What counts harsh Fortune cast's] WARBURTON: Metaphor from making

marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetic.
THE TRAGEDIE OF [ACT II, SC. VI.

your fine Egyptian cookery shall have the fame, I have heard that Julius Caesar grew fat with feasting there.

_Anth._ You haue heard much.

_Pom._ I haue faire meaning Sir.

_Ant._ And faire words to them.

_Pom._ Then so much haue I heard, And I haue heard Appolodorus carried—

\_Eno._ No more that: he did so.

_Pom._ What I pray you?

\_Eno._ A certaine Queene to Caesar in a Matris.

81. I haue [I've Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii. 86. heard,} heard. or heard: Pope et seq. 88. more that] F, more of that F, F, 84. meaning] meanings Heath, Var. seq. heard, Mark Antony, Elze. 85 et seq. 87. Them...haue heard] One line, 88. more that] F, more of that F, F, Heath: The reply makes it evident we should read, meanings.

85. Appolodorus carried] Caesar . . . therupon secretly sent for Cleopatra which was in the country to come unto him. She only taking Appolodorus Sicilian of all her friends, tooke a little bote, & went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then having no other mean to come into the court without being known, she laid herselfe down upon a matresse or flockbed, which Appolodorus her friend tied and bound vp together like a bundle with a great leather thong, & so tooke her vp on his backe, and brought her thus hamperd in this fardle vnto Caesar, in the castle gate.—North’s Plutarch : Julius Caesar, p. 781, ed. 1595 (Leo’s Photolithograph).

88. Eno. No more that: he did so] Orrer (p. 98): It is hard to understand what Enobarbus can mean by trying to suppress a topic by the words, ‘no more of that,’ and then continuing to narrate it. It seems as if there is a faulty distribution of parts. In the next scene, line 9, the servant describes Lepidus, ‘He cries out, “no more,” reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink,’ which justifies us in supposing that it is he who endeavours to stifle the scandal, and we should divide as follows:— Lepidus. No more of that. Eno. He did so. [aside to Pompey.]’—[I think it is not impossible to imagine the action here. Pompey’s allusion to ‘fine Egyptian cookery’ is unfortunate, especially when he speaks of it to Anthony who is just married to Octavia; but his next reference to Julius Caesar and his feasting is worse. Anthony tries to stop him by saying ‘you’ve heard altogether too much.’ Therupon Pompey blunders still further by asserting that he really did not mean anything bad, that he had fair meanings. ‘Then,’ retorts Anthony, ‘see that you put them in fair words.’ But Pompey’s ill-timed references are not yet ended, ‘bad is begun but worse remains behind,’—he refers to Cleopatra’s first love-affair. Hereupon Enobarbus takes in the situation, and, instantly silencing Pompey, says aside to him, ‘Hush, no more of that!’ adding ‘you are quite right.—Appolodorus did so.’ ‘What?’ asks the bewildered Pompey, who then recognizes Enobarbus. And thereafter the dialogue continues without obstruction. Anthony had evidently turned away abruptly; he does not speak again during the scene.—Ed.]
ACT II, SC. VI.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Pom. I know thee now, how far'ft thou Souldier? 91
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive Furie Feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauior.
Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.
Pom. Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords?
All. Shew's the way, sir.
Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this

Treat. You, and I haue knowne sir.
Enob. At Sea, I think.
Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.
Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praiise any man that will praiise me, thogh

97. ha'prais'd ye] ABBOTT (§ 236): Sometimes ye seems put for you when an unaccented syllable is wanted [as here].

107. You, and I haue knowne sir] STEEVENS: That is, been acquainted.—ABBOTT (§ 382): The Elizabethan authors objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context. Thus here: 'You and I have knowne (one another), sir.'
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety : you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice : but giue mee your hand Menas, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theuees kiwing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No flander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke An-
thony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Cæsar's Sifter is call'd Othoia.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Enob. But she is now the wife of Marcus Anthonius.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

115. some-thing] something F, g.
116. bin'] been F, g.
119. our] your F, g.
120. take'] have F, g.
121. whatsomere] whatsoere F, g.
123. neuer] ne're F, g.
125. slander] slander.—Theob.
130. You're] You have F, g.
131. here'] here; Rowe et seq.
132. Sir,] sir; Cap. et seq. (sub.)
133. she is now'] now she is F, g.

and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners. deserves our serious reflection.

121. All mens faces are true Compare, 'There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face.'—Macbeth, I, iv, 11.

125. No slander] COLLIER: That is, what you say is no slander; they steal hearts.
ACT II, SC. VI.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 151

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caesar and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophefic so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: Octaavia is of a holy, cold, and still conuerfation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is Marke Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of Octaavia blow the fire vp in Caesar, and (as I faid before) that which is the strengthe of their Amity, shall prowe the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vie his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it Sir: we haue vs’d our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let’s away. Exeunt. 158

137. together. Coll. ii. 154. aboard Dame F. a-board F. a-board F.ROW.
140. policy] policy F. 155. I...health] We have healths Gar.
144. stranger] stranger F. stranger Rowe. 156. it?] 'em Gar.

137. Then is Caesar and be, for euer knit together.] COLLIER (ed. ii): We point this line with a note of interrogation, because Menas must intend to ask the question, whether it be so; if not, he contradicts himself in his next speech, where he asserts that the union was one of more convenience than love. He asks Eno- barbus whether Caesar and Anthony are for ever united by the marriage, and Enobarbus replies in the negative, which Menas immediately confirms by his opinion, 'I think, the policy of that purpose,' etc.—[In his Third Edition, Collier abandoned this note of interrogation.]

145. conuerfation.] MURRAY (N. E. D. 6): Manner of conducting oneself in the world or in society; behaviour, mode of life. 1552 BK. COM. PRAYER, ORDIN. Pref., 'A man of vertuous conuersation, and wythoute cryme.' 1611 BIBLE, Ps. 1, 23: To him that ordereth his conuerfation aright.

153. occasion.] SCHMIDT (Lex. s. v. 4) Need, want, necessity.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT II, SC. VII.

[Scene VII.]

Musicke playes.

Enter two or three Servant's with a Banket.

1 Heere they'll be man : some o'th'their Plants are ill

2. Enter, etc.] FREYTAG (p. 235) : One of the most beautiful ensemble scenes of Shakespeare is the [present] banquet scene. It contains no chief part of the action, and is essentially a situation scene, a thing not occurring frequently in the tragic part of the action in Shakespeare. But it receives a certain significance, because it is at the close of the Second Act, and also stands in a place demanding eminence, especially in this piece, in which the preceding political explanations make a variegated and animated picture very desirable. The abundance of little characterising—

traits which are united in this scene, their close condensation, above all, the technical arrangement, are admirable. The Scene is introduced by a short conversation among servants, as is frequently the case in Shakespeare, in order to provide for the setting of the tables and the arrangement of the furniture on the stage. The Scene itself is in three parts. The first part presents the haughty utterances of the reconciled Triumvirs and the pedantry of the drunken simpleton, Lepidus, to whom the servants have already referred; the second, in terrible contrast, is the secret interview of Pompey and Menas; the third, introduced by the bearing out of the drunken Lepidus, is the climax of the wild Bacchanalia and rampant drunkenness. The connecting of the three parts, as Menas draws Pompey aside, as Pompey again in the company of Lepidus, resuming, continues the carouse, is quite worthy of notice. Not a word in the whole Scene is without its use and significance; the poet perceives every moment the condition of the individual figures, and of the accessory persons; each takes hold of the action effectively; for the manager, as well as for the roles, the whole is adapted in a masterly way. From the first news of Antony across the Nile,—through which the image of Cleopatra is introduced even into this scene,—and the simple remark of Lepidus, 'You have strange serpents there,' through which an impression is made on the mind of the hearer that prepares for Cleopatra's death by a serpent's sting, to the last words of Antony, 'Good; give me your hand, sir,' in which the intoxicated man involuntarily recognizes the superiority of Augustus Caesar, and even to the following drunken speeches of Pompey and Enobarbus, everything is like fine chiseled work on a firmly articulated metal frame. A comparison of this scene with the close of the banquet act in The Piccolomini is instructive.—CORSON (p. 285) : Of Pompey's entertainment, made by Shakespeare so dramatically important a scene in the Play, Plutarch simply says, 'and there' (meaning on his stage) 'he welcomed them and made them great cheer.' But Shakespeare, knowing that wine reveals as well as disguises, that in vino est veritas, made this banquet the means of characterising and contrasting the Triumvirs, and the poor relic of republi-
rooted already, the least winde i'th'world wil blow them
downe.

2 Lepidus is high Conlord.
1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

can Rome, Sextus Pompeius. This scene exhibits that Shakespearian irony which
plays so freely with all things, regardless of all conventional ideas of high and low,
great and small.

2. a Banket] MALONE: A banquet frequently signified what we now call a des-
sert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that
tense.

3. some o'th'their Planta] JOHNSON: 'Plants,' besides its common meaning, is
here used for the foot, from the Latin.—STEEVES: So, in Lupton's A thousand
Notable things, etc.: 'Grind Mustard with Vineger, and rub it well and hard on the
plants or soles of the feete: [and it will helpe and quicken forgetfull persons.'
—1627, The Third Book, No. 30.]

6. high Conlord] This gross misprint which was corrected in the Second Folio,
Gould (p. 45) accepts as the genuine word, and asserts that 'high-coloured' is 'one
of the most absurd alterations' he 'ever met with.' He then goes on to explain
that Lepidus 'was one of the triumviri or conlords, and this is the subject of con-
versation.' Many years ago I regretfully announced that my patience was exhausted
by the ignorance and presumption of Zachary Jackson, Andrew Becket, Lord
Chedworth, and E. H. Seymour, and that thereafter, save in exceptional cases,
no space on these pages should be sacrificed to their notes. After the foregoing
note on 'conlord' would a single voice be raised in censure if George Gould be
added to the list?—Ed.

7. Almes drinke] WARBURTON: A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that
liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically
alludes to Caesar and Antony's admitting him into the Triumvirate, in order to take
off from themselves the load of envy.—COLLIER (ed. ii): Meaning wine that did
not properly belong to his share, but which each had contributed, in order to intoxi-
cate Lepidus.—SCHMIDT (Lett.): It evidently means here the leavings.—MURRAY
(N. E. D. 4. b.): The remains of liquor reserved for alms-people.—[Apparently,
this is the only known instance of the use of this phrase in the language. It is the
solitary example furnished by Murray. Everyone is entitled, therefore, to give it any
meaning that in his opinion harmonises with the eternal fitness of things. To me,
Collier's definition seems the closest. Just as an alms-penny means, as Murray
says, 'a penny given in charity or as a gratuity,' so an 'alms-drink' may be a drink
that is given as a charity or as a gratuity. Inasmuch as there is here no question
of charity, we may take it as a gratuity, and a gratuity bestowed by more than one.
Lepidus then drank not only his own share, but 'they' plied him with wine, which,
like the contents of a poor-box, was the result of many gratuitous contributions.—
Ed.]
8. As they pinch one another by the disposition.] WARBURTON: A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of 'touching one in a sore place.'—CAPELL (l. 35): This signifies, attack for their foibles, the foibles each is disposed to. —COLLIER (ed. ii): This seems to refer to the sign they give each other regarding 'the disposition' of Lepidus to drink.—STAUNTON: 'By the disposition' is a very questionable expression. We ought perhaps to read, 'by the disputatio,' that is, in the controversy.—The COWDEN-CLARKES: That is, 'as they try each other's temper by banter,' 'as they gall or plague each other's sensitiveness by their mutual taunts.' SCHMIDT (Lex.) here defines 'pinch' as 'to make ridiculous, to serve a trick.' 'By the disposition' means, he also says, 'by their foible,' adding, 'a servant's speech.' [I find it, however, a little difficult to combine the two definitions into a coherent and applicable paraphrase of the whole sentence. Is it: they serve one another a trick by their foibles.—ED. ]—J. CROSBY (Shakespeareana, Feb. 1884, p. 122): The servant has said [in effect], they have made him drink not only his own wine, but a share of theirs also. And now as they dispose of and set before him, their full goblets to quaff, they pinch one another, or wink significantly, at the imposition they are practising on the good-natured reveler. And this harmonises with the context, 'he cries, 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.' 'Not another drop, gentlemen, I beseech you; I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out; to all of which they assent; and he forthwith proceeds to drain the cups, that raise 'the greater war between him and his discretion.' I formerly thought we should read 'as they pinch one another at the imposition.' But the explanation I have given seems sufficient.—THISELTON (p. 15): In order to ply Lepidus sufficiently with liquor and at the same time keep sober themselves, his companions give him 'Almes drinke,' thereby stinting themselves ('pinch one another by the disposition'). By this means, he has their shares as well as his own, and, being satisfied with such good measure, and, perhaps, feeling some awkwardness at drinking alone in company, he cries out 'No more,' i.e. 'enough.' They, having so far gained their object, comply, while he proceeds to drink the wine that has been so served to him... The passage has been confused by... the assumption that 'reconciles' necessarily imports the inferiority of the wine served to Lepidus, when it probably indicates a slight touch of conscience on his part at continuing to drink alone.

One another' is certainly used somewhat loosely for themselves, but it must be borne in mind that it is a servant who speaks.—DEIGHTON: This seems to mean, as they ply each other hard with the mischievous desire of seeing one another under the table, Lepidus, affecting to have had as much as he can carry, cries out 'enough;' yet all the same, while getting them to accept his excusers, finds it possible to quiet his scruples against further indulgence; though perhaps 'twere to consider too curiously to consider' the servant's speech as having any very exact sense.—If 'one another' can be regarded as the same as themselves, Thiselton's interpretation seems to be the most plausible. The excuse, first suggested by Schmidt, for any looseness of expression—that it is the servants who are speaking—is hardly applicable when we find them presently referring, as Rolfe and Deighton assume, to the 'Ptolomac system of astronomy,' and using a term of astrology. But still, letting that excuse pass for what it is worth, the idea that by disposing of an extra allowance to Lepidus they
ACT II, SC. VII.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th'drink.

1. But it raisesthe greatest warre betweene him & his discretion.

2. Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reeede that will doe me no feruice, as a Partizan I could not heauce.

1. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes shoulde bee, which pitifully disafter the cheekes.

9. no more] As quotation, Theob. et seq.  

10. to'th'] to th' F.F.F.  

11. greatest] F.,

14. liue] live F., liue F.F.  

15. pitifully] pitifully F.  

9. stinted one another, is at least a more dignified explanation than that of supposing that they pinched each other, or tipped one another the wink, over the success of their 'little game.' Schmidt's paraphrase, 'foibles,' which he probably derived from Capell without exactly comprehending it, is to me, whether in Schmidt or Capell, unintelligible.—Ed.]  

15. Partizan] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. sb.): Adopted from the 16th century French, partizane; an adaptation of Italian, partizana. The origin of the Italian word is disputed. . . . A military weapon used (under this name) by footmen in the 16th and 17th centuries, consisting of a long-handled spear, the blade having one or more lateral cutting projections, variously shaped, so as sometimes to pass into the gisarme and the halberd.

16–18. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, . . . pitifully disaster the cheekes]  

Johnson: This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this: 'To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it,' is a very ignominious state; 'great offices' are the holes where eyes should be, which [if eyes be wanting]; pitifully disaster the cheeks.'—M. Mason: The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this: That a man called into a high sphere, without being seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the eyes to fill them.—Malone: I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be [but are not], which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance. 'The sphere in which the eye moves' is an expression which Shakespeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet: 'How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,' etc. Again, in Hamlet: 'Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.'—Rolfe here finds in 'sphere' an allusion to the old Ptolemaic astronomy, according to which the heavenly bodies were set in hollow crystal spheres, by the revolution of which they were carried round.' And 'disaster,' he observes, 'was an astrological term and is probably suggested here by the figure that precedes.' [Both of these suggestions are, to me, somewhat doubtful. 'Sphere' and 'disaster' had been
A Sennet founded.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle.
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By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid. they know
By'th'height, the lownesse, or the meane: If deareth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promishes: as it ebbe, the Seedman
Vpon the flamme and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep.  Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anth.  I Lepidus.

23. scales] scale Ff, Rowe, +.
24. By'th'] F.
25. it ebbs, Ff.
26. seq.
27. Y'haue] Ff. you've Rowe, +.
28. meane: if] mean, if Rowe et Cap. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam. you have
29. Var. '73 et cet.
30. promises: as it ebbe.] promifies as there Ff. there. Rowe et cet.

have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: 'Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a four-square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certain sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cisterne there is erected a certaine piller, which is marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth. And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveyed by the said sluice into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said piller, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if [it?] stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but mean: if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that cornel will be solde ten ducates the bushel.'

23. Pyramid] W. W. LLOYD (N. & Qu. 1897, VII, xi, 283) quotes 'Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations.'—Mach. IV, i, 56; the present passage, and 'rather make My Countries high pyramids my Gibbet.'—V, ii, 74, and then from them infers that by 'pyramid,' Shakespeare understands not a proper pyramid, but an obelisk.' It is certainly not impossible; both terms were used vaguely, in accordance with the conception in the popular mind of the objects themselves. Thus, for instance, Cotgrave defines an 'obelisique': 'a great, high, and square stone, broad at the bottom, and lessening towards the top like a Pyramids.'—Ed.

24. or the meane] Steevens: That is, the middle.


28. Haruest] CORSON (p. 287): There's an air of solidity in this speech, which indicates a consciousness on the part of the speaker, that he has imbied quite freely, and therefore assumes a solid tone of speech.—[Or it may be merely the assurance of one who speaks of that whereof he knows. Anthony befittingly assumes to be an authority on things Egyptian.—Ed.]
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.

Enob. Not till you have slept: I fear me you'll bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies Pyramids are very good things: without contradiction I

32. your Sun] the Sun Fl, Rowe i, Cap.
34. Siu, and] F, Rowe i, John. Var. 73.
Siu, and F, F, Siuah Rowe, +. Siu, —
and Cap. et seq.
35. jwine + Rowe.
35. well] Om. Theob. ii, Warb.
31. 32. Your Serpent...your mud...your Sun...your Crocodile] If any student desires other instances of this idiom, common at this day, he may find them in ABBOTT, § 221.
35. I am not so well, etc.] Lepidus takes the 'health' literally and replies that he is not very well, but he will not on that account leave the circle, which is what he means, I suppose, by 'I'll ne'er out'; Enobarbus, in an Aristotle, perverts it, however, into meaning that he will not be out of his debauch until he can sleep it off.—En.
39, 40. Pyramids] MALONE: Pyramids for pyramid was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's Poems, 1647: 'Nor need the chancellor boast, whose pyramid Above the host and altar reared is.' From this word Shakespeare formed the English plural, pyramids, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to 'split what it speaks.'—[This suggestion of Malone, that the pronunciation 'pyramids' indicates the fumes of wine, has been silently adopted by several commentators since his day. There is not the smallest objection to allowing Lepidus to reach the utmost limits of intoxication, but I do not see that in the present speech he has advanced as far as Malone would have him. First, he does not say 'pyramids;' this plural form Capell unwarrantably puts in his mouth. He says 'pyramisa,' which, if he shared Bishop Corbet's apparent belief that pyramid is an English singular, is no bad attempt to form a regular English plural; certainly not so bad as to say that his tongue splits what it speaks. Secondly, Shakespeare does not depend on bad spelling to add comicality to language. All spelling in his day was too lawless. This does not apply, of course, to dialectic words like 'chill' for I will, and the like. If Lepidus's tongue were too 'thick,' in modern, not Shakespearean, speech, to pronounce pyramids, how comes it that immediately afterward he pronounces without difficulty a word quite as hard: 'contradiction'? Lastly, in the very speech in which Caesar says his 'own tongue splits,'
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have heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't.

Men. Forfake thy feate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And here I spake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. Whispers in's Ear.

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is th'ap'd far like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath breth; It is iuf so high as it is, and moveues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nouriseth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

there is no word misspelt, unless it be speckts itself, which is probably merely phonetic, and not a misspelling. See the regular plural, 'pyramides,' in V, ii, 71. — Ed.]

48. What] This word is clearly thus spelled in my copy of the First Folio, and also a little less clearly in Staunton's photo-zincographic reproduction. But it is What in the Reprint of 1807 and in Booth's most accurate Reprint, as it is also, presumably, in the copy which the CAMBRIDGE EDITORS collated; they make no note of any variation. This is trivial enough, and noteworthy merely as additional proof that copies of the First Folio vary. — Ed.

50, 51. it owne] According to The Bible Word-Book (Eastwood and Wright) yt or it is used in the Folio fourteen times for its; MURRAY (N. E. D. i. v. Its) says fifteen times; its occurs ten times, whereas five (spelled it's) are in The Winter's Tale. The instances specified, in The Bible Word-Book, are given in a note on Wint. Tale, i, ii, 183, of this ed. Its does not occur in the Authorised Version of the Bible, 1611. It in place of its occurs in Levit. xxv, 5, where is the same phrase as in the present passage: 'That which groweth of it owne accord;' this was changed to 'its own' in an edition of the Bible printed, according to Murray (loc. cit.), in 1660. Milton, who died in 1674, does not use its. ABBOTT (§ 228) says that it is 'occasionally' found for its, 'when a child is mentioned, or when anyone is contemptuously spoken of as a child.' If this be one of the 'occasional' instances, it is not without meaning that Anthony now uses it to Lepidus.

52. the Elements] See note on III, ii, 47.
Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.
Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?
Ant. With the Health that Pompey giues him, else he is a very Epicure.
Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that! Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the fake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rife from thy silly.
Pomp. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?
Men. I haue eu'r held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pomp. Thou haft ifeu'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords.
Anth. Thse Quicke-fands Lepidus,
Keepe off, them for you sinke.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pomp. What faith thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.
Pomp. How shou'd that be?

57-59. Will...Epicure] Aside, Cap. 66, 67. Thou...say?] As one line, Han. Cap. et seq.
58. Health] healths Han. 69. off, them] off them, Fl.
Johns. Var. '73, Coll. iii. or Walker (Crit. ii, 72-98. Wilt thou...it more] Aside, 321), Dyce ii, iii.
60. Pomp. [To Menas aside] Cap.
61. this] the F, Rowe, +, Varr. Ran. 72, 73. Will...twice As one line,
62-67. If for...say] Aside, Cap. Rowe et seq. (subs.)
Gar. 74. how] Prithie, how Words,
63. thy] the F, Rowe, Pope. should] shall Rowe, +, Varr.
64. th'art] Ff. thou'rt Rowe et seq. Mal. Ran.

57. Will this, etc.] The Text. Notes show the Asides in these and the following lines.
60. tell me of that?] This is purposely vague, and refers to what Menas had whispered 'in's ear.'
65. held my cap off to thy Fortunes] Compare, 'my demerites May speake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune,' etc.—Othello, I, ii, 25, of this edition.
68. Quicke-sands] Voss: Antony refers to the cup of wine, which Pompey had ordered for Lepidus, and was now handed to him.
69. for you sinke] If a choice must be made between Theobald's 'fore and Walker's or, the latter seems preferable. But I doubt the necessity of any choice. Staunton prefers 'fore, and also at III, xiii, 78, where he refers to the present passage as parallel.—Ed.
ACT II, SC. VII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Haft thou drunke well.

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup, Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable, And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldest haue done,

75. But...world'] Lines end, and...man...world. Han. Steev. Varr. Kilty.
76. entertaine it] enter into it Anon. ap. Cam.
77. ...world] Pope, Warb. et seq.
78. cup.] et seq.
81. Theorem] F, Row.e, et seq.
82. ...way F] wayy. F, F, et seq.
83. the Ocean pales] Should any poet nowadays venture on using this verb in connection with the ocean he would be, it is to be feared, severely criticised. But as in the beginning of this scene we had to pardon some expressions because uttered by servants, so here point device phrases are hardly to be expected from a pirate.—Ed.
84. Competitors] The same word is used in I, iv, 5; V, i, 52; see I, i, 21.
85. Let me cut the Cable] See Plutarch, Appendix.
86. All there is thine] Steevens: This may mean, all in the vesel.—ROLFE: 'There' may be accompanied with a gesture towards the company they have left.—[Pope's specious then has beguiled excellent editors. Rolfe's interpretation is, to me, just; 'there' is spoken δεινικος. (This pedantic word will, I trust, be pardoned. I know no English word precisely equivalent; demonstratively comes, perhaps, the nearest, but this could be applied to a clenched fist, to which the Greek word, with its implied wave of the hand, would be, I think, quite inapplicable.)—Ed.]
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanice, 88
In thee,'t had bin good seruice: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour: 90
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow 95
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seeke, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Beare him aboord, 100
Ile pledge it for him Pompey.

Eno. Heere's to thee Menas.

88. [spoke] spoken F, F, Rowe, +.  
89. thou,'t thou, it Varr. Mal. Ran.
service : service. Johns. et seq. (subs.)
91. it, Repent] is, Repent F, Rowe.
95-98. For this...it more] Lines end,

91. Mine Honour it] ABBOTT (§ 385): That is, (But it is), Mine honour (that doth lead) it (i. e. profit).
96. paul'd] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. Palled, past participle from Palled which is apparently aethic from Appal, to which the early senses are parallel): Enfeebled, weakened, impaired.
97, 98. Who seeke... neuer finde it more] VISCHER (p. 103, footnote) recalls Schiller's apothegm: Was du von der Minute ausgeschlagen, das bringt dir keine Ewigkeit zurück.
101. Ile pledge it] 'The English,' says Master Estienne Perlin (Description d' Angleterre, 1558), are great drunkards ("fort grands yvrongnes"); for if an Englishman would treat you, he will say in his language, vis dring a quaarta rim oim [ ? oin] gasquim oim hespaignol oim malvoysi, that is, will you drink a quart of Gascoigne wine, another of Spanish, and another of Malmsey? In drinking or eating they will say to you above a hundred times, drind iou, which is, I drink to you; and you should answer them in their language, iplaiguiow, which means, I pledge you. If you would thank them in their language, you must say, god lanque artelay. When they are drunk, they will swear by blood and death that you shall drink all that is in your cup, and will say to you thus: bigod sol drind iou agourd oin.'—Rye, England as seen by Foreigners, p. 190. Not very appropriate, but amusing.—ED.
ACT II, SC. vii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There’s a strong Fellow Menas.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seeft not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

104. [Lepidus born off. Cap.
105. Strong, Strang F.; Strang F.F., Rowe.
106. [Pointing to Lep. Rowe.
107-110. A...all, Prose, F., Rowe, +, Kn., Dyce, Glo. Cam. Lines end, man not?...all, Johns. Var. '73. bears...
110. A Dyce, Cap. et cet.
107. world man:] world, man! Rowe.

107, 108. seest not?] Walker (Vers. 291): Qu. 'seest not?' yet the uncontracted 'seest' seems strange in Shakespeare.—[Singer silently adopted this suggestion.]

109. then he is drunk] There seems to be no necessity to adopt Rowe's omission of 'he.' Had there been an interrogation mark after 'The third part,' or even a dash, would anyone have suggested a change?—Ed.

110. it might go on wheeles] Malone: The World runs on Wheels is the title of a pamphlet by Taylor, the Water-Poet.

111. encrease the Reeles] Steevens: As the word—reel was not, in our author's time, employed to signify a dance or revel, and is used in no other part of his works as a substantive, it is not impossible that the passage before us, which seems designed as a continuation of the imagery suggested by Menas, originally stood thus: 'and grease the wheels.'—Douce: Here is some corruption, and unless it was originally reels, the sense is irretrievable. In all events Steevens has erred in saying that 'reel was not in our author's time, employed to signify a dance.' [Here-upon Douce gives a quotation from Noues from Scotland, 1591, wherein there is a reference to a 'reel' or short dance.] See note on Macbeth, I, iii, 11 (of this edition), where this quotation is given in full, not, however, by Douce, but strangely enough by Steevens himself, who had evidently forgotten it.—Ed. —Singer: Menas says 'would it were all so [i.e. drunk], that it [the world] might go on wheels, i.e. turn round or change.' To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase the reels,' i.e. increase its giddy course.—Schmidt (Lex.): That is, increase the motions like those of drunken men; used in this sense for the rhyme's sake.—[A sporadic rhyming couplet in a scene like the present is to me un-Shakespearian; it is probably accidental, not intentional. Moreover, the explanations of 'Reeles,' whether referring to the giddy course of the world or to the drunken gait of Menas, are to me forced. I much prefer to regard the word as a contraction of
Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.

Heere's to Cæfar.

Cæfar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour.

when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o' th' time.

113. not yet] not Theob. ii, Warb. bear it, brain, fouler. Pope et seq.


116, 117. 1... fouler] Lines end, for-

growes F, et cet.

revels; the likelihood of this contraction is set forth in the note on I, iv, 7, above.

—Ed.]

114. strike the Vessells] Johnson: Try whether the casks sound as empty.—Steevens: This means no more than 'chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking,' as we now say chink glasses.—Holt White: Vessels probably mean kettle-drums, which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, 'make battery to our ears with the loud musick.' They are called kettles in Hamlet: 'Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak.'—Boswell: In Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, we meet with a passage which leaves no doubt, as Weber has observed, that to strike the vessels means to tap them: 'Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine.'—V, x.—Dyce (Glos.) reiterates Boswell's assertion that Weber had rightly explained the meaning of 'strike' in this line, and adds an example of its use 'with the same signification in a well-known modern poem: "L' Avaré, not using half his store, Still grumbles that he has no more; Strikes not the present tun, for fear The vintage should be bad next year."'—Prior's Alma, C. iii. The Cowden-Clarkses while granting that 'strike' at times means to tap, do not believe that it has this meaning here, because 'Antony would hardly bid them broach more wine where Pompey is the entertainer: and, moreover, at this stage of the entertainment there would be no question of any one giving such an order.' They, therefore, adopt Steevens's interpretation. [If Shakespeare had meant that the revellers should merely clink the glasses, as in Iago's song: 'Let me the cannikin clink,' I doubt that he would have used so strong a word as 'strike.' As regards courtesy, Anthony was almost invited by Pompey to call for more wine by his complaint that they had not yet reached the height of an Alexandrian feast.—Ed.]

117. and it grow fouler] Singer reads 'an it grow fouler,' which, as Dyce (ed. ii) justly observes, is 'not a probable reading.'

118. a Child o' th' time] That is, submit like a child to the humour of the hour. Compare Lady Macbeth's words (for I believe them to be hers) to her husband: 'Away, and mock the time with fairest show, False face must hide what the false Heart doth know.'—I, vii, 94. Lady Macbeth and Anthony use 'time' in the same sense, that is, 'the company about you.'—Ed.
ACT II, SC. VII.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  165

Cæsar. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, thall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shal sing.

Sing. Wh. it...fast...one. Johns. Varr. Ran. answer...days...one. Knt, Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.

119. Posses's it] Possess't Han.
Pledge it, Kinneas. Profess it Nichol-son ap. Cam.
121, 122. Has...drinke?] Lines end,
now...drink? Cap. Mal. emperor;...
Bacchanals,...drink?] Johns. Varr. Ran. et seq. (subs.)
121. Enob.] Enob. [to Ant.] Cap.
122. Backenals] Bacchanals F. Bac-
chanals F.F.
123. [they rise. Cap.

119. Possess it] COLLIER (ed. ii, reading Profess it from his MS, thus explains): That is, Profess to be a child of the time, and I'll do the same. Although the meaning of Profess here may not be very evident, 'Possess' seems to offer no consistent sense. In King Lear, I, i, we have seen the opposite error, for there 'possesses' was misprinted professes.—COLLIER in his Third Edition returned to the original text, 'Possess,' with the brief note: 'So the old copies, s. q. Pass it, viz., the cup.'—ANON. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 467): Caesar's meaning is quite obvious; he means, Be master of it. 'Be a child of the time,' says Antony. 'Rather be its master, say I,' rejoins Caesar,—a sentiment much more likely to come from the lips of the great dictator than the paltry rejoinder which [Collier's MS] puts into his mouth—Profess it!—that is, profess to be the child of the time.—SINGER (Sh. Vind. 291): Caesar may mean, 'Possess it' rather than waste it, like a child o'the time in drunkenness.—STAUNTON: There is some ambiguity in the word 'possess,' which, if not a misprint, is employed here in a sense we are unaccustomed to; but the meaning of the passage is plain enough. In former days it was the practice, when one good fellow drank to another, for the latter to 'do him right' by imbiling a quantity of wine equal to that quaffed by the health-giver. Antony proposes a health to Caesar, but Caesar endeavours to excuse himself, whereupon Antony urges him by saying, 'Be a child o'the time,' i. e. do as others do; indulge for once. Caesar then consents to pledge the health, and says, 'possess it,' or propose it,—I'll do it justice.

—THESLETON (p. 16): This simply means, 'Have your wish.'—[I prefer the interpretation of Anon. in Blackwood (who is said to have been Lettsom).—Ed.]
The holding every man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:

130. beate] beat F.F., Rowe, Pope, beate Daniel.

130. The holding every man shall beate] THEOBALD: The company were to
join in the burden, which the poet styles the holding. But how were they to beat
this with their sides? I am persuaded the poet wrote: 'The holding every man
shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.' The breast and sides are immedi-
ately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. So in the
Huntsman's Song in At You Like It, we find the marginal direction: 'The rest
shall bear this Burthen.'—STEEVENS: 'Beat' might have been the poet's word,
however harsh it may appear at present. In Henry VIII. we find a similar expres-
sion: '—let the musick knock it.'—JOHNSON: 'The holding every man shall beat.'
That is, Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token
of concurrence and applause.—[Did Dr Johnson measure every one's capacity to
drum on his sides by his own?—ED.]—M. MASON: To bear the burden, or, as it is
here called, the holding of a song, is the phrase at this day. The passage, quoted by
Steevens, from Henry VIII. relates to instrumental musick, not to vocal.—MALONE:
The meaning of the holding is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called
The Serving Man's Comfort, 1598: '—where a song is to be sung the under-song
or holding whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.'

133. The Song] CAPPELL (i, 36): When this play was fitted up for the stage in
the year fifty-eight by the present editor, a stanza was then added to this truly
bacchanalian song, and the song printed as follows: 1. Come, thou monarch of the
vine, Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne; Thine it is to cheer the soul, Made, by thy
enlarging bowl, Free from wisdom's fond controul, Bur. Free from &c. 2. Mon-
arch, come; and with thee bring Tispy dance, and revellings: In thy vats our cares
de thwart'd; With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd; Cup us, till the world go round,
Bur. Cup us, &c.—[When Capell warbles 'Tispy dance, and revelling,' I am afraid
he had been lately reading Milton's Comus.]

135. Plumpie] GREEN (p. 246) believes 'of a certainty' that the epithet
'plumpie' was suggested by the figures depicted in the Emblem Writers, Alciat,
Whitney, and especially in Boissard's Theatrum Vite Humana, p. 213; the illus-
tration in this last book Green reproduces, and Bacchus is therein depicted as unde-
niably plump, but whether the obesity be due merely to well-nourished youth or to
convivial living, it is not easy to decide. The force of Green's argument in favour
of the Emblem Writers (and it has undeniable force), lies in his accumulation of
instances, and is not to be judged by a solitary example.—ED.

135. with pinke eyne] JOHNSON (Dict. s. v. Pink. 2): An eye; commonly a
small one: as pink-eyed [in the present passage].—STEEVENS: Thus in Holland's
Pliny, Eleventh Book, we find: 'also them that were pinke-eied, and had very small
ACT II, SC. vii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

In thy Fattes our Cares be drownd'd,
With thy Grapes our hairies be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round;
Cup vs till the world go round.


eyes, they termed Ocella'* [p. 335, ed. 1635].—NARES (s. v. Pink eyne): Small eyes. This expression, in the quaint language and fantastic spelling of old Lancashire, appears thus: 'It was a sport very pleasant at thesee beasts; to see the Bear with his pink neyz leer'n after his enemie approch' [p. 25, ed. 1784].—IBID. (s. v. Pink-eyed): Coles renders it by lucinius and ocella; later ed. also pateus; and in the Latin part of his Dictionary he has 'Ocella,—arum. Maids with little eyes; pink-eyd girls.' To wink and pink with the eyes, still means to contract them, and peep out of the lids. In Fleming's Nomenclator we have: 'Ocella, lucinius... Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath little eyes: pink-eyed.'—WHITNEY (Cen. Dict. s. v. Pink-eye.3 Derived from pink v., wink, blink, + eye, after Middle Dutch *pimp-ooghe, pimp-ooghe, one who has small eyes... Pink in the present line is usually regarded as an adjective, with the assumed sense 'winking,' or 'blinking;' but if an adjective it must belong to pinki [a pink colour].) A small eye.—ELTON (p. 284): Holinshed, however, shows us that Bacchus was accused in the song of a tipsy blinking; for in his sketch of the pot-knights he makes them afraid to stir from the alehouse-bench, where they sit half-asleep, 'stil pinking with their narrow eyes as halfe sleeping, till the fume of their aduersarie [be digested that he may go to it afresh. Vol. i. p. 170, ed. 1586].

138, 139. Cup vs... round] COLLIER (ed. ii): These last two lines, or rather the last line and the repetition of it, are expressly called 'the burden' (i.e. bourdon) in the MS, and they are included in a bracket.—DOWDEN (p. 374): If, during this tragic period, Shakspeare retain any tendency to observe the comedy of incident in life, the incident will be of another sort from that which moves our laughter in The Comedy of Errors. It will rather be a fragment of titanic burlesque, overhung by some impending horror, and inspired by a deep 'idea of world-destruction.'* Such a stupendous piece of burlesque, inspired by an idea of world-destruction, Shakspeare found in Plutarch's life of Antony, and having allowed it to dilate and take colour in his own imagination, he transferred it to his play. Aboard Pompey's galley the masters of the earth hold hands and dance the Egyptian bacchanals, joining in the volleying chorus, 'Cup us, till the world goes round!'; and Menas whispers his leader to bid him cut the cable, and fall to the throats of the Triumvirs. A great painting by Orcagna shows a terrible figure, Death, armed with the scythe, and sweeping down through bright air, upon the glad and careless garden-party of noble and beautiful persons,—men and women who lean to one another, and caress their dogs and hawks, while they listen to the music of stringed instruments. In Shakspeare's scene of revelry, death seems to be more secretly, more intimately present, seems more surely to dominate life; though it passes by, it passes, as it were, with an ironical smile at the security of the possessors of this world, and at the noisy insubstantial triumph of life, permitted for a while.

* A word applied by Heine to Aristophanes—Weltvernichtungsidee.
Caesar. What would you more?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me request you of our grauer businesse
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let’s part,
You fee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet’s what it speakes: the wilde disguis hath almost
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good Anthony your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Anth. And shall Sir, gieses your hand.

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140. What...Brother] One line, Roe in et seq.
142. you of our] Ft. you of: our Rowe i. your, off: our Han. Cap. of you our Kny. you off: our Rowe ii et cet.
144. we have] we’re Dyce ii, iii. check F_F, check F_F, Rowe, Pope, Theob. i, Han.
146. Spleet’s] Spleets F_F, Splits F_F et seq.
147. Antickt] Antick’d Var. ‘78 et seq.
149. on the shore] on the shore F_F, o’ the shore Steen. Var. ‘73, ‘78, Knt. awhore or on shore Walker (Crit. iii, 300).

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140. What would you more?] Corson (p. 291): Every speech of Octavius in this scene shows that, though in the revels, he is not of them. He simply endures them as a necessary evil, for the time being. ‘What would you more?’ shows that he has been a reluctant but politic attendant, and is impatient to have them over.

142, 143. Let me request ... Frownes at this leuitie] Thiselton (p. 16): That is, ‘let me request you for the sake of our graver business which frowns at this levity.’ It is better to regard this passage as supplying an instance of the suppressed relative, than to alter ‘of’ to ‘off’, and bisect the sentence.—[Does not the critic overlook the fact that he leaves the sentence incomplete? What is it that Caesar requests? It would be difficult, moreover, to find another example, exactly parallel to this, of the ‘suppression’ of a relative. I can detect none in the examples quoted by Abbott in §§ 244, 245, 246, on the ‘omission of the relative.’—ED.]

146. Spleet’s] Collier (ed. 1): We are not sure that this orthography ought not to be preserved. ‘Spleets’ was not the old mode of spelling ‘split’, and the variation might be intentional.


149. Ile try you on the shore] Deighton: I will make trial of your feasting on shore (as you have mine on board ship).

150. And shall Sir] Abbott (§ 97): ‘And’ is frequently found in answers in
ACT II, SC. VII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Pom. Oh Anthony, you have my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Eunu. Take heed you fall not Menas: Ile not on shore.

154

151. you have. [Friends?] One line, Cap. et seq. (except Knt, Sta.)
152. we are] we're Pope, +.
155. not...Cabin] +.
156. Menas] +.

Var. '73, '78, '85.

house, — Cap. Mal.

et cet.

Rowe, +.


what?

Han. Cap. et cet.

the sense of 'you are right and 'or 'yes and,' the 'yes' being implied. In the present passage, the phrase is equivalent to 'You say well, and you shall,' or 'So you shall,' 'that you shall,' emphatically.

151. you have] Pope unwarrantably changed this into 'you hate.' Whereupon Theobald administered to Pope a somewhat sarcastic rebuke, and then, in order to prove that the original text is correct, 'insisted,' —to quote his own words,—that there is here an allusion to a 'noted witticism' made by Pompey on the present occasion. This witticism was founded on the fact that the splendid residence in Rome of Pompey's father, at that time in the possession of Anthony, was situated on the Via Carinae ('or Galley-street, as we might call it') where even the houses themselves were built to resemble galleys; when, therefore, Pompey said that he would entertain Caesar and Anthony on his galley, there was a witty double allusion to his galley and his house in 'Galley-street.' As authorities, Theobald quoted Paterculus: 'Qui [i.e. Pompeius] hauit absurde, cum in navi Cesaris, et Antonium coena exciperet, dixit, in Carinis suis se coenam dare; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidetur.'—[Lib. ii., cap. lxxvii.] And also Aurelius Victor: 'Pace facta, epulatus in navicula cum Antonio et Caesar, non invenerat sit: Hae sunt meae carinae; quia Romae in Carinis domum eius Antonius tenebat.'—[Cap. lxxxiv.] It is doubtful that even Theobald's insistence can make us believe that Shakespeare had Pompey's 'witticism' here in mind; had he ever heard it or known it, an allusion to it would have been more appropriate in II. vi, 102, where Pompey says 'Aboard my Galley, I invite you all.' Is it not enough that Shakespeare found in Plutarch that Antony kept possession of Pompey's house? See Appendix.—ED.

154. Take heed you fall not] CAPELL (i, 36): Speaking to some of them (Pompey, probably), whom he sees stagger: After which, the boat puts off with it's company; and Enobarbus, who has not yet had his dose, turns to Menas, and says—'Menas, I'll not on shore,' and is reply'd to by Menas,—'No, to my cabin.' This is the arrangement of the passage before us; and so palpably right, that the reader shall not be insulted with any proofs of it: What he finds in the moderns,—or may find, if he is so dispos'd,—took its rise from the negligent folio's.—[The Texts Notes show that this arrangement of Capell is now adopted by all editors.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,
These Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

155-158. these...out.] Lines end, hear
...follows...out. Cap.
155. No] No; Han.
155, 156. No...what] One line, Han.
these Drummes, ...what] One line, Var. '78 et seq.
what! Rowe et cet.
157. aloud] a loud Rowe ii.
160. Enor.] F.
Hoo] Hoo, Rowe, +. Hoo / Dyce, Wh. Cam. He, or Ho / Cap. et cet.
F.F, says a / There's Rowe et seq.
(subs.)
161. Hoa,] Ff, Rowe, +. Hoo / Dyce, Wh. Cam. Ho / or Ho, Var. '73 et cet.

155. these Drummes] Staunton (Athenaum, 26 Apr. 1873), who adopts, in common with all modern editions, the division of lines in the Var. of 1778 (see Text. Notes), observes: 'There is an obvious deficiency in this line. As a stop-gap, we might read,—'Where now are these drums,' etc.' In attempting to scan these lines, we must remember that their rhythm was not composed by Shakespeare but by Steevens; a fact which Abbott (§ 509) overlooked when he said that the present line 'occurs amid regular verse.'

161. Exeunt] Corson (p. 292): There is no other scene in all the plays of Shakespeare, perhaps, which exhibits a more complete dramatic identification on the part of the poet, than this banquet scene. There must have been at the time of his writing it, the fullest sympathetic reproduction within himself, of the several characters.—Staepfer (p. 416): Voltaire's indignation is well known at Shakespeare's so-called tragedies which are only 'farces in which the burlesque and the horrible are united,' and in which we see 'the lowest rabble appearing on the stage by the side of princes, and princes often using the same language as the mob.' Judgements of this kind belong to a period in which the characters of a tragedy were merely regarded as so many lay figures, who were expected to act in a solemn and ceremonious manner, especial care being taken that they should speak in the most courtly style and be able to make court-curtsies; and they belong moreover to a country in which the spirit of society and of high-bred manners has always been peculiarly cultivated and prized, and this differs as widely from the humourous spirit as one of our garden plants does from a foreign wild flower. These adverse opinions, however, do not prevent the banquet on board Pompey's vessel from being a most excellent scene, and one even more thoroughly Shakespearian perhaps than the passages most celebrated for beauty in his plays, since in this particular kind of humourous presentation he is not only unrivalled, but has neither follower nor fore-runner. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;' 'what more amazing or more grotesque commentary on this philosophical truth, which lies at the basis of the spirit of humour,
[Actus Tertius. Scene I.]

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ventidius. Now darting Parthya art thou struck, and now Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Cæfius death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body, Before our Army thy Pacorus Orades,
Paies this for Marcus Cæfius.

Romains. Noble Ventidius,

Act III. Scene i. Rowe.
A Camp. Rowe. A Camp in a part
of Syria. Theob.
1-43. Om. Gar.
1, 2. Enter...him.] Enter Ventidius in Triumph...before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants. Rowe. Enter, as from Conquest, Ventidius, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers...him. Cap.

3. Parthya] Parthia Fl.
host: thy Pope, art. army. Thy Coll.
   Dyce, Glo. Cam. army; thy Rowe ii et
   cet. (subs.)
   Orades] Orades Rowe.

   F F, F F, Rom. Rowe. Sil. Theob. et
   seq.

could be found than this scene, in which the lives of the Triumvirs depend upon a rope that Pompey had only to say the word to have cut, and in which Lepidus, 'the triple pillar of the world,' rolls dead drunk under the table, and is carried off on the back of a slave.

   1. as it were in triumph] Collier (ed. ii) opines that it is all the more needful
   that the phrase, 'as it were in triumph' should be retained, because 'Plutarch tells us
   that Ventidius was the only Roman who, up to that day, "had triumphed of the
   Parthians."' Delius, however, interprets (St. Iamb. viii, 200) the phrase somewhat differently. He thinks that Shakespeare, in using this phrase, meant to indicate that the comrades and subordinates of the General appeared also in the procession. In this connection Delius suggests with ingenuity that we may infer from the somewhat fuller stage-directions in the present play, that Shakespeare was not himself personally concerned in its performance; and that, therefore, he wrote out the directions to the actors more explicitly.—Ed.

3. darting Parthya] Wordsworth cites two classical passages wherein darts are representative of the Parthians. The first is 'Miles [timet] sagittas et celerem fugam Parthi.'—Horace, Odes, II, xiii. The second, 'Addam . . . Fidentemque fuga Parthum versisque sagittis.'—Virgil, Georgics, iii, 31.—Deighton: A reference to the Parthian method of fighting, their horsemen pouring in a shower of darts as they swarmed round the enemy, and then, as they fled to avoid close combat, turning in their saddles and discharging flights of arrows.

3. art thou stroke] Johnson: Alludes to 'darting.' Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself.
Whil'ft yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Metapotamia, and the shelters, whether
The routed fie. So thy grand Captaine 'Anthony
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh Sillius, Sillius,
I have done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this Sillius,
Better to leave undone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.
ACT III, SC. I.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

173

Cæsar and Anthony, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then perfon.  Soffius
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu’d by’th’minute, loft his fauour.
Who does i’th’Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine : and A mition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Anthonius good,
But ’twould offend him.  And in his offence,
Should my performance perih.

Rom.  Thou haft Ventidius that, without the which a

20, 21. Cæsar...perfon] Given to Sillius,
Ran.
24. he] Om. F, F, F, F.
attach’d] atchiu’d F, F, F,
by’th’] by th’ Fl.
28-31. Then...perf’ih.] Lines end,
more...him...perf’ih. Han.
32-34. Thou...Anthony.] Lines end,
which...distinction:...Antony. Rowe, +.

‘For learn this, Sillius : Better | To leave undone, than by our deed acquire,’ etc.
He then suggests another arrangement: ‘Better to leave undone, | Than by our deed acquire too high a fame, | When him we serves away.’ Whereby, disregarding the plight in which he leaves two trimeter couplets: ‘May make too great an act,’ and ‘When him we serves away,’ he has in reality accomplished nothing. He has eliminated no discord; there is no discord to be eliminated,—the lines are rhythmical however they are divided. Unless the lines are uttered in the veriest sing-song, no ear can detect how or where they are divided. I cannot doubt that had Walker lived to revise his work, he would have omitted much that was merely the passing fancy of the moment. Yet Dyce, who is extremely wary of notes, reprints in full these suggestions of Walker. Abbott (§ 498) observes: ‘We might arrange “‘Better I have | undone, than by | our deed | acquire.”’ Or [line 18] might be (but there is not pause enough to make it probable) a trimeter couplet.’ Lastly, Wordsworth amends and divides: ‘For learn, ‘tis better | To leave undone, than by our deed acquire | Too high a fame when him we serve’s away.’—Ed.

19. when him we serves away] For other examples of ‘him’ used for he, by attraction to whom understood, see, if need be, Abbott, § 208.
21. More in their officer, then person] It is possible that in the final s of ‘then’ there is an absorption of in: ‘then’ person.’—Ed.
24. by’th’minute] Deighton: That is, each minute.
28. which darkens him] After ‘him,’ Kneightley marks an omission, as of an incomplete sentence.
32, 33. Thou haft Ventidius that, . . . graunts scarce distinction] Warbur-
Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to Anthony.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name, That magickal word of Warre we haue effectced, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We haue iaded out o' th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what haft The weight we must convey with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.
[Scene II.]

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatcht with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. Octavia weepe
To part from Rome: Caesar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues Caesar.

Agri. Nay but how deereely he adores Mark Anthony.

Eno. Caesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Jupiter?

Eno. Spake you of Caesar? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!


14. Oh Anthony, oh thou] Of Antony?

oh the Han. Of Antony? O thou M.

Mason, Dyce ii, iii.

Oh ... oh] O ... O, Cap. et seq. (subs.)


15. *say Caesar*] say ‘Caesar,’ Dyce, *Antony...wonder* Han.
Hal. number] Om. Han. thunder Bul.

18-20. *Hearts, ... number*] JOHNSON: Not only the tautology of ‘bards’ and *Hearts,...number*] JOHNSON: Not only the tautology of ‘bards’ and ‘poets,’ but the want of a correspondent action for the ‘poet,’ whose business in the next line is only to ‘number,’ makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend.—STEVEFNS: I suspect no fault. The ancient bard sung his compositions to the harp; the poet only commits them to paper. Verses are often called numbers, and to ‘number,’ a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare’s coinage, is to make verses. This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. So, in An Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in England’s Helicon, 1600:

‘Vertue, beautie, and speeche, did strike, wound, charme,
My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, loue, delight;
First, second, last did binde, enforme, and arme
His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes’ might.
Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deeppe,
Held, pearst, possess, my judgment, sence, and will;
Till wronges, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, crepee,
Bands, fauour, faith to breake, defile, and kill;
Then griefe, vkindness, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well-grounded, noble, due, spit, rage, disadaine.
But ah, alas, In vaine, my minde, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words leue, shunne, refraine:
For nothing, time nor place, can loose, quench, ease
Mine owne, embracèd, sought, knot, fire, disease.’—[ed. Grosart, i, 197.]

20. *Think...hoo*] Dyce: Something was dropped out from this line.—
R. G. White doubts Dyce’s assertion, and adds: The monosyllabic construction and interrupted flow make the line seem rather superfuous than deficient.

20. *cast*] This corresponds to ‘Figure,’ and consequently means to compute.
ACT III, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, fo:
This is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antho. No further Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Vie me well in't. Sitter, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofoe: most Noble Anthony,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is fet
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

22. Kneele downe, kneele] Kneel, kneel

Han. wonder.] wonder—Rowe, Pope,
30. in'] in it Var. '73, '78, '85, Mal.

24. Beetle, fo:] Fl. beetle, so—Rowe,
beetle. So—Han. Johns. et seq. (subs.)
31. and ] and Pope, Theob. Han.
Warb.


Noble] most noble Ktly.

27. Octavia.] Octavi. F4

28. further] farther Fl. Rowe, Pope,


30. Steevens]: That is the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect
from the ground.—[The ‘shards’ are not the wings, but the wing-cases, the Elytra; they do not raise the insect from the ground, but merely open to allow the wings to unfold; and the ‘insects’ are rarely ‘heavy and lumpish,’—with these exceptions Steevens’s definition is excellent.—Ed.]

31. From the days of Rowe this ‘so’ has been generally supposed to refer to
Trumpets summoning the soldiers to horse. Deighton interprets it merely as ‘very
good.’

32. my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approofoe] Johnson: As I will
venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct.—Malone:
‘Band’ and bond, in our author’s time, were synonymous.

33. peec of Vertue] This phrase bears a double meaning; ‘piece’ may mean a
‘specimen, or example, and be applied to an abstract thing’ (see Murray, N. E. D.
(t. v. piece, 8, b.) and it may also mean a woman (see op. cit. 9, b.) which is, I think,
the better meaning here, as it is also in The Tempest, ‘Thy Mother was a peec of vertue.’—1, ii, 69.

34. Cyment] For a list of many words wherein ‘the accent is nearer the beginning
than with us,’ see Abbott, § 492.

35. To keepe it builded] Malone: Compare Sonnet, 119: ‘And ruin’d love,
when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first,’ etc.
The Fortresse of its for better might we ne
Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts 
This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offend, in your distrust.

Caesar. I haue saaid.

Ant. You shall not finde, 
Though you be therein curious, the left cause 
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you, 
And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:
We will heere part.

Caesar. Farewell my deereest Sister, fare thee well, 
The Elements be kind to thee, and make 

42. curious] Dyce (Gloss.) : That is scrupulous, over-punctilious.

47. The Elements be kind to thee] JOHNSON : This is obscure. Its seems to 
mean, 'May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such 
proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.'—SHEVENS : I believe this 
means only, 'May the four elements of which this world is composed, unite such 
influences to make thee cheerful.' [Or it] may, indeed, mean no more than the 
common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He 
voices 'that serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from 
every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them.'—M. MASON: Octavia was 
about to make a long journey both by land and by water. Her brother wishes that 
both these elements may prove kind to her; and this is all.—STAUNTON: There is 
a passage, altogether forgotten by the commentators, in Jul. Cas. V, v, which is 
entirely confirmatory of Dr Johnson's interpretation: 'His life was gentle; and the 
elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up. And say to all the world, This 
was a man!'-[It seems useless to contend over the meaning of 'Elements' in this 
sentence; its meaning must be determined by the context. 'The elements' mean, 
in general, earth, water, air, and fire, and of these man is supposed to be composed; 
'the due proportion and commixture whereof in his composition,' says NARES (s. v. 
Elements) 'were what produced in him every kind of perfection, mental and bodily.' 
Thus Cleopatra says, 'I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements [i.e. earth and water] I give to baser life.'—V, ii, 341. Sir Toby Belch asks, 'Does not our liues 
consist of the foure elements?'—Twelfth Night, II, iii, 11. Or as Anthony in the 
present play says of the Crocodile, 'the elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.'— 
II, vii, 52. 'The four elements may also exist external to man, and when used in the 
singular, 'the element' may mean the air or the sky, as in Twelfth Night, where 
Valentine says of Olivia, 'The Element itselfe, till seuen yeares heate, Shall not
ACT III, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Oli. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The April’s in her eyes, it is Loues spring,

And thefe the sh owers to bring it on: be cheerefull.

Oli. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—

Ces. What Oclavia?

Oli. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart informe her tougue.

The Swannes downe feather

behold her face.’—I, i, 31. Again, where Viola says to Olivia, ‘O you should not rest Betwenee the elements of ayre, and earth,’ etc. Or ‘the element’ may mean water, as where the Queen in Hamlet says of Ophelia, when fallen in ‘the weeping brook,’ that she was ‘like a creature native and indued Unto that element.’—IV, vii, 180. It is, therefore, quite possible in the present passage that ‘the elements’ may mean either those which are external to man or those of which he is composed. If the former, then Caesar means no more than ‘may you have a comfortable journey’; an objection to this meaning is that a comfortable journey does not of necessity create cheerful spirits; there is the well-known line ‘Caelum non animum mutant,’ etc., which suggests a sorrow ever-present, however comfortable the voyage. If by ‘the elements’ Caesar means those of which Octavia’s nature is composed, then Johnson’s interpretation is just, and it would be presumptuous to attempt to better his paraphrase.—ED.]

48. spirits] WALKER’s rule for the pronunciation of spirit as a monosyllable (Crw. i, 193) will not here apply. See I, ii, 143, and II, ii, 76.

50, 51 and 57-59. Loues spring,... bring it on: and The Swannes downe feather ... inclines] MRS GRIFFITH (p. 469): These are two passages, which for degance of thought, or beauty of expression, it is not in the power of poetical imagery or language to exceed.

54. Ile tell you in your eare] As far as I know, Voss is the sole commentator who overhears what Octavia whispers. He says that she begs her brother not to be too exacting when dealing with Anthony, or else to remain constant to her, should Anthony’s former fascination for Cleopatra re-awaken. But see line 72.—ED.

55-59. Her tongue will not, etc.] I think Anthony here speaks aside, while Octavia is whispering her last fond words to her brother.—ED.

57-59. The Swannes downe feather ... neither way inclines] CAPELL (i, 37): This comparison of Antony’s rose indeed from the words he had just spoken;
That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

_Eno._ Will Cæsar weep?
_Agr._ He hath a cloud in’s face.

_Eno._ He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is

60

Sing. Dyce, Wh. Hal. Kny. at the full 62. _He ... Horse_] One line, Pope et seq.
Coll. ii. at the of full Sta. Photo-lith. that were he ... Horse, _that_ were
at full of Ff et cæt. _he a Horse Sta. Photo-lith.

60–70. _Will...to_] As Aside, Cap.

but are not an illustration of them, but of a reflection that was then springing up upon
the state of Octavia’s heart; divided between love to her brother and love to him,
and unable to give the preference to either.—HUDSON: Very delicate imagery, but
not perfectly clear: the plain English of it is, that Octavia’s heart is equally divided
between her brother and her husband, so that she cannot tell which she loves most.
—STEEVENS refers to a similar image in _a Henry IV._ II, iii, 63: ‘As with the tide
swell’d up unto his height, That makes a still-stand, running neither way.’ And
DEIGHTON refers to _Tro. and Cress._ where Shakespeare again speaks of the soft
plumage of the swan: ‘her hand ... to whose soft seizure The cygnet’s down is
harsh.’—1, i, 58.

58. _at the full_] In the Ff this ‘the’ is absorbed in the t of ‘at,’ but is still
present to the ear.—Ed.

62. _were he a Horse_] STEEVENS: A horse is said to have ‘a cloud in his face,’
when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This
gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course
regarded as a great blemish. The same phrase occurs in Burton’s _Anatomy of
Melancholy._ ‘Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of her
self ... thin, lean, chity face, have clouds in her face, be crooked,’ etc.—[p. 519,
ed. 1651.]—R. G. WHITE: An allusion to the dislike horse-fanciers have to white
marks or other discolorations in the face of that animal.—MADDEN (p. 355): Enobarbus’
grim jest would have prospered better in the ear of a Smithfield horse-courser
than it has fared with some of the critics. The horse-courser could have told [Mr
Grant White] that the words meant the exact opposite [to what he has said they
mean]. The horse with a cloud in his face was one with no white star. Fitz-
herbert, in his _Boke of Hushandrie,_ commends the white star. ‘It is an
excellent good marke also for a horse to have a white star in his forehead. The horse
that hath no white at all upon him is furious, dogged, full of mischiefe and mis-
fortune.’—Cavalarice, G. Markham. . . . In the common language of the stable such
a horse was said to have a cloud in his face. _Equis nebula (ut vulgo dicitur) in
facie, cufus vultus tristis est et melancholicus, jure viatorum_, says the learned
Sadlerius in his work, _De praecedentia_, etc., _equus_, 1587. From Sadler’s words _ut
vulgo dicitur_, the expression ‘cloud in the face’ seems to have been in general use.
Those who had not Shakespeare’s intimate knowledge of the language of the stable
probably used it without any clear idea of its meaning, as Burton may have done
when he wrote [the passage quoted by Steevens].
ACT III, SC. ii.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

He being a man.

Agri. Why Enobarbus:

When Anthony found Julius Caesar dead,

He cried almoft to roa ring: And he wept,

When at Philippı he found Brutus flaine.

Eno. That yearindeed, he was trobled with a rheume,

What willingly he did confound, he wail’d,

Beleeu’t till I weep too.

64. Enobarbus'] Fl. Enobarbus,Coll.


Rowe et cet.

68. yearindeed] years indeed Sta.

Photo-lith.

troble] troubled Fl. Sta. Photo-

lith.


Hal. Hunter, Huds. Dtn, Rfle. weep F, F,

et cet.

68. he was] This is one of the examples furnished by WALKER (Crit. ii, 203), illustrating his observation that ' Thou wert, you were, I was, etc. occur frequently in places where it is clear that they must have been pronounced as one syllable, in whatever manner the contraction was effected.'

69. confound] Theobald: To ' confound ' is to destroy.

70. till I weep too] Theobald: I have ventur’d to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. Enobarbus would say, 'Indeed, Antony seem’d very free of his tears that year; and, believe me, bewail’d all the mischief he did, till I myself wept too.' This appears to me very sarcastical. Antony’s tears, he would infer, were dissembled; but Enobarbus wept in real compassion of the havoc and slaughter committed on his countrymen.—CAPELL (ii, 37): Which he thought would be never: so that, taking them thus, the words are only a fresh and more positive assertion of what he had been saying before. Wep! (a word adopted by two modern editors) can not be allow’d of; the sense which that would convey, being a manifest violation of character.—STEEVENS: I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than Theobald’s alteration will afford us. ‘Believe it (says Enobarbus), that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy.’—M. MASON: I should certainly adopt Theobald’s amendment, the meaning of which is, that Antony wailed the death of Brutus so bitterly, that I [Enobarbus] was affected by it, and wept also. Steevens’s explanation of the present reading is so forced, that I cannot clearly comprehend it.—DYCE: Steevens and Capell vainly endeavour to
Caesar. No sweet Octavia,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And glue you to the Gods.
Caesar. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.
Caesar. Farewell, farewell.
Kisses Octavia.

71. [coming forward. Cap.
73. my] her Rowe ii.
75. wrastle] wrastle F,F,
75. I let you] I, let Sou Sta. Photo.
76. you.] you; Rowe. you; [embracing him.] Han.

defend [the Folio]. According to Capell, Theobald's correction introduces a violation of character; but Enobarbus is not altogether 'unused to the melting mood;' for afterwards (IV, ii, 47) we find him saying, 'Looke, they weep; And I, am as, am onion-ey'd,' etc.—R. G. WHITE: I have no hesitation in adopting Theobald's reading.—KEIGHTLEY (Expositor, p. 315): Theobald is followed, from not understanding the passage, as it seems to me; what is meant is, accept this explanation till you see me weep from pure feeling, which Antony was no more capable of doing than I am.—[If Theobald's reading be correct, and Enobarbus did actually weep out of sympathy, I find it difficult to detect what he sympathised. Certainly not with Anthony's tears; he has just said that they were due to a rheum. If Anthony's tears were genuine, his sarcastic allusion to a rheum is pointless. As a proof that tears from Enobarbus were not out of character, Dyce refers to a scene between Anthony and his followers where Enobarbus confesses he was 'onion-ey'd.' But there is no parallelism between that scene and the present. It was the sight of the unfeigned tears of devoted affection for Anthony which in that scene brought tears to the eyes of Enobarbus. In Anthony's 'wailings' over the 'slain Brutus' whom he had himself 'willingly confounded,' Enobarbus had no jot of faith, and he asks Agrippa to believe his words,—until Agrippa shall see him 'weep too,' which, as Capell says, will be never. 'Wepe' of the Folio should not be, I think, disturbed.—Ed.
72, 73. You shall heare from me still, etc.] Is it not here revealed what Octavia told in Caesar's ear?—Ed.
[Scene III.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfie afeard to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: Herod of Iury dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herods head, Ie haue: but how? When Anthony is gone, through whom I might command it:

Come thou neere.

Mef. Moft grattious Maiestie.

Scene III. Rowe.


3. afeard'] afraid Pope,+.

4. Go too, go too:] Go to, go to: Ft.

Go to, go to. Johns.

6-10. Good ... neerr] Lines end, majesty, ... you, ... head ... gone, ... it ... near. Pope. majesty! ... you, ... head, ...

3. afeard'] afraid Pope,+.

Majesty! ... you, ... head, ...


Majesty! Theob.

4. Go too, go too] Wordsworth (p. 341): I have ventured to alter the common text into 'Go to him, go,' because the former, which is 'a phrase of exhortation or reproof' (Schm. 'Lex.'), does not appear to give the meaning here required; unless indeed we can suppose it to signify, 'Don't tell me of his being afeard. I insist upon seeing him;' which puts at least an awkward strain upon the words.

—Drayton excellently paraphrases it as 'nonsense, nonsense.'

5. the Messenger] Collier (ed. ii): He is again called Eliis in the MS. [See II, 7, 29.]—Mrs Jameson (p. 140): The man is afterwards brought back, almost by force, to satisfy Cleopatra's jealous anxiety, by a description of Octavia:—but this time, made wise by experience, he takes care to adapt his information to the humours of his imperious mistress, and gives her a satirical picture of her rival. The scene which follows, in which Cleopatra—artful, acute, and penetrating as she is—becomes the dupe of her feminine spite and jealousy, nay, assists in duping herself; and after having cuffed the messenger for telling her truths which are offensive, rewards him for the falsehood which flatters her weakness—is not only an admirable exhibition of character, but a fine moral lesson.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold Octavia?
Mef. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mef. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and Marke Anthony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mef. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mef. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

12. Did'st thou behold Octavia?] Separate line, Theo. Warb. et seq. (except Sta. Glo.)
15, 16. Madam ... Anthony.] Lines, end, face: ... and ... Antony. Rowe, Pope, Han. In Rome Madam ... led ... Antony. Theo. Warb. et seq. (subs.)

12. Did'st thou behold Octavia?] SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN (iv, 403): The scene which follows is comical, but of a vulgar comicality. Cleopatra exhibits the unrest and curiosity of a rival; she shows none of that confidence in herself which constituted an element of her power.
17. as tall as me] ABBOTT (§ 210): Probably 'as' was used with a quasi-prepositional force.—Steevens here refers to Melvil's Memoirs (see II, v, 143) and Ritson shows, by the date of the publication of these Memoirs, how extremely improbable it is that there can be here any allusion to Queen Elizabeth's interview with Melvil, and concludes his note with the remark that 'such enquiries [as Elizabeth put to Melvil concerning the personal appearance of the Queen of Scots] are, no doubt, perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches.'
20. shrill tongu'd] THESELTON (p. 17): Cleopatra is evidently wishing to compare Octavia with 'shrill-tongu'd Fulvia.' See I, i, 45.
22. That's not so good: he cannot like her long] MALONE: Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—'That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last;' but, 'That, i.e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue.' That a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an eulogium when he has an opportunity) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as a merit appears from what she adds afterwards, —'Dull of tongue, and dwarfish.' Perhaps the author intended no connection between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—'He cannot like her, whatever her merits may be, for any length of time.' It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. 'She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's Chronicle) tall of stature, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her voice loud and shrill.'—Steevens: It may be remarked, however, that
ACT III. sc. iii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. Like her? Oh Isis: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think it to Charmian: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maieifie is in her gate, remember
If e'er thou look'st on Maieifie.

Mef. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one:

She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mef. Or I haue no obseruance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guifie at her yeares, I prythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.


when Cleopatra applies the epithet 'shrill-tongued' to Fulvia, it is not introduced by
way of compliment.—IRVING EDITION: Cleopatra means that a low voice is so good
a thing in itself that it is 'not so good' for her, as it denotes a charm in Octavia. The
latter part of the line is not at all consequent on what has just been said, but expresses
the secret anxiety of the woman by her emphasis in uttering it. It would be better,
perhaps, to print it as a separate sentence.—[This last interpretation is, to me, the
true one. Cleopatra was thinking of herself, not of any quality of voice, and was,
moreover, determined, as with the 'venom clamours of a jealous woman,' to regard
every quality of Octavia in the worst possible light. As for 'the poet's' having
Queen Elizabeth in his thoughts,—we here need Mr Burchell, to ejaculate 'Fudge!' It
is quite as likely that he was thinking of Marian Hacket.—Ed.]

27. her motion, & her station are as one] STEEVENS: 'Station' means the act
of standing, as in Hamlet, 'A station like the herald Mercury.'—III, iv, 58.—[An
impossible lie; the very depth of obsequiousness or terror.—Ed.]

39. Widdow] STEEVENS: Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance; it sets Octavia
on a level with herself, who was no virgin when she fell to the lot of Antony.—
[Cleopatra 'rejoices' because a 'widow' is suggestive of age and waning charms,
Mef.  And I do thinke she's thirteenth.

Cle.  Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mef.  Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo.  For the most part too, they are foolish that are

so.  Her hair what colour?

Mef.  Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

41.  Bear'st...face] Separate line, Cap.        44.  Her...colour] Separate line, F, F,
43.  For...colour?] Lines end, too        45, 46.  Browne...st.] Lines end, low
Steev. Var. '03, '13.
43.  they are] They're Pope,+, Dyce
   ii, iii.

and therefore less likely to hold Anthony's affection in thrall as long as would a
blushing young bride.—Ed.]

43.  they are foolish] STEEVENS: This is from the old writers on physiognomy.
So, in Hill's Pleasant History, etc., 1613: 'the head very round, to be forgetful and
foolish.' Again, 'the head long, to be prudent and wary.'—p. 213.—[The date,
1613, diminishes the value of these quotations, as far as the present play is concerned.
—Ed.]

45.  Madam] WALKER (Vers. 174): Ma'am, I think, renders the line more harmonious.
I think that these speeches ought to be arranged as by Nares, s. v. Forehead.

45.  forehead] NAES (i. v. Forehead): A high forehead was formerly accounted
a great beauty, and a low one a proportionable deformity; so completely has taste
changed in this respect. 'Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine; Ay, but her
forehead's low and mine's as high.'—Two Gent. IV, iv, 197. 'For this is handsome-
ness, this that draws us Body and bones; Oh, what a mounted forehead, What eyes
and lips, what every thing about her.'—Beaumont and Fletcher's Mons. Thomas, i. i.
'Her buorie forehead, full of bountie braue, Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Lones his lofie triumphs to engrave, And write the battels of his great godhead.'
—Spenser, Faerie Queene, II, iii, 213. This is part of the description of a perfect
ideal beauty:—'Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd, bright, and high, Bears in itself
a graceful majesty.'—Witts Recreations, sign. V 2, b. Thus also Sir Philip Sidney
describes the beautiful Parthenia:—'For her great gray eye, which might seeme full
of her own beauty; a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the rest of her
face and body, cast in the mould of noblenesse, was yet attired,' etc.—Book i, p. 59.
A lady jocurnally setting forth her own beauty, enumerates, 'True complection If it be
red and white, a forehead high.'—Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman Hater, III, i.
Cleopatra, when full of jealousy, is delighted to find that her rival has a low forehead.
[The phrase], as low 'as she would wish it' is said ironically, for much lower.
The dialogue would be improved a little in spirit, if we might read it thus: 'Mess. Brown,
Madam. Cleop. And her forehead? | Mess. As low as she could wish it.' A low fore-
head is humorously mentioned as the most striking deformity of apes:—'And all be
turn'd to barnacles, or to apes, With foreheads villainous low.'—Tempest, IV, i.
ACT III, SC. III.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I hurried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiestie, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? Ifs elfe defend: and
feruing you so long.

Cleopa. I have one thing more to ask him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam. Exeunt.

47. There's] There is Steev. Varr. then,] these. Rowe ii.
50. ready] ready, while Cap.
51. [Exit Mes. Han.
      me think's] F, me thinks F.
      No, nothing Kyly.

59, 60. Hath...long.] Lines end, defend: ...long. Rowe et seq.
59. defend: ... long.] F. defend!
       long. Pope, Han. defend! ... long!
60. long. Theob. Warb. Johns. defend, ... long!
      Cap. et cet.

61-63. I have...enough] Lines end, Charmian...me...enough Rowe et seq.
61. I have] I've Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii.

46. As she would wish it] Capell (I, 37): [Heath, p. 458] has propos'd, to
read—you would; but, in this, there is something indelicate: The sentence would be
better amended (if amendment be necessary), by reading—Lower than she would, etc.;
and this, perhaps, is intended in the words that the printers have given us.—[Collier's
MS gives the same reading that Heath conjectured; Malone also conjectured it.
Dyce asserts that none of them was 'aware that the Messenger uses a cant phrase,'
inasmuch as Steevens writes that he 'once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival
'that her legs were as thick as she could wish them.''

54. I hurried him] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Harry, 4.): To worry, goad, tor-
ment, harass; to maltreat, ill-use, persecute.

57. The man hath seene some Maiestie] Mrs Jameson (ii, 141): Do we not
fancy Cleopatra drawing herself up with all the vain consciousness of rank and
beauty as she pronounces this last line? and is not this the very woman who cele-
brated her own apotheosis,—who arrayed herself in the robe and diadem of the
goddess Isis, and could find no titles magnificent enough for her children but those of
the Sun and the Moon?
Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay Octavia, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publike care, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the beft hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Scene IV. Rowe et seq.

1-42. Om. Gar.

2. 3. that, That were] that,—that
Were Mal.

5. Pompey.] Pompey, Ff. Pompey;
Rowe et seq.

... read it,] read it Rowe et seq.

6. 7. spoke...not] Sep. line, Cap. et seq.


Ran. scantily Cap.

6. of me.] of me; Rowe et seq. (subs.)
7. When perforce] And when at any
time perforce Han.
8. Honour:] honour, Rowe et seq.

9. them most...measure: lent me,] them;
most narrow measure lent me; Rowe et seq.

10. him :] Ff, Knt. him, Rowe et cet.

not look't] Ff, Knt. Coll. ii. had
look't F, had look't F F, o'er-look'd
Rowe, Pope. not look't Thirlby, Theob.
et cet. (not look it Varr. Ran.)

In Kemble's Acting Copy this scene follows and continues the next scene, Scene v, which is then transposed so as to follow Scene ii. Scene vii closes Act ii.

5. New Warres] Deighton: That is, contrary to the agreement between us,
and without asking my assent.

5. Made his will, etc.] According to Plutarch (see Appendix), it was Antony's Will which Caesar removed from the custody of the Vestal nuns; after reading it himself and noting 'certain places worthy of reproach,' Caesar 'assembled all the Senate and read it before them all. Whereupon divers were marvellously offended.' Of course there is some corruption in the text. Anthony could have no possible cause of complaint if Caesar chose to make his own Will and read it in public. The corruption lies in the words 'made his' for which he who lists may easily substitute any words that will make the text conform to Plutarch.—Ed.

5. 6. will, it, it, of me,] Thiselton (p. 17) calls attention to these commas as indications of the 'impetuousity of Antony's utterance.' It is possible that Thiselton is right, but at the same time we must remember that no great dependence is to be placed on the punctuation of the Folio, which is somewhat remote from any authoritative contact with Shakespeare's own hand.—Ed.

6. scantily] That is, slightly.

8-10. Honour:...vented then...measure:...look't] The changes introduced by Rowe in this impossible punctuation, and the change by him of 'vented then' into 'vented them,' have been unanimously adopted by all succeeding editors.
ACT III, SC. iv.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Otho. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vn happie Lady,

13. all,] all; Pope.

Tolerable sense can be made even in the present text, with its present punctuation, until we come to the colon after ‘measure,’ which leaves ‘lent me’ inexplicable, unless we suppose that it bears a meaning unknown elsewhere. Knight alone, among editors, retains the colon after ‘given him.’ In Booth’s Reprint there is a semi-colon after ‘measure,’ not a colon, as in my copy of F. — Ed.

10. he not look’t] Thirly’s emendation, ‘he not look’d,’ which has been adopted by nearly all editors, is to be found, without comment, in Nichols (Illust. ii, 228). It means, of course, that Anthony did not take the ‘best hint,’ and receives some confirmation, albeit very slight, from the spelling in the Folio, where the apostrophe in ‘look’t,’ as an abbreviation of looked, is somewhat unusual. Knight and Collier (ed. ii) are the only modern editors who adhere to the Folio. The former does not believe that the ‘best hint’ is here referred to, but ‘on the contrary’ he says, ‘although it was hinted to Caesar when speaking that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and sickly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He looked not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he spoke from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.’ Collier (ed. ii) retained look’d because, I suppose, it had not been changed by his MS corrector, who had, however, changed ‘not look’t’ to ‘but look’t,’—an emendation which Collier did not adopt, because he doubted ‘if there were any confusion here, for what Antony means to say is apparent enough as the text stands: Caesar would not look to avoid taking the least hint, or if he did look, and took the hint, his praise was superficial and insincere.’ On this reading of Collier’s MS Corrector, Dyce (Notes, p. 153) remarks that ‘it has not only great obscurity of expression, but is also unsuited to what immediately follows: “he but look’d, Or did it from his teeth.” I have little doubt,’ he adds, ‘that Thirly’s much simpler emendation (which alters only a single letter) restores the genuine reading.’ Later, in his edition, Dyce is more emphatic and pronounces the emendation of Collier’s MS ‘little better than nonsense.’ Later still, in his Strictures (p. 205) he criticises not the emendation of Collier’s MS, but Collier himself for following the Folio. ‘What,’ he asks, ‘could induce Mr Collier to adopt here, in his new edition, the ridiculous reading of the folio, which admits of nothing but a ridiculous explanation?’ — Anon. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 467; supposed to be Lettsom): ‘We may be pretty sure that [Thirly’s emendation] is the right reading, as it is assuredly the only one which makes sense.’ — [Thirly’s change is so trifling, while the gain is so marked, that I think it may be adopted without heinous disloyalty to the Folio.—Ed.]

11. Or did it from his teeth] Stevens: Whether this means, as we now say, in spite of his teeth, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine. — [Knight’s interpretation is to be found in the preceding note; Collier’s, which is virtually the same, is that ‘what Caesar said in praise of Antony came from no nearer his heart than his teeth.’ Singer appositely quotes from the Aegidio nonnulla in Withala’s Dictionarie . . . devised for the capacity of Children, 1616, p. 562: ‘Lingua amica. A friend from the teeth outward.’]

If this deuifion chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me prefently,
When I shall pray:Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.

16, 17. Praying...presently] One line, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
Var. '73, '85, Mal. Var. '21.
18. pray] praying Rowe.
Ok ... Husband] As quotation, Theob.
out] Om. Words.
20. Oh ... Brother] As quotation, Theob.
21. mid way] mid way Cap. (Errata.)

15. my Lord, and Husband,] my husband / presently Cap. Var. '73. my husband / and presently Ran.
18. my Lord, and Husband,] my husband / presently Cap. Var. '73. my husband / and presently Ran.
20. Ok ... Brother] As quotation, Theob.
21. mid way] mid way Cap. (Errata.)

16, 17. Praying...presently] It is 'infinitely distressing' (as Sydney Smith would say) to note the attempts which have been here made to amend what is deemed the defective metre of these two fragmentary lines. That the emotion of the speaker should have here any influence is not to be for a moment considered; in all circumstances Shakespeare should be made to know that lines must have five feet, and to attain this end his words are to be at will lengthened, or compressed, or even omitted altogether. Rowe and his followers read as one line, 'Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,' and omit 'presently.' Streevens, in 1775, runs the two lines into an interminable one of fourteen syllables, and is followed in the union of the lines by Walker (Crit. III, 301), who, however, reduces the number of syllables by omitting 'good,' and by reading (can it be conceived?) 'praying' as a monosyllable! (I had rather be a pagan, suckled in a prose outworn, than think heaven could be moved by pra'ng.) In 1793, Streevens reverts to the division of the Folio, but pieces out the second line with an and, 'And the good Gods,' etc. Dyce follows Streevens, but rejects his and, and substitutes instead, 'Sure the good Gods,' etc. Finally, Abbott (§ 484), retaining the division of the Folio, refuses both Steevens's and and Dyce's sure, and beautifully counteracts Walker's irreverent pra'ng by a pious prolongation of 'good': 'The go | od go'ds | will mock | me pres | ently.' The 'vnhappie Lady's' broken heart and broken speech are all forgotten.

17. presently] This word, which means, of course, immediately, Capell transfers to the end of the next line, reading, 'When I shall pray, O, bless my husband! presently | Undo,' etc. which is harmless enough, had he only explained the construction of 'Undo,'—a difficulty which Rann, who followed him in transferring presently, observed and obviated. See Text. Note 18.—Ed.

21, 22. no midway...at all] Streevens: Compare King John, III, i, 331-6, where the situation and sentiments of Blanche resemble those of Octavia.—Deighton refers to the similar case of Volumnia in Coriolanus, V, iii, 106-9.
ACT III, SC. IV.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. Gentle Ophelia,

Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Best to preferre it: if I loofe mine Honour,
I loofe my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your fo branchliffe. But as you requetsed,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raife the preparation of a Warre
Shall staie your Brother, make your stoneast haft,


27. Then your so] MALONE: This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, your so and yours so being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. See line 34, below.

30. Shall staie your Brother] THEOBALD: But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall 'stain,' i.e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter —'Shall strain your brother,' i.e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonished at it; for he himself was in many wants, and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions.—JOHNSON: I do not see but 'stain' may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than shame or disgrace.—STEVEVNS: So, in some anonymous stanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt: 'here at hand approacheth one Whose face will stain you all.' Again, in Shore's Wife, by Churchyard, 1593: 'So Shore's wife's face made foule Browneta blush, As pearle stayer pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.' Again, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595: 'Whose beautie stains the faire Helen of Greece.'—MALONE: I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, 'unless I am compelled in my own defence, I will do no act that shall stain,' etc. After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he shall disgrace her brother.—RANN ingeniously reads 'stain,' and explains it as standing for sustain, that is, 'in defence of him.'—Boswell: Perhaps we should read: 'Shall stay your brother;' shall check and make him pause in his hostile designs.—SINGER: To 'stain' is not here used for to shame, or disgrace, as Johnson supposed; but for to eclipse, extinguish, throw into the shade, to put out; from the Old French estindre. In this sense it is used in all the examples quoted by Steevens.—Staunton agrees with Singer as to the meaning of 'stain,' but adds that 'stay,' suggested by Boswell, is more accordant with the context, and may easily have been misprinted 'stain.'—Dyce (ed. i): If 'stain' be right, it is equivalent to—'throw into the shade; in which sense the word was formerly very common; e.g. 'She stains the ripest virgins of the age.'—Beaumont and Fletcher's Cupid's Revenge, II, ii; 'I saw sive gallant
So your desires are yours.

Oft. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake, You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,

33. most ... weake,] although most 34. You] Your Fl.

nymphes, I saw but one, One stain'd them all . . . They borrowed beames from her star-staining eyes.'—Lord Sterling's Aurora, sig. C 4., ed. 1604.—Walker (Crit. iii, 301) quotes the Folio text, and asks, 'What does this mean? Besides, would Antony speak thus to Octavia?' Wherefore, Lettsom, Walker's editor, replies in a footnote, 'Two very natural questions! Is it too bold to read,—'I'll raise no preparation of war 'T' assail your brother'?' The crept in from the line above, and expelled no. . . . Stain, strain, and stay are alike nonsense.'—Ingleby (Sh. Hermeneutics, p. 96): Certainly had 'strain' been in the old text we should have been well satisfied with it. But while regarding that as facie princeps among the proposed substitutes, we hold it to be quite inferior to the word of the folio. Compromise would be a dilution of 'stain,' in the sense we believe Shakespeare to have intended.

—Dwrighton quotes 'To dim his glory, and to stain the track Of his bright passage to the occident.'—Rich. II: III, iii, 66; 'Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun.'—Sonn. xxxv, 3.—Br. Nicholson (N. & Qu. VIII, i, 182, 1892): No change seems to me to be required. Antony proudly says that his preparation will so show beside Caesar's that it will overpoweringly eclipse it or stain it, as also that it will stain the colour of Caesar's wishes to Antony's own. It will change or stain Caesar's gules to the olive colour of peace. Antony's greater preparation will so stain and colour Caesar and his purposes as to effect a total change in the latter; change them from thoughts of war to thoughts of the desirability and safety of peace.

—[If we could but be perfectly sure that the effect on Caesar of Anthony's staining would be to evoke thoughts of peace, and not of somewhat excusable anger, Dr Nicholson's interpretation would be faultless and carry conviction. Unfortunately, however, prognostication is here doubtful, and 'stain' cannot but convey a meaning which is, to say the least, uncomfortable. Hence the struggles of the critics to soften it. But is there any need of softening it? Be it as offensive as it will, it still remains the word of the text. Anthony's bearing towards Octavia is not deferential—hardly gentle. When he enters he is irritably dissenting from her, and we can see that he is providing for the speedy desertion of her, for which we were prepared, in the first hours after he was married, by his resolve to go to Egypt; where his pleasure lay.—II, iii, 43.—Ed.]

31. So your desires are yours] That is, make the earliest haste, so that what you desire may become your own.

34. You reconciler] Walker (Crit. ii, 191) quotes this 'You' in his list of instances where you and your have been confounded in the Folio, but Malone had already pointed out that the error arose from a confusion by the ear, due to the proximity of the two r's. See line 27, above.

34. Warres 'twixt you twaine would be, etc.] Heath (p. 458): The sense seems to be, 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 carcasses of those who will be slain in the
ACT III, SC. V.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

As if the world should cleave, and that flaine men
Should soader vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be fo equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choowe your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too.  

Exeunt.

[Scene V.]

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend Eros?
Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.
Eno. What man?
Ero. Caesar & Lepidus haue made warres vpon Pompey.
Eno. This is old, what is the succeffe?

36. foader] foader F, v, Rowe, Pope. 
war...success F...war...vivacity...them; 
solde Theob. 
...letters...Pompey...him...inlarge... 
sold E. 
confine. Han. Lines end, upon...Cesar, 
42. he's] he's F 
...Pompey...him...not...And...appeale, 
Continue the scene. Rowe, +. Scene 
...Death...confine. Ktly.
V. Cap. et seq. 
5. warres] Warre F. War F,F, F, F, 
The same. Another Room in the 
Rowe, +. 
same. Cap. 
upon] on Han. 
1. Enter...] Enter...meeting. Cap. 
5. Cesar...Confine.] Lines end, 
6. old,] old; Pope. 
5-12. Cesar... Confine.] Lines end, 
what is] what's Han.

contest.—[Quoted with approval by HUDSON.]—JOHNSON: The sense is, that war
between Caesar and Antony would engage them, and that the
slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.

6-12. This is old, ... his Confine] CAPELL (i, 38): The mixture of prose and
verse in this scene, is a blemish that cannot be remedy'd without the exercise of such
liberties as are hardly justifiable in an editor: [Hanmer] has put the prose into
measure; but such measure as the ear will be startl'd with; It will run something
better in the way that shall now be propos'd, first observing—that 'owne' [in l. 11;
see Johnson's note] must go out, as being absolute nonsense: 'Eno. Pho! this is old;
What's the success? | Ero. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars | 'Gainst Pompey, presently deny'd him rivalry; | Would not let him partake t' the
 glory: And | Not resting here, accuses him of letters | He had formerly wrote [or,
Wrote formerly] to Pompey: seizes him | On his appeal; so the poor third is up, | 'Till
death enlargel his confine. |' If the publick can relish it thus, it is at their service:
and, to speak the truth, they should relish it; for, independent of other considera-
tions, the prose that is given them in the text is every whit as offensive to the ear
as even this verse.—[As given in the Text Notes, HAMMER'S division of these lines
is almost unintelligible, owing to his textual emendations, which must be followed up

13
Eros. Caesar having made vice of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey: presently denied him rivalry, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Upon his own appeal seizes him, so the poor
third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.
ACT III, SC. V.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Eno. Then would thou haft a pair of chapmen more,
and throw betwenee them all the food thou haft, they’re
grinde the other. Where’s Anthony?

13-15. Then...Anthony?] Lines end,
more : ... hast ... Anthony? Han. Cap. et seq.
15. the other] each other Han. Ran.
Coll. one th’ other Heath. the one the
other Cap. Mal. et seq.
Where’s] Where is Han Coll. Wh.
Hal. Kily.

Parliament is up,’ ‘the Court is up,’ quoted by The Century Dictionary, are hardly parallel, inasmuch as there may be the subaudition in them of rising up from their seats when the session is over. ‘Till death enlarge his confines’ may merely refer to no other confinement than the muddy vesture of decay which hems us all in.—Ed.

13. Then would thou hadst a pair of chapmen more] Since the days of Malone’s edition in 1790, the list is unbroken of editors who have accepted Hamlet’s emendation, ‘Then, world.’ Hudson explains that ‘a pair of chapmen’ is ‘simply an upper and a lower jaw’; and Malone that ‘no more’ means ‘and only a pair.’ Johnson paraphrases the whole sentence, ‘Cesar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.’

14. throw betwenee them all the food, etc.] Heath (p. 458): I apprehend this reflection is intended as a satire on the insatiable and incompatible nature of ambition, which no acquisitions can content, nor any considerations can reconcile to endure a partner.

14, 15. they’re grind the other] In referring to the emendation, ‘they’ll grind the one the other,’ Lettsom (Walker, Crit. ii, 259, footnote) observes that it ‘seems to be the joint property of Capell and Johnson.’ Johnson assuredly proposed it in his edition published in 1765. Capell’s edition (in which the emendation appears in the text printed in black letter as an indication that it is not in the original) is undated, but his Preface is dated 1767; and in a note on p. 18 of his Introduction, he gives the dates at which his volumes went irregularly to the press: ‘the first sheet of this work,’ he says, ‘(being the first of volume 2) went to the press in September, 1760: and this volume was follow’d by volume 8 [the volume containing the present play], 4, 9, 1, 6, and 7; the last of which was printed off in August, 1765.’ Guided by this note, I have hitherto uniformly assumed that vol. 8 was printed in 1761, four years before Johnson’s edition. But Capell nowhere says that his volumes were issued in the years they were printed; hence, for ought we can tell, they may have all appeared on the same day in 1766 or 1767, a full year lag of Johnson’s. The fact, therefore, appears to be that, as regards the present emendation, to Capell belongs the priority of devising and of printing, and to Johnson the priority of publication, and it is publication that confers the prize and decides the ownership. Unfortunately for both critics, however, it is to be feared that their claims may be somewhat shorn of their glory. Heath’s Revival of Shakespeare’s Text appeared in 1755, before either Johnson’s edition or Capell’s,—both refer to it. On p. 458, Heath remarks that there seemed to be an error in the present phrase which may be thus corrected, ‘They’ll grind one th’ other,’ which certainly contains the germ, afterwards expanded by both Capell and Johnson into ‘the one the other;’
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole Lepidus,
And threats the throat of that his Officer,
That murdred Pompey.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cesur, more Domitius,
My Lord desires you prefently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.

Eno. 'Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to Anthony.

Eros. Come Sir,

Exeunt.

16. garden thus] garden thus;
18. threats] threat Han. ii (misprint.)
Theob. +, Cap. garden—thus; Var. "78
et seq. (subs.)
19. Nauies] Nauii's F4
20. Nauii's F4, Navy's F4
21. Cesur, more] Cesur; more Rowe.
Cesar. More, Johns. et seq.
22. but ... Anthony] Separate line,
Han. Cap. et seq.

their 'joint property' turns out, therefore, to be the priceless asset of the definite
article.—Ed.

16. in the garden thus] Wherever in Capell's text there appears a dagger
inserted between words or phrases, it is an indication of some action to be taken by
the speaker. For instance, where Cleopatra says to the Messenger, 'there is gold,
and here My bluest veins to kiss,' the lines thus appear in Capell's text: 'there is
† gold and here † My bluest veins to kiss,' indicating that Cleopatra extends one
hand with gold and the other to be kissed; it would be truly deplorable were an actress
to suppose that Egypt's queen uses her feet on this occasion, and against this easy error
Capell kindly does all he can to protect her. In the present line, after 'garden'
Capell unsheaths a dagger, which means, I suppose, that Eros imitates Anthony's
impatient strides. Here the little dagger is not too intrusive, albeit the end would
have been gained by a dash, which Steevens, possibly taking the hint from Capell,
adopted, and has been followed herein by all editors ever since.—Ed.

21. more Domitius] Johnson: I have something more to tell you, which I
might have told at first and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence.—
In a note on 'Conlord,' II, vii, 6, I stated that the ignorant haphazard guesses of
George Gould would possiblyumber these pages no more. If anything be needed
to justify this decision, a note on 'Domitius' by that critic will supply it. It is as
follows: "This is a curious misrendering of manuscript, as there are only Eros and
Enobarbus, whom he is addressing, on the scene, and as there is no Domitius in the
play. Eros simply tells Enobarbus that Antony is waiting for him.' There is no
need to moralise the spectacle of attempts to amend the language of Shakespeare by
one who has not even read over the Dramatici Persona in any common edition. As
far as George Gould is concerned, in these pages, the rest is silence.—Ed.

24. 'Twillbe naught] Capell (i, 38): This has no relation to Eros' last words,
but means,—the event will be naught; and is spoke with a look of much thought-
fulness, and after a silence of some length.
ACT III, SC. VI.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Scene VI.]

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæf. Contemn Rome he ha’s done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere’s the manner of’t:
I’t’h’Market-place on a Tribunall filuer’d,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikebly enthron’d: at the feet, fat
Cæfariou whom they call my Fathers Sonne,

Scene V. Rowe, et seq. Scene VI. Cap.
Theob. A Room in Cæsar’s house.
Cap.
1. Enter... Enter Cæsar, Agrippa,
and Mecenas. Rowe.
2. ha’s] ha’s F_{F_4}.

3. manner] matter F_{F_4}, Rowe, Pope, Han.
of’t] Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam. of it
Ff et cet.
4. on a] on a F_{F_4}.
Fathers] father F_{F_4}.

2, 3. Contemning Rome... of’t] Capell (i, 38): The punctuation of former editions, old and new, sets this line and the next in a light that is not true, the truth of it being as follows. Cæsar enters in converse with some to whom he has been giving various instances of Antony’s ill behaviour, and goes on to another and greater that happen’d at Alexandria; and, in ent’ring upon it, puts into their hands the dispatch he receiv’d it by.—[Of Capell’s punctuation of this passage no note appears to have ever been taken; possibly because, being a matter of Capell’s individual preference, it is impossible to gainsay it. It is like Henderson’s reading ‘many a time,’—and oft on the Rialto.’ Capell thus reads: ‘Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more; | In Alexandria,—here’s the manner of it,— | I’t’h’ market-place,’ etc.
In Capell’s version, which he made for Garrick, the lines read: ‘Contemning Rome, he didall this: And once, | In Alexandria,—here’s the manner of it,’ etc.) Surely this punctuation has much to commend it.—Ed."

3. In Alexandria, etc.] See Plutarch, Appendix.
6. at the feet] This is ‘at their feet’ in Collier’s Monovolume, 1853, which is supposed to contain all changes made by his MS. The change is trifling and possible.—Ed.
7. my Fathers Sonne] Julius Caesar was the great uncle of Octavius. That he is here called his ‘father’ is, possibly, due to a passage in Plutarch’s Life of Brutus (p. 1063, ed. 1595; p. 123, ed. Skeat) where we find that Octavius Caesar ‘was the sonne of Julius Cæsars Nece, whom he had adopted for his sonne, and made his heire, by his last will and testament. But when Julius Cæsar his adopted father was slaine, he was,’ etc. At the first glance, it seems as though there were here two separate legal acts: an adoption as a son and the making of the heir; in reality there was but one. It was only by Cæsar’s Will that Octavius became an adopted son, and this was evidently so unusual and doubtful a process that Octavius afterward had the adoption confirmed by the curiae. ‘The phrase of “adoption by testament” (Cic. Brutus, 58) seems,’ says Prof. George Long (Smith’s Dict. Greek and Roman Antiquities, s. v. Adoptio) ‘to be rather a misapplication of the term; for though a
And all the vnlawfull ifue, that their Luft
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abolute Queene.

Meete. This in the publike eye?

Caesar. I' th'common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to Alexander. To Ptolemy he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia: the
In th'habiliments of the Goddesse Jisis

11. Of...Lydia] One line, Rowe ii et seq.
Lydia] Lybia Upton, Johns.
12. in] is Fl.
13. shew place] shew-place Rowe, exercise, Theob.
14. hither] Fl. were there Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. be there Johns. et cet.
the King] Fl. the kings Rowe et seq.
17. Phoenetia] Phoenetia Fl.
18. the habitiments] the habiliments Rowe ii et seq.

man or woman might by testament name a heres, and impose the condition of the heres taking the name of the testator or testatrix, this so-called adoption could not produce the effects of a proper adoption. It could give to the person so said to be adopted, the name or property of the testator or testatrix, but nothing more. Niebuhr (Lectures, vol. ii, p. 100) speaks of the testamentary adoption of C. Octavius by C. Julius Caesar, as the first that he knew of; but the passage of Cicero in the Brutus and another passage (Ad Hirt. viii, 8) show that other instances had occurred before. A person on passing from one gens into another, and taking the name of his new familia, generally retained the name of his old gens also, with the addition to it of the termination -anus (Cic. ad Att. iii, 20, and the note of Victorius). Thus, C. Octavius, afterwards the Emperor Augustus, upon being adopted by the testament of his uncle, the dictator, assumed the name of Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus; but he caused the adoption to be confirmed by the curie. As to the testamentary adoption of C. Octavius, see Drumm, Geschichte Roms, i, 337, and the references there given. Were there any proof that Shakespeare had ever read Dion Cassius, I should not have referred to Plutarch as the possible source of this use of 'father.' Dion Cassius speaks over and over again of Julius Caesar as the father of Octavius.

—Ed.

11. Lydia] Upton (p. 243) changed 'Lydia' to Lybia, on the authority of the original Greek of Plutarch. But Shakespeare merely followed North's Translation. M. Mason calls attention to line 76 of this scene where 'Bochus' is called 'the King of Lybia,' thereby proving that 'the present reading [Lydia] is right.'

14. Sonnes hither proclaimed] In 'hither' there is another mishearing.

18. In th'habiliments] Murrav (N. E. D.): Obsolete form of Habiliment, used in all the senses, but especially in those of warlike munitions and accouterments,
That day appeare\'d, and oft before gaue audience,
As \'tis reported fo.

_Mecce._ Let Rome be thus informe\'d.
_Agrie._ Who queazeie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
_Caesar._ The people knowes it,
And haue now receiue\'d his accusations.

_Agrie._ Who does he accuse\? 
_Caesar._ Caesare, and that having in Cicilie
_Sextus Pompeius_ spoile\'d, we had not rated him
His part o\'th\'Isle. Then does he fay, he lent me
Someshipping vnreftor\'d. Lastly, he frets
That _Lepidus_ of the Triumpherate, should be depos\'d,
And being that, we detaine all his Reueneue.

_Agrie._ Sir, this should be answere\'d.

20. _reported fo_ reported, fo Fl et seq. (except Var. \'21.)
21-23. _Let...him._ Lines end, thus...

30. _and being that_ for that Han.

31. _Triumpharet._ Triumvirate, Fl.

32. _Triumvirate, Fl._ triumphare Rowe ii et seq.

things which fitted out or made able for war.—_Ibid._ (i. v. Habiment, 4 plural):
The apparel, vestments or garments appropriate to any office or occasion. (In this sense initial _a_ has always prevailed; the connection with _able_, ability, being less obvious, and that with modern French _habil_, _habillement_ more so.)

30, 31. _he frets_ That Lepidus of the Triumpherate, should be depos\'d]
See II, iii, 30, where Abbott and Franz are quoted, who would explain this \`of\' as grammatically following \`should be depos\'d.\' This use of \`of\' after \`depose\' is the accepted idiom; see the examples in the _N. E. D._ (i. v. depose, † 4, † b). At the same time it may be observed from the punctuation of the Fl (nowhere followed since Rowe, ed. ii), that the compositor did not recognize this idiom, but supposed the sense to be, as it is quite possible it may be, \`he frets that Lepidus, he of the Triumvirate, should be depos\'ed.\'—Ed.

32. _And being that, we detaine._ The _Text. Notes_ reveal the various punctuations to which these words have been subjected, without, it must be acknowledged, greatly affecting the sense. The most idiomatic appears to be that of _Theobald_, adopted by the majority of editors. _Abbott\'s remark_ (§ 404, quoted at II, ii, 42) then applies, which explains \`being\' as equivalent to _it be so_.

_Theobald_
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Caesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I have told him Lepidus was growne too cruel,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec. Hee'll never yeeld to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavius with her Trainee.

Oltia. Haile Caesar, and my L. haile most deere Caesar.

Caes. That euer I should call thee Caft-away.

Oltia. You haue not call'd me fo, nor haue you caufe.

Caes. Why haue you ftoyn vpon vs thus? you come not
Like Caesar's Sifer, The wife of Anthony

---

34. the] his Ff, Rowe, +, a Coll. [53.
35. I haue told ] I told Rowe ii, +.
Var. '73. I've told Dyce ii, iii.
36. he his] his Ft.
    change. For Rowe. chance. For Pope,
    +, Var. '73.
    I haue] I've Pope, +, Dyce ii,
    iii.
38. his] this Han. ii.
39. And...J] Separate line, Rowe et seq.
40. the like] the like. F, et seq.
41. must not] must he Pope, Theob.
42. with her Trainee.] with Attendants. Rowe. Om. Cap.
43. my L.] my Lord F, Ff.
44. haue you] haft thou Ft, Rowe,
    vpon vs] vpon me Ft, Rowe, Pope,
    Han.
    came] came F, Rowe.

42. with her Trainee] Capell omitted these words because, I presume, he noted
that Caesar says to Octavia 'you are come A market-maid to Rome;' in this omission he
was followed by every editor down to Collier, who revives the present stage-direction
and remarks, 'there can be no possible reason for following the example of modern
editors by omitting these words. It must have been a small train; she had not 'an
army for an usher,' as appears by what follows, but she was not wholly unattended,
according to the practice of the stage when the Folio was printed.'
43. Haile Caesar, and my L.] Deighton: Her salutation is to him not only as
Caesar, ruler of Rome, but as one to whom as the head of her family she owes
allegiance.

47. The wife of Anthony, etc.] Corson (p. 296): The extravagance of Caesar's
language is evidently designed to exhibit his insincerity.
ACT III, SC. VI.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

Should have an Army for an Visher, and
The neighs of Horfe to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare.  The trees by' th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not.  Nay, the duft
Should have ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewn,
Is often left vnlovd: we should haue met you

50. by' th') F1 F2 F3 F4  by the  Cap. Steev. Var. '03, '13.
   Cap. et seq.
51. borne F1  born F3 F4 F5  Rowe, Pope, 
   Han. Cap.

50. by' th')  F1  F2 F3 F4  by the  Cap. Steev. Var. '03, '13.
51. borne F1  born F3 F4 F5  Rowe, Pope, 
57. left ] felt  Sing. conj. Huds. 
   vnlovd ] unprised or unsecured for
   or unknown Bailey.
Han. Cap.

56. The ostentation] THEOBALD: I dare say the poet wrote: 'The ostent,' i. e. the 
shewing, token, demonstration of our love; and he uses it both in these acceptations, 
and likewise to signify ostentation. The Alexandrine therefore is wholly 
unnecessary. [Theobald here gives examples of ostent from the Mer. of Ven. and 
Hen. V. STEEVENS appropriated this emendation of Theobald, even to the illus- 
trations from the Mer. of Ven. and Hen. V.; these, he calmly remarks, 'sufficiently 
authorize [ostent] the slight change I have made.' Not unnaturally, WALKER was 
thus misled when (CRIT. iii, 392) he made the following note]: 'Steevens, perceiv- 
ing the defect in the verse, reads,—ostent; which word, however, is always pro- 
nounced by Shakespeare ostent; neither am I sure that he would have used it in this 
sense. I suspect that the true reading is ostentio (properly ostension). This is 
nearer to the common text. Shakespeare is continually coining words from the 
Latin.'

57. Is often left vnlovd] COLLIER (ed. ii): 'Is often held unloved,' says the 
MS; but with doubtful fitness.—SINGER (ST. Vind. p. 293): The word felt, by a 
common accident at press, may have been jumbled into 'left,' consisting of the same 
letters.—ANON. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 467): If either of these emendations were 
adopted, we should require to read, 'is often felt unloving'; this the measure will 
not permit. We therefore stand by the old text, the meaning of which we conceive to 
be—love which is left unseen is often left unreturn'd.—STAUNTON: With more 
likelihood we should read, 'Is often left unprised.' 'Unloved' is a very problematical 
expression here, and appears to have been partly formed by the compositor from the 
word 'love' in the preceding line.—HUDSON [adopting Singer's felt]: The passage 
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 unshewn,' or 'the leaving 
of which unshewn.'—CORSO (p. 297): 'Is often left unloved' means, deprived of its 
character as love.—SCHMIDT (L.E.S. s. v. Unloved): That is, not felt; to love a love 
being a similar phrase, as, for instance, to think a thought; compare 'what ruins are in me 
. . . by him not ruined?' COM. Err. II, 1, 96. 'The want that you have wanted.' LEAR, 
1, 1, 382.—[The meaning of 'left unloved' may be, as Schmidt says, 'not felt,' but the
By Sea, and Land, suppling every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oli. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Marke Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued care withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cai. Which foone he granted,
Being an abstrac't t'weene his Luft, and him.

learned German is, I think, far astray when he holds the present phrase to be an instance of the common construction of a verb with its cognate accusative; nor are either of the examples which he quotes parallels to the present phrase. He was misled, I think, by the jingle of the words. Adriana asks, 'what ruins are there in me which cannot be found to have been made ruins by him?' So, too, Cordelia deserves to experience the want of that affection in which she had herself been wanting. In what respect are these two examples parallel in construction to 'the ostentation of love which when left unshown is not felt' Of course, in the three paraphrases just given, cognate accusatives cannot be found, and for the simple reason that they do not exist in the original sentences; herein lay Dr Schmidt's error. In the interpretation of the present phrase it seems to me that there has been a mis-apprehension of the person by whom the love is felt. The generally accepted meaning seems to be that if there is no expression of love, love will soon cease to exist. This, however, implies the possibility that Cesar's love for his 'dearest sister' might grow cold, which is hardly an expression of deep paternal feeling. It amounts almost to a threat. Whereas, Cesar is pleading tenderly for himself, with gentle reproaches because Octavia has given him no chance to show his love for her, and urges that if there is no demonstration of his love she will soon cease to care whether he loves her or not, his love will be no longer prized; it becomes unvalued, 'unloved.'—Ed.

62. pardun] Schmidt (Lex.) sometimes almost equivalent to leave, permission.
63. an abstract] Theobald: If Mr Pope or any other of the editors understand this ['abstract'], I'll willingly submit to be taught the meaning; but till then, I must believe, the Poet wrote, 'an obstruct,' i.e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar, to the prosecution of his pleasures with Cleopatra. And I am the rather convinced that this is the true reading, because Mr Warburton started the emendation too, unknowing that I had meddled with the passage.—[Warburton in his edition made no allusion to Theobald, but set forth the emendation as wholly his own, while repeating Theobald's very words in defining obstruct.].—Stevens: I am by no means certain that this change [obstruct] was necessary. Henley pronounces it to be 'needless, and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense.' One of the meanings of abstracted is—separated, disjoined; and therefore our poet, with his usual licence,
ACT III, SC. VI.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Octa. Do not lay so, my Lord.

Cæsar. I haue eyes vpon him,

And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cæsar. No my most wronged Sister, Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire

Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying

The Kings o’th’earth for Warre. He hath assembled,

might have used it for a disjunctive. I believe there is no such substantive as

abstract: besides, we say, an obstruction to a thing, but not between one thing and

another. As Mr Malone, however, is contented with Dr Warburton’s reading, I

have left it in our text.—KNIght: Although ‘abstract’ may be used with sufficient

licence, it gives us the meaning which the poet would express, that Octavia was

something separating Anthony from the gratification of his desires. It is better

to hold to the original, seeing that Shakespeare sometimes employs words with a

meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not be justified by example,—but

his meaning has always reference to the original sense of the word.—Singer: An

abstract between is surely nonsense.—Collier (ed. ii): ‘Abstract’—a mere mis-

print, which is set right in the MS. [i.e. by abstract. ]—Delius: ‘Abstract’ is

equivalent to abbreviation, abridgement, shortening, and refers to the ‘pardon for

return.’ Anthony gladly granted Octavia’s return to Rome, because therein lay an

abridgement or curtailing of the hindrances between his lust and him; that is,

between the lovers now separated by Octavia’s presence. The majority of editors

refer ‘abstract’ to Octavia, instead of properly to ‘which.’—Schmidt (Lex. s. v.

Abstract): That is, the shortest way for him and his desires, the readiest opportunity

to compass his wishes.—[To me, Delius’s definition of ‘abstract,’ with its reference

to ‘which,’ carries conviction; it is justly drawn from the strict meaning of the word.

Schmidt’s paraphrase is weak and inferior to that of Delius, from which it is, not

improbably, derived. I cannot find ‘abstract,’ as here used, in the N. E. D.: of

abstract, Dr Murray says, ‘not otherwise known’ than here in Theobald’s emendation.

In a choice between a word coined by Shakespeare and one coined by Theobald, I

prefer the former, even were it as dark as ignorance.—Ed.]

70, 71. wher is he now? My Lord, in Athens] Inasmuch as this is printed as

one line since the days of Rowe, albeit lacking a syllable, Walker (Crit. ii, 145)

conjectured that at the end of the line Cæsar exclaims No (in addition to the ‘No’

beginning line 72). Walker adds, ‘The omission of a word or words at the end of

a line, not altogether unfrequent in the Folio, appears to have happened oftener than

usual in the latter part of this play.’

74, 75. who now are leuying . . . He hath] Capell (i, 38): The lines should be read thus, ‘who now is leuying . . . She hath.’—Malone: That is, which two

persons now are leuying, etc.
Bochus the King of Lyibia, Archilaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King Adullas,
King Mauchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates King
Of Comageat, Polemen and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger Lift of Scepters.

Olst. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Cæs. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiued both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,

76–82. Lybia ... Licoania] Libya: ...
Cappadocia: ... Paphlagonia: ... Adullas;
... Arabia: ... Medes: ... Jewry: ... Comagenes: ... Licoania:... Cap.

Kings] the King Kty.

Polemen] Polemon Theob.
Amintas] Amynatas Dyce, Sta.
Glo. Cam.
82, 83. The... With a] One line, Steev. Varr. Sing. Dyce.

82. The ... Licoania] Of Lycania; and the King of Mede. Ran.
Kings] King Ff, Rowe, Pope,
Theob. Warb.
Licoania] Lycania Fl.
83. more] Om. Han. Cap.
86. does] doe Ff.
87. Welcom hither] Separate line, Ff, et seq.
88. perceiued'] perceived Cap. Var. '78,
wrong le['] wrongd' Cap. Sta.
Dyce ii, iii. wronged Var. '73, Ran. Sing.
Coll. (MS), Kty. be-wronged Dtn.

76–82. In comparing this list with Plutarch (see Appendix) Upton (p. 238) detected certain discrepancies which he obviated by omitting 'King of Pont,' in line 79 (Polemen, in line 81, is the King of Pont); and by reading lines 81, 82 'Amintas of Lycania; and the king of Mede.' Whereby the two lists harmonise. Capell attained the same result more simply, perhaps, by reading 'King of Medes' (Medes, Heath conj.) in line 79, and in line 82, 'The Kings of Pont and Lycania,'—a conjecture of Heath. Johnson remarked, however, that 'it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate.' Dyce justly observes that the old text is doubtless what the author wrote.

79. King of Pont] Keightley reads 'the King of Pont' and suggests (Exe. 316) the probability that 'a proper name has been lost.'

83. more larger] For double comparatives, see Abbott, § 11.
89. negligent danger] Capell (i, 39): That is, in danger from negligence.—Delius: Shakespeare frequently uses adjectives combining both an active and a
content these Pope. necessities, Theob. seq. god Kty. make his Fl, pope, Coll. i. make their Theob. urb. Johns. Varr. Ran. Knt, Sing.

sense; compare 'ignorant present.'—Mach. I, v, 58, and 'ignorant conceal-

Dyce i, Wh. Hal. make them Cap. et cet.


comfort] Ff, Rowe, +, Rife. com-

fort; Cap. et cet.

. determin'd things to destinie Hold, etc.] Dighton: Let things that
. go on their way to destiny without your mourning them. It is possible, how-
. ever, that the construction may be 'things determined to destiny,' i.e., on which
. was resolved.—[The latter construction is, I think, to be preferred.—Ed.]

. the high Gods . . . makes his Ministers] Theobald: Why must
. care be guilty of such an obvious false concord? He has not writ thus in a
. passage,—'Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the Pow'rs above Put on their
. mans.'—IV, iii, 237.—Knight: Here is a false concord; and to correct it we
. read make their. But the modern editors read make them, which is a devi-
. vism of the principle upon which a correction can be authorised.—[Which I do not
. understand. Is the 'principle' well founded which holds make their a legiti-
. mation, and make them an illegitimate?—Ed.]—Collier (ed. i): 'His'
. 'justice' and not to the 'gods.' The sense, therefore, is, that the gods, in
. right Octavia, make ministers of justice of Caesar and of those that love
. Singer: It is impossible to conceive with [Collier] that the reference is
e, which is not here personified, and, had it been, his would have been
able.—Collier (ed. ii): We were disposed formerly to retain his upon the
ion that it might agree with justice. We now think that Singer is warranted
in that case makes and his would be correct.—[Capell's emendation, them
al dative, seems to me more Shakespearian than any other emendation
been proposed. Possibly it is to this that Knight objected.—Ed.]

Rest of comfort.] Malone: Thus the original copy. The connecting par-
d, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation,
comfort,' it stands very awkwardly. 'Best of comfort' may mean—'Thou
omforters!' Compare The Tempest: 'A solemn air, and the best comforter
settled fancy's cure!'—V, i, 58. Caesar, however, may mean, that what he
mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive.—Steevens:
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

*Mec.* Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony,* most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against vs.

*Olia.* Is it fo fit?

*Caf.* Most certaine : Sifer welcome : pray you

---

   iii. the Cap. et cet.
102. *abominations*] F3, F4, abomina-
   nitions F3.
104. *noyes*] F3, noizes Rowe, Pope,

This elliptical phrase, I believe, only signifies—'May the best of comfort be your!'—DEIGHTON: These words seem to me to go rather with the following words and to mean, 'My best comforter,' 'my greatest comfort.'—[If the punctuation of the Folio had only been followed, and the comma retained after 'comfort,' I think there would have been scarcely any interpretation of the phrase other than Deighton's. Malone had an inkling of this when he said that ‘‘and’’ stands very awkwardly,' and gave 'Thou best of comforters' as a paraphrase. The fatal twist was given by Capell's unfortunate semi-colon, which has been followed by every editor except Rolfe, who, however, adopts Steevens's signification, made under the malign influence of the semi-colon.—Ed.]

102. *abominations*] ELLIS (p. 220): This was a common orthography in the xvi th century, and the *h* seems to have been occasionally pronounced or not pronounced. There was no *h* in the Latin, although in the Latin of that time *h* was used, as we see from the Promptorium, 1450, 'Abominabile, abominabilis, abomi-

103. *potent Regiment to a Trull*] JOHNSON: 'Regiment,' is government, au-
   thority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman. It may be observed, that 'trull' was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as wench is now.—MALONE: 'Trull' is used in *Henry VI.* II, ii, 28 as synonymous to harlot. There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here.

104. That *noyes* it] STEEVENS: Milton has adopted this uncommon verb in his *Paradise Regained,* 'though noising loud And threat'ning nigh,' iv, 488.—[It is not the verb itself which is so 'uncommon' (it occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, and several times in the *New Testament*), but it is its present sense which is so unusual, conveying, as it does, the idea of loud-voiced and turbulent opposition. I think that Steevens might have cast, not unprofitably, a side-glance on the verb, more than 'uncommon,' which Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hamner, and Warburton accepted as the true one in this passage (see *Text. Notes*), imparting, as it does, a novel and coquettish charm to the infinite variety already ascribed to Cleopatra.—Ed.]
Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. Exeunt

[Scene VII.]

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

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

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,

And say'tt it it not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounced against vs, why should not

together, ... bear ... horse. Han. Cap. et

seq.

Scene VI. Rowe, +. Scene VII. Cap.
et seq. Act III. Sc. i. Kemble.


Cap.

5. it it?] F.,
6. is it?] F.,
7-11. If not...his Horse] Prose, Ff, Rowe, +. Lines end, ... reply; ...

105-107. Is it so ... deer'st Sister] WALKER (Crit. iii, 303): Arrange, perhaps,—Is it so, sir? Most certain. Sister, welcome! | Pray you, be ever known to patience:— My dearest sister! [For another scansion of these lines (solely for the eye), see ABBOTT, § 510.]

4. forespoke] JOHNSON: To forespeak is to contradict, to speak against, as forbid is to order negatively.—BRADLEY (N. E. D. s. v. Forspeak, † 3): To speak against, speak evil of. [The present line quoted.]

7. If not, denounced against vs] TYRWHITT's emendation, adopted by Steevens, will be found in the Text. Notes. MALONE, in 1790, read, 'If not, denounce 't against us,' but remarked, 'I am not, however, sure that the old reading is not right, 'If there be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not,' etc. There is, however, in the Folio, a comma after the word 'not' and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence; which favours the emendation now made.' In the Variorum of 1821, Malone restored the text of the Folio, omitting the comma after 'not,' adding an interrogation at the end, and giving the foregoing paraphrase. The earlier commentators and their modern followers accept 'denounce' in the sense of 'publicly arraign,' or 'censure.' MONCK MASON, alone among them, seems to have caught what is apparently its true meaning, namely, 'proclaim,' and referred it not to Cleopatra but to the wars. 'Cleopatra means to say,' he remarks, 'Is not the war denounced against us? Why should we not then attend in person?' DELIUS agrees as far as referring 'denounce' to the war, but gives a different paraphrase: 'If it is not fit, yet inasmuch as the war has been proclaimed against me, why should I not be there in person?' Naturally SCHMIDT (Lex.) adopts the view of Delius; so
we be there in person.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if we should ferue with
Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were meerly loft:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horfe.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Enob. Your presence needs must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis saied in Rome,
That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maides

8. person.] F 4 Mal. personal F F 4 et
cet.
(subs.)
10. left] lost Rowe.
11. presence] present F,
12. from's] from's F F 4, Rowe.
Varr. Knit, Kity.
15. then] thence Walker, Huda.
17. Photinus an Eunuch.] F 4, Rowe.
Photinus, an eunuch, Del. Cam. Photinus an
 eunuch, Sing. Photinus an
 eunuch Dyce, Sta. Glo. Photinus a
 eunuch Kity. Photinus, an eunuch,
 Blumhof.

also does Thiselton, who says that 'if not' is equivalent to 'otherwise.' Singer
paraphrases: 'If we are not interdicted by proclamation, why should we be there
in person?'; and adds, 'To denounce is most frequently used for to pronounce
or proclaim by the poet.' Hudson observes that the text which he adopts (Capell's) is
approved by the corresponding passage in Plutarch: 'Now, after that Cæsar had
made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra,' etc.' (See
Appendix.) Deighton thus amends the text: 'If now denounced against us,' etc.
and has the following note, 'if these wars are now declared against me, why, etc.
With the Folio reading, the only sense possible would be, "if there is no special
injunction against my taking part in these wars," etc.; but, as Antony alone could
object, and he shows no inclination to do so, such sense seems very unsatisfactory.'
[It seems to me safest to follow the Folio and to accept Delius's interpretation.
—Ed.]

10. meerly] Used in its derivative sense, wholly, utterly, purely.
15. What should not then] Very plausible is Walker's conjecture (Crit. iii,
303) of thence for then. But then so clearly refers to time, the last idea, that
change seems uncalled for.—Ed.

17. Photinus an Eunuch] The name of this eunuch in the original Greek is
'Pothinus,' both here and in the Life of Cæsar. In the latter, North has correctly
produced it; but here, in the Life of Antonius, it is rendered Photinus. The error began,
I think, with Amyot; in an edition of his translation, printed in Paris as late as 1811,
the name is Photinus. Of course, Shakespeare followed North, and what the true name
might be, he cared, probably, very little, and we, assuredly, care still less. Whatever
his name, Photinus or Pothinus, he ought to be dead; Julius Cæsar put him to death
some years before the present events. Walker (Vers. 173) calls attention to the fact
that in Beaumont and Fletcher's False One 'the name is everywhere pronounced as
it is now,' that is, Photofus, with the accent on the penult. The position of the
Mannage this warre.

_Cleo._ Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

*Enter Anthony and Camidias.*

_Eno._ Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

_Ant._ Is it not strange Camidius,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

_Cleo._ Celerity is neuer more admir'd,

Then by the negligent.

_Ant._ A good rebuke,

---

27. _Tarrentum_] Tarrentum Rowe.
28. _Brandusium_] Brandusium Fll.
29. _Troine._] Toryne. F, F, F, Toryne ?

comma after 'eunuch' has been deemed important; on it the number of persons referred to may be made to depend. WORDSWORTH remarks, 'Dyce and other editors, including even those of the Globe, and Hudson, all following the carelessness of the First Folio, point this without a comma after Photinus, and so leave the reader to suppose that he is the eunuch; whereas there can be no doubt that MARDIAN is intended, as appears plain both in Plutarch's Greek and in North's translation. The Leopold edition prints the line correctly.' The Leopold edition followed DELIUS. In any circumstances, I think it is a question of small moment, and becomes even less when we remember (which apparently Dr. Wordsworth did not), that Photinus as well as MARDIAN was a eunuch.—_Ed._

23. _I will not stay behinde_] GARNIER, whose _M. Antoine_ was printed in 1578, represents jealousy as the cause of Cleopatra's decision to 'be in these warres.' Cleopatra thus speaks to _Era_: 'Mais, las! ie n'en fis conte, ayant l'ame saisie, _A mon tres-grand malheur d'ardente ialousie: Par-ce que ie craignois que mon Antoine absent Reprint son Octauie, & m'allast delaisssant.'—p. 179, ed. 1616. It is thus translated by the Countess of Pembroke, 1592: 'But I car'd not: so was my soule posset (To my great harme), with burning ialousie: Fearing least in my absence _Antony_ Should leaving me retake _Octavia._'—line 463, ed. Luce.

29. _take in Troine_] That is, subdue. See I, i, 35.
Which might haue well becom’d the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. Camidius, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares vs too’t.
Enob. So hath my Lord, dar’d him to single fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And fo should you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann’d,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people

34. at slacknesse] at slackness Rowe ii. at slacknesses Bulloch.
36. sea] sea; Cam. sea / Cap. et cet.
38. too’t] to’s F6, Om. Han.
40. this] his F6, F7, Rowe.
42. serve] serves F6, F7.
45. are Militers] are Militers F6, are Militleers Pope, Theob. Warb. muleteers
and Han. are muleteers Johns. Ktly.

33, 34. Which might... slacknesse] These words, which express Anthony’s
hearty assent to Cleopatra’s rebuke by asserting that the best of men might have used
them in upbraiding sloth, Blumhov takes as a peevish rejoinder to Cleopatra’s
irritating remark, and regards as a separate sentence and as an exclamation of surprise,
‘To taunt at slackness!’ ‘Slackness’ is lengthened into three syllables by both
Walker (Vers. 20) and Abbott (§ 477): ‘slackness.’ But would not the
pronunciation be almost as rhythmic, and quite as slovenly, were it uttered ‘s slack-
ness? The pause necessitated by the change of address supplies the rhythm.
Walker finishes the line and begins the next thus ‘Candidus, come We’ll fight,’ etc.
See Text. Notes for Hanmer’s emendation.—Ed.

37. Why will] The accent is designedly thrown on ‘will.’
Muleteer, and many other (perhaps most) words of the same class, ought to be written
pioneer, engineer, etc. This is evident, were there no other indication of it, from
the flow of the verses in which these words occur. [To the instance in the present
line, which Dyce was the first to spell correctly, Walker adds, ‘Seignior, hang!—base
muleteers of France.’—1 Hen. VI: III, ii, and continues:] Even here an Elizabethan
ear would, I imagine, have demanded muleters; and so Folio. So everywhere in
the writers of that age, as far as I have observed. Beaumont & Fletcher, Fair Maid
of the Inn, II, iv, Folio of 1647, p. 36, col. 2,—‘Thou might’st have given it to a
Muler, etc. IV, ii, init. ‘Enter Host, Taylor, Muler, etc. Love’s Pilgrimage,
II, iv, near the beginning,—‘No mangey Muleters, nor pinching Posta.’—[Dyce has
a note to the same effect. Both Walker and Dyce seem to have overlooked a
note of Malone, which calls attention to the spelling of this word in the corresponding
ACT III, SC. VII.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  211

Ingroft by swift Impresse. In Caesar's Fleece,
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought,
Their shippes are yare, your's heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Euno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldierhip you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-mark't-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promisses assurance, and
give vp your selfe meerely to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, Caesar none better.

47. 'gainst] against Warb.  61. sixty Sailes] full sixty sail Sey-
fall] fall Han. Cap. (Errata.) none better.
55. Warre-mark't-footmen] Fr, Rowel. none better hath.

war-mark'd footmen Rowe ii et seq.

passage in North's Plutarch: 'for lacke of water-menne, his Captaines did prest by
force all sorts of men . . . that they could take vp in the field, as travellers, muliters,
reasers, haruest men, and young boyes.' In the ed. of 1595, the word is spelled
'mulethers.'—Ed.]

46. Impresse] See 'prest' in the extract from North in the preceding note.—
Skeat (Concise Etymol. Dict.): 'Press' is a corruption of the old word prest, ready;
whence prest-money, ready money advanced to a man hired for service, earnest money;
also impress, a verb (now impress), to give a man earnest money. When it became
common to use compulsion to force men into service, it was confused with the verb
to press. Prest money was money lent, derived from Old French prestor (French
peter) to lend, advance money.

48. yare] Stevens: So in North's Plutarch: 'Caesar's ships were not built for
pomp, high and great, . . . but they were light of yarage.' 'Yare' generally sig-
nifies, dextrous, manageable.

49. Shall fall you] That is, befall you. For other words where prefixes are
dropped, see Abbott, § 460.

54. Distraet your Armie] In North's Plutarch, Canidius tells Antony, among
other things, that he 'would weaken his army by dividing them into ships.' Possi-
bly this explains the present phrase.

61. I haue] Hanmer reads, 'Why, I have,'—'a very probable emendation,' says
Dyce (ed. ii). It is one of several designed to mend the metre, which is defective
according to the right butter-woman's rank to market. Any deviation from the
orthodox jog-trot deeply offends the truly sensitive ear. Nay, in cases where a final
Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the reft full mann'd, from th'head of Actio
Beate th'approaching Cæsar. But if we faile,
We then can do't at Land. Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cæsar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perfon? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power shoulde be. Camidius,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thoufand Horfe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my Thetis.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Southier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truft not to rotten plankes: Do you middoubt
This Sword, and thefe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

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63. full mann'd] full-mann'd Rowe.
64. th'] the Theob. et seq.
65. don't] do't F, F
66. descried,] descried; Theob. et seq.
67. impossible Strange,] impossible.
Strangf Pope et seq.

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71. ninetene] nineetenes F5
74. Soldiour.] Messenger. Rowe i.
78. Wounds;] wounds? Rowe ii et seq.
79. a ducking] a-ducking Dyce, Sta.
82. well.] well.—Coll. well:—Dyce,

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-er must represent a full foot (as here), Abbott (§ 478) opines that it may 'have been sometimes pronounced with a kind of "burr," which produced the effect of an additional syllable.' Inasmuch as Cleopatra's variety was infinite, it is possible that a 'burr' may have been one of her charms.

73. my Thetis] Steevens: 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. [It was not Thetis, but Venus, to whom Enobarbus then compared Cleopatra.—See II, ii. 235.]

76, etc. See Plutarch, Appendix.
By Hercules I think I am 'th'tright.

Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

You keep by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iulius,
Publicola, and Caius, are for Sea:

But we keep whole by Land. This speed of Cæsar
Carries beyond beleefe.

83. right] light Fv.
84. his] the Fv, Rowe. this Cap.
87. You...Land] Separate line, Rowe et seq.

84, 85. his whole action growes Not in the power on't] Capell (i, 39):
"Action" is here enterprise, the enterprise then in hand; no part of which, says
Canidius, 'grows in the power on't,' is conducted as it might be, or suitably to the
means that we have in our power.—[Capell refers 'on't' to 'action.' Dr Johnson,
on the other hand, refers it to 'right' in the Soldier's speech. 'That is,' he says,
his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason.' Malone gives
what is essentially Capell's interpretation and points out Johnson's oversight. 'I
think,' he observes, 'that Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is
not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely, his land force), but on
the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr Johnson refers
the word 'on't' to 'right' in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to action in
the speech before us.' Hudson says that 'This speech may refer, not merely to the
present action, but 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.' The phrase is certainly obscure. Possibly, it may mean that Antony's
course of action does not grow through its own native force, there are other influences
at work—his deeds are not self-evolved.—Ed.]

85. so our Leaders leade] Theobald's change, 'our leader's led,' which has
been adopted by every subsequent editor, is pronounced needless by Thesleff
(p. 19), and, I cannot but think, justly. If Cleopatra is herself a Leader, her power
is more direct, and the soldiers are more emphatically her men, than if this power
were exercised only indirectly through Anthony. Moreover, by the plural, 'women,'
there is an implication that even Anthony himself has lost his manliness and is become
a woman, which is missed if 'Leader' be restricted to Anthony alone.—Ed.

89. Ven.] Collier (ed. ii) conjectured that this abbreviation stood 'perhaps for
Vernard, an actor in the part of Canidius.' Dyce repeated this conjecture without
comment.—Walker (Crit. ii, 185) says that the speech is given to Vettidius
instead of to Canidius.'

91, 92. This speede...Carries beyond beleefe] An uncommon use of the verb,
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They say, one Tornus.
Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Emperor calls Camuldius.
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some.

93. He was] Om. Han.
95. beguilde all Spies] Separate line, Pope et seq. (except Knt.)
96. Lieutenant] Lieutenant F, G
98. Well,] F, Rowe ii, Knt. Well;
Johns. Well Rowe ii et cet.
100. call] calls for Han.
101. time] time's F, G

93. 95. 96. 97. 98. 100. 101.

Carry, of which I can find no notice in the N. E. D. Steevens suggested that 'perhaps' it is derived 'from archery,' and quoted a Hen. IV: III, ii, 54, 'a' would have ... carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half.' Singer without even hinting at the singularity of the phrase, gives a paraphrase, obvious to the humbllest capacity, 'i. e. passes all belief' and then remarks, 'I should not have noticed this, but for Steevens's odd notion of its being a phrase from archery.' Schmidt (Lex. s. v. Carry, 4) quotes the present passage and Justice Shallow's speech quoted above by Steevens, and defines both by 'to bear, to push on to a certain distance,' which is somewhat difficult of comprehension. It is not easy to see how anything that carries can thereby 'push.' Brighton and Rolfe, braving Singer's scoff, return to Steevens's suggestion and hold that the metaphor is probably taken from archery, which is also the opinion of the present Ed.

102. throws forth] According to Theobald's spelling, this verb occurs again in The Tempest, II, i, 231.
ACT III. SC. VIII. ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Scene VIII.]
Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæs. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battale
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prefcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Upon this jumpe.

exit.

[Scene IX.]

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond fide o'th'Hill,
In eye of Cæsars battale, from which place

Scene VIII. Cap. et seq.
The same. Plain between both

Camps. Cap.
1. Enter ... ] Enter Cesar, Taurus,
Officers, and others. Cap.
4-8. Strike...jumpe?] Lines end, whole,
...Sea....Scroule : ...jumpe. Steev. Varr.

7. this Scroule] this scroll [Giving it.
Coll.'53.
Rife, Dtn. Words. The rest continue
the Scene.
Another part of the plain. Dyce.
2. Squadrons] squadrons Rowe i.
...yond] Ff, Rowe, +, Dyce, Sta.
Steev. yon Knr. yond' Coll. Wh. i.

1. BRADLEY (p. 71): To come then to real defects:—one may be found in places
where Shakespeare strings together a number of scenes, some very short, in which the
dramatis persona are frequently changed; as though a novelist were to tell his
story in a succession of short chapters, in which he flitted from one group of his
characters to another. This method shows itself here and there in the pure tragedies
(e.g. in the last act of Macbeth), but it appears most decidedly where the historical
material was undramatic, as in the middle part of Antony and Cleopatra. It was
made possible by the absence of scenery, and doubtless Shakespeare used it because
it was the easiest way out of a difficulty. But, considered abstractedly, it is a defec-
tive method, and, even as used by Shakespeare, it sometimes reminds us of the
merely narrative arrangement common in plays before his time.

8. jumpe] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. † 6): The decisive moment of plunging
into action of doubtful issue; dangerous critical moment, critical point, crisis. (Latin,
discrimen.) The notion is evidently that of making a jump or taking a plunge into
the unknown or untiried.

3. battale] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. 8): A body or line of troops in battle array,
whether composing an entire army, or one of its main divisions. 'What may the
kings whole Battale reach vnto? '—1 Hen. IV: IV, i, 129.
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.  

[Scene X.]

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the
flage, and Tournus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty figne, and turne the Rudder :
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Scene X. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam. Scene
VII. Pope, +. Cap. et cet. continue the
Scene.
1. Camidius, etc.] Camidius, etc.
Rowe.
Marcheth] Marching Ff, Rowe et
seq.
Land Army] land-army Theob.

3. the noise of a Sea fight] Our ignorance of the kind of noise which accom-
panied sea-fights, and enabled an audience to distinguish it, when heard behind
the scene, from that of a land-fight, is to be regretted. It may be that there were vociferous
commands to the rowers and the sound of crashing boards; but see IV, xii, 1.—Ed.
6. Thantoniad] 'The Admiral galley of Cleopatra, was called Antoniad.'—
North's Plutarch (see Appendix). ['Thantoniad' betrays the ear of the com-
positor.—Ed.]
7. figne, and turne the Rudder] STAFFER (p. 405): What had happened was
very simple; it was only that Cleopatra had felt frightened: she was not a woman
of heroic type, and her nerves were not strong enough to bear the excitement of a
battle for any length of time,—that was the whole secret. Those who seek for any
other explanation of the defeat at Actium, do so because they start with the notion
that on great occasions Cleopatra could be truly brave, the splendid manner of her
death having acquired for her a false reputation for courage; but her supposed hero-
ism is only a brilliant theatrical cloak wrapped round the most feminine little person,
presenting the most complete contrast to all manliness of character that ever wore a
crown. We have only to study closely her ending, as it is given by Shakespeare, and
the mask falls—the woman remains and the heroine vanishes.—ANATOLE FRANCE
(iv, 136): This flight, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière holds to be a skillful manoeuvre
and M. Victorien Sardou has given to it a highly dramatic effect by representing the
enamoured queen as effecting thereby the defeat and disgrace of her lover, in order to
keep him completely her own.
ACT III, SC. X.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 217

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddeses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loft
With very ignorance, we haue kift away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is fure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,


10. God's, & Godda[er] Separate line, Theob. Warb. et seq.

11. passion.] possession F F


12. Cantle] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Medieval Latin, cantellus, diminutive of cant, cante, cantus, corner. 3 t c.): A segment of a circle or sphere. [Present line quoted.]

16. the Token'd Pestilence] Steevens: The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called God's tokens.—Halliwell (Love's Lab. Lost, V, ii, 470): 'The spots indicative of the plague, otherwise called God's tokens, are commonly of the bignesse of a fleain' bitten spot, sometimes much bigger. . . . But they have ever a circle about them, the red ones a purplie circle, and the others a redish circle.'—Bradwell's Physick for . . . the Plague, 1636.—Elton (p. 468, footnote): Allusions to the 'tokens' of pestilence in Shakespeare are not uncommon after the great outbreak of plague in the winter of 1602, which, between Christmas and Christmas, killed in London and its liberties more than 30,000 people. The tokens were redder than in former pestilences; hard spots of a bright flaming red were accounted a fatal symptom.

17. Yon ribaudred Nagge] Capell (i, 39): Meaning, indeed,—brassen hackney: and calling her so in his anger, by reason of her forwardness and her prostitutions: and from hence, the propriety of the imprecation he immediately makes on her,—'Whom leprosy o'er-take!'—Stevens: 'Ribaured' is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakespeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written, 'Yon ribald-ridd nag,' i.e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.—Malone: I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr Steevens. Ribaund was only the old spelling of ribald; and the misprint of 'red' for 'rild' is easily accounted for. By ribald, Scars, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not 'every lewd fellow,' as Mr Steevens has explained it.—Tyrwhitt (p. 9): I believe we should read, 'yon ribauld Hag.' What follows seems to prove it:—'The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,' etc.—[This emendation
is repeated in Collier's ed. ii, not, however, as Tyrwhitt's, but as that of Collier's corrected Folio, which, as Collier observes, has 'ribaudred' altered to ribald, and 'nag' to hag. Ribald, he continues, 'requires no explanation, whereas no instance of the use elsewhere either of 'ribaudred' or 'ribauldred' can be produced. There are, no doubt, such words as ribaldry and ribaldrous, but the employment of them by old authors proves nothing, since they are not the word wanted. "Nag" for hag was clearly a misprint, and it will be observed that, even amending the word 'ribaudred' to ribaldrid, as was done by Steevens, gives the line a syllable too much.' Tyrwhitt's change of 'nag' into hag was followed a second time, this time by Singer, who exclaims that 'the poet would surely not have called Cleopatra a nag! Any change in 'ribaudred,' Singer deems quite unnecessary. 'Ribaudred' is,' he says, 'obscene, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret [Alcaecia, 1580]:—
"A ribaudrous and filthy tongue. Oi incestum, obscenum, impurum, & impudicum. Vide Filthie."—[where we find] ' Villanie in actes, or words; ribaudriere, filthinesse, vnicleanesse. Obscanitas,' etc.' To Singer's exclamation that 'the poet would not have called Cleopatra a nag, Dyce replies, that 'since she has been previously called "a trull," I see no reason for wondering that she should now be called "nag,"' i.e. jade, hackney. ('Know we not Galloway nags?')' exclaims Pistol, alluding to Doll Tearsheet.—2 Hen. IV. II, iv.' Furthermore, in reference to this use of 'nag,' R. G. White (ed. i) quotes Leonetes, who, 'in his jealous fit, exclaims, "Then say my wife's a hobby-horse!"'—Staunton: 'Ribaudred nag' means filthy strumpet.—Kightley (Exp. 317): There is no need of change—Hudson: 'Ribaudred' damages the metre; and I cannot perceive the sense of red thus tagged on to ribaud. . . . Bishop Hall has ribaldish, and so, I suspect, the Poet wrote here. [P. 90].
Of course the epithet ribald is applied to Cleopatra to express her notorious profissigacy. 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 back. And the words, 'the breese upon her,' and 'like a cow in June' naturally infer that such was the image intended.—Thiselton (p. 19): Read riband-red for 'ribaudred' on the following grounds. (1) No such word as 'ribaudred' is known. (2) In the preceding line 'the Fight' is likened to 'the Token'd Pestilence,' the reference being to the Plague, of which there were three varieties; the red, the yellow, and the black. It is Cleopatra's red ribands that suggest the figure of the red plague to Scarrus. (3) Red ribands would match a dark complexion and the actor who played the part of Cleopatra may be presumed to have worn them. (4) Cleopatra will then be likened to a nag decked with red ribands as for a fair, anything but an 'Arme-gaunt steede. (5) 'Riband-red' enhances the force and appropriateness of the imprecation in the next line, 'Whom Leprosie o'er-take,' that disease being characterised by whiteness of the skin. (6) In the Folio the u in the word usually given as 'ribaudred' is raised above the level of the preceding and succeeding letters, and would therefore seem to be in reality an inverted u.—[Suggestions from this critic are worthy of respectful consideration. But is it any more easy to apprehend the meaning of 'a ribaudred nag' than it is of 'a waistcoat white gentleman'? In Mr. of Ven. III. ii, 105, we find the phrase, 'the guiled shore'; in Meas. for Meas. III. i, 121: 'the delighted spirit'; in Othello, I, iii, 320: 'delighted beauty'; in 1 Hen. IV': I, iii, 183: 'disdain'd contempt.' In all these cases, and many more could be added, the past participles convey the meaning that the nouns which they qualify are abundantly supplied with that which the participles represent. Thus, 'the guiled shore'
ACT III, SC. X. | ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 219

(Whom Leprosie o’re-take) i’th’midst o’th’fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear’d
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft;

18. o’re-take] o’re Fi, Rowe.
i’th’] Fi, Rowe,+. i’the Cap.
et seq.

20. as the] of the Fi, Rowe.
breee Dyce, Glo. Cam. brieue Han. et cet.

21. Inner] Inner Fi.

means the shore full of guiles; ‘the delighted spirit’ means the spirit endowed with delights; ‘disdain’d contempt’ means contempt full of disdain. In Bishop Cooper’s Thesaurus Lingua Romana, 1573, we find, among the definitions of Obscuritas, ribaudrie.’ If this noun be turned into a participle we have ribaudried, which, I venture to suggest, is the very word, phonetically spelled, in our present ‘riabaudred.’ (In the next scene, forty-seventh line, we have ‘vnqualified’ for ‘vnqualifield.’) Hence, ‘Yon ribaudred Nagge’ means, I think, ‘Yon nag made up of, or composed of ribaldry.’—Ed."

18. Leprosie] Johnson: An epidemical distemper of the Egyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line: ‘Contaminato cum grege turpium Morbo viorum.’—[Ode, I, xxxvii, 9.] 20. Both as the same] Staunton: This is oddly expressed. Can ‘as’ be a transcriber’s slip for ag’d? The context,—‘or rather ours the elder,’—favors the supposition.

21. Breeze] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Breeze. 3d): A gadfly: a name given to various dipterous insects, especially of the genera Æstrus (Botfly) and Tabanus, which annoy horses and cattle.

22. Hoists Sailes, and flyes] Staunton (Athen. 26 Apr. 1873): To say nothing of the redundant sibilants in this line, would Shakespeare have described a nag, as like a cow stung by the gad-fly, hoisting sails? I think, to sustain the similitude and the characteristic roughness of the speaker, he is more likely to have written,—‘Hoists sail’ and flies.’ Those familiar with old typography know well how readily ‘sails’ and tale would be confounded. If my conjecture has any weight, it shows the error committed by several modern editors in reading bag for ‘nag.’

26. looft] Bradley (N. E. D. s. v. Luff. 2. trans.): To bring the head of a
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THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT III, SC. X.

The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer faw an Action of such fame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate fo it selfe.

*Enob.* Alacke, alacke.

*Enter Camidius.*

*Cam.* Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finkes moost lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha’s giuen example for our flight,
Moft groffely by his owne.

*Enob.* I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight<br>indeede.

*Cam.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

---

vessel nearer to the wind. [The present line quoted. The word occurs more than once in the *Life of Anthony* in North’s *Plutarch.*]

28. Sea-wing] No mention of this, as a nautical term, is made in Smith’s *Accidence . . . Necessary for all Young Sea-men*, etc. 1626, nor in Smyth’s *Sailor’s Word-Book*, 1867. The *Century Dictionary* quotes the present line, and gives the obvious meaning ‘a sail,’ and adds that it is *Rare.* It would never have occurred to me as needing comment were it not that in an extremely rare little volume, I find the following, which I quote for what it is worth: ‘[Sea-wings] are two rows of long flat pieces of wood, which are suspended in the air when the vessel sails, and which are let down in concert when they are becalmed or have the wind against them.—*Vide Spectacle de la Nature*, vol. 4.’—John Croft, *Annotations on Plays of Shakespeare*, York, 1810. This particular *Spectacle de la Nature* I have never seen.—Ed.

38. Oh his ha’s giuen example, etc.] *Theselton* (p. 20): ‘His’ is undoubted ly the correct reading, the sense being ‘his general (Cleopatra) by leading him off into flight has set us the example for flight.’ [Does this accord with ‘his owne’ in the next line?—Ed.]

40, 41. I, are you thereabouts? . . . indeede] *Hudson*: ‘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.
ACT III, SC. XI.]  

_ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA_  

_Scar._ 'Tis easie toot,  
And there I will attend what further comes.  

_Camid._ To Cæsar will I render  
My Legions and my Horfe, fixe Kings alreadie  
Shew me the way of yeelding.  

_Eno._ Ile yet follow  
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reasf  
Sits in the winde against me.  

[Scene XI.]

_Enter Anthony with Attendants._

_Ant._ Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,  
It is afham'd to beare me.  
Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Haue loft my way for euer.  
I haue a shippe,  
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it : fyfe,  

43. _toot_ i'd, _F., e._ way Kly conj.  
44. _what further comes_ separate line,  
Han. Var. '78 et seq.  
47. _Exit._  
50. _Exeunt, severally._ Theob. Exit.  
Cap.  
Scene XI. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.  
Scene VIII. Pope, Han. Scene con-

49. The wounded chance of Anthony] Johnson: I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written: 'The wounded chase of Antony.' The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, though chased and wounded. The common reading, however, may very well stand.—_Malone_: The wounded chance of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as 'the broken fortunes of Antony.' The old reading is indisputably the true one. So, 'Or shall I show the cinders of my spirits, Through th' ashes of my chance?' [V, ii, 204.].—_Stevens_: Mr Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In _Othello_ we have a phrase somewhat similar to 'wounded chance'; viz. 'mangled matter.' [I, iii, 196.]

50. Sits in the winde] _Capell_ (i, 39): The word 'sits' shews the phrase to be taken from field-sports; the pursuers of which know,—that scents coming down the wind, or from game that sits or lies in the wind, are always the strongest.

2. Hearke, etc.] What phenomenon in nature was it to which Antony here refers, and interprets according to his own despairing mood? Can it have been the wild tumult on land caused by 'the great boisterous wind,' which, according to Plutarch, troubled Anthony's ships more than aught else after he had deserted them?—Ed.

4. lated] Johnson: Alluding to a benighted traveller.—_Stevens_: Thus, in _Macbeth_, III, i, 10: 'Now spurres the lated traueller space.'
And make your peace with Caesar.


Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instrufted cowards
To runne, and threw their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluflh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for raffhness, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shalld
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Swepe your way for you. Pray you looke not fad,
Nor make replyes of loathness, take the hint
Which my difpaire proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side straignt way;


Fly?] Fly! Rowe et seq.

13. it: Oh!} Fl. it—Oh, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. it. Oh, Johns. et cet. (subs.)

21, 22. them...it whose] Fl, Rowe i.

9. I haue fled my selfe] Does this mean, 'I myself have fled,' or 'I have fled from myself'? Romeo says (I, i, 190): 'I have lost myself. I am not here.' Further on, Anthony says, 'Let [that] be left which leaves itself.'—Ed.

12. Which has no neede of you. Be gone] This line lacks two syllables. Several ingenious expedients have been proposed to correct this serious error. Capell reiterates 'Be gone'; Steevens suggested, 'Be gone, I say'; Kightley, 'Be gone, I pray' or 'I pray you.' And Abbott (§ 507) asserts 'the best way of arranging' it is to print 'Begone' in a separate line. Is it to be supposed that Shakespeare was unable to detect the loss of two syllables, and that his resources were insufficient to supply what any child could suggest? Or is it to be supposed that, after Shakespeare's audience had shuddered on hearing the maimed utterance on the stage, their lacerated feelings were soothed by seeing 'Begone' printed as a separate line?—Ed.

17, 18. Friends be gone, . . . some Friends] On the supposition that there is some corruption in the repetition of 'Friends,' Walker (Crit. i, 288) proposed, 'perhaps, "Fellows, begone" (note). Whereupon, Dyce (ed. ii) comments: 'Here Walker would alter what an earlier line (the second) of this speech proves to be quite right. Whether or not there be any error in "some friends" I cannot determine.'

20. replyes of loathness.] Wordsworth: As if you were loath to do what I say. 21, 22. Let them be left Which leaves it selfe] Of his own emendation (see
I will possess you of that ship and Treasure.
Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue loft command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile fee you by and by. Sits downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do most deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Juno.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eros. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

24. now.] now—Rowe, +. now—

26. you.] you—Rowe, +. yow: Cap.


27. Enter...] Enter Eros, with Cleopatra... Cap.


30. Do...else?] Om. Words.

Char. Do...else?] Om. Words.

Cleo. Do I...else? let Han.

30, 31. Do...me] Separate line, Han.

31. fit...Juno.] Separate line, Kity. downe:] down. Var. '78 et seq.

[sitting down. Coll. ii.


36. oh good] good Cap.

Empresse.] empress,—Cap. Dyce.

empress! Glo. Cam.

37. sir.] sir, my Lord! Han. sir!

Glo. Cam. sir,—Cap. et seq. (subs.)

38-41. Mnemonic, Warb.

38. my Lord[,] Om. Han.

Text. Notes] Capell complacently remarks that it is one ‘which the moderns had done well to have made; instead of altering, as they have done, “itself” into themselves.’ Collier’s MS also made the same emendation.

25. I haue lost command] Johnson: I am not master of my own emotions.—Stevens: Surely, he rather means,—I entreat you to leave me, because I have lost all power to command your absence. [Unquestionably.]

38. Yes my Lord, yes] Capell (i, 39): These words puzzl’d the Oxford editor [Hannen], and some others besides him; and that for want of duly reflecting upon the situation of the person who speaks them: Bury’d in thought and sightless, without knowledge of what is said to him or where he is, he just hears a voice; replies to it, as it had come from some courtier or other great person, and relapses immediately into the same train of thinking that engag’d him before; nor is he wak’d out of it, ’till Eros (either raising his voice, or shaking him) says—‘Sir, the queen.’—[line 54.
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke

Capell is right, I think, in his interpretation of these words. Anthony is utterly unconscious of the world about him; but roused, for a second, by the voice, or, possibly, the respectful hand of Eros, he answers at random with instinctive courtesy, which, indeed, is pathetic in the circumstances, 'Yes, my lord, yes.' STAUTON, however, apparently hears in the expression a somewhat petulant tone. 'This kind of rejoinder,' he remarks, 'sometimes in play, sometimes in petulance, is not unfrequent in our old dramas. See Mer. of Ven. II, ix, 89, 90,'—where a Messenger enters and asks, 'Where is my Lady?' and Portia gaily replies, 'Here, what would my Lord?' As instances similar to this reply of Portia, Dyce (Remarks, p. 55) quotes ad loc. from 1 Hen. IV: II, iv: 'Hostess. O Jesu! my lord the prince. P. Henry. How now, my lady, the hostess.' From Rich. II: V, v: 'Groom. Hail, royal prince! King Richard. Thanks, noble peer.' And from The Hogg hath Lost his Pearle, 1614, sig. H: 'Enter Peter with a candle. Peter. Where are you, my Lord? Hog. Here, my Lady.' Of these three instances, that from Rich. II. should be eliminated, I think. There is neither gaiety nor petulance in Richard's reply to the Groom, but sarcasm, as the context shows. In his note on this same reply of Portia, Stauton says: 'a dozen instances may be cited, where a similar expression is used by an individual of station to one of very inferior rank'; but he merely repeats those already given by Dyce, without any addition. In default, therefore, of more examples, we can hardly accept these three, Portia's, Prince Hal's, and Hog's, as sufficient to warrant the belief that this mode of expression was common; and the fact that in all of them there lies banter or sarcasm, is quite enough to deprive them of any similarity to Anthony's present words, which, I think, stand quite alone, and have been rightly interpreted by Capell. Hudson, however, gives a different meaning to them. 'Antony,' he says, 'is muttering to himself under an overpowering sense of shame. In "Yes, my lord, yes," he is referring to Caesar: "Yes, Caesar, you have done me now, and can have things all your own way."'—Ed.]

38. 39. he at Philippis kept His sword e'ne like a dancer] Johnson: In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward.—Stevens: I believe it means that Caesar 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.—Malone: That Mr. Stevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in All's Well; Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the war, says—'Creaking my shoes . . . till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with.' [II, i, 31.] The word worn shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance (as Dr. Johnson supposed), in which the sword was not worn at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward.—Stauton (Note on All's Well, II, i, 31): As it was the fashion in Shakespeare's time for gentlemen to dance with swords on, and the ordinary weapon was liable to impede their motions, rapiers, light and short, were made for the purpose:—'when our Gentlemen went simply . . . without Cuts or gardes, bearing their heavy Swords
ACT III, SC. XI.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

The leane and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

41. mad] sad Han. lad or mild Theob. 43. now: no matter] now—no matter
conj. [Nichols III. ii, 503] withdrawn. — Rowe, +, Var. '73. now—No matter.
man Cap. conj. (Notes. i, 410; also Gar. Cap. et cet. (suba.) p. 100) withdrawn.

and Buckelers on their thighs, in sted of cuts and Gardes and light daunsing Swords.'
—Stafford's Brief Concept of English Policy, 1581.

38–43. Hazlitt (p. 100): The passage after Antony's defeat by Augustus where
he is made to [utter these words] is one of those fine retrospections which show us
the winding and eventful march of human life. The jealous attention which has
been paid to the unities both of time and place has taken away the principle of per-
spective in the drama, and all the interest which objects derive from distance, from
contrast, from privation, from change of fortune, from long-cherished passion; and
contracts our view of life from a strange and romantic dream, long, obscure, and
infinitive, into a smartly contested, three hours' inaugural disputance on its merits by
the different candidates for theatrical applause.

41. the mad Brutus] Upton (p. 296): Why does Antony call Brutus 'mad'?
Plato seeing how extravagantly Diogenes acted the philosopher, said of him That
he was Socrates run mad. There is also a maxim drawn from the depth of philo-
sophy by Horace, Epist. I, vi, 15: 'Insanii sapiens nomen favit, aequus iniqui, Ultra
quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.' Now if this be the opinion of philosophers
themselves concerning philosophy, that it may be pursued with so much ardor and
enthusiasm, that even the over-strained pursuit may border on madness; how agree-
able it is to the character of the wild, undisciplin'd Antony, to call even Brutus Mad,
the sober Brutus, the philosopher and patriot? Such as Antony look on all virtue
and patriotism as enthusiasm and madness.

42. Dealt on Lieutenantry] Johnson: I know not whether the meaning is,
that Caesar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on
lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony.—Steevens: I believe it means only,—
'fought by proxy,' made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants.
So, in a former scene, Ventidius observes—'Cesar and Antony have ever won More in
their officer, than person.'—[III. i, 26.]—Malone: In the Life of Antony, Shakspere
found the following: '—they were always more fortunate when they made warre by
their lieutenants, than by themselves':—[see III. i, 16] which fully explains the
present passage. The subsequent words also,—and no practice had,' etc. show that
Mr Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage.—M. Mason: Steevens's explanation
of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shak-
spere represents him, in the next Act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remain-
ing unengaged himself: 'Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight...'. Again: 'Go,
charge, Agrippa.'—Staunton: Or it may mean trade in war's theory:—'I met
just now a usurer, that only deals upon ounces.'—The Witty Fair One, V. 1.—
Schmidt (Lex. s. v. Deal): Acted by substitutes.

43. squares of Warre] Century Dictionary (s. v. Square, 9): A body of
troops drawn up in quadrilateral form. The formation used in the sixteenth century
Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him, Hee's vnqualified with very flame.

Cleo. Well then, fustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Moft Noble Sir arife, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but

and afterward was a nearly solid body of pikemen, to which the harquebusiers, crossbowmen, etc. formed an accessory, as by being posted on the flanks, etc. In Shakespeare's time troops drawn up in battle array were primarily in squares.

47. Hee's vnqualified] MALONE: I suppose she means, he is unsoldier'd. Quality, in Shakespeare's age, was often used for profession.—STEVENS: Perhaps, vnqualified, only signifies unmanned in general, 'disarmed of his usual faculties,' without any particular reference to soldiership.

50. cease] HUDSON 'strongly suspects that "cease" should be retained,' because Shakespeare 'repeatedly uses cease as a causative verb.' [See Text. Notes for the accepted reading.]

50. but] JOHNSON: 'But' has here, as once before in this play, the force of except or unless. [Johnson refers, probably, to I, i, 57, where the meaning which he claims for the word is somewhat doubtful. See also IV, xi, 2; V, i, 34.]—MALONE: I rather incline to think that 'but' has here its ordinary signification. If it had been used for unless, Shakespeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his usual practices, make.—[Possibly, accepting this hint, Dyce conjectured make: and his conjecture was adopted in the text by HUDSON and WORDSWORTH. Johnson is so far right, I think, in his interpretation that unless seems a better paraphrase than only, which is what ABBOTT (§ 124) gives, with the remark that 'this [present] passage illustrates the connection between "but" meaning only and "but" used adversatively.' See notes, especially Walker's, on 'But being chang'd,' IV, xi, 2, where 'But' can hardly mean only, and is almost uniformly said to mean unless. In the present passage FRANZ (§ 414, b. a.) observes that 'but' is equivalent to if . . . not; that is, 'death will seize her, if your comfort does not make the rescue'; and quotes a parallel passage in Twelfth Night (III, i, 49) where Feste says, 'I would be sorry, sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your master, as with my Mistress'; again, in Love's Lab. Lost (IV, i, 106) where Boyet says, 'I am much deceived, but I remember the style.' Where shades of meaning are in question, it is folly to be dogmatic. Yet if choice must be here made between the three meanings: 'but' adversative, and 'but' as equivalent to unless, only, and 'but' as equivalent to if . . . not, the last seems, I think, the best. The use of the indicative
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Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation,

A moft vnnoble fweruing,

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether haft thou lead me Egypt, see

How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,

By looking backe what I haue left behinde

Sstroy'd in dihonor.


52. rescue presently Words.

53. Reputation...svweruing] Separa
tate line, Kty.


56. Rising. Coll. ii.


58. Sstroy'd] Sstroy'd Pope, +, Cap.


1. makes’ after the conditional ‘but,’ FRANZ (§ 487, b. Indikativ) ascribes to the sureness, the reality of the conclusion.—Ed.]

52. Person] That is, ‘reputation’ in the abstract. Compare Othello (II, ii, 291, of this ed.) where Casio exclaims: ‘Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of my selfe, and what remains is bestiall.’

53. A most vnnoble] COLERIDGE (p. 236) says that ‘the stage in Shakespear’s time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs.’ And moreover taught those monarchs the right royal mode of addressing each other. ‘Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?’—King John, II, i, 120;
‘England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood.’—Ibid. II, i, 342 (there is many and many an instance in this same play of King John, where monarchs are the chief actors).

55. Sstroy’d] CAPPELL (i, 40) : [This word] the present editor was greatly tempted
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knewf't too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou shouldf't stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knewf't, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaids as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know

61. followed'] follow'd Pope et seq. i, Coll. Wh. i. Thy full Theob. ii et
63. by'th'] by th' F.S., Rowe, +. by
the Var. '73 et seq. 68. Oh] Oh, Rowe. O, Cap.
64. string] stowe Rowe ii,+.
65. The full'] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. 71. shift] shift Rowe ii, Pope, Theob.
Han. Warb.

63. tyed by'th'strings] JOHNSON: That is, by the heart'strings.
64. thou should'ast'] See ABBOTT, § 326, for examples of this Elizabethan use of
should, where we now use might or would.
64. should'ast stowe] MALONE: This is one of the many corruptions occasioned
by the transcriber's ear deceiving him.—[Was it the 'transcriber' or the compositor's
reader?—ED.]

64. spirit] WALKER's pronunciation of 'spirit' as a monosyllable would be intolerable
to our modern ears. See 1, ii, 143.—ED.

65. The full supremacie] DYCE (Remarks, p. 247): Read, with the other
modern editors, Thy. In such a case as this the authority of the old eds. is nothing.
—[I protest. Not for the sake of upholding the old editions, but because I believe
'the full supremacy' to be the better reading,—by far 'the better reading. The
emphasis lies on 'full.' 'The full' should be pronounced as the perfect iambus
which it is, with the lightest possible utterance of 'The': 'Thy' full.' To change it
to 'Thy full' converts it to a spondee, takes the emphasis from 'full,' and (which is
ACT III, SC. XII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

How much you were my Conqueror, and that My Sword, made weake by my affection, would Obey it on all caufe.

_Cleo._ Pardon, pardon.

_Ant._ Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates All that is wonne and lost: Give me a kiffe, Euen this repayes me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes, We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes. _Exeunt_

_[Scene XII._]

_Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others._

_Cæs._ Let him appeare that’s come from Anthony.

Know you him.

_Dolla._ _Cæs._, ’tis his Schoolemaster,

76. _on_] in Walker (_Crit._ iii, 303)._caufe_] cause Cap. Walker.

77. _Pardon_] O, _pardon_ Theob., +, Kdb.

78. _say_] say: Pope _et seq._ (subs.)

80-83. _Euen ... knower_ Lines end, _schoolmaster, ... lead; ... knownes_, Han.

82. _a come_] _he come_ F, et _seq._


of importance), weakens, when repeated, the emphatic force of ‘Thy’ in the next line.—Ed._

76. _cause_] _Abbott_ (§ 453): If the diphthong ‘cause’ be pronounced as a dis-
syllable, the difficulty [in the scansion of the line] will be avoided. ‘Pardon, pár-
don’ is, perhaps, an instance of two consecutive trochees. (There seems no ground for supposing that ‘pardon’ is to be pronounced as in French.) [Is not Capell’s emendation, _causes_, upheld by Walker (_Crit._ iii, 303) ‘for grammar’s sake’, far preferable to the pronunciation ca-use?—Ed._

78. _Fall not a teare_] _Abbott_ (§ 291) includes ‘fall’ in a list of intransitive verbs which are sometimes converted into transitive. _Franz_ (§ 476, c.) explains this conversion by detecting in the verb a causative force, as in the present passage; and again in the verb ‘quail,’ _V_, ii, 104.

78. _rates_] _Staunton_: That is, _counts for_, is equivalent to.

1. _Agrippa_] _Collier_: Agrippa does not appear to have been on the stage.
THE TRAGDIE OF

An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends to poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassadour from Anthony.

Cesai. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

[ACT III, SC. xii.]

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11. Morn-dew] F. F₂, Morn dew F₂


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9. Ambassadour] CAPELL (i, 40): Finding a name [Euphoronis] in Plutarch for [this Ambassadour] that is more determinate, it seem'd not amiss to give it him here. [See Plutarch, Appendix.]

14. To his grand Sea] TYRWHITT: To whose grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read: 'To this grand sea.' We may suppose that the sea was within view of Caesar's camp, and at no great distance.—CAPELL (i, 40): Meaning—the sea that he (the dew-drop) arose from. [Steevens, also, gives this meaning, and adds, 'his is used for its.'][STEVEVNS: 'His grand sea' may mean his 'full tide of prosperity.' So, in 3 Hen. VI. IV, viii, 54: 'You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow; now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry, and swell so much the higher by their ebb.' Again, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, I, iii, 6:—'though I know His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they Must yield their tribute there.' Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Tyrwhitt: 'Alexandria, towards which Caesar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called mare Magnum. Sir John Maundeville [Cap. xlvii.] calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, 'the greate sea.'—RITSON: If 'his' be not used for its, Shakespeare has made a person of 'morn-dew.'—R. G. WHITE (ed. i): 'His,' in my judgement is a manifest typographical error. Hamner corrected it. But of late years 'his' has been retained on the supposition that it alludes to the sea as the origin of the dew-drop! [In his ed. ii, White retains 'his,' without comment.]—WALKER, both in his Crit. i, 314 and in his Crit. iii, 303, approves of the instead of 'his'; at the latter place, he quotes, in support of his approval, the same passage that Steevens quoted from The Two Noble Kinsmen; and in a footnote LETTSON, Walker's editor, strenuously upholds the. 'It is astonishing,' he says, 'that, though this obvious blunder was corrected by Hamner, more than a century ago, it has maintained itself in all the editions, except Johnson's, that I have consulted. Steevens, even, has defended his by quoting the very passage which Walker here compares on account of the similarity in the sense. But in The Two Noble Kinsmen we have a metaphor; in
Act III, Sc. xii.] Anthony and Cleopatra

Cæs. Bee't so, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted He Lefsons his Requests, and to thee fues To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth A private man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cleopatra does confess thy Greatnesse, Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues The Circle of the Ptolomies for her heyres, Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæs. For Anthony,
I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,

15. Be't] Ff, Rowe, +, Dyce, Sta. Gar. 
Cam. Be it Cap. et cet. 19. breath] Ff, Rowe, Cap. breathe
Egypt.] Egypt: Rowe et seq. FF, et cet. 23. heyres] yeare FF', 
(subs.) 24. Grace] Gace Ff'.
18. Lefsons] Lefsons Ff. Requests...to thee] request...of thee

Ant. & Cleop., a simile. Had the case been reversed, the writer of the passage in the former play would necessarily have said, "He no more needs me than the ocean needs a few drops"; while Shakespeare would have said, just as necessarily, "I am a dew-drop to his grand sea."—[There can be no doubt that the sentence is intelligible. Hamner's emendation is, I think, logically just. It is extremely probable that the error is Shakespeare's. But it is one which demands some little mental analysis to detect and correct, in which, if we indulge, while sitting at the play, Euphronio will have delivered his message and departed before we have settled the propriety of his opening speech. And there are minds of a cast so ignoble as to prefer, where the sense is perfectly obvious, an incorrect word of Shakespeare to a correct one of Hamner.—Ed.]

17. Requires] Deighton: This verb is seldom used in Shakespeare in the peremptory sense the word would now have in such a context; compare Hen. VIII: II, iv, 144, 'Most gracious sir, In humbllest manner I require your highness, That it shall please you to declare,' etc., said by Wolsey to the king.

17. which not granted] See Abbott (§ 377) for other instances of the use of the participle 'to express a condition, where, for perspicuity we should now mostly insert "if."' See 'not petty things admitted,' V, ii, 169.

18. He Lessons] Thiselton (p. 20): 'Lessons' is undoubtedly Shakespeare's word here in the sense of schools or disciplines. The initial capital indicates an emphasis which the feeble lessens would hardly carry, but which the metaphorical 'Lessons' carries easily. The fact that the ambassador is on this occasion a school-master should have been sufficient to have warded off the sacrilegious hand of the emendator.


24. hazarded] Schmidt (Lex.): That is, staked and lost to thee, as at gaming.
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so shee
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not fume vnheard. So to them both.

_Amb._ Fortune pursue thee.

_Caf._ Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise
And in our Name, what shee requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will pierure
The ne're touch'd Vefall. Try thy cunning _Thidias_,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answere as a Law.

29. _This_] This, Rowe, Pope.
31. _thee._ thee / Theob. et seq. _thee_—
Anon. ap. Cam.
[Exit Ambassador. Rowe. Exit
Euphronia attended. Cap.
33. _[To Thidias. Rowe, Pope. To
Thyreas. Theob. et seq.
now 'tis time] now's the time Cap.
conj.
34. _time._ time; Theob. Warb. et seq.
_dispatch._ dispatch : Cap. Var. '78
et seq. (sub.)
35. _Cleopatra, promise._ Cleopatra
Rowe ii. Cleopatra, promise, Pope, Han.
Cleopatra, promise; Theob. Warb. Cleo-
patra; promise, Johns. Cap. et seq.
36. _name._ name; Han.
what] when If, Rowe, +.
37. _more From._ more; Frame
Kinneor.
38. _From thine invention, offers._ As
thine invention offers. Han. (From thine
invention) offers. Warb. Offers from
thine invention. Kyly, Huda.
39. _Thidias._ Thyreas Theob. et seq.
ACT III, SC. XIII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

41

Thid. Caesar, I go.

Caesar. Obserue how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinke’st his very action speakes
In euerie power that moues.

Thid. Caesar, I shall.

[Scene XIII.]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shal we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.


Scene XIII. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.


43. think[f] Ff, Rowe.

45. exeunt.] Exent. Ff.

42. how Antony becomes his flaw] JOHNSON: That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.—STAUNTON: This is not very clear.—DEIGHTON: In ‘flaw’ there is, perhaps, an allusion to another meaning of the word, common in Shakespeare, viz. sudden bursts of wind.

43, 44. his very action speaks In euerie power that moues] STEEVENS: So, in Troil. & Cress. IV, v, 57: ‘her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body.’

2. Enobarbus] WALKER (Vers. 186): This name in this play is frequently used as if it were a trisyllable, in whatever way the anomaly is to be explained. [See IV, v, 23; IV, vi, 26; IV, ix, 12, 14.]

3. Thinke, and dye] In North’s Plutarch mention is made of a convivial club, presumably founded by Anthony after the battle of Actium, the members whereof agreed that they would die together. (See Appendix.) Supposing that an allusion is here made to this club, HAMNER changed ‘Thinke’ to Drink, an emendation which has had but two admirers: Warburton and Capell. Both adopted it in their text, and the latter pronounced it ‘most true and ingenious.’ JOHNSON did ‘not advance it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. ‘Think and die’; that is, Reflect on your folly, and leave the world, is a natural answer.’—TYRWHITT (p. 9): I grant it would be, according to [Johnson’s] explanation, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a plain, blunt soldier; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as Hamner’s alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is: ‘Wink, and die.’ When the ship is going to be cast away, in The Sea Voyage of Beaumont and Fletcher (I, i), and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her: ‘—Go, take your gilt prayer-book, and to your business; Wink, and die.’ insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra’s desponding question.—STEEVENS: The old reading may
Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

[Eno. Anthony only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reafon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose feueral ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,

8. other[f] other, Coll. Wh. Cam. Hal.
Kty.
follow I] follow you Pope, Theob.
Han. Warb. Cap. Kty. he' follo'd
Anon. ap. Cam.
captainship Pope, Han. captainship:
Theob. Warb. et seq.

be supported by the following passage in Julius Caesar: 'all that he can do Is to himself, take thought, and die for Caesar.' [II, i, 187.] Tollet observes, that the expression of taking thought, in our old English writers, is equivalent to the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart. Tyrwhitt, however, might have given additional support to his reading from a passage in a Hen. IV: I, iii, 33: 'led his powers to death And winking leap'd into destruction.'—TYRWHITT: After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand think and die to mean the same as die of thought, or melancholy. In this sense is thought used below, IV, vi, 43, and by Holinshed, Chronicles of Ireland, p. 97: 'his father liued in the tower—where for thought of the young man his follie he died.' There is a passage almost exactly similar in The Beggar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher: 'Can I not think away myself and die?' [V, i.]—HENLEY: 'Think and die.' Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it.—KNIGHT: Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen.... We may here very safely trust to the original.—CRAIG (p. 145): To think or to take thought, seems to have been formerly used in the sense of to give way to sorrow and despondency.—[Possibly, our most familiar quotation is, 'Take no thought for the morrow.'—Matthew, vi, 34.]—STAUNTON: Despair and die.—Hudson: This is equivalent to grieve ourselves to death.

6. What though] WALKER (Crit. ii, 156) Read metri gratia, 'What am though'; unless what although be allowable, which I doubt.—STAUNTON (Athenæum, 26 April, 1873): Something is missing from the line. Perhaps—'What though you, timorous, fled.'

7. whose feueral ranges] STAUNTON: The commentators, perhaps, have a perception of what this means, since they pass it silently; to us it is inexplicable, and we cannot choose but look on 'ranges' as a misprint for the rages of grim-visag'd war.—SCHMITT (Lex.): 'Rages,' that is, rages. [Compare, 'the wide Arch Of the raing'd Empire,' 1, i, 46.]

10. Haue nickt] STEEVENS: That is, set the mark of folly on it. So, in The Com. of Errors, 'and the while His man with scissors nickt him like a fool.' [V, i, 175.—This passage of itself does not, I think, prove that the hair of fools was intentionally cut in nicks; DEIGHTON remarks, 'it is only because Pinch's hair was cut in this disfiguring way that he is made to look like a fool.' At this same passage
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no leffe

Cam. empery Bulloch. mered Kinnear.
mered Mal. et cet.

Rowe et seq. (subs.)

'Twas] Tū F₄. 'Tū F₃ F₂, Rowe.

1 Cam. of Errors, Malone gives a quotation which he deems conclusive; it is from 'The Choice of Change' by S. R. Gent, 1598, as follows: 'Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are shaven and otched on the head, like foolies.' It is probable that here 'fooles' refers, not to the domestic or 'allowed fools,' but to idiots. Douce (ii, 323), in his exhaustive essay on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare, says that, 'The head was frequently shaved, a limitation or perhaps ridicule of a monk's crown. This practice is very ancient, and be traced to the twelfth century. In one instance, the hair exhibits a sort of triple x Papal crown.' The reference, in the present line, is a coarse one, but then Enobarbus was of coarse fibre. From what we know of the neglected personal habits of Fools, the inference is not strained that they were liable to cutaneous ailments, and of such ailments the only one that could 'nick' anything was the 'itch,' and the only thing it could nick was the hair. Possibly, this nicking was so common among Fools as to make the term almost synonymous with folly. In the Pathology of those days all irritating cutaneous diseases were called the 'itch,' but this term is not now applied to affections of the scalp. In answer to my question on the subject, I received from my friend, Dr L. A. Duhring, an acknowledged authority on Cutaneous Diseases, the following reply: — 'The affection referred to, in the passage you quote from Antony and Cleopatra, is not the itch, or scabies, but, without question, the common "ringworm of the scalp," a frequent and well-defined affection, which causes the destruction of the hair, giving to the area invaded a nicked or cropped appearance, and in my works I describe the hair (as do many other writers) as seeming to have been "nibbled off." It is due to a fungus, and the sensation of itching accompanies it.' — Ed.

11, 12. he being The meered question] Johnson: 'The mered question' is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except 'The mooted question.' That is, the disputed point, the subject of debate. Mered is indeed a boundary; and the meered question, if it can mean anything, may, with some violence of language, mean, the disputed boundary. — Stevens: So, in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, b. iii. 1582: 'Whereas too loynclyye measuring a cantel of Italye neereth.' Barrett, in his Mosaic, 1580, interprets a meere-stone by Terminatlis lapis. 'Question' is certainly the true reading. So, in Hamlet, I, i.: — the king That was and is the question of these wars.' — Mason: Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word meered, and derived it from the adjective mere or meer. In that case, the meered question might mean, the only cause of the dispute — the only subject of the quarrel. — Knight: Mer is a boundary; and to mer is to mark, to limit. — Collier (ed. ii): It is altered to mooted in the MS; but as 'mered' may be taken in the sense of sole, or mere question, we make no change. — R. G. White (ed. i): It is quite possibly a misprint for mooted. — Ibid. (ed. ii): An amazing participial adjective, formed from mere. — 'Surely, in this note we hear the voice of White's washerwoman' whose advice he said he took (see his Preface, p. xii) in the selection of his
Then was his loffe, to courfe your flying Flagges,
And leauue his Naue gazing:)

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassadors with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his anfwere? Amb. I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtefie,
So she will yeeld vs vp.

Ant. He fayes fo.

Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy Caesar fend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world shou'd

16. Enter... ] Enter Antony with Amb.
Rowe. Enter Antony with Euphoronius.
Cap.

17. that ] this Ff, Rowe.
17, etc. Amb. ] Eup. Cap.
18-20. The Queene...so. ] Lines end,
Queen...yield...so. Han. Cap. Steev. Var.
'73, '78.

18, 19. The Queene...So f't ] One line,
Mal. Ran. Var. '21, Coll. Sing. Dyce,

The Queene... yeild ] One line,

Knt.

18, 19. The Queene...vs vp ] One line,
Sta.

21, 22. Let her...brimme ] Lines end,
know't...head,...brim, Rowe et seq.
21. know's ] Ff, Rowe, +, Cap. Dyce,
Sta. Glo. Cam. know it then Steev. conj.
know it Var. '73 et cet.
25. again. ] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
again. Johns. again; Theob. et cet.

comments. He himself was too experienced an editor to be 'amazed', at Shake-
speare's freedom in forming participles.—Ed.]—STAUTON: Possibly, the entire,
or sole question; but the word reads suspicuously.—ABBOTT (§ 294): The word
'meeded' is marked as corrupt by the Globe; but perhaps it is the verb from the
adjective more or more, which in Elizabethan English means entire. Hence, he
being the entire question', i.e. Antony, being the sole cause of the battle, ought
not to have fled.—ELTON (p. 141): The tillage-lands and cow-pastures were
protected by banks and fences called meers; and the name in time came to mean
a 'marking off' for any special purpose. Enobarbus applied it to Antony:—'The meered
question'.—[If 'meered' means marked off, as Elton would have it, it seems to
yield a meaning, if intelligible, at variance with the drift of Enobarbus's speech.
So far from Anthony's being marked off or excluded from the question, he was the
very soul of it. I prefer the interpretation of Mason and Abbott.—Ed.]

19. So she will yeeld vs vp] For an exposition of the process whereby so
assumes the function of a conditional conjunction, see FRANZ, § 413.

21. the Boy Caesar] The battle of Actium was fought almost on Cesar's birth-
day. He was born on the 23rd of September, B.C. 63, and the battle took place on
the 31st of September, B.C. 31; eight days after he had entered his thirty-second
year. Anthony was just twenty years older,—in his fifty-second year.—Ed.
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministrers would preuaile
Vnder the service of a Child, as foone
As i'th'Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparifons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,

30. i' the] i' the Cap. et seq. 32. declin'd,] declin'd; Coll. Hal.
Han. Wh. i, Sing. Ktly, Huds.

27. particular] Walker (Crit. iii, 304): That is, personal, individual. Ford,
Love's Sacrifice, I, i: 'If singular beauty, unimitable virtues, honour, youth, and
absolute goodness be a fortune, all those are at once offered to your particular
choice. . . . The great and gracious Lady Fiormonda loves you, infinitely loves you.'
[p. 16, ed. Dyce.]

28. whose Ministers] Capell (i, 41. see Text. Note): That is, ministrations,
services administer'd; but what the 'ministers of coins, ships, and legions,' may be,
those gentlemen should (methinks) have inform'd us, who have let the word stand
in their several editions.—[The volume containing this play, although bearing the
number 8, was only the second that Capell sent to press. It bears the mark of his
'prentice hand. After more experience, he would not have emended the text, and
we should not have had the foregoing note. It would have occurred to him that
'ministers' here means the agents who execute the purposes of coins, ships, and
legions.—Ed.]

31, 32. gay Comparifons a-part, And answer me declin'd] Heath (p. 460):
That is, those pleasing comparisons which Cesar would naturally make between his
own circumstances and those of Antony, resulting from the advantage he had so lately
obtained. 'And answer me declin'd' as I am, in power and reputation.—Capell
(i, 41): By 'comparisons,' are meant—those advantages which put the world upon
making comparifons between Cesar and himself: these advantages, he dares Cesar
to lay aside or decline, and then to answer him, 'sword against sword.'—Johnson:
I require of Cesar not to depend on that superiority which the 'comparison' of our
different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this 'decline'
of my age or power.—[Warburton has a note to the same effect, but its display of
his knowledge of Italian, as fanciful as it is vainglorious, excluded it, I suppose,
from the pages of the early Variorums. Malone remarks, 'I have sometimes thought
that Shakespeare wrote—'gay caparisons.'"
It is truly surprising that Malone
should not have been aware that caparisons is the text of both Pope and Hamner.]
—Singer (reading comparifons): To 'gay comparifons' the next speech gives as
an equivalent, 'unsate his happiness,'—let him take off his imperial trappings.
'Declin'd' must mean inclined, sloped, as swords are sloped one against another at
the commencement of a combat. The word is technical and we have elsewhere:—
Triv. & Cress. IV, v, 189, 'hung thy advance'd sword i' the air, Not letting it decline
on the declined.'—R. G. White (ed. i): Cesar had made no comparisons of any
kind, as may be seen by reference to the single speech which he addresses to
Euphronius in the previous Scene. Antony, however, has more than once, and
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Our felues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel’d Caesar will
Vnitate his happinesse, and be Stag’d to’th’shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them

34-42. Yes...too] Aside, Cap. Dyce,
43-56. enough...Sworder.] Ff, Rowe,
+t, Cap. enough...sworder! Dyce, Sta.
Glo. Cam. Ktly. enough!...sworder!
just before, alluded to the youth and gaiety of Octavius, and he now summons him
to lay aside everything but armor and a sword, and meet him face to face in single combat.
In the next clause it seems to me that there has been an accidental transposition,
and that we should read ‘sword against sword declin’d.’-[DEIGHTON, ROWE (who ‘suspects that caparisons’ is the true reading), WORDSWORTH, HERFORD all give good paraphrases, but none is, I think, better or more concise than COLLIER (ed. ii), as thus: ‘That is, his gay, youthful, and triumphant condition, as compared with me, in my declined or fallen state.’ Deighton justly says, ‘there is probably a special allusion to Antony’s declining years as compared with Caesar’s youth.’ That Antony refers, not to Caesar’s outward trappings, his caparisons, but to immaterial conditions, receives confirmation, I think, from the words of Enobarbus when he derides the thought that ‘the full Caesar will answer Anthony’s emptiness.’ That ‘declin’d’ has nothing whatsoever to do with swords, is clear, I think, from its use in the very same sense, as I believe, in Caesar’s lament over Anthony’s death, where he says, ‘I must perforce Haue shewne to thee such a declining day, Or looke on thine,’ V, i, 47.—ED.]
35. Stag’d to’th’shew] HENLEY: That is, exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.
36, etc. I see mens Judgements, etc.] THESLETON (p. 20): This speech is excellently punctuated in the Folio. Modern editors not seeing that ‘that’ in line 39 introduces the ground of Enobarbus’ inference (see Abbott, § 284), and in their abhorrence of anything like a long sentence, place a full stop after ‘alike,’ and a note of exclamation after ‘emptinesse,’ and so weaken the tension of the style. It may be safely asserted that no one can derive an adequate conception of the energy of Shakespeare’s style from the study of a modern text.—[To follow here the punctuation of Shakespeare’s printers is, I think, to rob the speech of its vigour, and convert into a philosophic, didactic observation what was intended to be indignant astonishment. Rowe’s dramatic instinct revealed to him the derision, nay, almost the contempt, which lay in the words, ‘That he should dreame,’ etc. We hear the same indignant, derisive tones in Cleopatra’s ‘To say as I said then!’ (I, v, 88); or in ‘The way to lose him!’ (I, iii, 14); or ‘so tart a fauour To trumpet such good tidings!’ (II, v, 48.)—ED.]
37. A parcell of their Fortunes] STEEVENS: That is, as we should say at present, are of a piece with them.
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all meafures, the full Cæsar will
Anfwer his emptineffe; Cæsar thou haft subdu’d the
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Meflenger from Cæfar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againft the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel’d unto the Buds. Admit him sir.

(Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,

39. alike, that] alike. That Rowe et seq.
40. nö[e]neses Walker, Huds. Words. seq.
41. emptineffe;] emptiness Theob. et seq.
42. judgement] judgement Fv. square,] square; Rowe, +. square.
43. their] the Kinner.
46. beginne to square] Peck (p. 224) is reluctant to accept for ‘square’ the

39. To suffer] STAuTON: The verb is apparently used here in an active sense, meaning to punish or afflict.
40. Knowing all measures] COLLIER (Notes, etc. p. 197, ed. ii) records miseries as the correction of his MS and explains that thereby ‘Enobarbus refers to the woeful plight and prospects of Antony at the time he dared Cæsar to “lay his gay comparisons apart,” and meet him “sword against sword.”’—ANON. (Blackwood, Oct. p. 467, 1853): That is, it is surprising that Antony, who has experienced every measure of fortune, has drunk of her fullest as well as of her emptiest cup, should dream that the full Cæsar will answer his emptiness. Here the words full and emptiness prove to a demonstration that ‘measure’ is the right word; yet Collier’s MS alters it to miseries!
40. full] Thidias, line 107, calls Cæsar ‘the fullest man,’ i.e. the most perfect.
46. blowne Rose . . . their nose] WALKER (Crit. iii, 305): Shakespeare would not have tolerated this cacophony; besides, the old grammar requires noes.—LETTSOM (Footnote to preceding): Walker is, I think, mistaken [Unquestionably.—Ed.] in this latter observation, though I agree with the preceding part of the note.—STAUNTON (Athenæum, 26 Apr. 1873): Walker has noticed the insufferable cacophony of ‘rose’ and ‘nose,’ which assuredly Shakespeare would never have endured. But his proposal to read noes is not a convincing remedy. My belief is that the line originally stood ‘— may stop their sense.’ That is, their sense of smelling; which, not being understood, was changed into ‘nose.’—[Hereupon Stauntion gives several quotations where sense is applied to seeing, to hearing, to smelling; the most apposite is, ‘You smell this business with a sense as cold,’ etc.—WINT. TALE, II. i. But it is to be doubted that any number of quotations would justify a change of the text. The cacophony may be possibly softened, if, in reading the line, the emphasis be strongly laid on ‘blown’—Against the blown rose may they stop their nose.’ Was it not for this purpose that Shakespeare threw the italic on ‘blown’?—Ed.]
47. Admit him sir] An instance of the use of ‘sir’ in addressing persons of humble rank.—Ed.
48. beginne to square] Peck (p. 224) is reluctant to accept for ‘square’ the
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Matter conquer,
And earns a place i'th'Story.)

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Caesar will.
Thid. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony.
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as Caesar has,

49. The] Tho' Theob. Han. 57. None] None here Han. Here's
53. i'th'] i'the Cap. et seq. none Kity. No one Walker.
55. will.] will? Theob. et seq. joy'] say on Cap.

definition quarrel, and, after quoting passages from Mid. N. Dream, Wint. Tale, and Tit. And. wherein the word occurs in that sense, and in each instance proposing jar, or squall as a substitute, quotes the present passage, and observes, 'Yet, upon the whole, perhaps Shakespeare never wrote "square" to express a quarrel. For I am sometimes inclined to think he wrote, in most of these places, spare.' Be it remembered that Feck wrote in 1740.—Ed.

49. The Loyalty well held to Fools, etc.] Theobald: After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, (i.e. that his reason shews him to be mistaken in his firm adherence to Antony) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: 'Tho' loyalty, stubbornly preserved to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; (i.e. men, who have not honour enough to think more wisely), yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror.' I therefore read: 'Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make Our faith mere folly,' etc.—Johnson: I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forswear a fool and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion.—Capell (i, 41) : 'The change of 'The' into—'Tho', robs this speech of its greatest beauty; by destroying, or less'ning at least, that air of unsettledness that is much more visible in it when the propositions are not connected: a good speaker would shew this, sooner than words; by making a pause after 'folly,' and pronouncing 'yet' with an ictus, with the force of—and yet.

53. a place] Staunton: That is, a seat of dignity.

55. Enob. He needs as many, etc.] Malone: I suspect that this speech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers usually keep the names of the persons, who appear in each scene, ready composed; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus should presume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thrysea, till Enobarbus thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number (we), which suits Cleopatra, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Or needs not vs. If Caesar please, our Master
Will leap to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Caucas.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, Caesar's intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st:
Further then he is Caucas.

61. For vs you] For as you Ff, Rowe, et seq. (subs.)
Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. 62. that is] that's Pope, +, Steev.
Varr. Coll Sing. Wh. i. et seq. entreats the Kly.
renown'd] renown'd; Han. Cap.

my conjecture. The words, 'our master,' it may be said, are inconsistent with this
supposition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus described Antony, with
sufficient propriety. They are afterwards explained: 'Whose he is, we are.'
Antony was the master of her fate.—STEVENS: Enobarbus, who is the buffoon of
the play, has already presumed to interfere between the jarring Triumvirs, and might
therefore have been equally flipant on the occasion before us. For this reason, as
well as others, I conceive the speech in question to have been rightly appropriated
in the old copy. What a diminution of Shakspeare's praise would it be, if four lines
that exactly suit the mouth of Enobarbus, could come with equal propriety from the
lips of Cleopatra!

60. Or needs not vs] HEATH (p. 461): The poet's meaning is this: In his
present fortune Antony needs as many friends as Caesar hath, or else he needs not
even us, whose small number and want of power render us incapable, without other
assistance, of being of any service to him. If Caesar so pleases, our master will leap
to be his friend; for, as you know very well, though we are indeed our master's
friends, yet both he and we are at present pretty much at Caesar's discretion.

60. Or needs not vs. If Caesar please.] WARRINGTON: All sense is lost in this
false pointing, which should be reformed thus: 'Or needs not us if Caesar please.'
That is, while he is at enmity with Caesar he needs a power equal to Caesar's; but
if he pleases to receive Antony into his friendship he will then want no other sup-
port. This is sensible and polite.—[For all its sense and politeness, no editor or
commentator has paid any attention to it.]

61. For vs you know] CAPELL (i, 41. See Text. Notes.) Upon reading this
speech in former editions, the annotator was struck with seeing, in the last line but
one, a consequence drawn from premises that can never fairly be made to yield it:
he observ'd too, that the causal particle 'For' was printed with a great letter; and—
concluding from both these circumstances, that no consequence was intended,—
thought rashly that 'For' was a mistake, and to be amended by—Or: But, looking
into the folio's again, while this note was in penning, he found a word in the first
of them (overslip in collation) that makes amendment unnecessary, and even injuri-
ous; for by reading, as that does,—'For us,' (i.e. As for us,) this member of the
speech has another aspect, and is so clear as to need no explaining.—[Which, being
interpreted, means that he withdraws the emendation in his text: Or, at.]

65. Further then he is Cesars] 'Cesars' is as clearly a misprint here as it is
in 'shee, Eros, has Packt Cards with Cesars.'—IV, xiv, 24. It is correctly printed
Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not Anthony

As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

66. on, right] Ff, Rowe, Pope. om.—Huds.
Right Johns. on;—right Theob. et cet. (subs.)

68. feared] fear’d Theob. et seq.


‘Cesar’ in F, which has been followed by every editor except three, and of these Collier (ed. i) is silent, and Rann is an echo of MALONE, whose note is as follows: ‘It has just been said, that whatever Antony is, all his followers are; “that is, Caesar’s.” Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Caesar entreats her not to consider herself in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with Antony, who is Caesar’s: intimating to her (according to the instructions he had received from Caesar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony), that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.’ RANN’S note is as follows: ‘Than as thou art connected with Antony who is now at Caesar’s discretion.’ WARBURTON, adopting ‘Cesar’ of F, thus paraphrases: ‘That is, Caesar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Caesar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.’ CAPELL (i, 41) follows thus: ‘Nor will Thyreus’ address to Cleopatra be conceiv’d very readily; for, being a tender matter, it is worded with great caution, and from thence it’s obscurity: the purport of it is,—that Caesar would have her think, that she is in the hands of a conqueror; but think at the same time, that that conqueror is Caesar, one unable to use his power to her prejudice.’

66. Go on, right Royall] DANIEL (p. 82) suggests, with probability, that ‘right Royall’ belongs to Thidias. If, however, it is spoken by Cleopatra, as it now stands, the purpose of such flattery so early in the interview is somewhat obscure, and the absolute use of an adjective, ‘Royall’ does not help to make the phrase any clearer. In the last scene of the play, Caesar, looking on Cleopatra’s fair corpse, says, ‘She level’d at our purposes, and, being royall, Took her own way.’ This latter clause has been interpreted as a reference to ‘Harts Royal,’ which, by the Forest Laws, were suffered to roam where they pleased, protected from all molestation. To the majority of Shakespeare’s audience, every term in Venery was as familiar, I suppose, as the names of vegetables. Can it be that here, in ‘right Royal’ there is an allusion, readily caught by the audience, to ‘harts royll,’ the undisputed lords of the forest?—ED.

67. that you embrace not] CAPELL (i, 42): It does not seem to be Thyreus’ business, to insinuate—that Antony is still lov’d by Cleopatra: therefore ‘embrace,’ in this line, should be—embrac’d; and the words ‘fear’d’ and ‘did love,’ in the next line absolutely require it.

69. Oh] What does this mean? What emotion does it express? It is the keynote to our interpretation of Cleopatra’s bearing during this interview. And how is that bearing to be interpreted? If we believe that she is here playing false to Anthony, this ‘Oh’ must be a shudder. If she is true to Anthony,—and nothing in this play can make me believe otherwise,—and is merely, with consummate skill, drawing on the Ambassador in order to probe to the bottom Caesar’s plans so that
ACT III, SC. XIII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deferred.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meeearly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske Anthony.
Sir, sir, thou art so leachie
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Thid. Shall I say to Caesar,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits

70. scarres] scarres F. F. F. F.
73. He is] He's Walker, Dyce ii, iii.
73-75. He is ... meeearly] Lines end, right. ...morely Rowe. Lines end, knows ...yielded, ...morely Pope et seq.
76, 77. To be...leachie] Lines end, that, ...leaky Pope et seq.
77. Sir, sir, thou art] Sir, thou'rt

she can protect Anthony and herself, then this 'Oh' is shocked surprise, inadvertently escaping from her at the bare suggestion that she feared Anthony more than she loved him.—Anthony! for whom her love was without a bourn! With whatever tone it was uttered, the Ambassador was quick to interpret it not otherwise than as a confirmation of his insinuation.—Ed.

72, 73. Not as deserued. He is a God] Walker (Crit. iii, 305) suggests that the 'deserv'd' of the Folio be retained and that He's be read for 'He is.'—[Attempts to force broken lines into regular rhythm deserve, I think, but little heed; for actors they are valueless. In the present case, which is the better emphasis: 'He's a God,' implying astonishment, and that the knowledge of Cesar's divinity has just dawned on the speaker; or 'He is a God,' implying that Cesar's divinity is well-known, and that in this reluctant assent lies a fresh and convincing proof of it?—Ed.]

78, 79. for Thy dearest quit thee] Staunton, by referring to his note on 'For you sink' (II, vii, 69), intimates that the present 'for' is the same as the 'for' in that passage and that both should be printed 'fore.' I doubt it in both cases,—in the present case, emphatically. By the manner in which Cleopatra was at that very minute receiving Thidias,[Enobarbus imagined that he saw proof that she had already 'quit' Anthony.—En.]

84. spirits] Possibly, Walker's rule as to the monosyllabic pronunciation of
To heare from me you had left Anthony,
And put your selle under his shrowd, the vnieurual Land-
Cleo. What's your name? (lord.
Thid. My name is Thidias.
Cleo. Moft kinde Messenger,
Say to great Caesar this in disputatation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt

86. shrowd] shrowd Theob. ii, Warb.
Johns. Var. '73. shrowd, the great Han.
Cap. shrowd, who is Coll. ii, iii (MS),
Kty, Huds, stewardship Bulloch.
86, 87. the vnieurual Land-{lord.} Separate line, Han. Cap. Var. '78 et seq.
Land-{lord} Landlord (opposite line 89), F,

88. Thidias] Thyreas Theob. et seq.
90. this in disputatation.] Ff, Rowe, Pope. this; in disputatation Theob. Han.
Glo. Cam. Kty, Coll. iii. this; in disputatation Var. '78, '85, Mal. Steev. Varr.
Knt, Coll. i, Sta. Hal. that in disputatation Coll. ii (MS).
91. I am] I'm Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii.

'spirit' does not here apply; and yet the verse seems to require it. See I, ii, 143.
—Ed.

86. And put your selle under his shrowd] ABBOTT (§ 505): Lines with four accents are, unless there is a pause in the middle of the line, very rare. The following, however, seem to have no more than four accents.—[Among the examples then given by Abbott is found the present line (it has been printed as a separate line in every edition since 1778), and it has seemed, apparently, in Abbott's eyes so unmistakeably of four accents and pauseless withal, that he has queried if it be not corrupt. But is it pauseless? Is Thidias so little of a diplomatist that he fails to feel his way? His keen eyes are reading every emotion that flits over Cleopatra's face. He has won her ear. He has represented Caesar as almost cringing before her. He has ventured perilously near to the assertion that she bears no love to Anthony, and he has met no scornful denial; and now approaches the supreme moment, the sole object of his mission, when, with her own consent, he is to get her into Caesar's power. 'And put yourself,' he slowly says, and pauses, watching, and would have said 'beyond temptation;' or 'far from Anthony's power;' or anything else to that effect, had he read a trace of cold suspicion in the eyes before him. But what he read so far emboldened him that he then, and not till then, dared complete the sentence,— 'under his shrowd.' I venture to hope that a dramatic necessity is here shown for a pause long enough to remove the line from Abbott's list of anomalies and to purge it from corruption.—Ed.]

86. shrowd] Derived from Anglo-Saxon scrūd, a garment, clothing. Secondly, a winding sheet, etc. In the present line it means protection.—Century Dictionary.
The only instance given by SCHMIDT (Lex.) of this noun thus used. Compare Milton, Comus, 147, where Comus bids his troop, 'Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees.'—Ed.]

90, 91. Say to great Caesar this in disputatation, I kiss his conqu'ring hand] THEOBALD: The poet certainly wrote: 'Say to great Cesar this; in disputatation I kiss his conqu'ring hand: ' i.e. by proxy; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name.
—[Warburton reprinted this note in his edition, word for word, without acknowledge-
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

To lay my Crowne at's feet, and there to kneele.

92. at's] Ft, Rowe, +, Kn, Coll. at his Cap. et cct.

ment; as his, it was repeated in subsequent editions, and to him, as the author, it is always ascribed. The Cam. Ed., while according the first appearance of deputation in print to Theobald, attributes its suggestion to Warburton by printing his name in parenthesis after Theobald’s. I suppose that for this the editors of that edition find their authority in what Theobald says in his note, which reads thus: ‘The Poet certainly wrote (as Mr Warburton likewise saw, we must restore),’ etc. I cannot but believe that Theobald here means merely that he had submitted the emendation to Warburton and that the latter had approved of it. Never would Theobald have hesitated to announce the real authorship, had it not been his. It is true, I have searched through the voluminous correspondence of the two men and have found no mention of this passage; but all the correspondence has not been preserved.—Ed.]—Steevens: I am not certain that this change is necessary. ‘I kiss his hand in disputa—’ may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy. I confess my inability to dispute or contend with him. To dispute may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in Macbeth: ‘Dispute it like a man;’ and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is disputing or contending with himself only. Again, in Twelfth Night: ‘For though my soul disputes well with my sense.’ If Warburton’s change be adopted, we should read—by deputation.’—M. Mason: I have no doubt but deputation is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural construction that any sense can be extorted from the words as they stand. —Malone: I think Warburton’s conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle in being used, is, in my apprehension, of little weight. Though by deputation is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakespeare. I have found no example of in deputation being used in the sense required here.—Collier (ed. i): As a clear meaning is afforded by ‘disputation,’ in the sense of controversy, or contest, we adhere to the text of all the old editions. At the same time the plausibility of Warburton’s change is not to be disputed.—Ibid. (ed. ii): Warburton’s suggestion is fully confirmed by the MS which adds that we must also read that for ‘this’ of the old copies.—Staunton: We are of opinion that, as in II, vii, 8, disposition was misprinted ‘disputation,’ the reciprocal error has been perpetrated here, and that the poet wrote ‘in disposition,’ that is, in inclination, willingly. [Staunton has misquoted his own note at II, vii, 8, where the text is ‘disposition,’ which he conjectured should be disposition.]—R. G. White (ed. i): For obvious reasons I have no hesitation in adopting Warburton’s reading.—Schmidt (Lex.): ‘Disputation’ is perhaps equivalent to ‘say to Cesar this, as the plea which I put in.’—[It is not easy to see what valid objection there can be to ‘disputation.’ To be sure, it is a large word for a fair woman’s mouth, but it was not too large for poor Lucretia’s. Possibly, Cleopatra wished to minimise as much as possible the uncomfortable fact that she had been actually at war with Cesar, so she called her warfare a ‘disputation,’ which it certainly was, and a good deal more; but this she keeps in the background. Moreover, in deputation is undeniably awkward; and besides, can a kiss be sent by proxy without giving it to the bearer? I ask in ignorance. These objections are, it seems to me, sufficient to awaken suspicion of any emendation, and to counsel loyalty to the Folio.—Ed.]
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Nobleft course:
Wisedome and Fortune combattting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Befowl'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kifles.

from] that from Rowe, +. 100. 96.] Om. Han. [giving her hand.
all-obeying ] all-swaying Anon. Cap.
95. 'Tis] It is Han. 100, 101. 96 ... in] One line, Steev. Var. '03, '13, Knt, Sing. Kty.

93. from his all-obeying breath] Johnson: 'Doom' is declared rather by an all-commanding, than an 'all-obeying breath.' I suppose we ought to read—'all-obey'd breath.'—Craik (Note on 'a labouring day,' Full. Cas. I, 1, 4): An expression used by Cowper (in his verses composed in the name of Alexander Selkirk), 'the sound of the church-going bell' has been passionately reprobated by Wordsworth. 'The epithet church-going applied to a bell,' observes the critic (in an Appendix upon the subject of Poetic Diction), 'and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which poets have introduced into their language, till they and their readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as matters of admiration.' A church-going bell is merely a bell for church-going; and the expression is constructed on the same principle with a thousand others that are and always have been in familiar use;—such as a marauding or a sight-seeing expedition, a banking or a house-building speculation, a fox-hunting country, a lending library, a fishing village, etc. What would Wordsworth have said to such a daring and extreme employment of the same form as we have in Shakespeare, where he makes Cleopatra say, speaking of the victorious Caesar,—'From his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt?' But these audacities of language are of the very soul of poetry.

96, 98. Wisedome and Fortune ... may shake it] That is, if, when wisdom and chance are opposed, the former ventures to exercise all its power, no mischance can thwart it.

98. Giue me grace] Johnson: Grant me the favour.

100. Your Caesars Father] Julius Cesar was the grand-uncle of Octavius. See note on the relationship, III, vi, 7.

101. taking kingdomes in] Compare, 'Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that,'—I, i, 35, or 'He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea And take in Troine.'—III, vii, 28.
Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By ioue that thunders. What art thou 105
Thid. One that but performs (Fellow?
The bidding of the fulllest man, and worthieth
To haue command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels 110
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muffe, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,

Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I finde them
So saucy with the hand of the heere, what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke Anthony.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of Cæsars shall
Beare vs an arrant to him. Exeunt with Thidius.

118. Starres.] stars / Rowe.
119. wer't] wert F.e were F,F.e Rowe, Pope.
121. of she] of her Han. of—she Coll. Wh. i.
121, 122. what's ... Cleopatra?] In parenthesis, Pope, +, Cap.
121. name] name, Johns. et seq.
122. Cleopatra?] Cleopatra—Rowe.
127. againe,] again; Theoeb. et seq. (subs.)
128. arrant] errand F.e

119. Whip him] Abbott (§ 499) finds that this line belongs to a class of 'apparent Alexandrines', which are sometimes regular verses of five accents preceded or followed by a foot, more or less isolated, containing one accent. 'Whip him' is the isolated foot here, as, I suppose, 'what's her name' is the isolated one in line 121. It is the same old story; Anthony, even in the whiff and wind of foaming rage, will pay no attention to his rhythm. . . . I now find that Abbott (§ 497) has a different scansion for the 'apparent Alexandrine' of line 121. It is to be effected by 'the omission of emphatic syllables,' thus:—'So saucy | with the hand | of she | here —what's | her name?'—Ed.

121. hand of she heere] 'She' instead of 'her' is used in supreme contempt. Collier's dash before it is, I think, well devised. Hamner's 'her here' is to me intolerable.—Ed.

122. Since she was Cleopatra] Abbott (§ 132): Perhaps the meaning is 'Whip him for being saucy with this woman, since (though she is not now worthy of the name) she once was (emphatical) Cleopatra.' Else 'What is her new name since she ceased to be Cleopatra?' If 'since,' in the sense of ago, could be used absolutely for once, a third interpretation would be possible: 'What's her name? Once she was Cleopatra.'

127. the Iacke] Pope changed 'the' to this, and has been followed by a majority of editors. We have already had 'this Jack' where Thidias is regarded as simply an offensive menial without any qualification other than the contemptuous 'this.' But here he is 'the Jack of Cæsar,' and it is because he is Cæsar's Jack that he is to be made a servile messenger. There is enough contempt in the fact that he came as Cæsar's ambassador and returns as an errand-bearer. It seems to me that 'the' should be retained. The ictus falls on 'Jack.'—Ed.
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have beeue a boggeleer euer,
But when we in our viciouneffe grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wife Gods seele our eyes

129. Ha?] Ha] Rowe.
134. Lord.] Lord— Rowe et seq.
(subs.)
135. boggeler] boggler Rowe.
136. grow] grew F, Rowe.
137. seele] Fv. scale F. seal F.
137, 138. eyes... filth] F, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Johns. eyes...filth; Cap.
Knt. eyes...filth Warb. et cet. (subs.)

133. By one that lookes on Feeders?] JOHNSON, by an obliquity that will sometimes befall the keenest, supposed that this refers to Thidias, and that Anthony was abused by a man who looked on while others were feeding; consequently he paraphrased the words by: 'one that waits at the table while others are eating,' which is true enough if the words are taken literally, but the 'one that looks on' (that is, looks on with favour) is Cleopatra, and 'feeders' are servants. When Corin offers to establish Rosalind and Celia in their cottage he says, 'l will your very faithful Feeder be.'—As You Like It, II, iv, 105.—ED.

135. boggeler] MURRAY (N. E. D.): The verb to boggle is apparently formed on bogle, a variant of Bogle, a spectre (such as horses are reputed to see). In later times there has been a tendency to associate the word with bungle, which appears in sense 4, and in the derivatives. 1. intr. To start with fright, to shy as a startled horse, to take alarm, etc. 2. To raise scruples, hesitate, demur, stickle (at, etc.). 3. 'To play fast or loose,'—Johnson; to palter, quibble, equivocate. 4. To fumble, bungle, make a clumsy attempt. [Hence] Boggler is one who boggles, or hesitates; a stickler [whereof the present line is quoted as an example].

136-139. when... errors] That is, when we become hardened in our vicious courses the wise gods so blind us that we lose the power of judging clearly concerning our own moral defilement, and end with adoring our very errors. I am haunted with the memory of a sentiment similar to this in the Old Testament, and mention it in the trust that some one may be more fortunate than I in recalling it. We must remember that filth, filthy, etc. are much stronger terms now than in the time of Shakespeare.—ED.

137. seele our eyes] HARTING (p. 69): Turbervile, in his Book of Falconry, 1575, gives the following directions 'how to seele a hawke':—'Take a needle threaded with untwisted thread, and (casting your Hawke) take her by the beske, and put the needle through her eye-lidde, not right against the sight of the eye, but somewhat nearer to the beske, because she may see backwards. And you must take good heed that you hurt not the webbe, which is under the eye-lidde, or on the inside thereof. Then put your needle also through that other eye-lidde, drawing
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a MorSELL, cold vpon
Dead Caesar's Trencher : Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Gecius Pompeyes, besides what hotter houres
Vnregiftred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with

the endes of the thread together, yte them over the beake, not with a straight knotte,
but cut off the threades endes neare to the knotte, and twist them together in such sorte,
that the eye-liiddes may be raysed so upwards, that the Hawke may not see at all,
and when the thread shall ware loose or untyed, then the Hawke may see somewhat backwardes, which is the cause that the thread is put nearer to the beake.'

137. our eyes] Surely a debt of gratitude is due to Warburton for his punctuation here, when we find a critic as keen as Walker (Crit. iii, 305) 'imagining,' that Knight was 'right' in substantially following the Folio. In the circumstances, Walker naturally found a difficulty in forcing 'drop' to assume the sense of make drop. Whereas, under Warburton's corrected punctuation, the subject of 'drop' is 'the wise Gods,' just as it is of 'make' and 'laugh.'—Ed.

142, 143. a Morsell, cold vpon . . . a Fragment] Whitter (p. 136): The rapid imagination of the unwary Poet, even when it is employed on sentiments the most tender and pathetic, is sometimes imperceptibly entangled in a chain of imagery, which is derived from the meanest subjects and the lowest occupations. [Hereupon follow several illustrations of the way in which an image, drawn from the culinary art, influences the train of thought; as here the word 'morsef' leads to 'fragment.'] 'In old English,' continues Whitter, "'fragments' and broken meat were synonymous. In the vulgar translation of the Bible we have, "and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets."—Mark viii, 8. In other places we find fragments used for these broken relics.'

146. Luxuriously] In Roman Catholic Moral Theology there is no other definition of luxury than 'inordinatus appetitus rei venereae.'

147. Though] Staunton: 'Though' carries here the sense of if, or even if.
ACT III. SC. XIII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Bashan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like
A halter’d nekke, which do’s the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg’d a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was’t not made his daughter, and be thou forrie
To follow Caesar in his Triumph, since
Thou haft bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on’t. Get thee backe to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou fay
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes

152. this Kingly Seale] Collier (ed. ii): The MS converts ‘this’ into that; the use of ‘this’ would almost imply that Antony had seized Cleopatra’s hand.

154. the hill of Bashan, to out-roare The horned Heard] Crudens Concordance gives the following references, where mention is made of the high hill of Bashan and of its bulls:—Psalms, xxii, 12; lxviii, 15; Ezekiel, xxxix, 18; Amos, iv, 1. By way of excuse for these quotations from the Old Testament in the mouth of Anthony, Singer suggests that ‘probably Antony caught them from his friend Herod, or picked them up when he was at Jerusalem with Cleopatra, as he once was.’

158. yare] That is, adroit, quick. See Shakespeare, passim.

167. The white hand] Can it be that it is an unsavory commentary on the personal cleanliness of the ladies of his time that Shakespeare lays so much stress, as something distinctive, on the ‘white hands’ of his heroines? Rosaline has a ‘white hand;’ so has Rosalind, also Olivia; the Duke of Orleans in Henry the Fifth swears by his ‘lady’s white hand.’ Hermione’s hand was white, so also Helen of Troy’s, hera was ‘marvelous white;’ the hand of Lucrece was ‘a perfect white,’ and here in the present line, by implication, Cleopatra has a ‘white hand.’ The respective references may be found in Bartlett’s Concordance.—Ed.

167. Feauer] Used causatively.
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?
Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
ACT III, SC. xiii.]  *ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA*  253

And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time?

*Ant.* To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes

With one that tyes his points.

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah (Deere) if I be so,

From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyfon it in the fourfe, and the firft ftone
Drop in my necke: as it determines fo
Diffolue my life, the next Caesarian smilie,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storne,

185. [to her Women. Cap.  
*time f?] F3. time. F2  et seq.  
187. *points.] points ? Rowe et seq.  
189. *me f?] me / Theob. +, Var. '73.  
*me._ Kly.  
190. *Ah (Deere)] Om. Han.  
192. *poyfon it?] poison't Pope, +.  
193. *determines fo] determines, so  
Rowe et seq.

*life / Theob. et seq.  
*Casarion smile Han. et cet.  
197. *discandering] Ff, Knt. *discat- 
tering Rowe, Pope. discandying Thirlby,  
Theob. et cet.

Capell received the idea, which would never else have occurred to his sensible mind.  
As it is, he yielded, as he says, only 'in part.'—Ed.]

187. *With one that tyes his points*  MALONE: That is, with a menial atten- 
dant. 'Points' were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhose were 
fasted.—Davies (ii, 354): When Mr Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, some 
time before the beginning of the civil wars, waited upon Charles I. at Hampton 
Court, the king said to him, 'So, Ned Hyde, they say you tie my points!'

193. *as it determines*  M. MASON: That is, as the hailstone dissolves.

194. *Dissolue my life*  COLLIER: But for the verse, we might, perhaps, more 
properly and intelligibly read, 'as it dissolves, so determine (or end) my life.'  
'Determine' and 'dissolve' may, however, be taken as convertible terms.

194. *next*  In deciding the question of Cleopatra's sincerity or insincerity in this 
scene, has full weight been given to the pathetic tenderness of this word?—Ed.

194. *the next Caesarian*  STEVENS: Caesar was Cleopatra's son by Julius 
Cesar.—IRVING EDITION: Cleopatra appears to apply the name to Antony's off- 
spring as an indirect compliment; as if she had said, this second Caesar's son. —[Or, 
rather, is it not a wilful and artful oblivion that she had ever had any children of 
whom Anthony was not the father?—Ed.]

195. *memory of my wombe*  CAPELL (i, 42): That is, the memorials of my 
womb, the things by which it will be remember'd, and means—her children.

197. *discandering*  THIRLBY (*Letter to Theobald*, 1729,—Nichols, *Illust.* ii, 
228): Possibly, Shakespeare wrote 'discandying.' *Sed nihil statuo.* If you please,
Lye grauelse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Caesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuerr'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleeete, threatening most Sea-like.

and it be worth while, consider a little of it: for I have objections against it, and let me know your opinion of it; and whether Shakespeare ever uses the word disscatter.

—Theobald: From the corruption [of the Folio] both Dr Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. . . . The concealing of the water into hail he metaphorically calls candying; and it is an image he is fond of. So in the next Act of this very play:—The hearts, . . . do discandy, melt their sweets, etc.—Knight: But how is ‘discandy’ used in the next Act? ‘The hearts . . . to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets, On blossoming Cesar.’ The expletive melt their sweets gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra’s brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word discandying. See note in The Mer. of Ven. I, iii, upon the passage: ‘other ventures he hath squandered abroad.’ To squander is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:—‘They drive, they squander the huge Belgian fleet.’ To dis-squander, we believe then, is to dis-squander. . . . We, therefore, without hesitation, restore the original ‘discandering,’ in the sense of dis-squandering.—[Dyce gives the reading of the Folio, and then, without quoting Knight’s note, adds: ‘which Mr Knight “without hesitation restores.”’] After ‘restores,’ Dyce indulges in a good heartsome exclamation mark, which saves thought and does not spare feelings,

—Knight, gentlesst of men, whose epitaph Douglas Jerrold said should be ‘Good Night,’ must, sooner or later, have known of this contemptuous treatment of his well-considered opinion; he outlived Dyce.—Ed.)

197. this pelleted storme] STAUNTON (Athenaeum, 26 April, 1873): I have a suspicion that ‘pelleted’ is wrong, and that Shakespeare wrote,—‘polluted’ storm.’ The hail was to be poisoned, and kill in melting, not in falling. This, however, may be thought by many to be gilding refined gold. ‘Pelleted’ affords a good sense, and in any other writer would be received without question.

199. Haue buried them for prey] BRIGHTON: That is, till they have found a grave in the stomachs of the flies and gnats of the Nile. Compare Macbeth, III, iv, 72, ‘If channel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments (i.e. tombs) Shall be the maws of kites.’

202. I will oppose his Fate] A revelation of the conviction forced on Anthony both by the Soothsayer (II, iii), and by his own experience, that it was Cesar’s ‘fate’ to be Anthony’s superior.—Ed.

204. and Fleeete] CAPELL (i, 42): This implies, a moving with nimbleness, a
ACT III, SC. xiii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kiffe thefe Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues

205. bin] been Ff. Steev. Varr.
208. our] my Ff, Rowe, +, Varr. -sinewed F,F, Rowe. treble-sinewed Pope
209. There's...in't] There is...in it et seq.

skimming lightly on water; as in this line of Lodge's,—'As many fife [i.e. small
pike] as fleete on Ocean's face.'—Euphues' Golden Legacy, E, 2b,) and is therefore
fitter than—float, a word the moderns have chang'd it to, which carries with it an
idea of inaction and stillness.—BRADLEY (N. E. D. s. v. Fleet) : 1. To float. ↑c. Of
a vessel: To be or get afloat; to sail.

204. threatening most Sea-like] THISELTON (p. 21): The Navy is here regarded
as partaking of the nature of the Sea, so at home does it appear to be in that
element.

205. Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?] To Anthony's
first question, which is that of a lover, jealous of every minute passed by his mistress
while out of sight, Cleopatra returns no answer. Whereupon follows the second
question, which would not have been asked had she not evidently been lost in thought.
During her interview with Thidias she had been true to Anthony and had encouraged
Cesar's ambassador only that she might discover the full extent of his master's plans.
But now this outburst of Anthony's Berserker wrath could not but have its effect on
her, and give her food for reflection. When the play opens, the question with her
was how she should keep Anthony by her side; now the question looms up whether
or not she should keep by the side of Anthony. Caesar's offer was perilously attrac-
tive. Small wonder that she was so abstracted that Anthony had to say, 'Dost thou
hear, Lady?' She emerges from this reverie, true to her love, and from this hour
her fate and Anthony's were to be the same.—ED.

207. in Blood] That is, in full vigour, in perfect condition, a phrase derived from
the chase. See, if need be, the note (in this edition) on 'The Deare was (as you
know) sanguis in blood,'—LOVE'S LAB. LOST, IV, ii, 4.—ED.

209. There's hope in't yet] For the sake of the metre, HANMER, with a follow-

ing that is certainly respectable, changed this into the demure and deliberate
'There is hope in it yet.' Happily, no editor since Knight's day has thus trans-
gressed.—ED.

211. treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd] MALONE points out that 'treble'
qualifies both 'hearted' and 'breath'd.'

213. Were nice and lucky] WARBURTON: 'Nice,' for delicate, courtly, flowing
The Tragedie of

Of me for iiefs: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And fend to darkeneffe all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force

220. I had ... Cleopatra] Lines end, is...Cleopatra Han.
220. t'haue] Ff, Rowe,+, Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Knty. to have Cap. et cet.
221. againe] Om. Steev. conj.
222. We will'] Ff, Rowe,+ Var.'73,
Cam. Hal. W'll Cap. et cet.
223. Call ... Lord.] Call my lord's
noble captains. Words.
224-227. Do fo...Queen] Lines end,
force...Queen. Rowe et seq.
224. to them] to 'em Han.

in peace.—Johnson: 'Nice' rather seems to be, just fit for my purpose, agreeable to
my wish. So we vulgarly say of anything that is done better than was expected, it
is nice.—Steevens: 'Nice' is trifling. So, in Rom. and Jul. V, ii: 'The letter
was not nice, but full of charge.'—Malone: Again, in Richard III.: 'My lord,
this argues conscience in your grace, But the respects thereof are nice and
trivial.'—Douce (ii, 94) asserts that it is here used 'in a sense bordering on that of
amorous or wanton'—[Unquestionably, 'nice' is used in all these senses and in several others,
—the context must decide. It is used here, I think, in any sense other than in
Douce's.—Ed.]

216. gawdy night] Bradley (N. E. D.) defines a 'Gaudy-day' as a 'day of
rejoicing, a festival or gala day; especially the day on which a college gaudy is held';
and refers to 'Gaudy,' a substantive, which is 'an adaptation from the Latin gaudium,
joy.' Hence 'gaudy-night.'—Wright (s. v. Gaudy, substantive, 2.) gives an
instance of 'gaudy-night' in use at Oxford as late as 1861.

219. It is my Birth-day] See Plutarch, Appendix.

220. I had ... Cleopatra] Walker (Crit. iii, 306): Arrange,—'I had
thought t'have held it poor; | But, since my lord is Antony again, | I will be Cleo-
patra.'—Corson (p. 308): There's an unconscious and pathetic if not ludicrous
irony in this speech: 'since my lord is Antony again,' really means, he has returned
to his weak and sensual self; 'I will be Cleopatra,' that is, she will be again the
fascinating serpent of old Nile.—[Does it not rather refer to the towering passion into
which Antony had lashed himself, and during which he had assailed Cleopatra
with a torrent of vile abuse?—Ed.]

222. We will yet do well] For an analysis of the conditions under which 'will,'
instead of shall, is used to express simple futurity, see Franz, § 462.
The Wine peepe through their scarrs.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt. 230

Ent. Now hee'll out-flare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frightened out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Etridge; and I fee still

226. scarrs [scarrs F; scarrs Fₖ]
230. Sythe] scythe Fₖ
Exeunt.] Exeunt Ant. Cle. Cha.
Ira. and Att. Cap.
231-235. Mnemonic, Warb.
231. out-flare] outflar[e Daniel.

Lightning.] Ft, Rowe 1. light.

230. his pestilent Sythe] SCHMIDT (Lex.): 'Pestilent sythe' is here equivalent to the scythe of pestilence, the deaths occasioned by pestilence.—[That is, I will rival the scythe that mows down victims in a pestilence.—Ed.]

230. Exeunt] VISCER (p. 125): And thus Antony commits the extraordinary blunder of allowing himself to be won over. But how? It is hardly conceivable that he should have done so, after Cleopatra's baseness in yielding herself to Cæsar and in giving his messenger her hand to be kissed. The question arises whether or not an intermediate scene be lost. The conclusion, that this is the case, is almost inevitable. And why does Cleopatra here display so little charm? Did the Poet intend that she should here appear insipid?—[Never insipid, but dazed, and thinking very fast. She is at the parting of the ways.—Ed.]

231, 232. Now hee'l...moode] WALKER (Crit. iii, 306): Arrange, 'Now he'll outstare | The lightning. To be furious, is to be | Affrighted out of fear; and, in that mood,' etc.

233. Estridge] DOUCE (i, 435, note on 'estridges,' i Hen. IV: IV, i, 97): Although it is admitted that the ostrich was occasionally denominated estridge by our old writers, it is by no means certain that this bird is here meant. Throughout the many observations on these difficult lines, it has been quite overlooked that estridge signifies a goshawk. In this sense the word is used in [the present passage in Ant. & Cleop.]. It would be absurd to talk of a dove pecking an ostrich; the allusion is to the practice of flying falcons at pigeons. Falconers are often called ostrigers and ostringers in the old books of falconry, and elsewhere. Estridge for ostrich or ostridge is a corrupf speaking that crept into our language at the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and it appears that after that period the two words were very often confounded together, and used one for the other.—MADDEN (p. 155, footnote): Douce was the first to point out that Shakespeare wrote of the estridge or goshawk, a not of the ostrich [in the present passage]. The same idea was present to the mind of Clifford when he thus taunted Richard, Duke of York: 'So cowards fight when they can fly no further; So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons.'—3 Hen. VI: I, iv, 40. A dove pecking an ostrich is not a lively image, and I doubt that the idea would have occurred to a commentator, had he been aware that a kind of hawk in
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prays in reaon,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

[Actus Quartus. Scene I.]

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.

Cae. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power

235. prays in] prays in F. prays on
Rowe et seq.

Act IV, Scene i. Rowe. Scene i. Om.

Cæsar's Camp. Rowe. Camp before

common use was known as an estridge.—[On the other hand, BRADLEY (N. E. D.)
says that Estrich or estridge, is a variant of ostrich, and gives to it no other meaning
than the latter word; the present passage is given as a reference. No such meaning
as goshawk is mentioned by him. Every reference that he gives clearly refers to
the ostrich, except the present, and two others, of which one is dated 1450, and the
second, dated 1649, is doubtful. The derivation which MURRAY (N. E. D.) gives
of Ostreger, Ostringer, has no reference to Estridge, but the word comes, con-
cclusively, from Asturia, in Spain. The image of a dove in its fright pecking at an
African ostrich is to me so infinitely absurd that I would welcome any bird or beast
that can prove a more rational substitute. The case of the ostrich is by no means
improved when the quality is noted for which it is chiefly distinguished in the days
of Shakespeare. Some of the examples in the N. E. D. of the use of estridge refer
to its plumes, but the majority to a comfortable and enviable digestion, which success-
fully copes with nails and horse-shoes. It is hardly too much to say that in any
allusion by Shakespeare to an ostrich, an audience of his day would be at once
reminded of the bird's voracity, and, consequently, should a dove peck at an ostrich,
the allusion would be at once interpreted as referring to a defence, not of eggs or
young, but of nails or horse-shoes. After all, the question is of small moment. It is
easy that Enobarbus, after his profoundly true saying that 'to be furious Is to be
frighted out of fear,'—one of those 'jewels, five words long,' which sparkle for ever,
—draws his illustration from the image of a dove, the type of timidity, which attacks,
under the influence of fear, that from which it would otherwise fly in terror,—this,
I prefer to believe, is a hawk, the dove's most terrible foe.—Ed.]

235. in reason] R. G. WHITE (ed. i): I am not quite sure that the Folio should
not here be followed;—'in' having the sense of upon.

235. 236. when valour . . . fights with] HALLIWELL. (Select. Notes, p. 29):
This passage is thus given in Cotgrave's English Treasury, 1655:—'When valour
preys on reason, it does eat | The sword it should fight with.'

3. as he had] Equivalent to as though; see Shakespeare, passim.
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat. 5
_Cæsar_ to _Anthony_: let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other ways to dye: meane time 7

5. _Combat._] _combat_, Rowe et seq.
6. _know._] _know_ Dyce, Glo. Cam.
7. _I have_] _He hath_ Han. Upton,

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7. I have many other ways to dye] UPTON (p. 260): What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging he should dye under the unequal combat. But if we read, ' _He hath_ many other ways to dye; meane time I laugh at his challenge.' By this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Caesar.—CAPPEL (i, 42): The Plutarch that Shakespeare dealt with, speaking of Antony's challenge, says,— _Cæsar_ answered him, that he had many other ways to dye then so;' which words are ambiguous, and might be taken wrong by the Poet, and occasion that reply which is in all the editions except the Oxford one [ _i.e._ Hamner's]: But this is so unfit a reply to be made by _Cæsar_, that the editor could not but acquiesce in the Oxford correction; which, besides that it is not violent, gives us the true reply as found in the original. ' _I_ in the next line [see _Text. Notes._] is taken from the same edition: but the line should be further amended by the insertion of another word,— _fond_, between ' _his_' and ' _challenge_'; otherwise the metre will not proceed right.—JOHNSON: I think this emendation [ _He hath_] deserves to be received.—FARMER: Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations, but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: ' _Cæsar_ answered him, that he had many other ways to dye, than so.'—[DYCE quotes with approval this note of Farmer. — MAGINN ( _Fraser's Maga._ Sept. 1839, p. 264): I am not quite so sure that Shakespeare wrote [this passage] as we have it. [Maginn here quotes it, but reads line 9 as ' _Cæsar must know._'] Taking the repartee literally as it appears in North, Shakespeare's ordinary practice may afford a better reading: ' _Let the old ruffian know_ | _He hath many other ways to dye than so._ | Mean- time, I laugh at's challenge. _Mrs._ _Cæsar must know_,' &c. Is it any very violent conjecture to imagine that Shakespeare had seized the spirit of Plutarch and had written the exact words of North, without alteration of a letter, except the necessary change of _hath_ for _had_; and that some printing or editorial blundering has jumbled the pronouns. The supposition is in complete conformity with Shakespeare's practice, and it removes the metrical difficulty.—[It is patent that North's translation is ambiguous. It makes little difference whether the ambiguity is due to North or to Amyot; there it is in North's text, and Shakespeare accepted the interpretation which he preferred as most in harmony with his idea of his characters; I do not see what right we have to change his words because we happen to think that _Cæsar_ is thereby rendered pusillanimous. If Shakespeare represents _Cæsar_ as conscious of his inferiority in single combat with _Anthony_ (and he might very well be so, he was much younger and in delicate health), and, therefore, assured that he would fall, was afraid to meet _Anthony_, have we any right to change Shakespeare's words and remodel his characters? In the original Greek there is no ambiguity:—LXXV. ἰδίων ἂν ἀντίων ἐπειτον, Καίαρα μονομαχὴtau προκαλεῖνοι: 'Ἀποκρισασμοῦν τ' ἐκλιπον, πολλάδον ὅτους Ἀντώνια περιναι θανάτον, συμφωνόσθης, etc. Nor is there any ambiguity in the Latin version, which, it is said, Amyot followed at times:—_Porro prono-
Laugh at his Challenge.

_Mec. Caesar must think,_
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Euen to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selue.

_Cæs._ Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the laft of many Battales
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thofe that feru'd Marke Anthony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feaft the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn the waue. Poore Anthony. _Exeunt_
[Scene II.]

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitian?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not? He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, less is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier, my Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue, or bathe my dying Honor in the blood hall make it liue againe. Woot thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on: all forth my Houthold Servuants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,

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4. No?] Capell (i, 42): 'No.' So is this monosyllable pointed in the three letter moderns ['Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton'], and rightly; for this sullen affirmative negation expresses admirably the state of the speaker’s mind at this time.

6. twenty times of better fortune] For other instances of the 'transposition of verbs,' such as 'of twenty times better,' see Abbott, § 420, and Shakespeare, sssim.

11. Woot thou] Abbott (§ 241): 'Thou is often omitted after wouldst, or perhaps merged, in the form 'wool,' as 'wilt thou' becomes willst. Sometimes thou is serted [as here]. See IV, xvi, 76.—Franz (§ 20 a): 'The sporadic forms wo, o't, wool for will, and would for would, correspond to the Middle English wool and sw: in the following list [containing the present passage] the I is suppressed, as in a present English would.'
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ACT IV, SC. ii.

Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have ferud'me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which forow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An Anthony: that I might do you feruice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me!
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT IV, SC. II.

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 ferue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good feruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

ENO. What meane you (Sir)

To giue them this discomft? Looke they wepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho:

37, 38. or if; A] F. or if.—A Theob. 39. to night] to-night Pope.
Worb. or if You do, a Kily. 40. yeeld''] shied' Johns.
38. Perchance] It may chance Pope, +.
Nay, perchance Steev. conj.
40. they'] you F., Rowe. 47. Onyon-ey'd;] onion ey'd. Johns.

37. or if] JOHNSON: 'Or if' you see me more, you will see me 'a mangled
shadow,' only the external form of what I was.—[For instances of the omission of
so after 'if,' see ABBOTT, § 64; or FRANZ, § 297.]

38. Perchance] CAPELL (i, 43): This line is not one bit the better, for perfecting
it by reading—' It may chance,' instead of 'Perchance': verses wanting measure,
—that is, their full measure, have, upon some occasions, a singular beauty; that in
question is one of them, as being a kind of painting of the disturb'd mind of the
person it comes from.—[It is well worth while to refer here to North, merely to see how
very closely Shakespeare has followed him throughout this scene.]

44. yeeld you] That is, reward you. See, if needful, 'God-eyld vs,' Macbeth
(Revised ed.), I, vi, 19 in this edition.

47. Onyon-ey'd] JOHNSON: I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been
fretted by onions.—[This is the second time that Enobarbus has referred to this effect
of onions. See I, ii, 192.]

49. Ho, ho, ho] MURRAY (N. E. D. i. v. Ho, th)]: An exclamation express-
ing, according to the intonation, surprise, admiration, exultation (often ironical),
triumph, taunting. 4. Repeated ho! ho! or ho! ho! ho! it expresses derision or
derisive laughter. As in Puck's call to Demetrius: 'Ho, ho, ho; Coward, why
com'st thou not?'—Mid. N. D. III, ii, 421.—[BOSWELL says that this laughter of
Anthony, like Cleopatra's 'Ha, ha, give me to drink mandagora,'—I, v, 4, is hysterical,
which, if true (and I doubt hysterics in both cases), gives us no clue as to the tone in
which it was uttered. To me, it sounds like an honest laugh, merely somewhat
forced, with no tinge of derision in it,—how could there be any derision or con-
tempt, when it is followed by, 'Grace grow where these drops fall!' Under 'Ho,
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)  
You take me in too dolorous a season,  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did you desire you  
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)  
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,  
Where rather I expect victorious life,  
Then death, and Honor. Let’s to Supper, come,  
And drowne consideration.  

[Scene III.]  
Enter a Company of Soldiours.  

1. Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.  
2. Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.  

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.  
1 Nothing: what newes?  
2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.  
1 Well sir, good night.  

51. fall (my...Friends)] Ff. fall; my  
...friends, Rowe ii, Pope. fall / my...  
friends, Theob. et cet.  
52. in too] a too Ff.  
53. For...you] I spake t'you Pope i.  
I spake t'you Pope ii. I spake t'you  
Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. I spake to  
you Cap. Var. '73, Steev. Var. '03, '13.  
58. End of Act III. Kemble.  
Scene continued, Rowe, Pope. Scene  
A Court of Guard before the Palace.  

Theob.  
1-35. Om. Gar.  
4. Enter...] Enter two Soldiers, to  
their Guard. Cap. Steev. et seq.  
2. goodnight] good night Ff, Rowe.  
good-night Pope.  
4. streets] streets? Rowe ii et seq.  
5-10. Nothing...goodnight] Lincend,  
rumour, ...Soldiers,...good night. Steev.  
Var. '03, '13, Kn, Sing. Kty.  
6. to] Om. Rowe ii.

164,' Murray gives the definition 'a call to stop, to cease,' etc. (whence our teamster's whoa). Having found certain passages where he is thus used, HoltWhite, in the Var. of 1821, gives a long note to prove that this meaning obtains here.—Ed.]  
50. the Witch take me] I suppose this means, may the very spirit of sorcery, which alone could so pervert my words, blast me if, etc.—Ed.  
51. Grace grow] Steevens: So in Rich. II: 'Here did she fall a tear; here  
in this place I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.' [III, iv, 105.]  
53. For I spake to you for, etc.] Walker (Crit. iii, 306): Rather, 'I spake  
t'you for,' etc.—[Theobald's reading, see Text. Notes.]  
57. Then death, and Honor] Upton: That is, an honourable death.—[It may  
be so; but it is, also, possible to understand the sentence as meaning 'I'll expect a  
victorious life rather than death, and I'll expect honour.'—Ed.]
ACT IV, SC. III.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

Theys meete other Soldiers.

They place themselues in every corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Nauie thrive, I haue an absoute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Mysick of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noife?
1 Lift lift.
2 Hearke.
1 Mysick I'th'Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
4 It signes well, do's it not?

8. They ...] They meet with ... Ff, Rowe. Enter two other Soldiers. Cap. Mal. et seq.
10. And] 3. S. And Cap. Mal. et seq. (subs.)
we ...] we: [going to theirs] Cap. Mal. et seq. (subs.)
and I'f] an if Walker (Crit. ii, 155).


15. 1 'Tis] 3. S. 'Tis Cap. Mal. et seq. (subs.)

'Tis ...purpose] Lines end, army, purpose Cap. Hal.

19-24. Hearke ... I say] Lines end, earth...I say! Dyce, Glo. Cam.
20. 'Tis] lett F, F, i'the Cap. et seq.
20-24. Mysick...meanes?] Lines end, well, ...mean? Steev. Var. '03, '13, Knt, Sing. Sta.
22. 4 It] It F, Rowe,+

Mysick ... is vnder the Stage] Steevens: Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious music of some felicitous nymphs, 'which,' he adds, 'sure had bene a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie thereof, and because it should come secretely and strangely out of the earth.'—vol. iii, p. 1397.—

[It is hardly correct to say that the spectacle was presented before Queen Elizabeth; in fact the show did not come off at all. Just as the queen was about 'to come unto hir cooch, ... there fell such a shower of raine (& in the nekke thereof came such a terrible thunder) that euerie one of vs were driuen to seeke for couert, insomuch ... that it was a greater pastime to see vs looke like drowned rats, than to haue beheld the vtermost of the shewes rehearsed.'—Ed.]

22. It signes well] Theobald: That is, is it a good omen? Does it portend
THE TRAGDIE OF

ACT IV, SC. IV.

3 No.
1 Peac I say: What should this meane?
2 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loued.

Now leaues him.
1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2 How now Maisters? Speak together.

Omnès. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not strange?
3 Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnès. Content: 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV.]

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.


[several speaking together. Mal. et seq. (subs.)
31. Ay: Cap. et seq.
34. it will?] 'twill Pope, +, Cap. Steev.
Varr. Knæ, Sing.

[giue] go Cap. conj.


Cleopatra's Palace. Pope.
1. Enter...] Enter...Charmian, Iras, and others, Att. Cap.

well to our General?—WALKER (Crit. iii, 306) unaccountably prefers song (see Text. Notes).

25. whom Anthony loued] CAPELL (i, 43): The words are right, and should not have been chang'd by the moderns into—who lov'd Antony; for thus the author who furnish'd them,—'they thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion:' But the Poet has put a wrong god, and perhaps by design; for Bacchus, the god his author intended, could not stand in his verse along with these words: Hercules, he knew, was honour'd by Antony, as well as Bacchus; and he might think it a matter indifferent, which god these same signs were ascrib'd to: 'tis observable, he speaks only of 'musick'; and has omitted the other signs mention'd, which determine them to have proceeded from Bacchus.
ACT IV, SC. IV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleo.  Sleepe a little.
    Ant.  No my Chucke.  Eros, come mine Armor Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
    If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
    Because we braue her.  Come.

Cleo.  Nay, Ile helpe too, Anthony.

What's this for?  Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart: Falfe, falfe: This, this,

Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

5. Enter Eros] ...with Armour. Cap. S
10. What's this for?] Continued to Cleop. Mal. et seq.

10, 11. Ah let be, ... this,] Ant. Ah, let be, ... this. Mal. et seq.
12. South-law] Fl, Rowe, Pope. South-
    la, Theob. Warb. Johns. South, la !
    Coll. South, la, Cap. et cet. South-law ... bet.] Cleo. South-la,
    ... bet. Han. Johns. et seq.

[ Cleopatra puts the armour on Anthony. Johns.

Thus it must bee.] Given to An-

thony, Coll. ii, iii (MS).

6. Come good Fellow] DYCE (ed. ii): That the word which has dropt out of the
the folio in this line was my (Rowe’s addition) is proved by Antony’s next speech
but one, ‘Seest thou, my good fellow?’

6. put thine Iron on] MALONE: ‘Thine iron’ is the iron which thou hast in
thy hand, that is, Antony’s armour.—COLLIER (Notes, etc. p. 458): Surely ‘thine’
ought to be as the MS renders it, ‘Put mine iron on.’—ANON. (Blackwood, Oct.
1853, p. 468, thus answers Collier): Not at all; either word will do; but ‘thine’ is
more consonant with ordinary usage. A gentleman asks his butler, not ‘have you
cleaned my plate?’ but ‘have you cleaned your plate?’ meaning my plate of which
you have the charge. Eros had the charge of Antony’s armour.—DYCE (ed. ii):
[‘Thine’ of the Folio, with Malone’s note.] is an utterly improbable reading and
explanation, since just before Antony has twice said ‘mine armour.’ Nor, as the
context shows, is Antony here speaking of Eros’s armour,—he afterwards bids Eros
‘put on his defences.’—[The reason given by Dyce which renders ‘thine’ utterly
improbable] is to me precisely the reason which renders it extremely probable. It
would be ‘damnable iteration’ indeed, to have called out ‘mine armour’ three times.
Is it not universal that an exclamation or a question is varied at the second or third
repetition of its substance? It is, to me, eminently natural that Anthony should have
changed his twice-uttered impatient summons, ‘mine armour,’ into ‘thine iron.’ If
‘thine’ is to be changed to mine why should not, by Dyce’s rule, ‘iron’ be changed
to armour? An adequate reason why ‘thine’ refers to Anthony’s armour, and not
Eros’s, is given, I think, by ‘Anon. who, it has been said, was Lettsom.—Ed.]
Ant. Well, well, we shall thriue now.
Seeft thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbucketles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repofe, shall heare a storme.


was almost as ill placed as it was before. Then he gave line 12: 'Sooth-lawe Ile helpe: Thus it must bee' to Cleopatra, whose it has remained ever since. Capell, in his text, followed Hamer, but in his Notes (i. 43) he says that he 'now thinks' 'Antony' is 'better placed before "Ah,"' and the words 'What's this for?' given to Cleopatra, who, in speaking them, takes up some of the armour.' Malone (1790) adopted this suggestion of Capell (without acknowledgement) and his text has been followed ever since. All this is set forth piecemeal in the Text. Notes; but it is satisfactory to have before the eyes the undissected modern text, as follows:

' Cleop. 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.
Cleop. Sooth, Ia, I'll help: Thus it must be.'—Ed.

12. Sooth-lawe] Earle (§ 197): 'La' is that interjection which in modern English is spelt lo. It was used, in Saxon times, both as an emotional cry and as a sign of the respectful vocative. . . . The 'la' of Saxon times has none of the indicating or pointing force which lo now has, and which fits it to go so naturally with an adverb of locality, as 'Lo here,' or 'Lo there.' While lo became the literary form of the word, 'la' has still continued to exist more obscurely, at least down to a recent date, even if it be not still in use. 'La' may be regarded as a sort of feminine to lo.—[Also see Twelfth Night, III, iv, 104; Love's Lab. Lost, V, ii, 460; Wint. Tale, II, iii, 64, where the foregoing note substantially appears.]

12. Thus it must bee] Collier (ed. ii): These words have usually been assigned to Cleopatra, but it appears by the MS that they belong to Antony, who is instructing Cleopatra, and who adds 'well, well,' when what he wished has been accomplished by her.—[Cleopatra has made one blunder, and then having adjusted a piece of armour correctly, exclaims exultingly: 'Thus it must be!']—Ed.

15. Briefely Sir] Johnson: That is, quickly, sir.—[Or does it not mean, 'in a minute?' or 'presently,' as we now use the word?—Ed.]
19. heare a storme] Collier (ed. ii): The MS instructs us to read 'bear a
Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and know'dt
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'dt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To bufinesseth that we loue, we rife betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

21. then thou] Om. Ff, Rowe.
24. in't?] in it Var. '73.
25. Enter...] Enter an Officer, arm'd.
Cap. (after line 23.) Enter a Captain armed. Dyce.
Varr. Knr, Sta. (subs.) Off. A Var. '78,
3. O. The Cap. et cet. (subs.)

storm,' in reference to the blows the man must receive who unbuckled the armour until the wearer pleased.—[If the reference be to the blows the foe must receive, which is doubtful, he could quite as well 'hear' them pelting on his armour as bear them.—Ed.]

21. More tight at this] Steevens; 'Tight' is handy, adroit.
25. an Armed Soldier] Dyce: What is said to him by Antony shows that he is not one of the common file. [See Text. Notes.]

28. betime] For the varying use of such adverbs as afterward(i), downward(i), forward(i), betime(i), etc., see Franz (§ 91) where the conclusion is reached that, in colloquial language, the modern tendency is to retain the s, albeit the dropping of the s still continues, especially in the written language. See also § 262.—[With Shakespeare's printers the two forms seem to be used indifferently; see 'betimes' in line 38. Abbott (§ 25) does not, as far as I can find, include betime(i) in his list.—Ed.]

31. Rivuued trim] That is, their equipment or armour which is all riveted.
31. Port] That is, the gate.

34. The Morne is faire, etc.] Capell (i, 44): This speech, in the folio's, is preceded by the letters—Alex. meaning—Alexas; in the moderns, by—Cap. meaning—captains: The first was set aside by them, and rightly; for Alexas was otherwise dispos'd of, as we find in [IV, vi, 16]; but the actor of that part having nothing
All.  Good morrow Generall.

Ant.  'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, fo : Come give me that, this way, well-fed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebufable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Complement, Ie leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me clofe, Ie bring you too: Adieu.

Char.  Please you retyre to your Chamber?

36.  Lad's] Lad Ff, Rowe, Pope.
39.  that,] Ff, Rowe.  that,— Pope,
    Theob.  Warb.  Johns.  that,— Han.
    that : Cap.  et  cet.

36.  [This way, well-fed.]  what  ere  be-
37.  comes  of  me,  Ff, Rowe.  this  way—well
    faid.  Pope  et  seq.  (subs.)
40.  becomes] become F.
41.  [Kisses her.  Johns.
42.  (Corrected in MS, N.  &  Qu.  8  Apr.
    '93).

43.  Complement,] compliment;  Theob.
et seq.
43.  44.  the  Now...Steele,] Ff.  thee,
    Now,...steel.  Rowe,  Pope.  thee  Now,
    steel.  Theob.  et  seq.
45.  Exeunt.] Exeunt Eros, Antony,
    Officers, and Att.  Cap.
46.  you] you, Cap.  Var.  '78  et  seq.
    [retire] to  retire  Rowe  ii, Theob.

Warb.  Var.  '73.


more to do, this character was also perform'd by him; and the speech that is given
to't, intitul'd by the name of that character which he had appear'd in before.—
G.  Wilkes  (p. 366):  'The morrow is always fair in Egypt.  I have been assured by
Egyptians that it never rains above Cairo, on the Nile, and so seldom at Alexandria
(say six or seven times a year) that a fair sky is not a matter for remark.  Bacon
would not have fallen into this mistake.

36.  'Tis well blowne Lads] DELIUS:  This refers to the Flourish of trumpets,
which make themselves heard.—[This reference to the Trumpets is followed by
SCHMIDT (Lex.  s. v. Blow, vb. 4), by ROLFE, and by WORDSWORTH;  I think
rightly.  On the other hand HUDSON says it refers 'to the morning or the day;  the
metaphor being implied of night blossoming into day.'  Thus also BRIGHTON:
'That is, in full blossom,  i.e.  the sun is shining brightly in the sky.'—ED.]

37.  spirit] In the present line, at least, WALKER's rule for the monosyllabic
pronunciation of 'spirit' does not hold good.  See I, ii, 143.—Ed.

39.  Come give me that] WORDSWORTH:  This is addressed to Cleopatra.  'That'
is another piece of his armour.

39.  well-sed] See SCHMIDT (Lex.  s. v. Say, 4, 2) for many instances where this
phrase is equivalent to 'well done!'

43.  On more Mechanick Complement] DELIUS:  A 'mechanic compliment'
is a style of leave-taking which befits the common people, mechanics, but not a man
of steel, a warrior, who parts from his mistress only with a soldier's kiss.
ACT IV, SC. V.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 271

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
Determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then Anthony; but now. Well on. Exeunt 50

(Scene V.)

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony. 2

49. fight.] Ff, Rowe, Sing. fight! Pope et cet.
50. Then Anthony; but now.] Then Antony—but now—Rowe et seq. (subs.)
well, on. Theob. i et cet. (subs.)

49. Determine] CHARLES ALLEN gives a valuable chapter wherein many instances are gathered of Shakespeare's legal knowledge whereto parallel instances are to be found in contemporary writers; from which the conclusion fairly follows that Shakespeare's legal knowledge, on which much stress has been laid, is not more extraordinary than that of his eminent contemporaries. On p. 55 Allen notes that "Determine" is twice used by Shakespeare in its legal sense as signifying the end, namely, in Coriolanus (V, iii, 119): "I purpose not to wait on fortune till these wars determine." [and in the present passage.] A similar use is found in Jonson's Alchemist: "For here Determines the indenture tripartite." (V, ii.) Donne also, in Anatomy of the World, says: "Measures of times are all determined." (I, § 40.)

50. Then Anthony; but now] KREYSIG (ii, 73): To this woman Anthony gave more than any man should dare to give: his honour. He cannot complain if he is taken at his own valuation. The recollection of the flight of the 'doting mallard' from the sea-fight, although it cannot morally justify Cleopatra's faithlessness, makes it aesthetically endurable. When she is arming him for his last battle, her determination is already taken. She knows well enough that what must here decide is not the heroic courage of a warrior, but wary judgement and essential superiority. But, at that very moment, her fine, aesthetic temperament pays homage to the man who is even in that instant betrayed.—[The EDITOR begs leave to remark that he is not responsible for the opinions of commentators.]

2. Eros] THEOBALD: 'Tis evident, as Dr Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to 'Eros,' but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his Fate at land.—CAPELL (i, 44): [Theobald] should have gone a step further, and have given [to the Soldier the speeches (lines 5 and 10)] which are no less certainly his than that [he has] given: the matter of them shews—that they come from the first speaker, and
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ACT IV, SC. V.

Ant. Would thou, & thos thy scars had once prevaile
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue still
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?
Eros. Whoe one euer neere thee, call for Enobarbus,
He shal not heare thee, or from Cesars Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What fayefth thou?
Sold. Sir he is with Cesar.
Eros. Sir, his Chefets and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go Eros, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I will he never finde more caufe
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeft men. Dispatch Enobarbus. Exit

5. Eros. Hadst'fl Ff, Rowe, +, Varr.
8. Follow'd Ff, Pope et seq.
9. Who's Ff, et seq.
10. Who's Ff, Rowe, +, Varr.
one... Enobarbus] Separate line,
Pope et seq.
thee, call''] thee. Call Rowe ii et
seq. (subs.)
12. I...thinge] As quotation, Theob. et
seq.
13. fayefth'] Ff. say'st Rowe et seq.
14, 15. he is...Treasure'] As one line,

THEIR STYLE IS NOT UNFITTING FOR HIM; BUT MOST UNSUITABLE TO THE DEPENDENT CONDITION OF EROS, THE GENTLENESS OF HIS MANNERS, AND HIS EXTREME LOVE OF HIS MASTER.—[THIS DISTRIBUTION OF SPEECHES BY CAPPELL, IN LINES 5 AND 10, WAS ADOPTED BY MALONE (1790), AND FOLLOWED BY ALL SUBSEQUENT EDITORS.]

23. Dispatch Enobarbus] CAPELL (I, 44): The pathetic exclamations of Antony, which is fetch'd from the First Folio, is such an improvement of the scene,
Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Cæsar. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be tooke alius:
Make it fo knowne.

Agrippa. Caesar, I shall.

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that the moderns are hardly pardonable for their ‘dispatch, my Eros,’ cobbl’d up from the second.—Steevens: Holt White supposes, that ‘Antony, being astonisht at the news of the desertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of surprise.’ In my opinion, Antony was designed only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the Second Folio.—Ritson: It will be evident to any person, who consults the Second Folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations must have been furnished by some corrected copy of the First Folio, or an authority of equal weight, being such as no person, much less one so ignorant and capricious as the Editor has been represented, could have possibly hit upon, without that sort of information. Among these valuable emendations is the present, which affords a striking improvement both of the sense and of the metre, and should of course be inserted in the text, thus ‘Eros, dispatch.’—Knigbt: We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. [The original] may mean dispatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says ‘dispatch’; and then, thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name.—R. G. White: Considering the rhythm of the line, the appropriateness of the command, and the great probability that in the manuscript there stood only E., I have no hesitation in adopting [the reading of F.].—[Knight’s note, is to me, the most satisfactory; in substance it is followed by Collier, Singer, Hudson, and Brightton. We can hear the deep sigh with which the name ‘Enobarbus’ is breathed forth. It is like Octavius’s ‘Poor Anthony!’ at the close of the first Scene of this Act.—Ed.]

4. Our will is Anthony be tooke alius] Warburton: It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

6. I shall] See Abbott (§ 315) for instances of ‘shall’ used for will.
Caesar. The time of vniuercall peace is neere:
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook’d world

7. The time of vniuersall peace is neere] CAPELL (i, 44): The Poet had not this from his Plutarch, but from ecclesiastical histories (probably) or some bible commentator: The return of Augustus to Rome was signalized by three triumphs in the course of one month, for victories obtain’d in Dalmatia, at Actium, and this at Alexandria: after which, he shut up the temple of Janus, in token that all wars were over; an event which those histories dwell upon, as the precursor of Christ’s birth, according to prophesie.

8. Proue this] For instances where the inversion of the subject indicates a conditional sentence, see FRANZ, § 487, Anmerkung, 4. c.

8. the three nook’d world] On this puzzling phrase we get but small light from the commentators. It is not difficult to draw an explanation from the ‘depths of one’s consciousness,’ as Theobald and Capell seem to have drawn from theirs, and say, with them, that according to primitive geography there were but three countries in the world: Europe, Asia, and Africa, and that these made the ‘three angles.’ But three angles do not make three nooks; they may make only two. From Malone to the present day there has been quoted, as parallel to the present passage, the closing lines in King John, where the Bastard says, ‘Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them.’ But, even in this passage, what the ‘three corners’ are, is very doubtful; it has been even suggested that they may have been the Pope, France, and Spain. Whatever they were, England is supposed to be the fourth corner, which alone, I think, removes the parallelism with ‘three nook’d.’ Again it has been surmised that the present allusion is to the fact that the world had been divided among Caesar, Anthony, and Lepidus. If this be so, it is extremely difficult, to me at least, to imagine why Caesar, Anthony, and Lepidus should be termed ‘nooks.’ There is, however, one possible source of information, namely, in Shakespeare’s supposed familiarity with the Emblem writers. The proofs of this familiarity which GREEN has gathered on this subject are, when taken singly, of doubtful value, but become respectable by accumulation. On p. 350 of his Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, we find the following: ‘Curious it is to note how slowly the continent which Columbus discovered became fully recognized as an integral portion of “the inhabited world.” . . . Brucioli’s Trattato della Sfera, Venice, 1543, . . . in dividing the globe into climates, does not take a single instance except from what is named the Old World; in fact the New World of America is never mentioned. Somewhat later, in 1564, when Sambucus published his Emblems, and presented Symbols of the parts of the Inhabited Earth, he gave only three [parts: Europe, Asia, and Africa, as comprising the whole world.] . . . Shakespeare’s geography, however, though at times defective, extended further than its “symbols” by Sambucus. He refers to America and the Indies in Com. of Err. III, ii, 131, and to the East and West Indies in The Merry Wives, I, iii, 64. Yet in agreement with the map of Sambucus, [where] the three Capes prominent upon it, are the Gibraltar Rock, the Cape of Good Hope, and that of Malacca, Shakespeare, on other occasions, ignores America and all its western neighbours. At the consultation by Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus about the division of the Roman Empire, Antony, on the exit of Lepidus, asks, “is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One
Shall beare the Olieue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Anthony is come into the Field.

Cas. Go charge Agrippa,

Plant thofe that haue revolted in the Vant,
That Anthony may feeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. Alexas did revolt, and went to Iewry on

12, 13. Go charge Agrippa, Plant] Ff, Rowe, Pope. Go, charge, Agrippa;
Plant Theob. Han. Warb. Go, charge Agrippa; Plant Johns. Sing. Go, charge Agrippa; Plant Var. '73, Knýt (subs.)
17. revolt, and went ] revolt; he went revolt; and went Var. '73 et seq.

of the three to share it?"—Jul. Cat. IV, i, 12. And again he speaks of the "three-
nook'd world"! (in the present passage. The wood-cut which Green gives of the
map of Sambucus presents only three great nooks in the world, one is formed by the
Mediterranean, a second by the Red Sea, and a third is hard to identify, but is possibly
the Bay of Bengal. According to this small map or Emblem (for the three
divisions of the earth are dominated by animals), the world can assuredly be styled
'three nooked.' Whether or not Shakespeare ever saw it is a question which is open
to all the doubt that anyone may choose to apply to it. That Shakespeare was, at
least, familiar with Emblems has very lately received a conspicuous proof by the dis-
coveries of a payment to him and to Burbage for designing an impress for the sixth
Earl of Rutland.—Ed.]

9. Shall beare the Olieue freely] Warburton: That is, shall spring up every-
where spontaneously and without culture.—M. Mason: To 'bear' does not mean
to *produce*, but to carry; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the
blessings of peace, of which olive-branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things as to make the olive-tree grow
without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. This
explanation is supported by the following lines from a *Hen. IV*: IV, iv, 87, where
Westmoreland says, 'There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd, But peace puts
forth her olive everywhere.'

12, 13. charge Agrippa, Plant] Dyce: The meaning of the passage is obviously
'Go and enjoin Agrippa to plant those that,' etc.

13. Vant] Tholsteyne (p. 22): As *vant* is derived from the French *avant* it is
unnecessary to expunge the terminal *t* here. In the Prologue to *Tro. & Cress*, line
27, the same word is spelt 'vaunt.'

16. Alexas did revolt, etc.] Capell (i, 44): The revolt of Alexas was not nor
could not be prior to his going to Herod,—as the reading of all former copies would
Affaires of Anthony, there did dissuade
Great Herod to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And leaue his Master Anthony. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him: Camindius and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truft: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my felp fio forely,
That I will ioy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messinger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

17. Anthony: Antony: Rowe et seq.
18. diffuade: Ff, Coll. i, Wh. i. persuasive: Rowe et cet. (subs.)
19. this: his Han.
20. Camindius: Canidius Ff et seq.
24. mote: more Fl.
25. of Caesars: Om. Cap.
28. ouer-plus: ouerplus Steev. et seq.

make it.—for he went to him 'on affairs of Antony,' that is—in Antony's behalf:
The passage therefore is wrong, both in one of it's words and the punctuation: it is
set to rights by the change that is now made in them, which is small, and in rule.
[See Text. Notes.]

16. went to Iewry on] Abbott (§ 503, 'Apparent Trimeter Couplets'): 'On'
may be transposed to the next line; or, considering the licence attending the use of
names and the constant dropping of prefixes, we might perhaps read 'Aléxas | did
(re)volt | .'

16. 17. went to Iewry on Affaires] Franz (§ 342): 'On' 'upon,' after verbs
of motion or direction, have a causal signification, inasmuch as they introduce the cir-
cumstance which is the end and aim of an action.—[Hereupon follow many examples;
among them, however, I can find none which is parallel to 'came on my guard,'
in line 29, below, where there is a verb of motion, but no causal signification in 'on.'
—Ed.]

17. there did dissuade] Johnson: The old copy has 'dissuade,' perhaps rightly.
—Malone: It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch
are: 'for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he persuaded
him to turne to Caesar,' etc.—Dyce (ed. ii): [This quotation from North's trans-
lation] distinctly proves 'dissuade' to be wrong.

21. haue entertainment] That is, they are accepted as soldiers, and have mili-
tary pay. See Othello, III, iii, 294, 'Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment,'
that is, 'see if Desdemona urges the acceptance of Cassio as a soldier.'

29. Came on my guard] See note on 'went to Iewry on Affaires,' lines 16, 17,
above.
ACT IV, SC. VI.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Sol. Mocke not Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Beft you faf’t the bringer
Out of the hoaft, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done’t my felfe. Your Emperor
Continues till a loue.

Exit

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am fo moft. Oh Anthony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would’t thou haue payed
My better feruice, when my turpitude
Thou doft fo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,

Warb. Steev. Var. '03, '13, Words. I
mock Cap.

Enobarbus] Enobarbus, for in
this Words.

33. you [saft] F, F, you saf t F,
you saf’t Rowe i. you see safe Rowe
ii, Pope, Cap. you see safe ’t Theob.
Han. Warb. that you saf’d Steev. Var.
'03, '13. you saf’d or saf’d Johns. et seq.

34. haft,'] F, F, Rowe. haft, F.
hast, Johns. haist; Rowe ii et cet. (subs.)

35. And feele I am fo moft] Om. Words.

36. Best you] Dvck pronounces Steevens’s emendation, ‘Best that you,’ ‘most probable.’

37. I am alone the Villaine] For ‘alone’ when equivalent to beyond all others, see Abbott, § 18. For the betokening pr&uml;eminence, see Franz, § 113, or Abbott, § 92.

38. And feele I am so moft] M. Mason: That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it.—Rede: Surely, this explanation cannot be right. ‘And feel I am so most,’ must signify, ‘I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it.’—Deighton paraphrases it consciely: ‘And no one could feel it as bitterly as I do.’

39. This blowes my hart] Johnson: This generosity (says Enobarbus) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, ‘if thought break it not, a swifter mean.’—Steevens: That to ‘blow’ means to puff or swell, the following instance, in V. ii, 419, of this play, will sufficiently prove: ‘on her breast: There is a vent of BLOOD, and something blaze.’—[This interpretation of ‘blowes’ seems to me weak, and far from adequate to Enobarbus’s deep emotion. And yet I have none better to offer, except by hermeneutical torture. To give it force, Dr Johnson has to add, ‘so that it will quickly break,’ but this is wholly his addition, and is not, of necessity, inherent in the simple word ‘blows.’ Unquestionably, Shakespeare frequently uses ‘blow’ in the sense of swell, puff up, etc.; and there is a passage in Lear which seems strongly to strengthen this sense in the present sentence. It is where Lear says, ‘O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!’—(II, iv, 54.) And yet I am not satisfied. The hermeneutical torture, as pedantic schoolmen would say, to which I referred, is based on the right to use any extreme, legitimate interpretation. Now Shakespeare does, once or twice, use ‘blow’ in the sense of break, shatter, as the result of an explosion. Hamlet says, ‘tis the sport to have the enger Hoist with
THE TRAGEDIE OF

If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane, Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele I fight against thee: No I will go seeke Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'ft best fits My latter part of life.

[Scene VII.]

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:

Cæsar himselfe ha's worke, and our opprepison

42. not:] not, Rowe et seq. 

43. out-strike] outstrike Steev. et seq. 

44. thee:] thee! Rowe et seq. 

45. wherein to] where to Fl. where

I may Rowe, +, Var. '73.

Scene IV. Rowe. Scene VI. Pope. 
Warb. Scene VII. Han. Johns. et seq. 
Before the Walls of Alexandria. 
Rowe. Between the Camps. Field of 
Battle. Cap. 
2. Agrippa] Agrippa, and his Forces, 
Cap. 
4. and our opprepison] our opposition 
Han.

his own petar; and 't shall go hard But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon.' I know the phrase here is 'blow at,' which differentiates it from 'blow,' used absolutely. Yet the drift of the sentence is that 'blow' is here used as a result of a sudden and violent force, and we may well imagine that its effect was shattering. Again, to return to the interpretative torture, at the close of Henry the Eighth, the Porter's Man, speaking of a fellow in the crowd with a fiery nose, says 'he stands there, like a mortar piece, to blow us.'—V, iv, 48. Wherefore, I should like, on this faint possibility, to found a belief that in 'This blows my heart' there lies in 'blows' a meaning stronger than swells,—one that involves the idea of breaking. It is possibly noteworthy that the punctuation of the Folio after 'heart' and 'not' has been uniformly, and perhaps justly, discarded for that of Rowe. Although the punctuation of Shakespeare's compositors is not, in general, of an all-commanding value, yet, in the present instance, it seems to imply that the thought of his turpitude will break his heart, if it be not already broken by swift remorse.—Ed.]

43. thought'] Malone: 'Thought,' in this passage, as in many others, signifies melancholy.—[Why not say pensiveness at once? The damning 'thought' that he, above all others, is the greatest villain on earth, and that no foul ditch is foul enough for him to die in, is, possibly, sufficient, it must be acknowledged, to make a man occasionally, now and then, once in a while, a trifle depressed. The melancholy, as Malone would have it, which Enobarbus feels is the very blackest despair.—Ed.]

4. Cæsar himselfe ha's worke] SCHMIDT (Lex. s. v. 2): That is, Cæsar is in great straits.
ACT IV, SC. VII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Exceeds what we expected. Exit. 5

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drown them home
With clownstabout their heads. Far off. 10

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. Ant. They do retyre. 14

5. Exit.] Om. Rowe ii. Retreat. Ex-
9. drown[.] Ff, Rowe,+, Glo. Cam.
Kly. driven Cap. et cet. 11-15. Ant. Thou...Bench-holes.] Om.

4. our oppression] STREVENS: That is, the force by which we are oppressed or
overpowered.

7. Scarrus] CAPELL (i, 45): It is worth remarking, concerning this Scarus,—
that his name is of the Poet's invention, and himself a person of his creating: One
(he saw) must be had, to be about Antony when deserted by Enobarbus and the
rest, and no fit one was presented by story: he therefore had recourse to invention;
and by bringing in his foundling before among Antony's other followers at the battle
of Actium, gives his introduction in this scene an easy appearance, and hides it's
necessity. [See Dram. Pers.]

9. drown[.] This form is found in Shakespeare only here.

10. With clownst about their heads] SCHMIDT (Lex.) asks whether or not
'clouts' be here 'equivalent to cuffs',—a question which surely requires no answer
from any English reader. 'Clouts' here are bandages for wounds.

12. that was like a T] DEILIUS: We must suppose that the T was lying on its
side, —, and by one or two more slashes was changed to an H.—[This is certainly
ingenious, and the only attempt I have found to explain the conversion of the letter
T into a letter H. STAUNTON (Athenaeum, 26 Apr. 1873), however, gives the true
interpretation, namely, that there was no actual conversion of one letter into another;
the pun consists in that Scarus had received a T-shaped wound which, 'by being
undressed and exposed to the air, had begun to pain him.' The noun ache and the
letter H were pronounced alike; see the next note.—Ed.]

13. now 'tis made an H] STREVENS (Note on Much Ado, III, iv, 52): Hey-
wood in his Epigrams, 1566, has one 'Of the letter H' (p. 111, Spenser Soc. Reprint),
'H is worst among letters in the crosse row, For if thou finde him either in thine
elbow, In thine arme, or leg, in any degree, In thine head, or teeth, in thy toe or
knee, Into what place soever H may pike him, Where euer thou finde ache, thou
shalt not like him.'—[The verb was pronounced ache; the noun aitch, like the letter,
or, possibly, aitch. For a fuller discussion of this pronunciation, see, if need be, The
Tempest, I, ii, 433; Much Ado, III, iv, 52, of this edition.—Ed.]
Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet Roome for fix scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues For a faire victorie.

Scar. Let vs score their backes, And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde, 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy fprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valoure. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after. Exit

[Scene VIII.]

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow

   Bench-holes] Id est, sellae familias.—Ed. 
18. They are] They're Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii. 
21. Hares behinde,] hares, behind; 
   Theob. et seq. 
22. sport] a sport Fr., F.
   ther] ther, Han. 
   Knl, Sing, Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam. 
25. ther] Om. Han. 
Scence continued, Rowe, +. Scene VIII. Cap. et seq. 
   1. Alarum.] Om. Cap. 
   againe in a March.] marching; Cap. 
   2. Scarrus] Scarus Fr. 
   with others.] with other. F. & 
   Forces. Cap. 
   3. We haue] We've Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii. 
   4. We...Before] One line, Rowe et seq. 
   Cap. Sing. Dyce, Coll. ii, iii (MS), Wh. 
   Sta. Glo. Cam. Kity, Hal. her guests 
   Theob. conj. (withdrawn.) 

18. our aduantage serues] CAPELL (i, 45): Meaning—that circumstances favour'd them, and they had now an opportunity of obtaining 'a fair victory'; an opinion that Scarrus assents to, and afterwards—Antony, and occasions their exit: As they are again the next enterers, and that in another place, some interval must be suppos'd between the two scenes, that should be fill'd up with skirmishings and distant alarums.

25. Come thee on] For many examples of the Elizabethan use of 'thee' for thou, see ABBOTT, § 212.

4. guests] THEOBALD: What 'guests' was the Queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet said a word of marching to
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'll spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Caufe, but as't had beene
Each mens like mine : you haue shewne all Hector's.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull teares
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiffe
The Honour'd-gaftes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,
To this great Faier, Ile commend thy acts,

Alexandria, and treating his officers in the palace. We must restore, as Mr Warburton likewise prescribes, 'our gests,' i.e. res gestae; our feats, our glorious actions. It is a term that frequently occurs in Chaucer; and, after him, in Spenser; nor did it cease to be current for some time after our Author's days.—JOHNSON: Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests.—[COLLIER'S MS also gives gests, and for a time received the credit therefor. Whether or not the MS Corrector anticipated Theobald is not here open to question. The credit is to be given to him by whom the emendation was first published. The Text. Notes show how emphatic is the preference of the best editors for Theobald's happy change.—ED.]

9. you haue shewne all Hector's] WALKER (Crit. iii, 307): I think,—'you have shown all Hectors. Go.' At any rate, something has dropped out at the end of the line; as after 'haven,' in x, 9; after 'I dare not,' in xv, 32; and after 'the round world,' in V, i, 20.—[ABBOTT (§ 484) thus scans the line, 'Each man's | like mL | ne: you | have shown | all Hector's.' This is solely for the eye.—ED.]

10. clip your Wiues, your Friends] To 'clip' is embrace.

11. Tell them your feats] The use of 'feats' here adds strength to Theobald's conjecture of gests in line 4 above; especially if 'them' be emphasised in accordance with the rhythm. There is a repetition with a variation; 'let the Queen know of our gests and tell your friends, too, of your feats.—Ed.

16. Faier] WARBURTON: For enchantress, in which sense it is often used in the
Make her thankes bleffe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,  
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through prooie of Harnewse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,  
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ft thou smilling from |
The worlds great snare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrl, though gray

18. necks.] neck : Pope et seq.
19. heart] part Fl.
20. pants] points F.F.
23. vncaught.] uncaught f Rowe ii et seq.

old romances.—[HANMER, STAUNTON, and several recent editors adopt this meaning.]—CAPELL (i, 45) : Giving her this name as being something more than humanity, and of a middle nature between that and the gods.—JOHNSON : Mr Upton has well observed that 'fairy' comprises the idea of power and beauty.—DELIUS : Cleopatra is a fairy inasmuch as she is the bountiful dispenser of that good fortune which is Scarus's due. [Which seems to be the true interpretation.—ED.]

18. Chaine mine arm'd necke] WARBURTON : Alluding to the Gothic custom of men of worship wearing gold chains about the neck.—EDWARDS (p. 201, after quoting the foregoing note) : Your humble servant, Mr Alderman Antony—Your worship is so fine to day; that I vow I scarce know you. But you will hardly thank Mr Warburton, for the honor he does you. 'Chain my arm'd neck' means, entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, which a gallant man would prefer before any gold one.

20. Ride on the pants triumphing] WARBURTON : Alluding to an Admiral ship on the billows after a storm. The metaphor is extremely fine.—EDWARDS (p. 202, after quoting the foregoing note) : There are some points which our Professed Critic should never touch; for, whenever he does, he only shews his ignorance about them. He quite mistakes the nature of the 'pants' here, as well as the 'chain' above. But why triumphing like an admiral ship after a storm? I thought victories gained, not storms escaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and, I suppose, other ships dance on the billows, just after the same manner as an Admiral's does.

24. Mine Nightingale] This is an example, even more striking than 'your reproof' (II, ii, 141), of confusion of sound in the ear of the compositor, who failed to detect, in the pronunciation of his reader, the difference between 'my nightingale' and 'mine nightingale.' See also 'Unarmc Eros,' IV, xiv, 45; and 'mine Nailes,' V, ii, 268; 'bither,' III, vi, 14; 'your so,' III, iv, 27, etc.—ED.

Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his Lippes thy sauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

_Cleo._ Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

_Ant._ He has deferu’d it, were it Carbunkled

---

27. _Do...man._ Lines end, brown,
...nerues, ...man, Johns. Var. ’73, Knt,
Sing. Kty.
27. _yonger_younger F.F., Om. Han.
hs] F.F., ha F., Rowe, Pope,
Sta. Glo. Cam. have Han. et cet.

29-30. _gole_ goal Pope.
30. _sauouring_ sauvoring Theob. et seq.
32, 33. Mnemonic, Warb.
33. _Destroyed_ Destro’d Han. Cap.
et seq.

28. _A Braine...Nerues_ ANON. (The Transatlantic, Nov.
1871. From St. Paul’s Maga.) These words may be considered somewhat obscure,
but underneath them lies a vast substratum of meaning. An intellect that never lies
fallow, a heart that is never cold, a nervous system that, though never quiet, is never
unstrung.

29. _Get gole for gole of youth_ JOHNSON: At all plays of barriers, the boundary
is called a goal; to win a goal, is to be a superior in a contest of activity.—
DeIGHTON: That is, win as many goals as younger men; for every goal they get of
us, can get one of them; not get the better of youth, but prove their equals.—
[For the use of ‘of,’ see, if necessary, II, iii, 30.]
30. _sauouring_ It is to THEOBALD’s acuteness that we owe the detection of the
substitution of a long _f_ for _f._

32. _Mankinde_ ROLFE quotes from Schmidt (Lex.) that this word is ‘accented
mostly on the last syllable in Timon of Athens; on the first in the other plays.’
36. _Carbunkled_ Again, in Cymbeline, there is a reference to the carbuncles
in Phoebus’s chariot, where Iachimo is making his confession and says that Posthumus
‘stakes this ring; And would do so, had it been a carbuncle of Phoebus’ wheel.’
I had hoped that by the reference to this gem, which Golding does not mention
LIKE HOLY PHŒBUS CARRE. GIVE ME THY HAND,
THROUGH ALEXANDRIA MAKE A JOLLY MARCH,
BEARE OUR HACKT TARGETS, LIKE THE MEN THAT OWE THEM.
HAD OUR GREAT PALLACE THE CAPACITY
TO CAMPE THIS HOAFT, WE ALL WOULD FUP TOGETHER,
AND DRINK CAROWFES TO THE NEXT DAYES FATE
WHICH PROMISES ROYALL PERILL, TRUMPETERS
WITH BRAZEN DINNE BLAFT YOU THE CITIES EAR,
MAKE MINGLE WITH OUR RATLING TABOURINES,
THAT HEAVEN AND EARTH MAY STRIKE THEIR SOUNDS TOGETHER,
APPLAUDING OUR APPROACH. EXEUNT.

[Scene IX.]

ENTER A CENTERIE, AND HIS COMPANY, ENOBARBUS FOLLOWES.

Cent. If we be not releue'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th'Court of Guard : the night
Is shiie, and they say, we shall embattle
By'th'second houre 'th'Morne.

in his translation of Ovid, it could be shown that Shakespeare had quoted from the original. But chrysolites are alone specified by Ovid, Metam. ii, 106-110.
—Ed.

39. BEARE OUR HACKT TARGETS, LIKE THE MEN THAT OWE THEM] WARBURTON:
That is, hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong.—JOHNSON: Why not rather, 'Bear our hack'd targets,' with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them.—[Warburton's explanation is, I think, more thoroughly in accordance with Shakespearian construction.—Ed.]

45. MAKE MINGLE] DANIEL (p. 82): Read Make 't tingle,—i.e. Make the city's ear tingle with our rattling tambourines.

3. Court of Guard] STREvens: That is, the guard-room, the place where the guard musters.
ACT IV, SC. ix.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  

1. Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

2. What man is this?

6. 1. Watch. This] FF, Rowe. 1. S. This Cap. 1 Sold. This Var. ’78.  
This last . . . too’s ] Dividing and ending the line at too’s, Han. Cap. et seq., shrew'd ] F₄, shrewd F₄, shrewed F₄, shrewd F₄.  
too’s ] too’s FF, Rowe, +, Dyce, Wh. Sta. Glo. Cam. to us Cap. et cet.


6. a shrew’d one] Craik (p. 141) : Both to shrew and to beshrew are used by our old writers in the sense of to curse, which latter verb, again, also primarily and properly (from the A.S. curstum or curstian) signifies to vex or torment. Now, it is a strong confirmation of the derivation of shrewd from the verb to shrew that we find shrewd and curst applied to the disposition and temper by our old writers in almost, or rather in precisely, the same sense. Shakespeare himself affords us several instances. Thus, in Much Ado About Nothing (II, i), Leonato having remarked to Beatrice, ‘By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue,’ his brother Antonio adds, assentingly, ‘In faith, she’s too curst.’ So, in A Midsummer Night’s Dream (III, ii), Helena, declining to reply to a torrent of abuse from Hermia, says, ‘I was never curst; I have no gift at all in shrewishness.’ And in The Taming of the Shrew (I, ii), first we have Hortensio describing Katharine to his friend Petruchio as ‘intolerable curst, and shrewd, and froward,’ and then we have Katharine, the shrew, repeatedly designated ‘Katharine the curst.’ At the end of the Play she is called ‘a curst shrew,’ that is, as we might otherwise express it, an ill-tempered shrew. . . . As it is in words that ill-temper finds the readiest and most frequent vent, the terms curst, and shrewd, and shrewish are often used with a special reference to the tongue. But sharpness of tongue, again, always implies some sharpness of understanding as well as of temper. The terms shrewd and shrewdly, accordingly, have come to convey usually something of both of these qualities,—at one time, perhaps, most of the one, at another of the other. The sort of ability that we call shrewdness never suggests the notion of anything very high: the word has always a touch in it of the sarcastic or disparaging. But, on the other hand, the disparagement which it expresses is never without an admission of something also that is creditable or flattering. Hence it has come to pass that a person does not hesitate to use the terms in question even of himself and his own judgments or conjectures. We say, ‘I shrewdly suspect or guess,’ or ‘I have a shrewd guess, or suspicion,’ taking the liberty of thus asserting or assuming our own intellectual acumen under cover of the modest confession at the same time of some little ill-nature in the exercise of it. Even when shrewd is used without any personal reference, the sharpness which it implies is generally, if not always, a more or less unpleasant sharpness. ‘This last day was a shrewd one to us,’ says one of the Soldiers of Octavius to his comrade, in [the present passage], after the encounter in which they had been driven back by Antony near Alexandria.

7–9. Oh beare me . . . list him] Walker (Crit. iii, 307) proposes to arrange these two lines as one, wherein I can discover no possible gain, either to eye or ear.
1 Stand close, and lift him.

_Enob._ Be witness to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men revolted shall vpon Record

Beare hatefull memory: poore _Enobarbus_ did

Before thy face repent.

_Cent._ _Enobarbus_?

2 Peace: Hearke further.

_Enob._ Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poyfonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finisht all foule thoughts. Oh _Anthony_,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgie me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register

9. 1 Stand _]_ 1 Stand F.F. _]_ 1 Watch.  
   Stand _Rowe. _ 1 S. Stand Cap. _ 1 Sold.  
   Stand Var. '83.  
   _lift]_ listen to Han. _list to Steev._  
   Var. '03, '13, Kly.  
   12. _memory]_ memory, Cap. Var. '78  
   et seq.  
   14, 15. _Enobarbus ... further]_ Aside, Cap.

15. 2 Peace _]_ 3 Watch. _Peace Rowe._  
2. S. Peace Cap. _3 Sold. Peace Var. '78.  
   _Peace:_ ]_ Separate line, Han. Steev.  
   et seq.  
17. dispunge _]_ dispurge Han.  
20. fault,]_ fault; Cap. et seq.  
22. [Lying down. Coll. ii.}

It seems, on the contrary, objectionable, inasmuch as it leaves 'a shrewd one to us,' an isolated line, which certainly requires no such emphasis.—_Ed._

16. Oh Soueraigne Mistris, etc.] _Capell_ (i, 45): To which of the fabuluous deities is this prayer of Enobarbus address'd? It cannot be Night; for she is desir'd to 'dispunge,' or pour down upon him, 'the poisonous damp of night;' it must therefore be Hecate, the Night's companion in classics, and in Shakespeare himself.—[It is strange that Capell did not see that Enobarbus was continuing his address to the moon.—_Ed._]

17. dispunge] _Steevens_: That is, discharge, as a sponge, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. So in _Hamlet_, 'it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.' [This is the earliest reference given in the _N. E. D_.]

19. etc. Throw my heart, etc.] _Johnson_: The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unsatisfying.

24. in thine owne particular] That is, in your own separate personal capacity, or, as _Deighton_ says, as far as you, individually, are concerned. See 'my more particular,' i, iii, 59.

25. Register] That is, in its record, list, catalogue. But _Blades_, who endeav-
ACT IV, SC. IX.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

A Mafter leauer, and a fugitue:

Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

1. Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes

May concerne Caesar.

2. Let's do so, but he sleepeas.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his

Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1. Go we to him.

27. [Dies. Rowe et seq.
28. 1 Let'z] 1 Watch. Let's Rowe.
1. S. Let's Cap. 1 Sold. Let's Var.'78.
28–33. Let's...sleepe] Aside, Cap.
28. to him] Separate line, Steev. et seq. (except Cam.)
29. Let's heare] Nay, let us hear
Else.
29. 30. Let's...Cefar] Prose, Knt, Sta.
29. him] him further Cap.
31. 2 Let'z] 2 Watch. Let's Rowe.
2. S. Let's Cap. 2 Sold. Let's Var.'78.
32. Swoonds] Swoonds Rowe et seq.
34. 33. Swoonds...sleepe.] Prose, Knt, Sta.
33. for] 'fore or forse Coll. ii, iii (MS),
Sing. Kly.
34. 1 Go] 1 Watch. Go Rowe. 1. S.
Go Cap. 1 Sold. Go Var.'78.

ours to prove that Shakespeare had an intimate and special knowledge of Typography, observes (p. 53) that 'the forme then went to the Press-room, where considerable ingenuity was required to make "register"; that is, to print one side so exactly upon the other, that when the sheet was held up to the light the lines on each side would exactly back one another. The accuracy of judgement required for this is thus glanced at [in the present passage].'

27. Oh Anthony!] HAZLITT (p. 102): The repentance of Enobarbus after his treachery to his master is the most affecting part of the play.

32. Swoonds] For the pronunciation, see As You Like It, III, v, 19; and for the spelling, see Wint. Tate, IV, iv, 17 of this edition.

33. Was neuer yet for sleepe] COLLIER (Notes, etc., p. 500): Instead of 'for sleep' we ought to read 'fore sleep,' or before sleep, and the word is altered in the MS accordingly: the sense is, that so bad a prayer, as Enobarbus had ended with, was never uttered before sleep.—[SINGER adopted this emendation without acknowledge, as was his wont in the majority of his notes. COLLIER (ed. ii) severely taxed him with it. Thereupon, in his Shakespeare Vindicated (p. 295), without mentioning that he had adopted 'fore in his text, Singer remarks that the emendation 'seems unnecessary.' ANON. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 468) had, however, a different opinion: he observes that 'fore is 'entitled to very favourable consideration.'—STAUNTON: Another instance, we apprehend, where 'for' is either intended to represent 'fore, or has been misprinted instead of that word.—[It seems to me that the Soldier would protest too much if he were to say that such a bad prayer had never yet been uttered before going to sleep. Such an assertion was hardly within his knowledge. But he was probably right in saying that so bad a prayer had never yet been said for the purpose of seeking repose in sleep.—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ACT IV, SC. IX.

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.
1 Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:

35. 2 Awake] 2 Watch. Awake Rowe.
2. S. Awake Cap. 2 Sold. Awake Var. '78.
Awake sir, awake,

35-37. awake, speake ... The hand] Awake, awake,
sir, Steev. Varr.

35-37. [to Eno. Cap.
35. [to Eno. Cap.
35. 1 Hearke] 1 Watch. Hear Rowe.
1. S. Hear Cap. 1 Sold. Hear Var. '78.
Hear you] F. & Rowe, you Han.

37-41. The...out.] Lines end, drums
...him...hour...out. Mal. et seq.
37. raught] caught F., Rowe, Pope, Han.

39. Hearke the] Hearke how the Fl,

Do mournfully Cartwright. Do rudely Kinnes. Do mutiny B. Nicholson
(withdrawn.) Do yarely Elze sp. Cam.

37. raught] The past participle of to reach. See N. E. D. or Franz, § 7.

39. Drummes demurely wake] Warburton: That is, 'demurely,' for solemnly.—[In the propriety of this definition the Shakespearian world seems to be gradually acquiescing, after a temporary flurry started in 1853 by the publication of the MS emendations in Collier's Second Folio. The change, therein prescribed, from 'demurely' to do early, coupled with Collier's assertion that the adverb 'demurely' 'is surely ill suited to the sound of drums,' seems to have demurely weakened the sleeping critics, always so zealously at hand to help Shakespeare express his thoughts and endow his purposes with words. The Text. Notes show the result. As none of these emendations has been approved by anybody but the emenders themselves, it seems needless to rehearse the arguments by which they are maintained. The latest interpretation, fully in accord with Warburton's, is authoritative, and with many critics will close all discussion once and for ever. Dr Murray (N. E. D. s. v. † b.) thus defines 'demurely' in the present passage: 'In a subdued manner.' Why 'demurely' is thus appropriate is set forth by Dr B. Nicholson (Notes & Qu. IV, viii, 41): Cesar, like Antony, would renew the combat, and taking advantage of 'the shining' of the cloudless night, and a precaution from it, ordered the embattling of his forces to begin as early as 2 A.M. It would, therefore, only be in accord with his careful and exact discipline of which no notes of preparation should, in presence of a hostile and almost victorious force, be made in a subdued tone. Otherwise the enemy might have unnecessary information and forewarning, or even make such notes of preparation their signal of attack, and come upon him while desisting out of camp and before his line of battle had been taken up. But there is yet another and second meaning which may be given to the word demure. If not now, yet at all events in 1814 the drum-reveillé of the non-Latin races was not a lively, merry, or clamorous din, but a measured and somewhat solemn beat; and, judging from this and from the discipline of Gustavus Adolphus and other considerations, it seems not unlikely that the drum-reveillé of the Low Country, or German Protestant armies of Elizabeth's time, was of the same character, even if it were not founded on
ACT IV, SC. X.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our hour is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recover yet. exequunt

[Scene X.]

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

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'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,

Sing. Between the two Camps. Rowe.
Var. '78, '85, Ran.

42. their] them Han.
He perchance he Words. Hills without the City. Cap.
et seq. (except Cam. Kty.)
et seq. Exeunt with the Body. Rowe.

Cap.
Scene VI. Rowe. Scene VIII. Pope.
Scene IX. Han. Johns. Scene X. Cap.

a psalm tune. In one of those inartificial touches of reality and circumstance which give such a charm to the tales of Erckmann and Chatrian, the soldier-conscript of the first Napoleon (Waterloo, ch. xviii) incidentally tells us—'Notre diane commence toujours avant celle des Prussiens, des Russes, des Autrichiens, et de tous nos ennemis; c'est comme le chant de l'alouette au tout petit jour. Les autres, avec leurs larges tambours, commencent apres leurs roulements sourds, qui vous donnent des idees d'enterrrement.' ('The others, with their big drums, begin later, and their dull-sounding rolls awake in one the remembrance of a burial.') Now this I take to be a perfect gloss on demurely in the sense of solemnly, as explained by Warburton. But the one meaning does not exclude the other, and both would be easily understood by an audience, since they were interpreted by actual best of drum within. This piece of stage arrangement furnishes, moreover, another important argument in their favour. Even an inferior artist would not foolishly mar with ill accord of a lively rather the close of so touching and effective a scene. Nor could Shakespeare do so; but he would make use of that which he knew would harmonise with and heighten the feelings he had produced, and the measured, low-toned and far-off beats that demurely woke the sleepers were heard as the knell of one whom the hand of death had already taught, the funeral march for the erring but repentant soldier.

2. to day by Sea] CAPELL (i, 45): Instead of for, the moderns have—'by'; taking it from the folio's, whose printers let their eye slip upon 'by' in the next line, and inserted it here: but that for is the true word, is evinced (and past doubting of) by Scarrus' reply.—[This plausible emendation has not received the attention it deserves. Even Dyce pays no heed to it, and he is the only editor, except Malone and Rann, who appears to have given any attention to Capell's uncouth, yet sensible notes.—Ed.]

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THE TRAGEDIE OF

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[ACT IV, SC. X.

Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen :
Where their appointment we may best discouer,

6. thus Coll ii conj.
7. hilles F F.
9. They] And they Kty.

Hauen :] Fl, Knt, Sta. haven.
Johns. Var. '73. Haven: Further on
Steev. Var. '03, '13, Hal. Haven: His
onde Cap. Haven, Var. '78, '85. haven:

Let's seek a spot, Mal. Var. '21. haven)
Coll. Sing. haven: haste we then Hun-
ter conj. haven... Glo. Cam. haven.
We'll take our stand Kty. haven:
mount we then Huds. haven: let us on
Nicholson (sp. Cam.) Irving. haven.
To the hills ! Anon. sp. Cam.

9. 10. They haue put forth the Hauen: Where their, etc.] M. Mason: I
think the words ['Further on' (see Text. Notes)] are absolutely necessary for the
sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, 'that they could best discover
the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it.' But if we add
the words Further on, his speech will be consistent: 'As they have put out of the
haven, let us go further on where we may see them better.' And accordingly in the
next page but one he says—'Where yonder pine does stand, I shall discover all.'—
Malone [reading, Let's seek a spot after 'Hauen:'] The defect of the metre in the
old copy shows that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy there
is a colon at 'haven'—an additional proof that something must have been said by
Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy
might be reconnoitred. The haven itself was not such a place; but rather some hill
from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony
says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had
any thoughts of going thither. 'I see (says he), they have not yet joined; but I'll
now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all.'—
Knight: The sentence,—'Order for sea is given They have put forth the haven,'—
is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with
him, upon the hills adjoining the city, 'Where their appointment we may best dis-
cover.' The editors allow nothing for the rapidity of utterance, and the modulation
with which such parenthetical passages are given upon the stage; and they, therefore,
corrupt the text by the feeble addition of Let's seek a spot, etc. This is Malone's
cobbling—[Collier, Staunton, and Singer approve and adopt this interpretation,
the first two with acknowledgement, the last, more suo, without.]—Dyce: I think
Knight's interpretation] utterly ridiculous. I cannot for a moment doubt that after
the word 'haven,' something has been accidentally omitted either by the transcriber
or the printer. . . . Trywhitt (in his copy of F, in the British Museum) inserted Let
us go. [Dyce's own insertion is —forward, now, and is adopted by Rolfe.]—
R. G. White (ed. i): This speech is very closely formed upon the corresponding
passage in North's Plutarch, and by that I have been guided in my attempt [Ascend
we then] to supply the hiatus:—The next morning by break of day he went to set
those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the citie; and there
he stooed to behold his gallyes which departed from the haven.' It is evident from
And looke on their endeoure.

[Scene XI.]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best advantage.

the first part of Antony's speech that he has not yet gone up the heights. [In his ed. ii, White has Go we up.]—STAUNTON: We have adopted Knight's suggestion in printing the sentence parenthetically, though there can be little doubt some words after 'haven' have been accidentally omitted. Dyce's addition, slightly altered to 'forward them,' strikes us as preferable to any of the others. [It is adopted by DEIGHTON. It is such a passage as this that awakens an unavailing regret that there is no Quarto of this play which happily might fill this hiatus, valdissime defendus. But since there is not, I prefer to have the missing words 'glare by their absence,' rather than fill the vacancy with any phrase from hands less august than Shakespeare's. This is one of the imperfect lines noted by Walker at IV, viii, 9.—Ed.]

10, 11. Where their appointment... And looke on their endeoure] WARBURTON: That is, where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.

2. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land] WARBURTON: That is, unless we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep.—COLLIERS: 'But' is still frequently employed in the north of England as a preposition, equivalent to without. Several ancient instances may be found in the Coventry Mysteries, printed by the Shakespeare Society and edited by Halliwell.—WALKER (Crut. iii, 307): That is, Unless we are attacked, we will remain quiet, as far as our land forces are concerned. So construe, in the lines subjoined to Chester's Love's Martyr, —'Hearts remote, yet not asunder: Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt the turtle and his queen: But in them it were a wonder.' It were a wonder in any but them. Sidney, Arcadia, B. iii, p. 360, l. 8,—' they rang a bell, which served to call certain poor women, which ever lay in cabinets not far off, to do the household services of both lodges, and never came to either but being called for.' Two Noble Kinsmen, I, i, —'Lend us a knee; But touch the ground for us no longer time,' etc. i.e., 'do but touch,' 'only touch.' I notice this, simple as it may appear, because I myself mistook it for a long time.—ABBOTT (§ 124): That is, excepting the supposition of our being charged. [See notes on III, xi, 50.]
[Scene XII.]

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where you'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how'rìs like to go.  

Scar. Swallowes have built
In Cleopatra's Sailles their nefts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony,
Is valiant, and deiected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

Scene XII. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.
Scene continued, Rowe et cet.
Another part of the same. Dyce. Hills
adjoining Alexandria. Cam.
1. Alarum...fight.] Transposed to line
12, Var. '78 et seq.
3-5. Yet...go.] Lines end, stand, ...
word...go. Cap. et seq.
3. they are] they're Han. Cap. Var. '78,
Kly. you'd Ff et cet.
does hand] stands Rowe, +.
5. ['riz] F.
7. Cleopatra's] Cleopatraes F, 
Auguriae] Ff, Rowe, Coll. i, Kly.
Augurs Pope, +, Var. '73. Augurers

Cap. et cet.
8. not,...tell.] not...tell—Rowe, +.
tell] tell; Cap. et seq.
12. [Shouts afar off. Cap.
Scene VII. Rowe. Scene IX. Pope,
Warb. Scene X. Han. Johns. Scene
continued, Cap. et cet.
13. Enter...] Re-enter...hastily. Cap.
Varr.
14, 15. All...me:] As one line. Theob.
14. left:] lost! Rowe.
15. fowle'] foule F, foul F, 
hath] hath again Kemb.
betray'd] betray'd Rowe ii, Pope,
Theob. Warb. Johns. Var. '73, Walker,
Hal.
me :] me! Rowe.

1. Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight] Since printing the note on III, x, 3, I have found that Gifford (Silent Woman, IV, ii) asserts that fights at sea 'were merely made known to the audience by letting off a cracker behind the scenes.' It would be satisfactory to know his authority.—Ed.
3. Yet] Abbott (§ 76): That is, up to this time.
7. Sailles] That is, ships. See Appendix, Plutarch.
7. Auguries] If it were not for the grim looks, and reluctant speech, it would hardly be worth while to change this to augurers.—Ed.
ACT IV, SC. xii.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  293

My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowe together
Like Friends long loft.  Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast fold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee.  Bid them all flye:

For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all.  Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vrprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and Anthony part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands?  All come to this?  The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue

22. [Exit Scarus. Cap. Mal. et seq. 25. this / this / Rowe, +.
24. part heere, ] part here; Cap. et Pope, Var. '73. paniler'd Theob. Warb.
seq. (except Cam.) spaniel'd Han. et cet.
hands; Cap. Mal. et seq.

18. Triple-turn'd] JOHNSON: She was first for Antony, then was supposed by
him to have turned to Cesar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then
she turned again to Antony; and now has turned to Cesar. Shall I mention what
has dropped into my imagination, that our author perhaps might have written triple-
tongued? Double-tongued is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to
triple-tongued. But the present reading may stand.—MALONE: Cleopatra was first
the mistress of Julius Cesar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony.—
M. Mason: She first belonged to Julius Cesar, then to Antony, and now, as he
supposes, to Augustus.—Steevens: The sober recollection of a critic should not be
expected from a hero who has this moment lost the one half of the world.

lines below, without any apparent reason for the repetition of the word,— this grave
charm — wrong, surely; perhaps it is the latter 'charm' that is corrupt. 'Grave'
too looks suspicious.—[Is it worth while to protest against this far-reaching influence
of one word on another, at a distance of nine lines? What limit is to be put to this
influence? 'Grave' may be possibly open to suspicion, although I believe it to be the
true word (see note on line 30, below), but I think it was the witchcraft, pure witch-
craft of Cleopatra, that dominated Anthony's thoughts.—ED.]

23. Oh Sunne, thy vprise, etc.] THEOBALD: Ajax in Sophocles, when he is on
the point of killing himself, addresses the sun in a manner not much unlike this.
[lines 814-816.]

26. That pannelled me at heeles] JOHNSON: Hanmer substituted spaniel'd
by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commen-
tators would be satisfied; yet Warburton proposes paniler'd, in a note, of which
he is not injured by the suppression; and Upton having in his first edition proposed
plausibly enough—'That paced me at heels,' in the second edition retracts his altera-
tion, and maintains pannel'd to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he
says, from a pannel of wainscot.—TOLLET: Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that
Their wise, do dif-Candie, melt their sweets

I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that spaniel was often formerly written spannel. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter.

—MALONE: Spannel for spaniel is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature.—COLLIER (ed. ii): It is rather singular that the MS makes no change.

26, 27. That pannell'd me at heeleless, to whom I gaue Their wise, do dif-Candie, melt their sweets, etc.] WHITER (p. 138): This passage and the succeeding quotations are well worthy of the reader's attention:—'No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fauming.'—Hamlet, III, ii, 55; 'Will these moss'd trees, That have outlived the eagle, page thy heele. And skip where thou point' out? will the cold brook, Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,' etc.—Timon, IV, iii, 223; 'Why, what a candy deal of courtesy This fauming greyhound then did profess me!'—I Hen. IV: I, iii, 251. These passages are very singular. The curious reader will observe that the fauming obsequiousness of an animal, or an attendant, is connected with the word candy. The cause of this strange association I am unable to discover; though the reader must know but little of the human mind—of Shakespeare—or even of the ordinary doctrine of chances, if he imagines that these matters were in four passages connected by accident. When the reader shall be convinced respecting the truth of this observation; his curiosity will be much gratified by the following lines from the Tempest: in which he will perceive that the same association still occupied the mind of the Poet, though a single word only is apparent, which relates to one portion of the preceding metaphor. 'Srh. But, for your conscience? Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they And melt ere they molest!'—Tempest, II, i, 275. Surely the reader cannot doubt but that the introduction of the word kyke is to be referred to the former expressions, 'page thy heele,'—'spaniel'd me at heele,' though it is applied to a very different metaphor. Let me add, that the quaintness of the imagery is an argument for the remoteness of the original. Though I cannot explain to the reader the cause of this association between the term candy and the fauming of a dog: I can diminish his surprise respecting its existence, by producing another case, which contains a direct union between this animal and an idea equally remote; and which certainly would have appeared altogether as extraordinary, unless we had possessed a clue to unravel the mystery. What should we say, were we to find in an ancient Greek writer a combination between the fauming of a dog and the cleansing of hands. The union, however, is so intimate, that among the Lacedemonians the name for the substance, which they sometimes used for cleansing of the hands, is derived from the animal.—[Hereupon follows an explanation of this strange association. The subject is not, however, germane to Ant. & Cleop.]—NARES (t. v. Discandy): It is to be wished that something could be suggested in the place of 'spaniel'd me at heele,' which might appear to lead to the subsequent idea of discandyng. Hearts that spaniel'd Antony at the heele, melling their sweetes upon Caesar, forms a masterpiece of incongruity, which, amidst the natural, though rapid transitions of Antony's
On blooming Caesar: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,

—Geoffrey Chaucer

passionate state, we should not expect to find.—[Be it borne in mind that Whiter attempts merely to show that in Shakespeare's mind there was, possibly unconsciously, an association of ideas which harmonised what to us seems discordant. Whiter's Commentary had been published nigh thirty years before Nares wrote.—ED.]

30. Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme] Johnson: By 'this grave charm,' is meant, 'this sublime, this majestick beauty.'—Capell (i, 45; whose text reads soil for 'Soule') : The former reading was—'Soule'; and the sentence, with that word in it, can be understood only of Cleopatra: but they who can but barely imagine—she could be spoke of so vulgar a phrase, and that by Antony, have not pier'd very deeply either into him or the poet. The moderns retain the old reading: and, that the finishing part of the line might have no cause to triumph over that it began with, the four last of them alter 'grave' into—'gay;' that is, the most noble and masculine epithet in all Shakespeare, into one the poorest and most unworthy, of him, the speaker, and the occasion, that even study could help them to. 'Grave charm' is—a charm or enchantment that leads to death or the grave, too truly applicable to the person intended; and they are the only words in the line that are aim'd directly at her: The other member of it, is, as the reader sees, an exclamatory reflection,—growing out of the words that precede it,—on the perfidies of Egyptians in general; so numerous, and almost continual, that he thinks their soil itself is in fault; and that they are made the people they are, by some contagion that springs out of that.—Steevens: I believe 'grave charm' means only deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet 'grave' is often used by Chapman, in his translation of Homer. So, in the 19th book: 'but not far hence the fatal minutes are Of thy grave ruin.' [lines 394, 395.] Again, in the 22d Odyssey: 'and then flew Minerva, after every dart, and made Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade; Some beate the doores, and all acts rendred vaine Their grave steel offer'd.' [lines 322-326.] It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word gravis,—[Collier (ed. ii) pronounces the reading of his MS: 'this false spell...this great charm'...an irresistible emendation.]—Staunton: 'O this false spell,' of Collier's MS is very plausible; but 'great charm,' from the same source, is infinitely less expressive and appropriate than 'grave charm,' i.e. pernicious, deadly, fatal sorceress.—Keightley (p. 319): In my edition, yielding to an impulse I could not resist, I have added a final r to 'charme' both here and a few lines before; thus making it accord with 'witch' and 'gypsy,' as he also calls her. But he likewise terms her 'spell,' and Perdita, Wint. Tale, IV, iii, is called 'enchantment,' both, however, in the vocative. —A. C. Bradley (Quart. Rev., April, 1906, p. 349): Why should not 'grave' have its usual meaning? Cleopatra, we know, was a being of 'infinite variety,' and her eyes may sometimes have had, like those of some gipsies, a mysterious gravity or solemnity which would exert a spell more potent than her
THE TRAGEDIA OF

Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bofome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What Eros, Eros?

**Enter Cleopatra.**

Ah, thou Spell! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deferring,

33. at fast and loose] *Sir J. Hawkins*: This is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, [or garter, according to Gifford] and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare. *Steevens*: This supposition is confirmed by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Fun and a great Cast*, by Thomas Freeman, 1614: *Epig. 95*. ‘Charles the Egyptian, who by jugling could *make fast or loose*, or whatsoever he would,’ etc.—*Reed*: That the Egyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakespeare's time, may be seen in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, [*Of fast or loose, how to knot a hard knot upon a handkercher, and to undo the same with words.*—Bk. 13, Chap. xxi.] where these practices are fully explained.—[It is mentioned twice in *Love's Lab. Lost*, I, ii, 150, and III, i, 108.]

34. very heart of losse] *Johnson*: To the utmost loss possible.—*Capell* (i, 46): This is a phrase importing—the most perfect and absolute loss, *i.e.* ruin; and is taken from trees, whose heart and centre is commonly perfecter than their extremities.

—[This Capellianque gem ought not blow unseen.]

39. Vanish] *Shakespeare* applies this verb to many objects, but especially, I think, to witches, dreams, ghosts, exhalations, etc. Cleopatra in the last scene applies it to Iar's departing life. Here Anthony, in thus using it, continues the image, 'Thou Spell! Avaunt!'—*Ed.*
ACT IV, SC. XII.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

And blemish Cæsars Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor'st Diminituues, for Dolts, and let

41. to the] to th' Ff, Rowe, Sing.

Plebeians] Plebeians; Rowe et seq. (subs.)

Moff] Om. Han.


42. Diminituues] Diminituues Ft.

43. shew] the show Han.

44. Dolts] for Dolts; Ff. for dolts; Rowe,
Pope, Theob. Han. Johns. to dolts;


41. Plebeians] WALKER (Vers. 161): 'Plebeian'—with the exception of a single passage [Henry V: V, i, Chorus, 27], is pronounced p lethian; as it still is by the common people.

44. For poor'st Diminituues, for Dolts] In a letter to Theobald, in May, 1729 (Nichola, Illust, ii, 228) the Rev. STYAN THIRIBY proposed the change of 'dolts' to 'dolts.' Theobald, in his edition refers to Warburton's knowledge of this emendation; when Warburton's edition appeared, in 1747, he made no reference to Thiriby, but put forth the emendation as his own, and to him it has been wrongly accredited ever since, until the appearance of the Text Notes in the Cam. Ed. Theobald's own note on the word thus concludes, after giving his reasons for rejecting dolts: 'Perhaps the Poet's meaning may be, that Cleopatra should become a show, a spectacle to the scum and rabble of Rome; to blockheads, and people of the lowest rank. Cleopatra speaks twice afterwards to the same effect [see V, ii, 65, and 252].'-WARBURTON: As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words, 'for poorest diminutives,' must mean for the least piece of money. We must therefore read: 'for dolts,' i. e. farthings, which shows what he means by 'poorest diminutives.'—CAPELL (i, 46, reading dolts): 'Had dolts been the word, the Poet would have said, to dolts, to poor'rt diminutives; as he has, two lines higher, 'to the shouting plebeians'; which very words led him to 'for' and to dolts, to avoid a co-incidence of thoughts and expression in lines so near one another.—TYRWHITT (in answer to Warburton's note): There was surely no occasion for the poet to show what he meant by poorest diminutives. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read: 'For poor'rt diminutives, to dolts.' This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shown, as monsters are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators.—MALONE: I have received the emendation made by Warburton, because the letter i, in consequence of the dot over it, is sometimes confounded with f at the press. It appears to me much more probable that 'dolts' should have been printed for dolts, than that 'for' should have been substituted for to. Whichever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and the vulgar for 'poor'rt diminutives,' yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace for nothing. Nor can it be said that he means that she would be exhibited gratis, as monsters are
Patient Octavia, plough thy vifage vp
With her prepared nailes.  
exit Cleopatra.
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue.  But better 'twere —
Thou fell'ft into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many.  Bros, hoa ?

45. Patient] Passioned Theob. conj. (withdrawn.)
46, 47. With...gone One line, Rowe et seq.
47. th'art] thou'rt Rowe et seq.
49. into] under Coll. ii, iii (MS).
50. hoa?] hoa / Rowe.

shown for small pieces of money; because his words are ‘monster-like, be [thou] shown for poor’st diminutives.’ I have sometimes therefore thought that Shakspeare might have written: ‘Fort poor diminutives, fort dolts.’ The following passage in Tro. and Cress. adds some support to my conjecture: ‘How the poor world is pestered with such waterlies, diminutives of nature!’ [V, i, 38. —KniFe: We believe that the ‘poor’st diminutives’ are the lowest of the populace, as the ‘dolts’ are the most stupid. We must therefore understand ‘for’ to mean, for the gratification of; or adopt Malone’s suggestion of ‘be shown for,’ etc.—Dyce pronounces this explanation of Knight ‘very curious,’ quotes Knight’s understanding of ‘for,’ and subjoins his favourite exclamation mark.—DeiGtOn (reading dolts): With the reading [of the Folio] ‘for’ could only have the sense of ‘for the gratification of,’ a very forced one; while Malone’s objection that Cleopatra would be shown for nothing is of little value, since Shakespeare was evidently thinking of the exhibition of monsters, strange fishes, etc., at fairs, etc., in his own country. Compare Tempest, II, ii, 28-34.—RoLFE (reading ‘dolts’): But the reference is to Cleopatra’s being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, a ‘free show’ for the rabble, not to her being exhibited for a fee. Besides it seems more natural for Antony to emphasize the low character of the spectators than the pettiness of the price charged, if there were any. The only other instance of ‘diminutives’ is in Tro. & Cress. V, i, 38, where it means insignificant persons. ‘Monster-like’ is equivalent to a monstrosity; but it is not necessary to see any reference to the fact that monsters were exhibited for money.—[The defence of the Folio may well be left in the hands of Theobald and of Rolfe. The degradation lay in being exhibited at all, not in any sum charged for ‘admission.’ And it is noteworthy how deeply the taunt sank into Cleopatra’s mind by her double reference to it afterward, and how her fateful imagination magnified it by her description of the atmosphere arising from the greasy mechanics, the dolts, and poorest diminutives. Dyce calls Knight’s interpretation of ‘for’ ‘very curious,’ and Deighton pronounces it ‘very forced.’ Compare, ‘For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind.’ Wherein does Anthony’s ‘for’ differ from Macbeth’s?—Ed.]

46. her prepared nailes] Warburton: That is, with nails that she suffered to grow for this purpose. [This interpretation strikes me as puerile. ‘Prepared’ here means, I think, all ready, at any time.—Ed.]

48-50. better ’twere Thou fell’st . . . haue preuented many] Deighton: In truth it would have been better for you to die by my fury than to suffer death many times, as you will in the terrors to which your cowardice will be exposed. Compare Jul. Cez. II, ii, 32, ‘Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never
The shirt of <i>Nessus</i> is upon me, teach me
<i>Alcides</i>, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge <i>Licas</i> on the horns o' th' Moone,

51. upon me; Rowe and seq. rage; <i>H</i>elp'd thee Theob. conj. rage:
rage, <i>Led thee</i> Han. rage <i>Led thee</i> Warb. 53. <i>Licas</i>] <i>Lichas</i> Theob.

51, etc. The shirt of <i>Nessus</i>, etc.] Heath (p. 463): While Antony is contemplating his present inevitable ruin, brought upon him, as he thought, by the treachery of the woman who was nearest to him, his imagination presents to him his supposed ancestor Hercules in circumstances exactly parallel, wrapped up, by the instrumentality of Deianira's deceived jealousy, in the poisoned shirt of Nessus, from which it was impossible he could ever extricate himself alive. Upon this point, his imagination taking fire transports him almost to a delirium. He fancies himself to be a real Hercules, and the shirt of Nessus to be actually upon him; and, after invoking his ancestor to inspire him with the same rage, with which he was actuated on the like occasion, he is instantly on the wing to exert it in the very same effects, in the lodging Lichas on the horns of the moon, and in subduing his worthiest self, with those very Herculesian hands that grasped the heaviest club. All which, when stripped of those violent figures in which his heated imagination had clothed it, terminates in no more than this, the taking the severest vengeance on the instrument of his ruin, and putting an end to his life by his own hands. The most exceptionable expression perhaps is, the bestowing the epithet, <i>worshippest</i>, 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 vain-glorying vaunt, but proceeds wholly from a transport of the fancy, which represents him to himself for that moment as the very Hercules in person.—Capeii (I, 46): Lichas was not lodg'd by Hercules quite upon 'the horns of the moon,' but was thrown from the top of Mount Oeta into the sea: Antony's exaggeration in this place, and the puffiness of what he speaks next, should be consider'd as specimens of that Asiatick tumour of diction, which the Poet (using Plutarch's authority) has made a part of his character; throwing it into some of his speeches as occasion presented, and most properly into this.

53. Let me lodge Lichas] Warburton: This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's <i>Hercules</i>, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT IV, SC. xiii.]

And with those hands that grafted the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest self: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy the hath told me, and I fall
Under this plot: She dyes for't. Eros hoa? exit.

[Scene XIII.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Help me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
Was neuer so imboft.

57. this] his F, F, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb. Johns. her Han.
Scene XIII. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.
The Scene continued, Rowe, +. Scene

XI. Cap. et cet.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
1. Enter... Re-enter... Pope.
2. women] woman Fl.
   he's] he is Fl et seq.
4. imboft] embossed Var. '73 et seq.

the clouds with his blood. ['In astra missus fertur, et nubes vago Spargit cruris.'—Hercules Etiaus, III, 817.]—JOHNSON: The meaning is, 'Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.'

55. my worthiest self] STAUNTON: Would Antony, in this hour of bitter remorse, speak of his 'worthiest self'? He might have said 'my worthless self'; yet the context, 'the witch shall die,' makes it more probable he is thinking of Cleopatra, and that what the author wrote was, 'Subdue my worthless self.' Elf being synonymous with witch or fairy.—[Alas! alas! See Heath's note on line 51, with which, however, I am not fully in accord. By 'worthiest self,' I think Anthony means that part of his nature which is noblest and best,—this had been in subjection to Cleopatra; he now prays for strength to control it, 'subdue it, and make it again subservient to his will.—Ed.]

56. young] DYCK (ed. ii): This word has been rejected by several editors; and assuredly, while it injures the metre, it adds nothing to the sense.—HUDSON: 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.—ABBOTT (§ 408): If the text be correct, this line seems a pure Alexandrine.

3. Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly] STEEVES: That is, 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.

4. Was neuer so imboft] BRADLEY (N. E. D. s. v. Emboss): Middle English emboss, perhaps formed on En. + old French bois, bois, wood; the equivalent Old French embisser occurs with sense of Ambush. If so, the word is ultimately identical with Imbush verb. The development of senses as suggested below is strange, but appears to be in accordance with the existing evidence. *t 1. intr. Of a hunted animal: To take shelter in, plunge into, a wood or thicket. *t b. The past participle is used by
ACT IV, SC. XIV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. To’th’Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body rue not more in parting,
Then greatneffe going off.

Cleo. To’th’Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was Anthony,
And word it( prythee) piteously. Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death to’th’Monument.

Exeunt.

[Scene XIV.]

Enter Anthony, and Eros.
Ant. Eros, thou yet behold’st me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that’s Dragonish,

5. 6. there locke...dead
dead } One line, Pope et seq.
6. you are] you’re Pope, +, Dyce ii., iii.
7, 8. Mnemonic, Warb.
9, 13. To’th’ F, F, Wh. i.
To the Steev. et seq.
12, 13. And...Monument ] Lines end,
Hence...death...Monument. Steev. et seq. (except Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.)
12. prythee F, Rowe i. prythee Rowe ii, Dyce, Glo. Cam. prythee Pope et cet.
pitempse] F, pitempse F, piti-

ous F, Rowe.
death. Pope et cet.
to’th’ Monument. ] Separate line,
Sta.
Scene XIV. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.
Scene VIII. Rowe. Scene X. Pope,
Warb. Scene XI. Han. Johns. Scene
XII. Cap. et cet.
Cleoatra’s Palace. Rowe. The
same. Another Room. Cap.
1. Enter... ] Re-enter... Theob.
2. met?] met. Theob. + .

Milton for imbasked. † 2. To drive (a hunted animal) to extremity. † 3. In pas-
sive of a hunted animal: To be exhausted by running; hence, to foam at the mouth
(as a result of exhaustion in running). Also, transferred sense, of persons: (a) To be
exhausted, at the last extremity of fatigue; (b) to foam at the mouth (from rage,
etc.). 4. transitive. To cover with foam (the mouth, the body of an animal).
5. To’th’Monument] See Plutarch, Appendix.

4. Sometime we see a cloud, etc.] Hazlitt (p. 101): This is, without doubt,
one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery,
the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the
world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like
the mouldering schemes of human greatness. It is finer than Cleopatra’s passionate
lamentation over his fallen grandeur, because it is more dim, unstable, unsubstantial.—
[In the Variorum of 1821 those who list may find four or five tepid quotations from
sundry authors, which, according to Steevens and Malone, probably furnished Shake-
THE TRAGDIE OF

A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haft seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vepers Pageants.

5. vapour] Ft, Rowe, Pope, Han.
     Dyce, Glo. Cam. vapour, Theob. et cet.

8. world] wind Cap. conj. (withdrawn. Notes, i. 47.)

6. toward ] Ft. tower'd Rowe et seq.

7. blew] blue Rowe.

9, 10. And...Signes] One line, Rowe et seq.

10. Thou haft] Thou'lt Pope, +

spere with the imagery of these lines. It is a waste of time to read them, an unpardonable waste of paper and ink to reprint them.—Ed.

11. Pageants] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v.): Origin and history obscure. 1. A scene acted on the stage; specially, one scene or act of a medieaval mystery play. 
† 2. A stage or platform on which scenes were acted or tableaux represented; especially in early use, the movable structure or 'carriage,' consisting of stage and stage machinery, used in open air performances of the mystery plays. 3. A tableau, representation, allegorical device, or the like, erected on a fixed stage or carried on a moving car, as a public show; any kind of show, device, or temporary structure, exhibited as a feature of a public triumph or celebration. (This sense, in which 'scene' and 'stage' are combined, may have been the intermediate link between 1 and 2.)—[In conclusion Dr Murray gives an extremely valuable Note, wherein is discussed the two main early senses of the word, which were 'a scene displayed on a stage' and 'a stage on which a scene is exhibited or acted.' Unfortunately this purely philological question is not germane to these pages. It is not to be supposed that in using the word 'Pageants' Shakespeare had in mind the uncouth clumsy structures or the barbarous acting of the early Morallities or Mysteries. The pageants of his day were elaborate, allegorical, and superbly furnished. Warton (ii, 365) says 'the frequent and public exhibition of personifications in the Pageants, which anciently accompanied every high festivity, greatly contributed to cherish the spirit of allegorical poetry, and even to enrich the imagination of Spenser.' [Footnote.] And of Shakespeare. There is a passage [the present,] in Antony and Cleopatra, where the metaphor is exceedingly beautiful; but where the beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shews in Shakespeare's age. On p. 202, et seq. of the same volume, Warton gives, from contemporary sources, an account of the magnificence of Pageants in which even royal personages took part. WHITIER, also, writes to the same effect.
'It is impossible,' he says (p. 109), speaking of Pageants presented at Court, 'for the reader to form an adequate notion of these performances, or to conceive their impression on the minds of those to whom they were familiar, unless he will himself consult the original narratives, which describe their exhibition. When he reflects on the immense sums which were lavished on these occasions; and considers that the most celebrated artists and poets of the age were employed in displaying before a voluptuous Court the most consummate specimens of their skill, he will readily
ACT IV. SC. XIV. ] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

13. even] ev'n Johns.
14. the] F, The F.
dismises] Ft. distimis the Rowe, Pope. dislims Theob. et seq., dislimbs
Kilty conj.
I am] I'm Pope,+
20. Egypt] Ft, Rowe, Coll. Wh. i, Hal.
21. mine:] mine Pope. mine, Han.
22. distimis] distimis Rowe, Pope.
23. now lost'] Ft. now lost; Rowe, Coll. Wh. i, Hal. now lost! Pope,+
24. Caesar,] F, Coll. i. Caesar, Rowe et seq.

acknowledge the superior grandeur of these romantic spectacles.' See also Whiter's note on V, ii, 97.—ED.]

14. the Racke dislimes] Whiter (p. 195): This is a continuation of the same allusion to a pageant. . . . Mark the following quotation from Jonson's Masque of Hymen: 'Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open,' etc. [p. 59, ed. Gifford. It is more than probable that Whiter is here right in saying that this is a continuation of the allusion, although Anthony's speech throughout deals with actual clouds. See a long discussion on 'rack' or 'sreck' in The Tempest, IV, i, 178 (of this ed.), where Staunton excellently remarks, of the phrase 'Leave not a rack behinde': 'While it is evident that by "rack" was understood the drifting vapour, or cloud, as it is now termed, it would appear that Shakespeare, in the present instance, as in another occurring in Ant. & Cleop., was thinking not more of the actual clouds than of those gauzy semblances, which, in the pageants of his day, as in the stage-spectacles of ours, were often used partly or totally to obscure the scene behind.'—ED.]

19, 20. (my Knaue) . . . the Queene] Thiselton (p. 24): Possibly these suggested the metaphor from cards, which is perhaps continued by the word 'triumph.'
THE TRAGEDIE OF

[ACT IV, SC. XIV.

Vnto an Enemies triumph. 25
Nay, weepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs
Our felues to end our felues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vile Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No Anthony,

25. Enemies triumphant F. F.
   triumph—Pope, Theob.
29. vile F.
   she has] she has Pope, +.
Han. Warb.
   she...Sword] Separate line, Rowe
29. thy] the F., Rowe, Pope.
   et seq.

Enemies triumph] Warburton: Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enabled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word triumph, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contrarily, the trump at cards, then called the triumph or the triumphing sort.—Johnson: This explanation is very just; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation.—Malone: I believe Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy. The playing false to the adversary's trump card (as Warburton explains the words) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's Second Frete, 1591: 'S. What a shooftling doo you keepe with those cardes? A. I plaie faire plaie, and shoofell them as I ought. S. Me thinkes you pack and set them.' [p. 69. Assuredly, Malone is right. To play false to your opponents trump can do no harm to anybody but the player and his partner. Possibly, the sentence may be thus paraphrased:—She 'stacked' the cards in Caesar's favour, and then, by her cheating, converted my glory into an enemy's triumph. Warburton's note renders needless the many comments on the conversion of 'the triumph card' into 'the trump card.'—Ed.]


29. she has rob'd me of my Sword] Capell (i, 47): Words that should not be taken metaphorically, as some have supposed, but literally; for that he had no sword of his own, appears by what he says to Eros [line 94], and he afterwards dies by his sword: nor is it any objection, that this sword is call'd by Dercetas Antony's sword [V, i, 30]; who only gives it that name as knowing 'twas the sword that he dy'd by, and look'd no farther. Cleopatra's action proceeded from tenderness: she saw the rage he was in; and, fearing the effects of it, withdrew (or caus'd to be withdrawn), the instrument of his harm.—[If there were any special meaning in asking Eros to use his own sword, it may have been that there was therein less thought of suicide. Later on Anthony asks Diomed also to draw his sword and give suffering strokes for death; possibly, in this case, because the sword of Eros was still in the wound. Cleopatra had robbed Anthony of his sword just as the belief in Desdemona's infidelity had robbed Othello of his occupation.—Ed.]
ACT IV, SC. X IV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawdy Eunuch peace, she hath betray'd me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharge'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony:
Then in the mid'ft a tearing grone did breake
The name of Anthony: it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name fo buried in her.

Ant. Deed then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme Eros, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart't hence seale
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,
The feuen-fold shield of Aiax cannot keepe

32. intirely] entirely Warb.
33, 34. she...death] Separate line, Han.
34. shall] the shall Rowe, Pope,
35-42. Mnemonic, Pope, Warb.
36. ha's] has Ff. hath Cap.
41. rendered] tendered Ff. render'd
Warb. Cap. et seq.
45. Vnarne Eros] Ff. Vnarne, Eros,
46. sleepe] sleep Johns. Coll. Dyce,
47-48. Does...off] As one line, Rowe,
49. The] Then Johns. (misprint)

45. Vnarne Eros] COLLE r. (ed. ii): The MS puts it 'Unarme me, Eros' [see Text. Notes], which we cannot believe to be right, because the metre is thus unnecessarily disturbed. Steevens, almost wantonly, read 'Eros, unarme.'—DYCE, after quoting the foregoing, adds: 'A note which shows that Mr Collier has rather odd ideas on the subject of metre.'—WALKER (Crit. ii, 262): Shakespeare wrote 'Unarm me, Eros.'—LETTSOM (footnote to foregoing): Collier has rejected, on metrical grounds, this elegant and certain emendation, but he is quite mistaken. See Walker's Versi. Art. ix. There are more than fifty similar verses [i.e. where there is an extra syllable after a pause] in Collier's text of this very play.—[Oxen and wainropes cannot draw me from the conviction that 'Unarm me, Eros,' is what Shakespeare wrote. It was through the careless pronunciation of the compositor's reader that the me was lost in the final m of 'Unarm' and in the E of 'Eros.' See II, ii, 141; IV, vii, 24; V, ii, 268.—Ed.]
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides. 50
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy frail Cafe. Apace Eros, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruied peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eros
I will or take thee Cleopatra, and
55
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
57
50. The battery from my heart] Boswell: This means, I apprehend, 'the battery proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax: I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.'—[Anthony is unarming, and, as Eros 'plucks off' his breastplate, is reminded of the folly of supposing that such a mere sheet of metal could protect his heart from a battery against which Ajax's seven-fold shield would have proved vain. Then, as he breathes freer, and his chest expands, he prays his heart to cleave his sides, that for once it may find relief in breaking. Boswell's note is to me incomprehensible, and what is still more incomprehensible is that five, at least, of recent editors should have adopted it in whole or in part. A shield is for the protection of the bearer. Who, one may ask, was the bearer of Ajax's shield, who was to be protected from the battery 'proceeding from' Anthony's heart? Against whom was Anthony about to open a battery from his heart? and with what object? His own heart was the citadel from which the battery could not be kept.—Ed.]

50, 51. cleave my sides. Heart] I utterly mistrust the period in the Folio after 'sides,' which has been practically retained by every editor. It makes Anthony adjure his sides to cleave, stil themselves. This intransitive or reflexive use of 'cleave' is rare; see Murray (N. E. D.) where comparatively few examples of it are given. Replace the period with a comma, and 'cleave' then becomes the imperative of a transitive verb with 'sides' as an object, and 'Heart' as the subject: 'Oh, Heart, cleave my sides!' Then, in a manner thoroughly Shakespearean, the idea is repeated, but in a different form: 'for once be stronger than thy continent, crack thy frail case.'—Ed.

51. Continent] Stevens: That is, the thing that contains thee. [Of which Schmidt's l.e.x. will furnish many examples.]

57. length'] Halliwell (Select. Notes, p. 35): This word may stand for length of life.—[Assuredly. And for length of time, of breathing, of heart-beats, of everything. It is what it is: length in the abstract.—Ed.]

57. Torture . . . Torch] Although it is dimly possible that the latter word was unconsciously suggested by the sound of the former, yet the similarity in sound was
ACT IV, SC. XIV. ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Lye downe and fray no farther. Now all labour.
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It felle with stregthen: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. Eros? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her Æneas shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

58. fray] stay Rowe ii (misprint?)
59. farther] further Rowe ii, +, Varr.
60. Seal] Seale F; sleep Han.
61. Eros] Ero's — Rowe et seq.
Stay] Say Ff.

61. me,] me; Cap. et seq.
64. Æneas] Siclaus Warb. Han.
67, 68. What...Since] I come my Lord:
—Here's one brings word of Enoharbus' death. Ant. I have forgiven him. Since Kemble.

les in Shakespeare's day than at present. It was probably pronounced, somewhat as in French, fort-ynere.—ED.

58-60. Now all labour Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles It selfe with strength] Walker (Crit. iii, 309) appositely compares these lines with Somner xiii: 'Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage, Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart, . . . And in mine own love's strength seem to decay, O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.' Deighton thus paraphrases the latter clause: 'Yea, all strong efforts only confound themselves by their strength; what should be the source of success only ensures failure.

60. Seale then] Theobald: Antony had offended Cleopatra with his suspicions; he is about doing something to deserve her pardon: and he thinks stabbing himself will seal that pardon. —Warburton: Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. —Johnson: I believe the reading is: 'seal then, and all is done.' To seal hawks, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be: 'Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet.' —Steevens: The old reading is the true one. Thus, in Henry V: 'And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd' A testament of noble-ending love. [IV, vi, 26.]

64. Dido, and her Æneas] Warburton: But Dido's fondness did not reach to the other world; she then despised Æneas, and returned to her old affection for Sichaeus. I should think, therefore, that the Poet wrote, 'Dido and her Sichaeus.' And the rather, because the comparison of Antony to Sichaeus is remarkably apposite. Sichaeus was murdered by his brother Pygmalion for his wealth, on which his wife, Dido, fled into Africa: So Antony was fought with and defeated at Actium by his brother Octavius, for his share of the dominion of the world, whereon Cleopatra fled from the victor's rage into Egypt. ['and there is salmons in both.'] —Ed. —Capell (i, 47): The Poet did not stay to consider, whether Dido's love for Æneas did or did not follow her into the other world; it was very sufficient for his purpose—that the loves of her and Æneas were of great fame, which made them a fit couple to be rank'd with those he is talking of.
THE TRAGEDIAE OF

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I have liued in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're green Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leave Noble minde

69. I have liued ] I've lied Pope, +,
Dyce ii, iii. I live Han.
71. o're greene ] o're-greene F,
72. Cities; ] cities, Rowe, Johns. et seq.
73. Woman; ] woman; Rowe et seq.

73. Noble minde ] F, F. noble-minded
Rowe, Warb. Var. '73. noble-minded

69, 70. the Gods Detest my baseness] WALKER (Crit. ii, 311): In the
writers of that age detest is used in the sense which as then it still retained from its
original, detestari, being indicative of something spoken, not of an affection of the
mind.—[Among other examples of this use Walker quotes the present passage, and
here defines 'detest' as cry out against; which is, possibly, correct; at the same
time, there are many passages in Shakespeare where the idea of simple abhorrence
obtains, as in Lear's 'Detested kite! thou liest.' The range of readings which the
N. E. D. affords would have shown Walker that his interpretation was too
restricted. Dr MURRAY distinguishes three meanings in the use of 'detest.' The
third: 'To renounce solemnly or under oath is obsoleste and rare, and does not concern
us here. The two other meanings, under which there are venerable and abundant
examples in proof, are: 1. transitive. To curse, calling God to witness; to express
abhorrence of, to denounce, execrate [Walker's meaning]. 2. To feel abhorrence
of; to hate or dislike intensely; to abhor, to abominate.' The latter meaning is
certainly applicable to the present passage.—ED.]

72. With Ships, made Cities] Compare Henry V: III. Chorus, line 14: 'behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing; For so appears this fleet majestical, Holding
due course to Harfleur.' DRIGHTON, however, understands it differently, and
paraphrases, 'his vessels being so capacious as to carry in each of them the popula-
tion of a city.'—Ed.

72, 73. condemne my selfe, to lacke The Courage... Jesse Noble minde] MALONE conceived that 'less noble mind' as well as 'courage' was the object of
' Nack' and that, consequently, Antony said what he did not mean. But he took
heart of grace in the supposition that the construction was one of Shakespeare's
peculiar inaccuracies' on which we must look leniently and in which 'the poet'
must be humoured. Finally, he received great contentment from finding that 'how-
ever inaccurate, the text is not corrupt,'—in North's Plutarch occur the very same
words! Thus Antony there says, 'I am sorry that having been so great a captain
and emperor, I am indeede condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble minde
than a woman.' STEEVENS then remarks that ' 'Condemn myself to lack,' however
licentiousely, may have been employed to signify, 'condemn myself for lacking even
the courage of a woman.' ' ABBOTT (§ 336) supplies many and many an instance
of the infinitive thus indefinitely used. That 'less noble mind' (or minded,—it makes
little difference) is still governed by 'I,' in line 70 ('I, that with my sword,' etc.),
ACT IV, SC. XIV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Then she which by her death, our Cæsar tells
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworn Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th’inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would’st kill me.
Doo’t, the time is come: Thou strik’st not me,
’Tis Cæsar thou defeat’st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,

75. I am] I’m Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii.
...selfe] As quotation, Theob. et seq. (subs.)
77. indeed.] indeed, Rowe et seq. (subs.)
78–81. Th’inevitable...Cheeke.] Lines end, disgrace...then...come:...defeat’st...check.
...check. Rowe, +, Kn. Lines end, prosecution...command...come...defeatest...check. Kly. Lines end, of...
command, ...come: ...defeat’st ...check. Cap. et seq.
80. Doo’t, the] F, Do it, for the Pope, +. Do it, the F, F, et cet. (subs.)
81. ’Tis] Till F. ’till Rowe.
thy] my F, Rowe, Pope.
82. me] F, Rowe. me. Pope. me! Theob. et seq.

might have been made a little clearer had the punctuation of the Folio been followed. But every editor since Rowe has placed a semi-colon or a colon after ‘Woman,’ and so disjointed the sentence. WALKER (Crit. iii, 310) says ‘Read “less noble-minded.”’ His editor, LETTSOM, in a footnote, observes, ‘So Rowe and all the earlier editors. Malone and Steevens have done their best to dack’n noon. Compare for the meaning of minded, Tam. of the Shrew, 11, i, “I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.”’ Possibly, it would be better to accept ‘less noble-minded’; but it is not necessary; ‘I, less noble mind’ is, to me, fully as intelligible, and rather more dignified in its humiliation.—ED.

78. Th’inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror] This line, with its eight feet catalectic, has given much metrical trouble. Its predecessor and successor are adequately correct, but this line is certainly a notable violation of the laws of blank verse. To utter these words, proclaiming his open shame, must have cost Anthony’s proud spirit a fierce struggle; every word is a torture, and his emotion must have been almost uncontrollable before he could bring himself to utter ‘disgrace’ and ‘horror.’ Wherefore, disregarding all metrical laws whatsoever, I would, with a long pause after ‘of,’ put ‘disgrace and horror’ in a separate line, and allow the other lines to remain undisturbed. Although this arrangement is, in effect, for the benefit of the eye, yet through the eye it conveys an intimation of the way in which, as I think, it should be spoken.—ED.

81. Put colour in thy Cheeke] Elsewhere Shakespeare makes us see how terror blanches the cheek. ‘Out, you tallow-face,’ says old Capulet to Juliet when he tells her she must marry Paris. ‘What soldiers, whey-face?’ asks Macbeth of the Servant who brings the news of the approach of ten thousand English. JOHN HUNTER paraphrases it, however, ‘Rouse the blood into thy face through eagerness to defeat Cæsar.’—ED.
(Though Enemy) loft ayme, and could not.

**Ant. Eros,**

Would'th thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe

His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de

To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate

Of Fortunate Caesar drawne before him, branded

His Bafenesse that ensued.

**Eros.** I would not see't.

**Ant.** Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou haft wore

Moft vsfull for thy Country.

**Eros.** Oh sir, pardon me.

**Ant.** When I did make thee free, swor'st 'y not then

To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,

Or thy precedent Serviuces are all

But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

**Eros.** Turne from me then that Noble countenance,

Wherein the worhip of the whole world lyes.

**Ant.** Loe thee.

**Eros.** My sword is drawne.

**Ant.** Then let it do at once

The thing why thou haft drawne it.

**Eros.** My deere Master,

My Capitaine, and my Emperor. Let me fay

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84. **Enemy** enemies Ktyl.
87. **Thy** The F.
89. wheel'd wheel Johns. ap. Cam.
91. ensued ensued? Rowe ii et seq.
97. 'y thou Fl.

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84. **Enemy** enemies Ktyl.  98. **bad** Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. i, not.) not? Rowe et seq. Han. Cap. bade Theob. ii et cet.
91. ensued ensued? Rowe ii et seq. at once] Om. Han.
97. 'y] thou Fl. 108. **Emperor** emp'ror Pope, +.

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87. pleacht Armes] **JOHNSON**: Arms folded in each other.—[In the frontispiece of Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy* the woe-begone ‘Inamorato’ is represented with ‘pleacht arms,’ as a sign of sadness.—**ED.**]

88, 89. His corrigible necke, . . . penetratiue] **STEEVEWS**: ‘Corrigible’ for corrected, and ‘penetrative’ for penetrating. So Virgil has ‘penetrabile frigus’ for ‘penetrans frigus,’ in his *Georgics.* [i, 93.]

91. His Basenesse that ensued] **JOHNSON**: The poor conquered wretch that followed.—**SINGER**: This is a little inaccurate; the captives came before the victor in the order of a Roman triumph.

102. the worship] **JOHNSON**: That is, the dignity, the authority.
ACT IV, SC. XIV. ] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chief: Shall I strike now?


Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of Anthonies death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and Eros
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-grome in my death, and run into't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and Eros,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.


112. Kill's.] Kill'se.]

113. Why... farrow] One line.

114. then.] then: Rowe, +.


116. selfe] self; Pope et seq.

117. me:] me. Pope et seq.

118. not:] not: Rowe, Pope, Theob.

121. Come them.] Rowe, Pope, Han.

122. [Falling on his Sword. Rowe.

123. learnt] learn't Han. learn'd Var. '73 et seq.

124. Guard, how?] F. El. Guard—how!


127. Om. F. F', not.] not: Rowe, Pope, Theob.

109. Why there then] After these words THEOBALD inserted the stage direction, Eros kills himself; and then, to make assurance double sure, adds at the close of the next line, Dyce. This slaying of the slain was faithfully copied by WARBURTON and JOHNSON, who, while sneering at Theobald at every turn, printed, almost slavishly, from his edition.—Ed.

117-119. my Queene and Eros Haue... got vpon me A Noblenesse, etc.] That is, my Queen and Eros have gained the advantage of me in the history of noble deeds. See FARRANT's note on II, iv, 11, 'you're win two dayes vpon me.'—Ed.

120. A Bride-grome in my death] STEEVENS: Compare 'If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, And hug it in mine arms.'—Meas. for Meas. III, i, 83.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends:

Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2. The Starre is faine.

1. And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

execut

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly

This sword but fhwne to Cæfar with this tydings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Anthony?

Decre. There Diomed there.

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?

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124. The Guard, how] MALONE lays stress on his having early 'suspected' that 'how' should here be printed ho, unmindful or ignorant of the fact that, long before, Theobald had so printed it in his text, and had been faithfully followed therein by his two beneficiaries, Warburton and Johnson. DYCE, also, not a little emphasises his own discrimination in acutely distinguishing ho from 'how.' Through two editions COLLIER bravely clung to 'how,' but, in his Third Ed. yielded to ho, possibly in consequence of Dyce's home-question (Strict. p. 207): 'If Mr Collier did not intend to make Antony "call the guard," I should like to know what meaning he would have us attach to "The Guard!"' The modern editors who printed ho for "how" were evidently right.'—Ed.

137. 138. This sword . . . Shall enter me with him]) Surely these two lines are spoken aside. I cannot, however, find that any editor has so printed them.

—Ed. For 'enter,' meaning 'to admit into a society, etc.; or into a condition or state,' see N. E. D. II. 17. transitiv. b. [The present line quoted.]

137. this tydings] Again used as a singular noun in 'it is Tydings,' V, i, 34.
ACT IV, SC. xiv.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. Art thou there Diomed? Draw thy sword, and glee mee, Suffring strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord: My Mistris Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did thee send thee? 

Diom. Now my Lord. 

Ant. Where is she? (fear) 

Diom. Lockt in her Monument she had a Prophefying Of what hath come to passe: for when the saw (Which neuer shall be found) you did suspeft She had dispos'd with Cæfar, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, she fent you word she was dead: But fearing since how it might worke, hath fent Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come I dread, too late.


Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where Cleopatra bides, 163

143. 144. Arr...me;] One line, Rowe et seq. 
151, 150. het...fear] Separate line, Han. 
151. had] had, alas! Han. 
Prophefying] Om. Cap. conj. 
Gar. prophet's Steev. conj. prophetic 
Words. 
153. (Which...suspeft:) You did suspeft,—which never shall be found— 
Words. 
154. dispos'd] compos'd Coll. MS. 
155. you] Om. Pope, +, Var. '73. 
159. prayth] praythe Ff, Rowe. praythee Knbl, Dyce, Glo. Cam. praythe Pope et cet. 
160. 161. What hoa: ... what hoa?] One line, Pope et seq. 
163. where] were F, bides Johns. Var. '73.

151. Lockt... (fear) ABBOTT (§§ 505, 470): It is difficult to scan this line without making the latter portion a verse of four accents. (Perhaps 'Lock'd in' her món(u) | ment. She'd | a prophè | saying fear,' making 'saying' a monosyllable like 'being,' 'doing.')—[Is this really scanning? where vowels are dropped, and the final g's of participles disregarded in a scamper to utter the line in five feet?—Ed.] 
154. She had dispos'd with Cæsar] MURRAY (N. E. D. s. v. II. Intransitive senses. 7 b.) To settle matters, make terms. [The present line quoted.] 
162. Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard] COLLIER (ed. i): The old stage-direction shows how many the theatre (supposing the tragedy to have been acted, of which, though we can have no proof, there can be little doubt) afforded for this duty.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ACT IV, SC. XV.

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live to weare 165
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punifh vs, and we punifh it 170
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. Exit bearing Anthony 173

Scene XV.

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we dispare; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our caufe, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

164. service] service F.

Woe, woe are] Woe! woe are
Rowe. Woe are Pope, Theob. Han.
166. Followers] follow'res Pope, Theob.
Warb. Johns.

173. Exit...] Exeunt... Ft.
Scene XV. Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam.
Act V. Scene I. Rowe. Scene XII. Pope,

Warb. Scene XIII. Han. et cæt.
A magnificent Monument. Rowe.
The Battel of the Monument. Kemble.
1. Enter...] Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above. Rowe. Enter at a Window, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras. Cap. Enter above, on a gallery... Wh.
10. Enter...] Enter, below... Coll.
Diomed.] Diomedes, Rowe.

173. Here follows Scene viii, in Kemble's version, consisting solely of 'Mournful Music. Titus and Guards pass towards the monument, bearing Anthony on his Litter.'—Ed.

7-9. our size of sorrow... which makes it] As Deighton justly remarks, this sentence is somewhat tautological: 'the size of our sorrow, when it is of the same size as the cause, must be as great as the cause.' Deighton's paraphrase adroitly helps to veil the tautology: 'the sorrow I feel, commensurate to the reason I have for it, cannot help showing itself, with equal amplitude.'—Ed.
ACT IV, SC. XV.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

How now? is he dead?

Diam. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Looke out o' th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'lt in, darkling stend
The varyring shore o' th'world. O Antony, Antony, Antony

12. His...dead] One line, Cap.
12-14. His...thither.] Lines end, out
...thither. Han.
12. death's] deaths F, F, F, but not] but he is not Kilty.
13. o'dk] F, Rowe, +, Wh. Dyce ii, iii.
...the Cap. et cet.
other side] other-side Rowe i.
your Monument] Om. Han. your
monument.—But see, Cap.
14. thither] kither F, Rowe, Pope, Han, Cap.
15. Enter...] Enter Antony, born by
the Guard. Rowe. Enter, below, ...
Coll.
Var. '03, 13. sun, sun, Cap. Words.

17. Burne the great ] Turn from the
Han. Turn from th' great Warb.
stand] stand on Kilty.
18. The...O Antony,] One line, Johns.
18-20. The...kither.] Lines end, O
Antony, ... Itras ; ... kither. Cap. Lines
end, O Antony ! ... Itras, help ; ...kither.
18. varyring] varying F, F, F,
o' th'] F, Rowe. the Cap.
Kenity, Antony, Antony] Antony
Antony, Antony] Separate line,

12. His death's...dead] STEEVENS: The defective measure, and want of
respect in the speaker, induce me to suppose that the line originally stood, 'His
death's upon him, madam, but not dead.'
14. thither] DYCE (ed. ii): The Second Folio has kither; but the original word
agrees well enough with what precedes.—[Is 'thither' merely 'well enough' when it
refers to that place, away from the speaker, on the other side of the monument?
Is it possible, in such circumstances, that kither can be right?—ED.]
17. Burne the great Sphere thou mou'lt in] HEATH (p. 464): According
to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and
long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of
a solid sphere in which it was fixed. If the sun therefore was set fire to the sphere,
so as to consume it, the consequence would be, that itself, for want of support, must
drop through, and wander in endless space; and in that case, the earth would be
involved in endless night. [See note on III, xiii, 175.]
18. The varyring shore o' th'world] WARBURTON: That is, of the earth, where
light and darkness make an incessant variation.—STAUNTON (Athenaeum, 26 Apr.
1873): We have here a painful proof of the injury which the change of a word can
do to the finest passage. Cleopatra's magnificent invocation is turned into sheer non-
sense by that miserable misprint 'shore.' What is the varying shore? . . . Read
'The varying star o' th'world.' The varying star of the world, spelt of old starrs,
is, of course, 'the inconstant moon.' Compare, in this tragedy, '—Alack, our terrrme
moon is now eclips'd.'—III, xiii, 183; 'now the fleeting moon No planet is of mine.'
THE TRAGEDIE OF

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[ACT IV, SC. XV.

Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let’s draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not Caesar Valour hath o’rethrowne Anthony,
But Anthony’s hath Triumph on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony,
But woe ‘tis fo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thoufand kiffes, the poore laft
I lay vpon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,

19. Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe:]
Charmian, help; help, Iras; Cap. Steev.
Var. ‘03, ’13. Help, Charmian, help;
19-25. helpe Friends...conquer Anthony] Lines end, below !...value...Antony’s...itself...Antony...conquer Anthony. Walker (Crit. iii. 310).
low; let’s Theob. et cet. (subs.)
23. Anthonie’s] Anthonie Ff, Anthony
Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
25-26. So...fo.] Lines end, but Antony
...so. Rowe et seq.
27. Egypt, dying] Egypt, dying, dying
Steev. conj.
onely] only yet Pope,+, Cap.
Words.
28. a-while] Ff, awhile Ff, Ff, Dyce,
Glo. Cam. a while Rowe et cet.
30. lips.—Come down. Theob.
31, 32. I dare...dare not] One line,
Kly.
Deere, Deere...not] One line,
(subs.)

—V, ii. 291. . . But it is needless, I believe, to multiply quotations to demonstrate that ‘shore’ is an erratum for star, or to make clear that Egypt’s queen, in her wretchedness, calls, like Othello, for ‘a huge eclipse of sun and moon.’ The sense and context both justify the emendation.—[Hudson adopted Staunton’s emendation in his text. It is, indeed, a specious one, and the passage from Othello, which seems to be parallel, is forceful. But we are not justified in making so great a change, unless the original is, in reality, ‘sheer nonsense.’ I think all will agree that Warburton’s explanation is puerile. It is not alone the shores of the world that are subjected to the ‘incessant variation of light and darkness.’ As far as this variation is concerned, Cleopatra might as well have said ‘the varying towns of the world.’ It was more than the mere shores that Cleopatra wished might stand darkling; it was the whole world, of which the shores were the limit. And the image of the whole world, the orbis terrarum, which, possibly, Shakespeare had here in mind, was the same as that, which, with its irregular outline, its deeply indented, its ‘varying’ shore, he had already called the ‘three-nook’d world.’ Emendation is, I think, entirely uncalled for.—Ed.]

ACT IV, SC. XV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaf I be taken: not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd Cæsar, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife Ophelia, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour

32. Deere ... pardon] In parenthesis, Mal. Steev. et seq. (subs.)
Your pardon that Theob.
34. full-Fortun'd } dull-Fortun'd F.s
brooch'd } broach'd F.s
me, } me; Rowe et seq.
knt] Knives Cap.
36. sting; or operation } operation or
38. Conclusion } operation, F.l
condition Coll. ii
(MS). complexion Kinnear.
o] Om. F.s

32. I dare not] This is one of the lines, enumerated at IV. viii. 9, which WALKER (Crit. iii. 307) says has lost something at the end. The Text. Notes bear witness that something has happened. After devising an addition (to supply what is supposed to be lost), which will never be generally accepted, and after the counting of syllables in order to convert these impassioned lines into smug pentameters, the zealous critics must have retired with 'fingers weary and worn,'—and without adding anything toward the better comprehension of a line already adequately clear.—Ed.

35. Be brooch'd with me] MURRAY (N. E. D.) gives the present passage as the only example of the use of this verb, except one other reference of a date as late as 1865. Its meaning is 'to adorn as with a brooch.' The substantive 'brooch' is 'the same as broach, the difference of spelling being only recent, and hardly yet established.' Its meanings are '1. An ornamental fastening, consisting of a safety pin, with the clasping part fashioned into a ring, boss, or shield, or other device of precious metal or other material, artistically wrought, set with jewels, etc. Now used mainly as a (female) ornament; but always for the ostensible purpose of fastening some part of the dress. '2. Formerly also in a more general sense; according to Johnson "a jewel, an ornament of jewels." In earlier times applied to a necklace, a bracelet, and other trinkets.'

35. 36. Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue Edge, sting, or operation] To make this 'respective construction' exact, the order of the second line should run: 'Edge, operation, or sting,' as Hamner has it, but it does not run smoothly. In the reference to 'serpents,' have we an anticipation?—Ed.

38. still Conclusion] JOHNSON: That is, sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution.—NARER: From the character and state of mind of Cleopatra, I should think she meant 'deep but secret censure, looking demurely all the while.' [The qualities set forth by Johnson] would not be called for by the occasion, nor would they be particularly galling to Cleopatra.—COLLIER (ed. ii): Conclusion is a very valuable emendation in the MS for 'conclusion.' How easy it was to misprint, or misread condition, 'conclusion,' requires no explanation. The reference is to the
Demuring vpon me: but come, come Anthony,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:
Affit good Friends.
   Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.
   Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:

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40. vp:] vp—Rowe, +. up; Cap. et seq.
41. [Cleopatra, and her Women, throw out certain Tackle, into which the People below put Antony, and he is drawn up.
   Cap.

modest eyes and tranquil temperament of Octavia; 'conclusion' is not far from nonsense. [Yet Collier returned to it in his Third Edition.]—Anon. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 468): How good is that expression 'still conclusion'! That lady of yours, looking demurely upon me, with her modest eyes, and drawing her quiet inferences, shall acquire no honour from the contrast between my fate with her own. And yet we are called on by [Collier's MS] to give up these pregnant words for the vapid substitution of 'still condition!' This, we say, is no fair exchange, but downright robbery.

39. Demuring vpon me] This is the only example given by Murray (N.E.D.) of this verb. He queries if it be intransitive, and after defining it as 'to look demurely,' gives Johnson's definition: 'to look with an affected modesty.' Finally, he makes a valuable suggestion in referring to a certain use (3 b.) of the verb 'demur,' where it means 'to be of doubtful mind; to remain doubtful.' This is certainly worthy of consideration. I think no one can be fully satisfied with Johnson's definition; it negatives the 'modest eyes' which Cleopatra has just scornfully granted to Octavia. I think it would be more appropriate if we could understand 'demuring' as demurring, that is, slightly amplifying the meaning suggested by Murray, 'looking doubtfully askance upon me.'—Ed.

43. Heere's sport indeede] Johnson: I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, here's trifling, you do not work in earnest.—Malone: Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Anthony! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion, of which we have been already told, she was fond. Shakespeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places.—[This note of Malone appeared in 1750, and again in each succeeding Variorum down to 1821, when Boswell omitted it and substituted the following, of his own: 'She is contrasting the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports.' Malone's note obtained one advocate at least,—see Leo's note, below.]—Steevens: Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has no determined significifation, only wishes to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument.—Collier (ed. ii) [The MS by striking out the s changed 'sport' into port]: The fact seems to be that Shakespeare used the word port for weight, as the French call a large, heavy ship une navire de grand port. Cleopatra, of course, alludes to the burden of Antony, and to the difficulty of drawing him up.—Singer (Sh. Vinid. p. 297), in his criticism of Collier's MS emendations,—a criticism so bitter and personal that it defeated its purpose by its intern-
ACT IV, SC. XV.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  319

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 vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Withers were euer Fools. Oh come, come, come,

45. heaviness; Knt, Sta. 49. Fools;— Dyce, Sta. Glo.
Cam.

47. strong wing’d] strong-wing’d
Pope et seq. strong’d-wing’d John.
(misprint.)

perance,—says: ‘It would astonish me, and many more, if Mr Collier should succeed in finding port used for “a load or weight” in the whole range of English literature.’—COLLIER (Notes, etc. p. 501—a volume into which Collier collected all, or the chiefest, of the MS emendations) acknowledges the weakness of port by the additional remark that ‘we may not be able to point out any other instance where port signifies in English a load or weight.’—ANON. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 468): Johnson’s note on this place is remarkable as an instance of want of judgement in a man whose sagacity was very rarely at fault. [Johnson is then quoted.] No interpretation could well go wider of the mark than this. Steevens says that she speaks with an ‘affected levity.’ It would be truer to say that she speaks from that bitterness of heart which frequently finds a vent for itself in irony. Even although authority could be found for [port used for a load or weight, Collier’s] proposed reading would still be utterly indefensible,—‘Here’s port (i.e. weight) indeed! how heavy weighs my lord!’ This is as bad as ‘old Goody Blake was old and poor.’ Singer proposes support, which we can by no means approve of, as it seems to have no sense.—STAUTION: The pathos of this exclamation, so piteous in the contrast it implies between the fallen queen’s present occupation and the diversions of her happier times, is quite lost on Collier’s unsusceptible commentator, who coolly reads, ‘Here’s port indeed!’—HUDSON: 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.—LEO (p. 143) compares these words with Cleopatra’s dreamings in the old days when her bended hook pierced the fishes’ slimy jaws, and, as she drew them up, she would ‘think them every one an Anthony, and say ah, ha! you’re caught.’—II, v, 19. ‘And now’ says Leo, ‘in this cruel hour, those fair, bright days recur to her memory, and it flashes on her that she is now, indeed, drawing up Anthony’s very self, and in bitter, woeful jest, shes says to Charmian, ‘Here’s sport indeed!’ Leo, with his unflinching honesty, acknowledges that he derived the first hint of this from Malone, but we know that it was only a hint. In conformity with his interpretation, Leo translates ‘Here’s sport indeed!’ by ‘Nun ang’l ich wiedert!’—[It would be temerarious, indeed, to assert that Leo is wrong. We all know how frequent in Shakespeare are these subtle, fleeting allusions; but for myself I doubt that Cleopatra is thinking of any particular occasion, and agree with Stauton that in this piteous cry of irony and of agony, we hear that all her laughter-loving life is come but to this.—ED.]

45. heaviness] MALONE: This is here used equivocally for sorrow and weight.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu’d,
Quicken with kissting: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy figh.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.

Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the falfe Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
‘Prouock’d by my offence.’

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)

Of Caesar feeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,

50. They...] They draw Ant. up to Cleop. Cap.
51. where] Ft, Rowe, Coll. i. where Pope et cet.
60. A] Oh Rowe,+
61. safety— Rowe, +.
62. Oh.] Om. Han. you— Warb.
63. Oh / Rowe.

50. Dye when thou hast liu’d] COLLIER (ed. i) is the only editor, since Pope, who ventured to retain ‘when’ of the Folio, and even his courage deserted him before his Second Edition. He interpreted ‘Die, when thou hast liv’d’ as meaning ‘in consequence of being quickened, or restored, by my kissing thee.’

52. Quicken with kissting] JOHNSON: That is, revive by my kiss.

58. That the falfe... breake her Wheele] JOHNSON: This despicable line has occurred before. [Where? The nearest approach to it that I can find is the one suggested by Malone, and it is in prose. ‘Let us sit and mock the good huswife, Fortune, from her wheel,’ as Celia says to Rosalind. KNIGHT quotes Johnson and then drily remarks, ‘There are not many such “despicable” lines in Irene.’]—STAUNTON: ‘Huswife’ is here used in the loose sense, which it often bore, of hussey, or harlot. So in Hen. V: 1, i, Pistol asks,—’Dost Fortune play the huswife with me now?’—[I doubt that ‘Huswife,’ in Shakespeare’s days, retained, to any large extent, the idea of a house-wife, that is, one who devoted herself to household cares. It was an opprobrious epithet, rather than a literal one. Otherwise, we might infer that Shakespeare, at least here and in As You Like It, supposed that Fortune’s wheel was a spinning-wheel. Possibly, in popular belief it was so, owing to some confusion with Clotho’s distaff. Fluellen, however, had a perfectly correct idea of it. ‘Fortune,’ he says, ‘is painted also with a wheel to signify to you... that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, lock you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls.’—Hen. V: III, vi, 34. Why Fortune should have two similar symbols of revolution, it is hard to say. Both are found in early Etruscan times. Possibly, the wheel was merely an added emblem or badge of the tribe of Leucomones. See Creuzer, Symbolik, iii, 664, footnote.—Ed.]
ACT IV, SC. XV.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 321

None about Caesar truly, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile truft,
None about Caesar.

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 liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest: and do now not badly dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woot dye?

64. truft.] trust: Pope ii.
Mal. Steev. et seq.
The F, Rowe, Pope. liued; the Han.
Johns. Sing. Kly. liued, the Var. '78 et
ct.

71. Noblest: and do now not] noblest once;
and do now not Rowe i. noblest
once; and now not Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

not] Om. F, F,
72. Not Cowardly] Not Cowardly,

F, Not cowardly, Rowe. Not cowardly
Pope,+. Knt, Coll. ii, Dyce ii, iii. Not
cowardly; Var. '78, '85, Ran. Steev.
Varr. Sing.
72. put off ] put of F, but doff Sta.
conj.

73. Countreyman.] FI, Rowe, Pope.
Coll. ii. countryman, Johns. et cet.
75. more.] most—Rowe, +.
76. men.] men—Rowe.

woot] woot Cap.
dye F] die, F,
Haft thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Sty'e? Oh fee my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh with'er'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visitng Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

77. me?] me? Rowe et seq.
80. My Lord?] My lord— Rowe.
82. Souldiers] soldier's Pope.
85. [She faints. Rowe.
86. quietnesse] quincesse Fv.

89. Madam, Madam, Madam.] Mad- am, Madam! Han. Madam, Madam,— Words.
91. Egypt:] Egypt! Rowe.

80. My Lord] WALKER (Crit. ii, 144): Read, 'My lord! my lord!'
Surely the repetition is required.

82. Souldiers pole] JOHNSON: He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.—BOSWELL: The pole, I apprehend, is the standard.—DEIGHTON: The word 'garland' in the previous line evidently suggested the word 'pole,' Shakespeare was thinking of the village festivities in which a pole, the central point of the sports, is decked with garlands of flowers. There may be also the idea of a conspicuous mark round which the soldiers might rally, as in "Coriolanus," V, iii, 72, 'that thou mayst . . . stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!'
—[Deighton might also have said that the garlanded village pole suggested, possibly, the 'boys and girls.'—Ed.]

83. The oddes is gone] That is, there is now no longer any difference between youth and age, high and low, rich and poor.—Ed.

84. remarkeable] WALKER (Crit. iii. 310): The word still retained its etymological force. Noticeable; worthy of mark.—STAUNTON: In Shakespeare's time, the word 'remarkable' bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us. It then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon.
ACT IV, SC. XV.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,

92. Char. Peace...Iras.] Char. Peace...
...i.e. Warb. Om. Words.
92, 93. Char. Peace...Cleo. No] Cleo. Peace...No Han.
93. seeing her recover. Cap.
93, 94. Mnemonic, Pope.

92. Peace, peace, Iras.] WARBURTON: Cleopatra is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, Charmian says to the other, 'Peace, peace, Iras'; on which Cleopatra comes to herself, and replies to these last words, 'No, you are mistaken, I am a mere woman like yourself.' This stands this senseless dialogue. But Shakespeare never wrote it so. We must observe then, that the two women call her by her several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character; the Ancients thought, that not only men, but Gods too, had some names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Callimachus. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Egypt, Empress. And now we come to the place in question: Charmian, when she saw that none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one: 'Peace, peace, Isis!' for so it should be read and pointed: i. e. peace, we can never move her by these titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddess Isis. And now Cleopatra's answer becomes pertinent and fine: 'No more but a mere woman,' etc. i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself those flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the Poet has followed history exactly, and what is more, his author Plutarch, who says, that Cleopatra assumed the habit and attributes of that Goddess, and gave judgements, or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS.—JOHNSON: Of this [foregoing note] it may be truly said, that it at least deserves to be right, nor can he, that shall question the justness of the emendation, refuse his esteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is proposed. I suppose, however, that we may justly change the ancient copy thus, 'No more, but ci'm a woman.' I am inclined to think that she speaks abruptly, not answering her woman, but discoursing with her own thoughts: 'No more—but ci'm a woman. I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman, on the level with other women; were I what I once was, it were for me to throw my sceptre,' etc. 'Peace, peace, Iras,' is said by Charmian, when she sees the Queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome.

5. especially: An occasional turn of work, an odd job, especially of household work; hence in plural the household work of a domestic servant. (The regular phrase in the U. S. where the word has the form Chore.) [The present passage is given as an example.]
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is fottifh, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it finne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now Charmian?
My Noble Gyrlses? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,
ACT V, SC. I.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  325

We'll bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble, 106
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come,away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend 110
But Resolution, and the breefeft end.

Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body. 112

[ACTUS Quintus. Scene I.]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him Dollabella, bid him yeeld.
Being fo frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawfes that he makes. 5

106. what's Noble,] what Noble, F, F₂, F₃, F₄, Rowe. do
107. doo't ] F₄, don't F₃, F₁, Rowe. do
112. Exeunt.] Exeunt; those above
-bearing off the Body, Cap.
Scene VII. Rowe. Act V, Scene i.
Pope et seq.

Cæsar's Camp. Rowe.
Mecenas, Proculeius, Gallus, Han.
1, 2. with...Warre.] Om. Rowe. and
Train. Theob.

from me A few sad words, which, set against your joys, May make 'em shine the
more. Panthea. Sirs, leave me all. [Exeunt Waiting-women.' 4, 5. Being...makes.] Lines end, mocks
...makes. Han. Cap. Var. '78, '85, Dyce,
Wh. Sta. Glo. Cam. Hal. Lines end,
by...makes. Mal. Ran. Steev. Varr. Kn't,
Sing. Ktly. us...makes Coll. ii, iii.
4. frustrate] frustrate F₄, frustrated
Cap. Var. '78, '85,
5. He mocks] he but mocks Han. he
mocks us by Mal. Ran. Steev. Varr. Kn't,
Coll. i, iii, Sing. Ktly. that he mocks
us By Coll. ii.

1. Menas] THEOBALD (ed. ii): Menas and Menocrates, we may remember, were
two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the
Italian coast. We nowhere learn expressly, in the play, that Menas ever attached
himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding, the FT concur in marking the entrance
thus, yet, in the two places in the scene, where this character speaks, they have
marked in the margin, Mec., so that, as Dr Thirlby [Nichols, Illust. ii, 228] sagaciously
 conjectured, we must cashier 'Menas' and substitute Mecenas in his room. [This
change has been since then uniformly adopted.]

4, 5. Being so frustrate, tell him, He mocks the pawfes, etc.] STEVENS
(Variorum of 1778): 'He mocks the pauses that he makes' means that he plays
wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.
Or the meaning may be,—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without
resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up
to me, are mere idle mockery. 'He mocks the pauses' may be a licentious mode
of expression for,—he makes a mockery of us by these pauses; i. e. he trifles with us.
—In the Variorum of 1785, Malone expressed the belief that the defect in metre proved that some words had been omitted which would have rendered the line intelligible. 'When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock,' Malone asks, 'or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of mocking a pause?' He therefore conjectured that us by were the omitted words, and in his own later edition, in 1790, thus prints the line: 'Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by The pauses,' etc.
In this same edition of 1790 Malone rather disingenuously conveys the impression that the note by Steevens (quoted above), had been written after the line had been rendered intelligible by the emendation us by. I have, therefore, dated Steevens's note to show that it was written before Malone had, in his own estimation, amended the line. In Steevens's edition of 1793 appeared the following additional note by him:—I have left Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the measure, we might read,—'frustrated,' or 'Being so frustrate, tell him that he mocks,' etc.; as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb mock, as sometimes employed by Shakespeare. [From Collier (ed. ii) we learn that this change, suggested by Steevens, 'tell him that,' is also given by the MS. Collier thereupon remarks:] The expression to mock pauses is far from intelligible; and it seems pretty certain that the old printer made some confusion between 'mocks' and makes, words so much alike in old MSS. Malone added us by, and they appear necessary in order to render the sense clear; at all events that object has been obtained, and the regularity of the verse preserved.—Ritson (Curious Crit. p. 88): The two last words ['us by'] of this line are added by the present Irish editor, who observes that 'the defect of the metre,' of which he knows as much as a superannuated jack-ass, 'shows that something was omitted.' Former editors [see Text. Notes] supplied the measure by reading, 'Being so frustrated, tell him he mocks'; which, it must be confessed, does not afford an easy sense. Shakespeare, however, would never have written the above hollering line [Malone's] which has no sort of pretensions to metre. We may read, 'Being so frustrated, he mocks us by.'—[Knight reluctantly approves of Malone's emendation, and prints it in brackets in his text. R. G. White (ed. i) approves but does not adopt. Hudson approves heartily and adopts, and does 'not see how it is possible to strain any sense at all out of the original reading.' For my part, I think Steevens supplies us with a sense when he says, in effect, that Anthony's pauses, now that he is utterly vanquished, are a mockery.—Ed.

4. frustrate] Abbott (§ 342) gives a list of verbs, ending in -tr, -tr, and -dr, which 'on account of their already resembling participles in their terminations, do not add -ed in the participle. . . . Words like 'miscreat,' 'create,' 'consecrate' ['frustrate'] being directly derived from Latin participles, stand on a different footing, and may themselves be regarded as participial adjectives, with the addition of -dr.' Walker (Vers. 8) includes the present 'frustrate' in his list of words illustrating the rule that, 'Words such as juggler, ticking, kindling, England, angry, children, and the like are,—as is well known,—frequently pronounced by the Elizabethan poets as though a vowel were interposed between the liquid and the preceding mute.' Of the present line, he asks, 'Can a good sense be made out of the original reading? the play of words seems a very strong argument in its favour; indeed, it seems impossible that this should be accidental. So—though it seems hardly worth while to accumulate instances of the same word used in the same manner,—Massinger, Middleton,
Dol. Caesar, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'ft
appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd Decretas,

Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
beft to be seru'd: whil'ft he stood vp, and fpoke
He was my Mafter, and I wore my life
to fpend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to Caesar: if 'y pleafest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caes. What is't thou fay'ft?

Dec. I fay (Oh Caesar) Anthony is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of fo great a thing, fould make
a greater cracke. The round World

6. [Exit Dolabella. Theob. et seq.
7, 10 et seq. Decretas] Ff, Rowe. Decretas Pope et seq.
15. the; Rowe.
17. thy; yeild] yeild Ff.
20-32. A...Anthony; shooke
...Citizens...Anthony Theob. Warb. Johns.
Ran. Kilty, Coll. iii. Lines end, shooke
...streets...Antony Mal. Steev. Varr.

Coll. i, Wh. Hal.

and Rowleys Old Law: 'The law that should take away your old wife from you,
...Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:' etc. [Massinger's Works, vol. iv, p. 568,
ed. Gifford, 1805.] 'What we confirm the king will frustrate.' Marlowe's Edward II.,—Works, p. 178, ed. Dyce, 1858.

6. I shall] Theobald: I make no doubt but it should be marked here that Dollabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Caesar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dollabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Caesar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. [For this use of 'shall' for will, both here and in line 82, below, see, if need be, ABBOTT, § 315.]

9. Appeare thus to vs] Steevens: That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

13. I wore my life] Deighton: The figure is that of a dress worn for some special purpose, and also conveys the idea that to him life was as something external which could be put off at will, not an essential part of his being.

20, 21. A greater cracke. The round World Should haue shooke Lyons
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of Anthony
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.

Dec. He is dead Caesar,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which wrat his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,

Kilty.
23. the] that Pope, + , Cap. Var. '73.
27. Knife,] knife : Rowe et seq.
'78 et seq.

30. Splitted the heart.] Splitted the heart itself Han. Cap. Split that self noble heart Coll. ii (MS). Splitted the heart. Caesar, or Splitted that very heart. Elze.

22. into ciuill streets] JOHNSON: I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: 'The round world should have shook,' and this great alteration of the system of things should send 'lions into streets, and citizens into dens.' There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.—STEEVENS: I believe we should read, 'A greater crack than this: The ruin'd world,' i.e. the general disruption of elements should have shook, etc. Shakespeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might have been expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. Perhaps, however, Shakespeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the round world was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities and the inhabitants of cities into woods.—MALONE: The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr Johnson's conjecture, that something is lost. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus: 'The round world should have shook; Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,' etc. . . . The words omitted were perhaps in the middle of the line, which originally might have stood thus in the MS: 'Lions been hurried into civil streets,' etc.—TYRWHITT: The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider 'shook' (more properly shaken) as the participle past of a verb active.—[That there is here an omission is also the opinion of COLLIER, DYCE, R. G. WHITE, STAUNTON, DEIGHTON, ROLFE, and of WALKER (see IV, viii, 9). But as the meaning is perfectly clear, and forcibly expressed, for my part, the tears live in an onion that shall water the sorrow for any loss.—ED.]
30. Splitted the heart] COLLIER (ed. ii): This line cannot be right, for although 'splitted' might be allowed on the score of 'splitted in the midst,' and 'splitted my poor tongue' in the Comedy of Errors, yet the line is otherwise defective, and the MS gives it 'Split that self noble heart.' This is his sword,' which we cannot but persuade ourselves is right, seeing that just above we have 'that self-hand' in the same way that we have 'self noble heart' in the line in question as amended. The
ACT V, SC. i.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

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 Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our moft perfifted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

31. wound] mortal wound Words.
32. you sad Friends,] F, F, you sad, friends, F, F, Rowe, Pope. you sad, friends, Theob. et cet.
33. it is Tydings] it tidings is Kly.
35. Dol.] Agr. Theob. et seq.
36. most compels St. conj. (Athen. 26 Apr. 1872.)
37. with him.] in him. Rowe, +.
39. wag’d...him] Separate line, Pope et seq.

change adds much force and grace to the tribute Dercetas is paying to his dead master.

33. Look you sad Friends THEOBALD: It is requisite to transpose the comma [after 'you' in Pope's edition, and place it after 'sad'; because] Octavius's friends would probably avoid showing any concern on the news of Antony's death, lest it should give displeasure to Caesar: which Caesar observing, it shows a noble humanity in him to bid them share in such a sorrow, and to tell them it is a calamity that ought to draw tears even from the eyes of Princes. Young Prince Henry, upon his father's death, speaks just in the same manner to his brothers; and tho' he would not have them mix fear with their affliction, he encourages them in their sorrow—Yet be sad, good brothers, For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.—2 Hen. IV: V, ii, 49.

34. but it is Tydings JOHNSON: That is, may the gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep. 'But' again, for if not. [Johnson probably here refers to III, xi, 50, which see, and also IV, xi, 2. 'Tidings' has already been used as a singular noun in 'this tidings' IV, xiv, 137; which justifies those editors who prefer the reading of F, if they need any justification.—Ed.]

35. To wash the eyes of Kings CRAIK (p. 194): 'Wash,' an Anglo-Saxon word (preserved also in the German waschen), is used in what is probably its primitive sense of immersing in or covering with liquid. Thus we say to wash with gold or silver.

36. Dol. And, etc.] DANIEL (p. 83): I would continue this speech to Caesar, and, in line 38, for 'perfisted' would read, perfited.—HUDSON accepted this distribution of speeches; 'surely,' he says, 'this speech comes more fitly from Caesar' [than from Agrippa, to whom it had been assigned by Theobald].

39. wag'd equal with him.] STEVENS: It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word wage. In Othello, it occurs again: 'To wake, and wage a
Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cæsar is touch’d.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror’s fet before him,
He needs must see him selfe.

Cæsar. Oh Anthony,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Difeasfs in our Bodies. I must perforse
Haue shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stand together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament

42. make] marke Cap. 46. this, but] this—but Pope, +. this;
43. 44. When...selfe.] Aside. Kty. Cap. et seq.
43. Mirror’s] Mirrors Ff.
45. I have] I’v Pope, +; Dyce ii, iii.
Have I Coll.’52. Pope, Han. lance Theob. et cet.
46. launch] Fl, Rowe, Cap. launce
follow’d] Fl, Rowe, Var.’73. fol-
low’d Pope et cet.

danger profitless.’ [I, iii, 38, of this ed., with note]. It may signify to oppose.
The sense will then be, ‘his taints and honours were an equal match,’ i. e. were
opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.—RITSON:
Read, weigh, with F, where it is only mis-spelled ‘way.’ So in Short’s Wife, by A.
Chute, 1593: ‘notes her myndes disquyet To be so great she seemes downe
wayed by it.’—[As concerns the meaning, there is little to choose between wage and
weigh, if we accept wage in the sense of opposing, contending, as we find it in Lear,
‘To wage against the enmity of the air’ (II, iv, 206). It is to such cases that the
scholastic law applies, durior lectio preferenda est, and this, I think, points to
‘wag’d.’—Ed.]

39. with] For this use of ‘with,’ which ABBOTT (§ 193) says is here equivalent
to in, see I, i, 72.

40. spirit] For the pronunciation, here a disyllable, see I, ii, 143.

45. etc. I have followed ... we do launch, etc.] STREVENS: ‘Launch’ was
the ancient, and is still, the vulgar pronunciation, of lance. Nurses always talk of
launching the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth. ‘I have
followed thee,’ says Cesar, ‘to this’; i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee
to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker (at once extenuating his own conduct, and
considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relation-
ship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself), the violence, with
which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our
own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I
have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the same principle that we lance
a disease incurable by gentler means.

45. declining day] See III, xiii, 32.

49. Or looke on thine] The change to look’d seems to me not only superfluous,
but injurious.—Ed.
ACT V, SC. i.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,  
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,  
In top of all designde; my Mate in Empire,  
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,  
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres  
Unreconciliable, should duiide our equalnesse to this.  
Heare me good Friends,  
But I will tell you at some meeter Seafon,  
The businèse of this man lookes out of him,  
We'll heare him what he fayes.  

Enter an Ægyptian.

Whence are you?  

Ægypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris

51. Soueraigne] Soverain F,
52. designde;) design, Rowe et seq.
kindle;) kindle,— Cap. Var. '78
et seq.
54. Vnreconciliable] unreconcilable
F's unreconcilable F,
61. diuide] have divided Pope, Theob.
Warb. Johns.
57. 58. our...Friends,) One line, Pope et seq.
et seq. (subs.)
60. Seafon,) Ff, Johns. season—
Rowe, Pope. season. Theob. et cet.
61-63. Wel I...you?) One line, Rowe et seq.
51. Enter...] Ff. After you? line 63,
Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. After
Friends, line 58, Wh. Sta. Cam. After
Seafon, line 59, Johns. et cet.
Var. '21, Knt.
63. Whence] Now whence Han.
Whence, and who Steev. conj.
you?) you, sir?) Cap. you?
What?) Walker.
64. yet] Om. Cap.
yet, the] Ff, Rowe i. yet; the
Mal. et seq.

53. In top of all designde] That is, in all our highest ambitions.
56. his thoughts] The use of its had not yet become universal; else it would
have been used here. In introducing it Pope ran a little before the years.
57. should diuide our equalnesse to this] JOHNSON: That is, should have made
us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.
61. heare him what he sayes] For other examples of a redundant object, see
ABBOTT, § 414.
64. Egyptian yet,) JOHNSON: If this punctuation be right [Theobald's], the
man means to say that he is yet an Ægyptian, that is, 'yet a servant of the Queen
of Egypt,' though soon to become a subject of Rome.—STAUTON: 'Yet,' that is,
now.—DEIGHTON: Perhaps the meaning is 'one who, though conquered, still boasts
himself an Egyptian.'—JOHN HUNTER: I apprehend Cleopatra to be the 'poor
Egyptian,' and that the line should be written thus: 'A poor Egyptian, yet the queen
my mistress'; where 'yet' means but not less.—[I think that there is much more to
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Confus’d in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To’th’way shee’s forc’d too.

Caesar. Bid her have good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot leave to be vngentle

Egypt. So the Gods preferue thee.

Exit.

Caesar. Come hither Proculeius. Go and say
We purpoze her no shame : giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Leaft in her greatness, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she fayes,

65. all, ...Monument] all she has, her Monument, Rowe et seq.
66. intents, desires.] F, Rowe i. intents, desires Rowe ii. intents desires Pope et seq.
68. too.] F,
71. honourable] honourably Pope, +
72. Determine] Determin’d have Cap.
77. Left F, Left F, F, F.
80. 1. leave...vngentle] F, Rowe i. leave
to be gentle. (as one line) Cap. learn to be vngentle. Tyrwhitt, Dyce, Words. live to be vngentle. Rowe ii et cet.
72. to be vngentle] Separate line, Pope et seq.

be said in favour of this interpretation than against it. It sounds very like a propitiatory message such as Cleopatra, on this occasion, would send; and accords with the assertion that the Monument is now all that she possesses. Moreover, Caesar’s question is ‘Whence are you?’ not ‘Who are you?’—this almost necessitates Hunter’s interpretation.—Ed.

71. How honourable] See ‘’Tis noble spoken,’ II, ii, 115. It may be, however, that the termination -ly, attached to ‘kindely,’ is supposed to be effective for ‘honourable’ also. See WALKER (Crit. i, 218), or ABBOTT (§ 397), or SCHMIDT (Lec. p. 1419, 6).

72. Caesar cannot leave] COLIER (ed. i): This was altered to live by Southern, in his copy of F. He anticipated Pope [Rowe, ed. ii] in a change, which, if not made, would directly contradict the poet’s meaning.—DYCE: I adopt the correction made by Tyrwhitt in his copy of F, in the British Museum.

78, 79. her life in Rome, Would be eternall, etc.] JOHNSON: The sense is, ‘If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.’
ACT V, SC. ii.]

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cæsar I shall.
Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along: where's Dolabella, to second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella.

Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How he's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can fiew in this.

Exeunt.

[Scene II.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepe, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and Ceasars.

7. accidents] accidents Ft. accident
Anon. ap. Cam.
change; ] change, Rowe, Pope, Han.
8. Which ... dung ] (Which ... dugg :)
Warb.
8, 9. Which ... The] Which makes us
sleep, nor palates more the dung O th' Han.
8. pallates] pallats Ft, Rowe, Pope.
palates Theob.
dung] Ft, Rowe, Pope, Theob. ii,
Knt. Coll. Del. Sing. Wh. i, Kyly,
Crowen-Clarke, Huds. Rife, Irving.
duggy Warb. Theob. i. dug Han. Dyce,
Coll. ii, iii (MS), Sta. Glo. Cam. Hunter,
Dtn, Wh. ii. wrong Cartwright. tongue
B. Nicholson (N. & O. Qu. III, vii, 395,
1865).
8, 9. dung ... Nurse] doom ... curse
Bailey.
9, 20, 57. beggers] beggar's F F' e

the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus: 'And it is great To
do the thing that ends all other deeds; Which shackles accidents, and bolts up
change; [Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose.] Which sleeps, and never palates
more the dugg: The beggar's nurse and Ceasar's.' That this line in books was the
substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to
this effect. 'It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity,
lulls our over-wearied nature to repose (which now sleeps and has no more appetite
for worldly enjoyments), and is equally the nurse of Ceasar and the beggar.'—SEWARD
(Note on The False One, IV, ii, p. 139): When we speak in contempt of anything,
we generally resolve it into its first principles: Thus, man is dust and ashes, and
the food we eat, the dung, by which first our vegetable, and from thence our animal,
food is nourished. Thus Cleopatra finding she can no longer riot in the pleasures
of life, with the usual workings of a disappointed pride, pretends a disgust to them,
and speaks in praise of suicide [as in the present lines]. From the observations
above, nothing can be clearer than this passage: 'both the beggar and Ceasar are
fed and nursed by the dung of the earth.' Of this sense there is a demonstration in
[I, i, 48].—HEATH (p. 466): That is, which sleeps, and hath no further relish for
the trash and dung of this earth, which dung is equally necessary to the support of
Ceasar, as of the meanest beggar. In what sense Warburton could understand death
to be equally the nurse of Ceasar and the beggar, or indeed to be the nurse of either,
is inconceivable.—CAPELL (i, 49): The sentiment in line 8 is not unlike one in I,
i, 48, and the expressions which that is couch'd in, shew plainly what 'dung' means
in this line, viz.—the earth, and it's dungy productions; and to mark her contempt
of them, and of Ceasar too at the same time, she calls them—the nurses or nourishers
both of him and the beggar.—JOHNSON: The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty
there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect
of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up
change; it produces a state, 'Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung, 'The
beggar's nurse and Ceasar's.' Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene
sustenance, in the use of which Ceasar and the beggar are on a level. The speech
is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.—BOSWELL: 'The beg-
ggar's nurse and Ceasar's' means, I apprehend, 'death' (as Warburton has observed),
and not, as Johnson supposed, the gross substance on which Ceasar and the beggar
were fed.—[KNIGHT agrees with Boswell that the 'beggar's nurse is, unquestionably,
Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,

10. Enter...] Enter...and Gallus be-
low. Han. Enter...and Gallus, with
Soldiers, at the Door of the Monument,
without. Cap.

dearth.')—Collier (ed. ii): This [dug] is an admirable, though merely literal emendation in the MS. What Cleopatra says is, that self-destruction prevents all change, and no longer requires, or 'palates' the dug, which affords nutriment to all mankind, whether high or low.—Dyce (ed. ii): To me the word 'nurse' is almost alone sufficient evidence that 'dung' is a transcriber's or printer's mistake for dug,—which was the more liable to be corrupted, as it was formerly often spelt digger (so the folio has, in Rom. &Jul. I, iii, 'on the nipple of my Digger'). The sense I conceive to be, 'and never more palates that dig which affords nourishment as well to the beggar as to Caesar.'—Anon. (Blackwood, Oct. 1853, p. 459): The sense probably is, —'It is great to do the thing (suicide) which causes us to sleep, and never more to taste the produce of the earth, which nourishes alike Caesar and the beggar. The MS correction [Warburton's] certainly does not mend matters. This reading affords no extrication of the construction, 'which sleeps,' which we have ventured to explain as 'which layst us asleep, and causest us never more to palate or taste,' etc.—R. G. White (ed. i): As I am unable to discern what is the dug which is 'the beggar's nurse and Caesar's,' and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change.—Staunton: 'Dung' for dug is an obvious misprint, though not wanting defenders.—Hudson: 'Nurse' appears to be used here for nourishment. Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if anything that depends upon such coarse, vulgar feeding were not worth keeping. 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 she has to palate every day.—Brighton: That is, which produces a state in which one sleeps a lasting sleep and has no need to taste the dug by which poor and rich, great and small, are nourished, i.e. no need of the sustenance of life. . . . There seems a considerable difference between the earth as fertilized by manure into furnishing food, and a human being feeding on dung.—Irving Edition: It seems more natural to suppose that the word 'dung' is simply a periphrasis for the fruits of the fertilizing earth, used, certainly in a spirit of bitter mockery and supreme contempt.—Thirlston (p. 25): A reminiscence of Anthony's words in 1, i, 48. Nowhere are such reminiscences used with more effect than in the close of this tragedy where they suggest the integrity of Cleopatra's attachment to Anthony. Shakespeare made us to leave Cleopatra, notwithstanding her failings, with feelings of sympathy and admiration, and that our last thoughts should be of 'the glory of her womanhood.'—[There is a strength in the very coarseness of the word 'dung' which, to me, strongly commends it. Only a poet, strong in his own strength, and conscious of his own supremacy, and 'nearness to the eternal verities,' would have dared to use it. This elemental vigour is, to me, wholly lacking in Warburton's substitution. Surely it does not need either natural death or suicide to cause us to cease from palating the dug. The palating of it ceases with weaning. It is while we palate it, before we are weaned, that an aversion to it can be created. When we cease to have any love for it, death can then produce no aversion. In order, therefore, to change love for the dug into indifference to it, should not suicide be restricted to babes at the breast?—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'rt to have him grant thee.

_Cleo._ What's thy name?

_Pro._ My name is Procuileus.

_Cleo._ Anthony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be decei'ud
That have no vfe for trufting. If your Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maiety to kepe decorum, muft |
No leffe begge then a Kingdome : If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

_Pro._ Be of good cheere :
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,

14, 16, 34. Cleo. [within.]
14. thy] the F1.
Var. '73 et seq.
21. decorum] F1, Rowe, +, . decorum Cap.

Kty.

28. reverence] reverence Words.
32. pray in] pray, in Pope, Theob.

17–19. but I do not greatly . . . for trusting] HUDSON: Cleopatra is exceedingly shrewd and artful in this: To throw Procuileus 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 Caesar 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.

32. that will pray in ayde for kindnesse] HANMER: 'Praying in aid.' is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.—CAPPELL (i, 49): This means,—who is even ready to pray those to accept of his kindness and grace, who ask it sub-
ACT V. SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 337

Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him, I am his Fortunes Vaffall, and I send him The Greatnese he has got. I hourly learne A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Isle report (deere Lady) Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:

33. too F., to F. F.
35. send him] bend to Han.
38. 'th] the Cap. et seq.
41, 42. caus'd it. Pro. You] caus'd it.
42. You] Gal. [Aside to Pro.]

Guard unbar and open the gates. Mal. et seq. (subs.)...the gates, discovering the lower room of the Monument. Cowden-Clarke.

Fare you well.—[Aside.] Hark Gallus! You Cap. caus'd it. [Aside.] You Cowden-Clarke.

Johns. Varr.

Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back-window. Theob. Warb. Johns. 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

missively.—Hudson: 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.

35, 36. I send him The Greatnese he has got] Capell (i, 49): Homage of great people to persons greater than them, was (and still is), in many countries, accompany'd with presents: Cleopatra, in her reply, acknowledges herself Cesar's vassal, and that she ow'd him homage as such; but that, having nothing in way of present to send him, she sent him his own greatness; intimating—that he was master of hers, and of the fortunes of all the world, and could not be disturb'd in them.—Johnson: I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission.—M. Mason: Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, nor will the words bear the construction he gives them. It appears to me, that by the greatness he has got, she means her crown which he has won, and I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her own crown, or some other ensign or royalty.—[I prefer Johnson's interpretation, which is, substantially, that of Capell.—Ed.]

42. Malone: In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted [see Text. Notes] is formed on the old translation of Plutarch: * Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke & strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some cromesues through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understanded, that Cleopatra demaunded the kindome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius sunswered her, that she should be of good chears, and not be affrayed
Guard her till Caesar come.

43. Guard [Aloud to Pro. Guard Cowden-Clarke.

come.] (some. Exit Proculeius. Gallus maintains converse with Cleopatra. Re-enter, into the Monument, from be-


To Proculeius and the guard. Exit Gallus. Mal.

to referre all vnto Caesar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported his answer vnto Caesar. Who immediately sent Gallus to speake once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talke, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window, by the which Antonius was tried up, and came downe into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to heare what Gallus sayd vnto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came downe, and shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed her selfe in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly vpon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd vnto her. Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thy selfe great wrong, and secondly vnto Caesar: to deprize him of the occasion and opportunitie, openly to shew his bountie and mercie, and to giue his enemies cause to accuse the most curteous and noble Prince that ever was, and to appheche him, as though he were a cruell and merciless man, that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shoakke her clothes for feare of any posyon hidden about her.'—[See Appendix, Plutarch.

I have not recorded in the Text. Notes all the stage-directions given by the early editors in their vain reachings after those which would satisfy all requirements; nor have I recorded all the minor variations of the modern editors. For my own part, I see no need of any stage-direction at all. It is, at least for me, quite sufficient to see that the Romans rush in and seize the Queen. In these thrilling moments, how they got in, I neither know nor care. Nor does any one in the audience ever know how they entered, and would not know, unless the stage-manager came forward and read aloud Plutarch, or Malone's directions.—Ed.]

42, 43. Pro. You see how easily ... Caesar come] The F, followed by Rowe and Pope, give this speech to Charmian. Theobald, however, attributed this distribution to the two latter editors, and remarks: This blunder was for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Caesar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions; and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Caesar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage, therefore (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it), from the authority of Plutarch.—Johnson: This line, in the first edition, is given to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech: 'Where he for grace is kneel'd to. Aside to Gallus. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd'; Then, while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer: '—your plight is pitied Of him that caus'd it,' cries out: 'Guard her till Caesar come.'—Malone: It is clear, from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the preceding note, that this ['Pro.'] was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus; who,
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cle. Quicke, quicke, good hands.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe fuch wrong, who are in this
Releeu’d, but not betraid.

44. Royall] O royal Theob. +, Cap. ger. The Monument is open’d; Pro.
Kily. rushes in and disarms the Queen. Theob.
Queen.] Queen— Han. 47. [staying her. Cap. Seiess and
taken] taken, Rowe ii. disarms her. Mal.
45. hands.] hands: [Drawing a Dag.

after Proculeius hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cesar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cesar was informed immediately of Cleopatra’s being taken, appears from Dolabella’s first speech to Proculeius on his entry: ‘Proculeius, What thou hast done, thy master Cesar knows,’ etc. [See lines 77, 78.] This information, it is to be presumed, Cesar obtained from Gallus. The stage-directions being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no exit is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cesar, it was undoubtedly the author’s intention that he should here go out.—WALKER (Crit. ii. 177) has an Article on ‘Instances in which Speeches are assigned in the Folio to Wrong Characters,’ in the course of which he remarks (p. 185) that, ‘Errors in the assignment of speeches,—including cases in which two speeches have been confused into one, or the like,—are remarkably frequent in the Folio. I have just cited sixty or more instances [sixty-six, by my counting.—Ed.] in which this has taken place, even according to the universally received text. This being the case, there is no reason why we should be scrupulous in asserting the same of other passages, where the context clearly indicates it. [The present line is among the sixty-six.]:—THIELSTON (p. 86): If it were desired to follow Plutarch, the simplest way would be, perhaps, to regard this line as the commencement of a new scene the interval being taken up with the movements of Proculeius, but the fact that Gallus, whose presence talking with Cleopatra is essential to Plutarch’s account, does not enter till later shows that Shakespeare did not intend to follow his authority slavishly. It therefore seems preferable to suppose that the ladder was fixed by the soldiers during Proculeius’ previous conversation with Cleopatra, and that he, instead of going to Cesar as he pretended, climbed up the ladder with the soldiers and almost immediately appeared behind Cleopatra and her companions who were still standing at the gate. This view will account for the two speeches in succession being attributed to Proculeius by the Folio.

49. Releeu’d, but not betraid] PECK (p. 254): Instead of ‘betray’d,’ I think, we should read bereaw’d. This reading, I am sure, agrees better with Cleopatra’s next words, . . . where betray’d of death is a forced expression, but bereaw’d is very natural. Besides in her present condition she finds herself already bereaw’d of her crown, and, therefore, thinks it harder to be bereaw’d of death, or the liberty to kill herself.—[Seven years after the publication of the foregoing note by Peck, Warburton proposed the same emendation, except that he transferred the change to ‘Releeu’d’: his text reads ‘Bereaw’d, but not betray’d.’ His note thereon is of small consequence.]
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your felse: Let the World fee
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Matters Court,
Nor once be chastise'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Oèlauiæ*. Shall they hoyft me vp,
And fhev me to the fhowing Varlotarie
Of cenfuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vn'to me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramids my Gibbet,

64. *Nor once be*] Not once to be
65. *starke-nak'd*] F₄, Rowe, Pope.
66. *Varlotarie*] Varlotry F₅, Rowe,
68. *Be gentle graue*] Be gentle, grave,
70. *But gentle, grave, Rowe.*
71. *high pyramids*] hych pyramids
72. *highest Pyramids* F₅, Var. '73.

may mean sometimes. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this: If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*. The sense, designed, however, may be—if it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts, to produce a meaning from the words under consideration.—MALONE: The explanations above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the word *'il*, and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost. The omitted line might have been of this import: 'If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word; I'll not sleep neither,' etc. The words, 'I'll not sleep neither,' contain a new and distinct menace.—RITSON: I agree that a line is lost, which I shall attempt to supply: 'If idle talk will once be necessary [*I will not speak; If sleep be necessary*], I'll not sleep neither.' The repetition of the word *necessary* may have occasioned the omission.—COLLIER (ed. ii) says, in effect, that, according to the MS, Cleopatra adds 'that she will hasten her death by perpetual watchfulness, if 'idle talk' will contribute to it, or be *necessary* to it.—STAUNTON: We adopt Hamner's *necessary*. The sense is plainly,—'I'll neither eat nor drink, and, if idle talk will, for the nonce, be assistant, I'll not sleep.'—[The obscurity in these lines is removed, I think, by the paraphrases of Heath and of Johnson.—Ed.]

69. *starke-nak'd*] WALKER (*Vers. 192*) has gathered many examples from the old poets where *naked* is thus contracted. 'We find in Middleton, 'To cover others, and go nak'd thyself.'—*Spanish Gipsy*, p. 135, ed. Dyce. Again, Sidney: 'His who till death lookest in a wansrie glasse, Or hers whom nak'd the Trojan boy did see.'—*Astrophel and Stella, Sonn. ixxii.*—DYCE (ed. ii) quotes, 'Accomplish'd Thoas, in whose breast, (being nak'd) his lance he threw,' etc.—Chapman's *Iliad*, xvi, 296;

'Strip'd nak'd her bosom, show'd her breasts,' etc.—*Ibid.* xxii, 69.
And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde caufe in Cæfar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haft done, thy Mafter Cæfar knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So Dolabella,
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To Cæfar I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.          Exit Proculeius

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moft Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter Sir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,

75. cause] cause for it Cap.       84. Exit...] Exeunt Proc. and Gallus.
78. thy] my F, Rowe, Pope, Han.      85. me] Fi, Rowe,+, Kily. me l
79. sent] sent me Dyce i. conj.Walker,    86. me.] Fi, Rowe,+, Kily. me l
Dyce ii, iii, Kily.    Cap. et cet.
      for] as for Fi, Rowe,+, Cap.              88. you know me] you have Gar.
Varr. Ran. Steev. Var. '03, '73, Huds.  90. Dreames,] dreams; Theob. et
83, 84. To ... him.] [To Cleopatra.    seq.

71. pyramidea] Dyce (Note in The False One, II, 1): The passages of our early writers in which 'pyramidea' (the regular plural of pyramis) occurs are very numerous. In the line in this speech [in The False One]: 'No pyramids set off his memories,' though both the folios have pyramideae, there can be no doubt that the poet intended the word to consist of only three syllables.—[See II, vii, 39.]

82. It shall content me best] Here the Cowden-Clarke have the following stage-direction and note: 'Brings Cleopatra down into the lower room of the Monument, and delivers her to Dollabella.' This stage-direction has been added by the editors, as affording an idea of the situation in the present scene. There would be no means of accounting for what subsequently takes place, were we not to imagine Cleopatra as being still within her monument.

84. If you'll employ me to him] Bradley (N. E. D. s. v. Employ, 3. † b.): To send (a person) with a commission to, towards (a person), to, into (a place).
'Ve shall haue neede T'employ you towards this Romane.'—Cymb. II, iii, 68. [The present passage quoted. See, also, if needful, Franz, § 379, b.]
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor Anthony.

Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courfe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges befrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:

93, 114. dreamt'] F, dreamt F, F, Rowe, +, Cap. Var. '73, Knt. Sing. dream'd Var. '78 et cet.
97. Heau'ns] Rowe, +. heaven's De-lius conj. heavens FF et cet.
99. o'th'] F, Rowe, Pope. all' F, F, F.

93, 96, 97, etc. His face was as the Heau'ns, etc.] In all the similes throughout this 'dream,' Whiter discerns allusions to pageants and processions. 'Let it be remembered,' he says (p. 190), 'that an imitation of the sphere of the Heavens, with the attributes and ornaments belonging to it, the sweetness of its music, and the noise of its thunder, the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth, colossal figures,—armorials bearings,—a magnificent procession of monarchs and their attendants,—floating islands,—and a prodigious distribution of wealth and honors, are the known and familiar materials which formed the motley compound of the Masque, the Pageant, or the Procession.' See IV, xiv, 11.

99, 100. The little . . . Creature] Theobald: What a blessed limping verse these two blemishes give us! Had none of the Editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? 'Tis true, there is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter; which the first Editors not understanding, learnedly threw it out as a redundance. I restore, The little O o'th'Earth, i.e. the little orb or circle. And, 'tis plain, our Poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus, 'Ros. O, that your face were not so full of O'es.'—Love's Labour's Lost, V, ii, 46, i.e. of round dimples, pitts, with the smallpox. 'Can we cram, Within this wooden O, the very casques,' etc.—Proo, to Henry V. 12. 'Fair Helena, who more engilds the night Than all you fiery O's and Eyes of light.'—Mid. N. D., III, ii, 195, i.e. the circles, orbs of the stars.—Collier: [Notwithstanding Theobald's amendment, the text of the folio] may, after all, be the true reading.

101, 102. his rear'd arme Crested the world] Percy: Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.
THE TRAGDIE OF

But when he meant to quake, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder.  For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't.  An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights

105.  An Anthony it was] Fi, Rowe,  Autumn 'twas Theob. et seq.
Pope.  an enity it was Bulloch.  An

106.  An Anthony it was} See III, xiii, 175.  Also, if need be, 'There's not the
smallest orbe which thou beholdst But in his motion like an angell sings,'—Mer. of
107.  and that to Friends} STAUNTON (Athenaeum, 26 Apr. 1873): Surely,—
't and sweet to friends'; 'that' has no business in this place, and only serves to mar
the glory of the speech.—[ELZE (p. 293) proposed, independently, the same emen-
dation, and also 'and soft to Friends.'  But, assuredly, though a little awkward,
'that' is perfectly correct.  Its antecedent is 'voice.'  'That' (or such) was his
voice when addressing his friends.—Ed.]
108.  quaille} See 'Fall not a tear,' III, xi, 78.
109.  ratling Thunder] Compare: Thy eye Iones lightning beares, thy voyce
his dreadfull thunder.  Which not to anger bent, is musique and sweet fire.'—Love's
Lab. Lost, IV, ii, 130.—Ed.

105-107.  For his Bounty, There was no winter in't.  An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping] THEOBALD: There was certainly a contrast
both in the thought and terms, designed here, which is lost in an accidental
corruption.  How could an Anthony grow the more by reaping?  I'll venture, by a very
easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too,
why there was no winter in his bounty: 'For his bounty, There was no winter
in't; an autumn 'twas, That grew the more by reaping.'  I ought to take notice,
that the ingenious Dr Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had marked
it in the margin of his book.  The reason of the deprivation might easily arise from
the great similitude of the two words in the old spelling, Antonie and Autumnne.  [The
name is spelt Anthony in this play in the Folio without an exception, I think;
which injures the literal 'similitude' not a little.—Ed.]  Our author has employed
this thought again [in his 53rd Sonnet]: 'Speak of the spring and foison of the
year; The one doth shadow of your beauty show, The other as your bounty doth
appear; And you in every blessed shape we know.'  'Tis plain that 'foison' means
Autums here, which pours out its profusion of fruits bountifully; in opposition to
Spring, which only shews the youthful beauty, and promise of that future bounty.—
CORSON (The Nation, 28 Aug., 1873): If '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.  But this reading
of Theobald has been silently adopted by all subsequent editors, without any con-
sideration of its tameness or of the resultant incongruity.  In 'An Anthony it was,'
'it' stands, of course, for 'Bounty.'  His Bounty was an Anthony, 'that grew the
more by reaping.'  Now, could the 'less Greek' which, Ben Jonson tells us, Shake-
spere 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
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue

108. his [back] their backe Han. the backe Kty. their backs Bailey (ii, 125).

flowering pasturage ('Ανθρωπος), and 'that grew the more by reaping.'—JAMES SPEDDING (N. & Q., 1874, V, i, 303) : I cannot understand Prof. Conson's objection to 'autumn.' In the curvive black-letter hand of the time Autumn might easily be written so as to be hardly distinguishable from Antonios, and surely it makes better sense and better poetry. So far from calling it 'tame,' I should instance it as one of the noblest, boldest, and liveliest images in poetry. Keats said that poetry 'ought to surprise, by a fine excess.' This is exactly a case of such 'fine excess.' '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; quite as much so, and yet evidently from the same mint, as Juliet's—'My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have; for both are infinite.' 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 ἄφες 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.—[Theobald asks, 'how an Antony could grow the more by reaping?'] Would it not be equally pertinent to ask how an autumn could grow the more by reaping? Reaping in the autumn is done when the grain is ripe, and grain thus reaped never grows again. The farmer is not yet born who, in the temperate zone, reaps the ripe grain in the autumn and finds it growing more vigorously for the process. To be sure, a farmer who could keep on reaping stubble fields and find at each reaping a heavier harvest would be, as Spedding observes, 'as great an image of 'bounty' as the mind in its most impassioned state ever created,' and, possibly, can be paralleled only in the Arabian Nights. Not thus essentially at fault are, I think, Shakespeare's similis, which may be sometimes flagrantly open to criticism, but never to downright folly—thus, in all humility, it seems to me. When Spedding becomes eloquent over the beauty of 'autumn,' he seems to forget that he is exalting not Shakespeare, but Theobald. There is about Corson's suggestion so much refinement, elegance, and charm that it is hard to reject it. But, unfortunately, there is nothing in common between Anthony and Anths but the first syllable, and there is no Greek word which will furnish any more. Moreover, we do not reap flowers, even to make them grow. Until an emendation is suggested, therefore, happier, as I think, than autumn, I shall endeavour, for my own feeble self, to extract from 'Anthony' what meaning I may of inexhaustible perfection in face, in form, in voice, in bounty, which for Cleopatra so far lay in that single name that once, in order to express the height and depth and boundlessness of her self-absorption she exclaimed, 'Oh, my oblivion is a very Anthony!'—Ed.]
The Element they liu’d in: In his Liuery
Walk’d Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one such
It’s past the sife of dreaming: Nature wants stufte
To vie frange forms with fancie, yet t’imagine

110. Crownets] coro ates Pope,+
110. fancie,] fancy; Han. Cap. et
werv] Om. ff, Rowe, Pope.
seq.
t’imagine] ff, Rowe, Pope,
117. nor] F, or F F, et seq.
ii, iii, Kty. to form Han. to imagine
118. It’s] Its Fl.
Cap. et cet.

ent passage] is to be referred to this source? There is nothing, however, more certain and indubitable.

111. As plates] Steevens: ‘Plates’ mean, I believe, silver money. So, in Marlowe’s Jew of Malia, 1633: ‘What’s the price of this slave? two hundred crowns!... And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates.’—[II, p. 272, ed. Dyce.]
Again: ‘Rast thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?’—[Ibid. p. 273.]
Whalley: Steevens justly interprets ‘plates’ to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If gules, or red, they are called torteauxes; if or, or yellow, dessants; if argent, or white, plates, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

117. nor euer were] Thiselton (p. 27): ‘Nor’ has been unwarrantably changed to or, owing to its being overlooked that this line is in direct contrast with the preceding, and that ‘nor’ implies an ellipsis of neither or nor. Cleopatra would ask, ‘But assuming for the moment you are right, how came I to dream of such a one?’ And this question she answers by saying that though Fancy could outstrip Nature, yet the mere picture of Anthony as he actually was in Nature exceeded anything Fancy could create. The description Cleopatra has just given was the work of fancy but in so far as it did not tally with Anthony as he was, it was because it fell short of, not because it exaggerated, his greatness.

119. To vie] Staunton: This was a term at cards, and meant, particularly, to increase the stakes, and, generally, to challenge any one to a contention, bet, wager, etc.—[Undoubtedly, it was, and, perhaps, originally, a term at cards, although its meaning is obscure. It is used in Florio’s Second Fruites (pp. 69, 71) in a way which is difficult to explain. But I doubt that, in the present passage, it has any reference to cards. It is used, I think, as it is defined in the Century Dictionary (i. v. vie, II. trans. 2): ‘To put or bring into competition; try to outdo in; contend with respect to.’ Whereupon the present passage is quoted as an example.—Ed.]
An Anthony were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie, 
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your felse, great; and you beare it
As anwering to the weight, would I might neuer
Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites.

120. were'] with F, F; Gar. was Cap. conj. Rowe et seq. 125. pursu'de] pursu'd F, F; succefe: But] success, but Rowe et seq.

piece, Pope. piece Theob. Han. Warb. piece et seq.

Pope. piece theor. Han. Warb. piece et seq.

120-121. yet t'imagine . . . shadowes Quite] Whiter (p. 194): Is it possible to employ terms more pointed and significant than those which might be selected from the concluding sentence to describe the nature and properties of such romantic exhibitions? For what are the devices of the Pageant, but the creatures of a dream,—the strange forms of an illusive fancy, and the empty shadows of a sportive imagination?—Staunton: We are not sure of having mastered the sense of this, or indeed that the text exhibits precisely what Shakespeare wrote, but the meaning apparently is,—'Nature lacks material to compete with fancy in unwononted shapes, yet the conception of an Antony was a masterpiece of Nature over fancy, abusing phantoms quite.'—Hudson: 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 subtle, and comes appropriately from this matchless roll of unwomanly womanhood.

120, 121. were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie, Condemning shadowes Quite] WARBURTON: The word prixe, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between Nature and imagination about the larger extent of their powers; and nature gaining the prixe by producing Antony.—Johnson: The word 'piece,' is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their piece, and the piece done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality past the size of dreaming; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep.

124, 125. would I . . . But I do] THESKELTON (p. 27): 'But,' Dollabella means, 'If success in a cherished object carries with it the being infected by the grief of my victim, as I am now by your grief, I would rather forgo it.'—Is not the 'But,' in this passage, that which follows strong asseverations, as in Otello's exclamation: 'Perdition catch my soul But I do love thee'? Thus here Dollabella says, in effect, 'Would I might never gain success, if I do not sympathise with you!'—Ed.

126. a greefe that suites] COLLIER (ed. i): Surely, as Mr Barron Field observes, [suites] is much more likely to have been a misprint for smites [than shoots] which only varies in a single letter. The expression is then more natural, and it avoids the
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thank you sir:

Know you what Cæsar meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you sir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'le leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there Cæsar.
ACT V, SC. II.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cæs. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. Cleo. kneele.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneele:

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,

My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts,

The Record of what injuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World, 145

I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well

To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue

Bene laden with like frailties, which before

Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra know,

We will extenuate rather then inforce:

138-140. Which...kneele:] Lines end, queen...Aris,..kneel: Steev. Var. '33, '13.

139. Egypt.] Egypt Rowe et seq.

139. It is] 'Tis Steev. Varr. Knit, Sing. 140. [to Cleop. raising her. Cap.

140. rife,] rise. Johns. Var. '73. rise;

141. warb. perfect Oger.

142. 143. will...Lord ] Separate line, Pope et seq.

142. tho.,] thus; Theob. et seq.

143. must] much Fl. obey,] obey. F, et seq.

144. thoughts,] thoughts; Pope et seq.

144. proiect] proget Han. procter

149. Cap. Var. '78 et seq.

150. clear,] clear; Cap. et seq.

149. I cannot proiect mine owne cause] WARBURTON: 'Project' signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read, procter. The technical term, to plead by an advocate.—JOHNSON: Hamner reads: 'I cannot præger my own cause—.' Meaning, I cannot whitewash, warmish, or gloss my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To project a cause is to represent a cause; to project it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence.—HEATH (p. 466): To project is properly a term of perspective, signifying to represent an object truly, according to the rules of that art. Hence it is applied metaphorically to denote a representation of any kind whatever. So that the sense is, I am not capable of stating my own cause in so favourable a light, as to free myself from all blame.—STEVENS: 'Project' may certainly be right. Sir John Harrington, in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, says,—'I am not onely groundedly studied in the reformation of Ajax, which I have chosen for the project of this discourse.'—[p. 95, ed. Singer.]—MALONE: In Much Ado, we find these lines: 'She cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.'—[III, i, 59.] I cannot project, etc. means, therefore, I cannot shape or form my cause, etc.—[Heath's interpretation, which is also, in fact, Johnson's, seems to be the best. —Ed.]
If you apply your selfe to our intents, 155
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies course, you shall bereave your selfe
Of my good purposed, and put your children 160
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord. 165

Caesar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am posses of, tis exactly valewed,


159. your selfe] you selfe F_4.

160. leave.] leave— Var. '73.

162. your,] yours; Theob. et seq.

163. Your Scutcheons] Your Scutcheons seq.


165. Here] Hear, Coll. iii.

166. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra] MALONE: You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards: 'For we intend so to dispose you, as Yourself shall give us counsel.' [lines 219, 220.]

167. This is the breefe, etc.] VON FRIESEN (iii, 256): Cleopatra's determination to shut herself up in her Monument, and have her death announced to Anthony is a step concerning which it is difficult to decide whether it was prompted by a sudden prudence in retiring before the bitter reproaches of Antony, or an artistic stroke of fresh coquettiria. But when there followed upon it an unexpected issue and Antony had committed suicide, I am convinced that Cleopatra was smitten with a love for the dying and for the dead hero, deeper and, possibly, more overwhelming than ever she had felt for him when alive. Hereupon, she reveals in her opposition to Octavius all the versatility of her shrewdness and dissimulation. Plutarch, justly enough, does not record that she contemplated enmeshing Octavius in her charms. This repulsive legend, started by the historians after Plutarch's time, Shakespeare could not, therefore, have intended, even in the remotest degree, to have recalled. On the contrary her deportment toward the Emperor from the moment of his sending Thyreus to her displays the keenest shrewdness. In this respect, her interview with him is a model. . . . From the very instant that she learned the Emperor's decision to carry her as a prisoner to Rome to grace his triumph, her resolve to take her own life was fixed and immovable. For what other purpose, forsooth, was the presentation to Octavius of the brief of her treasures and the summons to Seleucus to testify to her conscientious statement?
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Seleu. Heere Madam. 170

Cleo. This is my Treurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Seleu. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchafe what you haue made known

Cesaf. Nay blufh not Cleopatra, I approue

Your Wisedome in the deede.

Cleo. See Cesaf : Oh behold,

169. admitted.] admitted — Pope. 180
Where's] Where F.F.,
169-211. Where's ... pitted ] Om. feal F.s, et cet.
Kemble.

174, 175. I had...perill'] Separate line, Cesaf :] Cesaf ! Rowe et seq.

168, 169. 'tis exactly valued, Not petty things admitted] Theobald:
Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued;
but that petty things are not admitted in this list: and then she appeals to her treasur-
er, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is
reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making
apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to
read: 'Not petty things omitted? For this declaration lays open her falsehood;
and makes her angry, when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie.—Johnson: Not-
withstanding the wrath of Theobald, I have restored the old reading. She is angry
afterwards, that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things.—[In the
corresponding passage in Plutarch, Cleopatra says, 'though it may be I have reserved
some jewels and trifles meet for women,' etc.—Ed.—Abbott (§ 377): The partic-
iple is often used to express a condition, where, for perspicuity we should now mostly
insert if. Thus here the meaning is, 'exactly, if petty things be excepted.'—[See
III, xii, 17.]

174. I had rather seele my lippes] Johnson: Sew up my mouth.—Steevens:
It means close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To sell
hawks was the technical term.—Collier (ed. i): The commentators have under-
stood an allusion to seeeing the eyes of a hawk; but the common expression of sealing
the lips requires no such explanation.—Singer: But the poet is very fond of such
allusions [to hawking], and there is surely no reason for printing sell, and thus
substituting a word not authorised by the old copy which always prints the latter word
seal or scall.—Dyce (ed. ii): In III, xii, 137, we have 'the wise gods seele our
eyes,' etc. But here the spelling of the Folio goes for little; in Lear, IV, vi, 168,
the Folio has 'the power to seale th' accusers lips'; and in a Hen. VI: I, ii, 89,
'Seale vp your Lipes.'—Staunton: To seal one's lips was a familiar expression ages
before Shakespeare lived.
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours, 181
And shoulde we shift estate, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slau, of no more trust
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeyst thou backe, ý shalt 185
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slau, Soule-leffe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely base!

Cæsar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this, 190
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meke, that mine owne Seruant shoulde

181. followed] follow'd Pope et seq.
185. hir'd] hir'd. Rowe, Pope, Han.
Cap. et seq. Cap.

Hal. 
ý] thou Fl.

184. Oh Slau, of no more trust, etc.] STAHN (p. 270): This little comedy,
pre-arranged and agreed upon, between her and her faithful treasurer is a master-
stroke of the bold lady, which completely attains the purpose for which it was
designed.—[It is hardly too much to say, I think, that the historian of Cleopatra has
made us all his debtors by this keen-sighted interpretation of the Queen's outrageous
treatment of Seleucus. It is a relief to be freed from the necessity of finding excuses
for what we now see to be simulated rage.—ED.]

185, 186. What goeyst thou backe, ... thee] DEIGHTON: What (said as she
advances to strike him), do you retreat before me? you'll be ready enough, I warrant,
to desert me; 'Go back' being used in the literal and the figurative sense. In the
latter sense Schmidt takes the phrase here as equivalent to 'be worsted.'—[Very few
readers, I think, will detect any 'figurative sense' here, or any equivalent to being
'worsted.'—ED.]

188. O rarely base] STEEVENS: That is, base to an uncommon degree.

193. To one so meekr] THEOBALD: Surely Cleopatra must be bantering Cæsar,
to call herself 'meek,' when he had the moment before seen her fly at her Treasurer,
and wishing to tear out his eyes. I correct, weak, that is, so shrunk in fortune and
wower. Besides, she might allude to her bodily decay. See Plutarch.—[The foregoing
note with its emendation is not repeated in any of the Variorums, and was,
therefore, unknown to WALKER, when (Crit. ii, 300) among a number of instances
where m and w are confounded, he also suggested weak, in the present line.]—
CAPELL (i, 50): That 'meek' is corrupt, is asssented to readilly; but not the word
'tis amended by [by Theobald], weak is ambiguous, and therefore improper; and
ACT V, SC. ii.]  

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good Caesar)
That I some Lady trifles have referu'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For Luia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
With one that I have bred: The Gods! it finites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,

196. Lady trifles.] Lady-trifles / F,
Rowe, +, Coll.
198. withall.] withal: Theob. et seq.
201. mediation.] F, Coll. Wh. Hal.
meditation. / F', F' / mediation ? Var. '21.
meditation; Cap. et cet.
202. bred.] By Rowe ii, +, Var. '73.

204. [spirit] spirit Walker, Coll. MS.
Kity, Huds.
205. th' Ashes.] Fi, Rowe, +, Coll.
Sing. Wh. Dyce ii, iii, Kity, Hal. the
ashes / Cap. et cet.

206. my chance.] mischance Han. Coll.
i, iii (MS). my change Walker. my
glance Ingleby, Huds.

207. Wer's t.] Wer't Rowe.

(MS), Sing. Kity.

mean, a word as near it in characters, bids fairer to be the true one, from its opposition to 'lordliness' in the same sentence.—MALONE: 'Meek,' I suppose, means here tame.—[I suppose that 'meek' here means meek,—the very quality that Cleopatra would claim for herself, especially when she least deserved it.—ED.]

194. Parcell the summe of my disgraces] JOHNSON: To parcel her disgraces, might be expressed in vulgar language, to bundle up her calamities.—MALONE: The meaning, I think, either is, 'that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice'; or 'that this fellow should lot up the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account.'—[DYCE adopts, in his Glossary, this note of Malone.]

195. Enuy] That is, malice; see Shakespeare, passim.
198. moderne] That is, common, every day; see Shakespeare, passim.
201, 202. vnfolded With one] For other instances where 'with' is equivalent to by, see ABBOTT, § 193; or FRANZ, § 383.
202. The Gods] COLLIER (ed. ii): Another instance of old misprinting, 'The' for Ye, owing to the mistake of the abbreviation ye: we derive the change from the MS.—DYCE (ed. ii): But compare, 'O me, the gods,' Coriolanus, II, iii; O the gods!' Tro. & Cress., IV, ii; Coriolanus, IV, i; Cymb., I, i; 'O the best gods!' Lear, II, iv; and 'O the good gods!' in this present scene, line 266.
204, 205. Cynders of my spirits Through th'Ashes of my chance, etc.] THEOBALD: She considers herself, in her downfall, as a fabric destroyed by fire;
Thou would'lt haue mercy on me.

Caesar. Forbear Selycuss.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought

For things that others do: and when we fall,

We answere others merits, in our name

Are therefore to be pittied.

207. [Exit Selycuss. Cap. et seq.]

208. Be it 

Be't Pope, Dyce ii, iii.

210. 211. answer...Are] Ft. answer others’ merits, in our namesAre Rowe, Pope, Theob. i. answer others’ merits, in our namesAre Theob. ii. panders others’ merits with our names, And Han. answer others’ merits in our names; Are

Johns. Var. ‘73. answer others’ merits; in our nameAre Cap. answer others’ merits in our names, Are Var. ‘78, ‘85.

Ran. answer others’ merits in our name, And Coll. iii. answering others’ merits in our name, Are Bulloch. answer others’ merits in our name, Are Mal. et cet.

and then would intimate that the same fire has reduced her spirits too to cinders; i.e. consumed the strength and dignity of her soul and mind. Warburton thinks, the poet wrote, ‘Through the ashes of my cheeks.’—[This emendation Warburton did not suggest in his subsequent edition. It is, therefore, open to hope, that he withdrew it.]—Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Chance, 3.): That which befalls a person; (one’s) hap, fortune, luck, lot.—[We have already had in ‘the wounded chance of Anthony’ (III, x, 49), a use of ‘chance’ exactly parallel to the present. ‘Chance’ there meant fortune, lot, and here it means the same. ‘Though the ashes of her fortune, the embers of her spirit are still glowing.’ In this same line, where Cleopatra says, ‘We’rt thou a man,’ she implies the knowledge that Selycuss was a eunuch.

—Ed.]

204. spirits] See I, ii, 143, with its protest against Walker’s mono syllabic pronunciation of ‘spirit.’

209–211. when we fall, We answer others merits, in our name Are therefore to be pittied] Warburton: The lines should be pointed thus:—‘And when we fall We answer. Others’ merits, in our names Are therefore to be pittied.’ That is, ‘when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers’ good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.’ But she softens the word merit into pity. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much censure from Octavius, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister, she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister’s miscarriages, so her present minister’s merit in this discovery, might likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reasonable.—Heath (p. 457): That is, We, who are in possession of the supreme power, are ill thought of for faults committed by others, without our direction or knowledge; and, when we are stripped of this power, are obliged to answer in our own names for what those others ought in justice to answer for themselves. Therefore we are to be pitted. I conceive that this reflection of Cleopatra is intended to insinuate, that the deficiency in the inventory ought to be imputed to Selycuss her accuser, and not to herself;
Act v, sc. ii.] Anthony and Cleopatra

Cæsar. Cleopatra,
Not what you haue referu’d, nor what acknowledg’d
Put we i’th’Roll of Conquest : still bee’t yours,
Befow’ it at your pleasure, and beleue

Cæsar: no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer’d,

214. Put we] Put me Rowe, Pope.
215 i’th’] Fi, Rowe, +, Wh. i’the

and that he therefore was properly answerable for it. I would beg leave to add,
that I am inclined to believe that Shakespear gave us the third line thus, And answer
others merits in our names: which renders the construction more explicit and per-
spicuous.—[Collier’s MS marked the same change from ‘Are’ to And. ‘Very
unnecessarily,’ says Dyce (ed. ii): ‘In the last clause of a sentence Shakespeare
(luke other old writers) sometimes omits “and.”’]—CaPELL (i, 51): The reflec-
tions contain’d in this speech are perfectly just, and their wording as clear as their
intention; which is—to exculpate the speaker, not in what has recently happen’d,
but her political behaviour in general: Nothing then is hard to conceive, but the
consequence drawn from these premises,—‘in our name Are therefore to be pity’d’;
and the single difficulty there, lies in—‘name’: But how often is name put for—
title? and here with great energy: as importing—that greatness and dignities, high
and swelling titles, were mere vanities and a name only; rather worthy of pity than
envy, by reason of it’s servants’ abuses, and the ruin it often suffers through them.—
Johnson: ‘We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind
for that which others do; and when we fall, those that contented themselves only
to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We
are therefore to be pitied.’ Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions
meriting censure.—M. Mason: The plain meaning is this: ‘The greatest of us are
as persed for things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we
become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our own names
for the actions of other people.’ Merit is here used, as the word desert frequently
is, to express a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punishment
as well as reward.—Malone: As demerits was often used, in Shakespear’s time, as
synonymous to merit, so merit might have been used in the sense which we now
affix to demerit; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer
in our own names for acts, with which others, rather than we, deserve to be charged.
—[From Capell’s crabbed English (Dr Johnson, using Prospero’s language in
reference to Caliban, said that if Capell had only come to him, he would ‘have
endowed his purposes with words’) I can extract more light than from any of the
other interpretations, and, in addition, his version conforms closely to the Folio.
The real difficulty lies, as he says, in the word ‘name,’ which here, I think, means
eminence, greatness (as in other instances which Schmidt’s Lexicon will supply).
The passage, then, may be paraphrased: ‘When we, the great ones of earth, fail,
it is not through our own fault, but through that of others, our subordinates; for the
very eminence of our position, therefore, we are to be pitied.’—Ed.]
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pitty is so much vpon you,
That we remain your Friend, and so adieue.

_Cleo._ My Master, and my Lord.
_Caesar._ Not so: Adieu.

_Flourish._

_Exeunt Caesar, and his Train._

_Cleo._ He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee _Charmian._

_Iras._ Finisht good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

_Cleo._ Hye thee againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haft.


223. _lord._ lord,—Cap. _lord/Var._ '73 et seq.

224. _Flourish._ Om. Fr.


226–228. _He...Charmian_ Two lines, dividing at _not_ Han. Cap. et seq.

228. _Charmian_ Johns.

...—The Poet's art in this place is worth noticing: 'it' relates covertly to the asp which she afterwards dies by; but her further directions about it, are convey'd in a whisper,—'But hark thee, Charmian'; which had they been openly given, a main grace of the incident that presently follows had been taken away from it, that is—it's novelty.

218. Make not your thoughts your prisons] _Johnson:_ I once wished to read—'Make not your thoughts your poison—' : Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. 'Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.—[Johnson suggested poison, wherein he was anticipated by Hamner ed. i. Dyce suggested prison, wherein he was anticipated by Hamner, ed. ii.—Ed.]

232. and it is prouided] _Theobald:_ Freinshemius has observed, upon a passage in Quintus Curtius, that your best writers very often leave some things to be understood from the consequence and implication of words, which the words themselves do not express. Our author observes this conduct here. Cleopatra must be supposed to mean, she has spoke for the asp, and it is provided, tho' she says not a word of it in direct terms.—_Capell_ (i, 51): The Poet's art in this place is worth noting: 'it' relates covertly to the asp which she afterwards dies by; but her further directions about it, are convey'd in a whisper,—'But hark thee, Charmian'; which had they been openly given, a main grace of the incident that presently follows had been taken away from it, that is—it's novelty.
ACT V, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where’s the Queene?

Char. Behold sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best wfe of this. I haue perform’d
Your pleasure, and my promisef

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Servaunt:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Cæsar. Exit

Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.

Now Ira#, what think’st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne

236. Where’s] Where is Pope et seq.
[Exit Char. Cap. et seq.
Cam. Dolabella Cap. et cet.

243. before,] before; Rowe ii et seq. (subs.)
246. Dolabella,] Separate line, Pope et seq.
249, 250. Farewell...thou?] Fl, Cap.
One line, Rowe et seq.
251. shall ] shall Fl.

250. etc. Now Ira#, etc.] Mrs JAMESON (ii, 152) : But though Cleopatra talks
of dying ‘after the high Roman fashion,’ she fears what she most desires, and cannot
perform with simplicity what costs her such an effort. That extreme physical coward-
lice, which was so strong a trait in her historical character, which led to the defeat of
Actium, which made her delay the execution of a fatal resolve till she had ‘tried
conclusions infinite of easy ways to die,’ Shakespeare has rendered with the finest
possible effect, and in a manner which heightens instead of diminishing our respect
and interest. Timid by nature, she is courageous by the mere force of will, and she
lashes herself up with high-sounding words into a kind of false daring. Her lively
imagination suggests every incentive which can spur her on to the deed she has
resolved, yet trembles to contemplate. She pictures to herself all the degradations
which must attend her captivity; and let it be observed, that those which she antici-
pates are precisely such as a vain, luxurious, and haughty woman would especially
dread, and which only true virtue and magnanimity could despise. Cleopatra could
have endured the loss of freedom; but to be led in triumph through the streets of
Rome is insufferable. She could stoop to Cæsar with dissembling courtesy, and meet
duplicity with superior art; but ‘to be chastised’ by the scornful or upbraiding
glance of the injured Octavia—’rather a ditch in Egypt!’
THE TRAGEDIE OF

In Rome as well as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shal
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groffe dyet, shal we enclowded,
And forc’d to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, ’tis most certaine Iras: sawcie Licitors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimmers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will flage vs, and present
Our Alexandrian Reuels: Anthony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra Boy my greatneffe

259. catch at:] chastise Orger.
sca[d] /call’d F, F', Rowe, Pope,
262. Alexandrian] Alexandria F, F, 
264.] squeaking...Boy:] squeaking Cleopatra-Boy F, F, speaking Cleopatra-

259. drinke their vapour] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Drink, I. Transitive senses. 5.) : To draw in or inhale. [The current phrase, in Shakespeare’s time, for ‘to smoke tobacco’ was to drink tobacco.]

258, 259. sawcie Licitors Will catch at vs] Murray (N. E. D. s. v. Catch, 23. To catch at:) To snatch at; to make a quick or eager attempt to lay hold of. [The present line is quoted. Dr Murray’s adjective, ‘eager,’ is well chosen. It is the ‘eagerness’ which is naturally so abhorrent and degrading to the Queen. Lear (IV, vi, 166) attributes to the ‘beadle’ that which, I think, Cleopatra attributes, in imagination, to the saucy licitors.—Ed.]


260. Ballads] For this superfluous i, see ‘abstracts,” I, iv, 11; Abbott, § 338.


262. Our Alexandrian Reuels] See note on ‘reuell,’ I, iv, 7, and also II, vii, 111.

264. Some squeaking Cleopatra Boy my greatnesse] Hanmer: The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.—Schmidt, in the Notes to his version of Tieck’s Translation, denies (p. 176) that ‘boy’ is here a verb, because the next clause, ‘i’th’ posture,’ etc., does not harmonise with it; such a posture can hardly be deemed characteristic of a boy. He, therefore, holds ‘Cleopatra-boy’ as a compound; and the meaning is that she will see some Cleopatra-boy acting her own greatness in the posture, etc. In his subsequent Lexicon he adhered to this interpreta-
I'th'poffure of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes

Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,

And to conquer their most absurd intents.

265. I'th'] I'the Cap. et seq.
267. that's] that is Steev. Varr. Knit
   Coll. Wh. Kly, Hal. but that's Words
268. fee't] Ff, Rowe, Cap. Dyce, Sta.
   Glo. Cam. see & Pope et al.
   I'am] am Rowe ii. I'm Pope,+
   Dyce ii, iii.
   mine] my Ff et seq.

270-273. to foole...Charmian.] As three lines, ending way...conquer...Charmian.
   Rowe et seq.
270. fool Coll. MS.
271. to conquer] conquer Ft.
   absurd'] asur'd Theob. Han.
   Cap. Coll. (MS), Huda. abhor'd
   Kinnear.

264. squeaking] Deighton appositely quotes Hamlet's greeting to the young boy actor: 'Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.'—II, ii, 407.

266. Boy] W. Poel (New Sh. Soc. Trans., 8 Nov. 1889): Stephen Gosson thus condemns the realistic acting of the boys who assumed women's parts: 'Which way, I beseech you, shall they be excused that put on, not the apparel only, but the gait, the gestures, the voice, the passions of a woman?'

267. Nay that's certaine] Capell (i, 53): Though this speech is still left in possession of the place it has always occupy'd, yet it's title is very suspicious: it seems to have nothing to do here; and more than so,—to have been an accidental corruption, crept in by the compositor’s heedlessness, who was beginning to print again in this place a speech that he had printed before [line 258, supra]; and besides,—the spirit of the maid’s declaration concerning her eyes, is weaken'd by the intervention of any thing between that and her exclamation: if the speech must needs stand, for reasons that are not discoverable by the editor, it should at least be made metre of, by reading—Nay, this is certain; meaning—this which I tell you.—[Capell adopted this change in his Version for Garrick.]

270. absur'd intents] Thesobald: Why should Cleopatra call Caesar's designs 'absurd'? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such,
Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attyres. I am againe for Cidrus,
To meete Marke Anthony. Sirra Iras, go

273. Charmian.] Ff, Rowe, +. Char-
mian / Dyce, Sta. Glo. Cam. Kty. Char-
Cydnus Theob. 276. Sirra Iras.] F, Sirrah Iras,

with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could
not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote: 'Their
most assur'd intents,' i. e. the purposes which they make themselves most sure of
accomplishing.—JOHNSON: I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly
appeared absurd' enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself,
and as she knew it would fail.—UPTON (p. 295): That is, harsh, grating. Latin,
asbur'dus, ex ab e turdus, à quo aure et animum avertas. Cicero, Pro Ruscio.
Sect. 7: 'Fraudavit Roscius. Est hoc quidem auribus animisque [hominum] absur-
dum.' Absurdum est, i. e. sounds harsh, grating, unpleasant.—HUDSON: 'Absurd'
seems to me an absurd reading.—ROLFE: Surely if Cesar's intents are assur'd from
his point of view, they are 'absurd' from Cleopatra's, for she is going to fool them.
In the same vein, after she has done this, she calls Caesar an 'ass unpolicied.'—
MURRAY (M. E. D. s. v.): Adopted from French absurde, an adaptation of Latin
absurd-us, inharmonious, tasteless, foolish; formed on ab of[, here intensive: + surdus
def, inaudible, insufferable to the ear. 2. Out of harmony with reason or propriety;
incongruous, unreasonable, illogical. In modern sense, especially, plainly opposed to
reason and hence ridiculous, silly.—[I think Shakespeare has a right to the privi-
lege of using 'absurd' in its derivative sense.—Ed.]

274, 275, etc. Go fetch My best Attyres, etc.] MRS JAMESON (ii, 154): She then
calls for her diadem, her robes of state, and attires herself as if 'again for Cydnus, to
meet Mark Antony.' Coquette to the last, she must make Death proud to take her,
and die 'phoenix like,' as she had lived, with all the pomp of preparation—luxurious
in her despair. The death of Lucretia, of Portia, of Arria, and others who died
'after the high Roman fashion,' is sublime according to the Pagan ideas of virtue,
yet none of them so powerfully affect the imagination as the catastrophe of Cleo-
patra. The idea of this frail, timid, wayward woman, dying with heroism from
the mere force of passion and will, takes us by surprise. The attic elegance of her mind,
hers poetical imagination, the pride of beauty and royalty predominating to the last,
and the sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments with which she surrounds her-
sel in death, carry to its extreme height that effect of contrast which prevails through
her life and character. No arts, no invention could add to the real circumstances
of Cleopatra's closing scene. Shakespeare has shown profound judgment and feeling in
adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and senti-
ments worthily fill up the outline, is the most magnificent praise that can be given.

276. Sirra Iras] See IV, xvi, 105.—DYCE (ed. ii): Nearly all the modern editors
wrongly put a comma between these words.
ACT V, sc. ii.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  361

(Now Noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeede,)  277
And when thou hast done this chare, Ie gie thee leaue
To play till Doomesday : bring our Crowne, and all.

A noife within.  280

Wherefore’s this noife?

Gardf. Heere is a rurall Fellow,  283

277. No parentheses, Rowe et seq.  280. [Exit Ira], Charmian falls to ad-
278. thou haft] thou’st Pope, Han.justing Cleopatra’s dress. Noise with-
in. Cap.
280-331. Om. Kemble.
281. Wherefore?] Wherefore F, F, Rowe, +, Var. 73.

not make me smile: the moment is too terrific. He is grotesque; no doubt the
contrast he affords is humorous as well as ghastly; I dare say the groundlings roared
with laughter at his coarsest remarks. But they are not comic enough to allow one
to forget for a moment what has preceded and what must follow. And I am far
from complaining of this. I believe that it is what Shakespeare intended, and that
he despised the groundlings if they laughed. Of course he could have written with-
out the least difficulty speeches five times as humorous; but he knew better. The
Grave-diggers make us laugh: the old Countryman who brings the asps to Cleopatra
makes us smile at least. But the Grave-digger scene does not come at a moment of
extreme tension; and it is long. Our distress for Ophelia is not so absorbing that
we refuse to be interested in the man who digs her grave, or even continue through-
out the long conversation to remember always with pain that the grave is hers. It
is fitting, therefore, that he should be made decidedly humorous. The passage in
Antony and Cleopatra is much nearer to the passage in Macbeth, and seems to have
been forgotten by those who say that there is nothing in Shakespeare resembling that
passage. The old Countryman comes at a moment of tragic exaltation, and the
dialogue is appropriately brief. But the moment, though tragic, is emphatically one
of exaltation. We have not been feeling horror, nor are we feeling a dreadful
suspense. We are going to see Cleopatra die, but she is to die gloriously and to
triumph over Octavius. And therefore our amusement at the old Countryman and
the contrast he affords to these high passions, is untroubled, and it was right to make
him really comic. But the Porter's case is quite different. We cannot forget how
the knocking that makes him grumble sounded to Macbeth, or that within a few
minutes of his opening the gate Duncan will be discovered in his blood; nor can we
help feeling that in pretending to be porter of hell-gate he is terribly near the truth.
To give him language so humorous that it would ask us almost to lose the sense of
these things would have been a fatal mistake,—the kind of mistake that means want
of dramatic imagination. And that was not the sort of error into which Shakespeare
fell.

* Even if this were true, the retort is obvious that neither is there anything resem-
bling the murder-scene in Macbeth.
That will not be deny’d your Highness’ presence,
He brings you Figges.

_Cleo._ Let him come in. _Exit Guardsman._

What poore an Instrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution’s plac’d, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

_Enter Guardsman, and Clowne._

_Clowne._ This is the man.

_Cleo._ Auoid, and leaue him. _Exit Guardsman._

Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,

286, 287. _Let.../nstrument] One line, Rowe et seq.
287. _What poore an] How poor an Ff,
Rowe, +, Cap. Var. ’73, Steev. Var. ’03,
’13, Sing. _What a poor Var.’78, ’85,
Rowe, Kny.
288. _deed ?] Pope. _deed l_ Theob. et seq.
291. _I am] I’m Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii.
Marble constant _marble-constant_ Cap. et seq.
293. _Clowne.] Clown, with a Basket._
Rowe.

287. _What poore an Instrument] Abbott (_§ 85_): ‘What’ is here used for _how._—_Ibid_ (_§ 422_): We can say ‘how poor an instrument,’ regarding ‘how’ as an adverb, and ‘how poor’ as an adverbialized expression, but not, ‘What poor an instrument,’ because ‘what’ has almost lost with us its adverbial force.—[In this section Abbott gives many examples of the transposition of the Article.]

291. _the fleeting Moone] Warburton: Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis.—[See III, xiii, 183.]—Steevens: I really believe that the poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Egyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis. ‘Fleeting’ is inconstant.—[Juliet’s words are a sufficing commentary: ‘O, swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb.’—II, ii, 199.—Ed.]

293. _Enter... Clowne] Vischer (vi, p. 175): The Clown enters with the asp, which Cleopatra had ordered. In him, Shakespeare introduces a dunderhead, who, unwitting of the great act to which he had been summoned, cracks jokes about the bite of the worm of Nilus, and, like the Musicians in _Romeo and Juliet_, the Porter in _Macbeth_, and the Grave-diggers in _Hamlet_, supplies the contrast between the exalted image of death and low ordinary life. It is not too distracting. Genuine tragic emotion is often stimulated thereby, so fearfully does life love to mingle the serious and the comic.—DeLius (Sh. Jahrbuch, V, p. 268): This ‘rural Fellow’ is the Clown of the drama, and consequently uses Clown’s language, which is prose embellished with perverted words.

296. _the pretty worme of Nylus] Johnson: Worm is the Teutonic word for _serpent_; we have the blind-worm and slow-worm still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the Northern ocean, the _sea-worm._—Percy: In the Northern counties, the word _worm_ is still given to the ser-
That killest and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that shoulde deire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: tho' that doe dye of it, doe feldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'th thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterdaiy, a very honest woman, but something giuen to lyce, as a woman shoulde not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie good report o'th'worste: but he that wil beleuee all that they say, shal neuer be saue by halfe that they do: but this is moost falliable, the Worste's an odder Worste.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I with you all joy of the Worste.


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...pent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, The ladey Worm of Spindleton Heughes, i.e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleton Craggs.—[Aspis is an Adder worst and most wicked in venime & in biting, & hath that name Aspis, of Aspergendo, springinge: for he casteth out sliayeng venime, and spitteth and springeth out venime by bitings... And it followeth there [in Isidore]: Of adders that he called Aspis bee diuers manner kind, and haue diuerse effects and dooeings, to noy and to grieue, that is to wit, Dipas that is called Scytula in Latine. For when he biete, he slayeth with thirst. Ipalis is a manner adder, that slayeth with sleepe. These manner adders Cleopatra layde by her, and passed out of the lyfe by death, as it were a sleepe.—Batman oppon Bartholome, 1582, Liber XVIII. Of Aspide. cap. 10, p. 345.—Ed.]

308, 309. but he that wil beleuee all that they say, shall neuer be saue by halfe that they do] Warburton: Shakespeares's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and all and half change places.—[Any comment on the foregoing is impertinent. Warburton's dogmatism overawed Theobald in his first edition, but his common sense asserted itself in his second.—Ed.]

310. most falliable] Walker (Crit. iii, 312) : Does this 'falliable' belong to the Clown or to the old printer?—[I think to the old printer. What is comic in Shakespeare's Clowns generally lies in the perversion of words and phrases.—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Cleo. Farewell.

Clov. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clov. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trufted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clov. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clov. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diish for the Gods, if the diuell dreffe her not. But truly, thefe fame whorfon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clov. Yes forfooth: I wish you ioy o’th’worm. Exit

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortall longings in me. Now no more The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip. Yare, yare, good Iras; quicke: Me thinke I heare Anthony call: I see him rowfe himselfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of Cæsar, which the Gods giue men

316. f., [?] Ay, ay, Rowe, +. Ay, ay: Cap. et seq.
324. Cleow.] Cleo. F.
329. fie] nine Coll. MS.
330. thee] the F, F, F.
331. o’th’] F, Rowe, +, Wh. o’the


Scene VI. Pope, Warb. Johns. Scene

V. Han.

315. will do his kinde] JOHNSON: The serpent will act according to his nature.

328. in their women] 'Their' is here used ethically. DELIUS takes it as a possessive, meaning the women that belong to the gods.

335. Yare, yare] That is, make haste, hurry.
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I glue to bafer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laft warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde Charmian, Iris, long farewell.
Hauie I the Aspiceke in my lippes? Doft fall?

339. To excuse Pope, +,
Dyce ii, iii.
after wrath] after-wrath Rowe
ii, +.

[To goes to a Bed, or Sopha, which she ascends; her Women compose her on it; Iris sets the basket, which she has been holding upon her own arm, by her Cap.
341. I am] I'm Dyce ii, iii.
342. so] no F, F.
So,] Fr, Cap. So; Glo. Cam.

338, 339. which the Gods giue ... after wrath] REV. JOHN HUNTER: The notion of good fortune in this world justifying the gods in reversing it in the next world, was founded on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Luke, xvi, 25.—Wordsworth: A genuine heathen sentiment: see Herod. III, 40.—[Dr Wordsworth also refers to his own Book, Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible, where (p. 114, et seq.) the attempt is made to show that Shakespeare is wont to make religious sentiments conform to the religion of the speaker, whether Heathen or Christian.]

339. Husband] This sanctifies her love for Anthony; in this one sacred word we hear Shakespeare's last appeal to us for her pardon,—like 'the heavenly voice' breathing forth, in Gretchen's dungeon, 'sie ist gerettet!'—Ed.

341. Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements] MALONE: So in Henry the Fifth, 'he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.'—[III, vii, 22. This is in the Dauphin's description of his horse, and Madden (p. 261) shows that this reference to the elements, in this connection, has, in old writers on farriery, more significance than is at once apparent. Cleopatra here uses 'elements' as referring to the materials of which man is composed. See note on III, ii, 47.—Ed.]

342. I glue to baser life] Theobald (Nichols, Illust. ii, 511): I have imagined we should read, 'to baser earth,' i.e. as we say in the Service for the dead, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' or as in Wills, 'I give my body to the earth,' etc.—[This conjecture was not repeated in Theobald's edition.]—DEIGHTON: I leave to be eaten by worms.

345. Dust fall?] Capell (i, 53): The Poet's great attention to nature in the death of these three persons, is extremely remarkable. It does not appear in any preceding edition, which way Iris comes by her death; the direction [given in Text Note, 339] was intended to shew it: Iris, either in setting down the basket, or in leaning over it to take her farewell, gets a bite from an asp; and being it's first bite, when it's poison was most vigorous, she dies almost instantly: The exulting and
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doft thou lye stille?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Diffusue thicke cloud, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselfues do weepe.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If the first meete the Curled Anthony,
Hee'll make demand of her, and spnde that kisse

350. leave-taking] leave taking Fr, Rowe, Warb.
[In dies. Pope.
354. first meete] proves Fr. approves Rowe. first should meet (then should erased) Coll. MS.

triumphing manner that Cleopatra goes off in, shews the flow of her spirits, and her death is partly length'en'd by that; partly, as we may conjecture, by her taking the weaken'd asp first to apply to her breast; when the fresh one is apply'd to her arm, she vanishes as her woman had done: The poison of both being weaken'd, Charmian's death is protracted of course: and if we further suppose her to have taken by accident the aspick that her partner had dy'd by, this will account for her words—'I partly feel thee'; and her exclamation in dying, which seems to indicate something of pain.—Steevens: Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon.

—[This note of Steevens is quoted in substance or verbally, without dissent, by Dyce, Staunton, The Cowden-Clarke, Hudson, Rolfe, Deighton.]—Halliwell quotes the following remarks by 'Anon.' (which appear in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1790, IX, p. 127): 'I apprehend a mistake in the stage-direction,—that it should be, Applying the asp to Iras, in order to see the effect of the poison, and the pain she had to encounter in death. The asp might be applied to Iras, either with or without her consent. This opinion is strengthened by Cleopatra saying, 'This calls me base,' as it could not be base in Cleopatra, that Iras did it without her consent; but the baseness must be in her own want of resolution, and in the murder of Iras. When Cleopatra says, 'Come thou mortal wretch,' I should suppose that Cleopatra then applied the first asp to her own breast.'—The Cowden-Clarke: Throughout this scene, Iras has shown eagerness for death; witness her words,—'Finish, good lady; the bright day is done, and we are for the dark'; and 'I'll never see it; I am sure my nails are stronger than mine eyes.'—Delius: Steevens's assumption finds no support whatever in the text. Shakespeare wished to make it clear that Iras died of the grief which taking leave of her mistress caused her.—[Thus, also, the Cambridge Editors, who remark (Note VIII.): 'The context implies that the cause of Iras's death was grief at the leave-taking,' which is also the opinion of the present Editor. We have already had an instance in this play where a broken heart has caused death, and, moreover, where the victim was a strong, vigorous man.—Ed.]

355. Hee'll make demand of her] Johnson: He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence.
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch, 356
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,
Of life at once vntie: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great Caesar Asse, vn policied. 360

Char. Oh Eastern Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:

356. thou Om. Pope, + , Cap. Steev.
Var. '03, '13. Words.
[to the Asp; applying it to her Breast. Cap.

357. [To the serpent. Pope... applying it to her breast. Han.
358. [stirring it. Cap.
360. Assf. as Var. '78 et seq.
unpolicied.] Separate line, Pope et seq.

355. and spend that kisse] A. S. G. CANNING (Sh. Studied in Eight Plays, p. 161): There is really nothing truly pathetic in these tragic events, if calmly considered. Cleopatra's jealous dread of Iris dying first, lest Antony should take a fancy to her, is almost ludicrous, according to modern ideas.—[Ah, for one hour of Dyce,—with his exclamation marks.—Ed.]

357. this knot intrinsicate] WARBURTON: The expression is fine; it signifies a hidden, secret (intrinsicus) knot, as that which ties soul and body together.—EDWARDS (p. 184): How, secret as that which ties soul and body together? Why, it is that very knot she speaks of. But, what a lingua franca is here! a secret intrinsicus knot! How long has intrinsicus been an adjective? and, if it be not, how will he construe the sentence? Had our critic read Shakspeare with any attention, he might have known, that he uses intrinsicus for intricate, entangled, or tied in hard knots: 'Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain, Too intrinsicus to unloose.' Had it signified hidden, secret, it could no more have been bitten in twain than untied, before it was found out.—MURRAY (N.E.D.): Apparently formed on Italian intrinsico, familiar, confused in sense with intricate, intricate. Equivalent to intricate, involved, entangled. [Four references follow: 1560, Whitehorne, Arte Warre; 1599, Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, V, ii; Marston, Scourge of Villainie; and the present passage in Ant. & Cleop.]

360. Asse, unpolicied] STEEVENS: That is, an ass without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.—[Steevens did not improve the text, I think, when, in the Variorvm of 1778, he expunged the comma after 'Asse.' A pause after the word, enforced by this comma, seems, to me at least, to impart an emphasis, with concentrated bitterness, to 'unpoliced.'—Ed.]

362. Peace, peace] MRS JAMESON (ii, 155): The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—' Peace! peace! Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse to sleep?' These few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an affect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Doist thou not see my Baby at my brest,
That suffeces the Nurse asleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

world. The generous devotion of her women adds to the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims when gazing on her—'She looks like sleep—As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace,' the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

364. That suckes the Nurse asleepe] STEEVENS: Before the publication of this piece, The Tragedy of Cleopatra, by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakespeare. Daniel has the following address to the asp: 'Better than death death's office thou dischargest, That with one gentle touch can free our breath; And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest, Making ourselves not privy to our death. Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief, That open canst with such an easy key The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief, That from ourselves so stealth oursevles away.' [See Dryden's All for Love in Appendix.]

365. O breake! O breake] THEOBALD proves by quotations from Lucius Florus, Solinus, Propertius, Lucan, and Ovid, that Shakespeare was justified in thus attributing a somnolent effect to the venom of the asp. The proof is not now needed. Bateman upon Bartholome is authority sufficient for the popular belief in Shakespeare's day. Probably, no one, however, among the early editors was as competent as Theobald to furnish, off-hand, such an array of learning.—Ed.

367. I will take thee too] THEOBALD: 'Tis certain, Cleopatra is here design'd to apply one aspick to her arm, as she had before clap'd one to her breast. Dion Cassius, in the 51st Book of his Roman History is express as to small punctures of the asp being discover'd only on her arm. And Plutarch [verifies it.] Strabo, Vel-
ACT V, SC. ii.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

What should I stay——— Dyces. 368
Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:

Dyces] falls on a bed, and dies. 369. wilde] F. vile Cap. Sing. Dyce,
369. In ... World?] Continued to F. F. et cet.

Leius Paterculus, Entropius, and Lucius Florus leave this matter as much at large. Leonardo Augustini, among his antique gems, exhibits one of Cleopatra upon an agot, with an aspick biting her right breast. And Strada, the Mantuan Antiquary, who gives us a medal of this princess, says, that she died by serpents applied to her breasts. And Domitius Calderinus, upon the 59th Epigram of the 17th Book of Martial, says precisely, that she procured her own death by applying Asps to her breast and arm.

368. Dyces] Sir Thomas Browne (Vulgar Errors, Book V, Chap. xii, p. 291, ed. 1672): The picture concerning the death of Cleopatra with two Asps or venemous Serpents unto her arms, or breasts, or both, requires consideration: for therein (beside that this variety is not excusable) the thing it self is questionable; nor is it indisputably certain what manner of death she died. Plutarch in the life of Antony plainly delivereth, that no man knew the manner of her death; for some affirmed she perished by poison, which she always carried in a little hollow comb, and wore it in her hair. Besides, there were never any Asps discovered in the place of her death, although two of her Maids perished also with her; only it was said, two small and almost insensible pricks were found upon her arm; which was all the ground that Cesar had to presume the manner of her death. Galen who was contemporary unto Plutarch, delivereth two ways of her death: that she killed her self by the bite of an Asp, or bit an hole in her arm, and poured poison therein. Strabo that lived before them both hath also two opinions; that she died by the bite of an Asp, or else a poisonous ointment. We might question the length of the Asps, which are sometimes described exceeding short; whereas the Cherssea or land-Asp which most conceive she used, is above four cubits long. Their number is not unquestionable; for whereas there are generally two described, Augustus (as Plutarch relateth) did carry in his triumph the Image of Cleopatra but with one Asp unto her arm. As for the two pricks, or little spots in her arm, they infer not their plurality: for like the Viper, the Asp hath two teeth; whereby it left this impression, or double puncture behind it. And lastly, We might question the place; for some apply them unto her breast, which notwithstanding will not consist with the History; and Petrus Victorius hath well observed the same. But herein the mistake was easie; it being the custom in capital malefactors to apply them unto the breast, as the Author De Theriaca ad Pisonem, an eye witness hereof in Alexandria, where Cleopatra died, determineth: I beheld, saith he, in Alexandria, how suddenly these Serpents bereave a man of life; for when any one is condemned to this kind of death, if they intend to use him favourably, that is, to dispatch him suddenly, they fasten an Asp unto his breast; and bidding him walk about, he presently perisheth thereby.

369. In this wilde World] Capell (i, 53; reading vile): Speaking them after a pause; with eyes fix'd upon her dead mistress, and a look of the tenderest affection. Vile was spell— wilde, when this play was in penning, which occasion'd the present corruption; for so 'wilde' will be thought by most readers, who bestow a little reflec-
Now boast thee Death, in thy posseffion Iyes
A Laffe vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phoebus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe fo Royall: your Crownes away,

373. Rowe ii. crowns away Pope et cct.

...tion upon the difference between the two words in point of propriety.—STEVENS: I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a *desert*. Our author, however, might have written *vile* (*i.e.* vile according to ancient spelling), for *worthless*.—COLLIER (ed. ii): There is not the slightest pretext for altering *wild* to the commonplace *vile*, as has been done under the supposition that *vile* having been of old often mistranscribed *vile* (a form to which the Rev. Mr Dyce strangely adheres), it was in this place mistaken for *wild*. Charmian might well call the world *wild*, desert, and savage, after the deaths of Antony, Cleopatra, and others whom she loved. This passage is another proof how the corruption of *vild*, where *vile* was intended, makes confusion in the heads of editors, as well as in the texts of dramatists; if *vile* had not sometimes been mistranscribed *vild*, nobody would have thought of amending *wild world* to *vile world*. If any change were made, we should prefer here *vile* to *vild*; but in truth it is an offence against all just rules of criticism to attempt an emendation where none is required.—R. G. WHITE (ed. i): There is not sufficient justification for the change [to *vile*]. At that time the world seemed wild enough to poor Charmian.—DYCE (ed. i): Capell saw (what is plain enough) that *vilde* had been by mistake transformed into *vilde*. (The folio, with its usual inconsistency of spelling, has in some places *vild* and *vilde,* in others *vile*.)—IBID. (ed. ii): On the above remark [of Collier] I have to remark:—First, That I no longer *adhere* to the old spelling *vild*. ... Secondly, That the passages in early books where *vild* (*i.e.* *vile*) is mistranscribed *wild* are so very numerous, that there can be no doubt of the same error having been committed in the passage now under consideration. We meet with the following examples in the plays of Beaumont & Fletcher:—‘I will not lose a word To this *wild* [read *vild = vile*] woman, etc.—*The Maid’s Tragedy*, III, i; ‘That now dares say I am a stranger, not the same, more *wild* [read *vild = vile*], etc.—*The Faithful Shepherdess*, IV, iv; ‘To do these *wild* [so the first 4to, the latter 4to *vild*, folio 1679 *vile*] unmanly things.’—*The Scornful Lady*, III, i; ‘Or am I of so *wild* [read *vild = vile*] and low a blood,’ etc.—*The Little French Lawyer*, III, v. Thirdly, ‘That *vile world*; which Collier terms a ‘commonplace phrase,’ occurs in a passage of *a Henry VI*: V, ii, a passage which (as it is not found in *The First Part of the Contention*, etc.) we may confidently ascribe to Shakespeare:—‘O, let the *vile world* end, And the promised flames of the last day, Knit earth and heaven together!’ Fourthly, That ‘*wide*,’ [Collier’s suggestion,] has no propriety here, not being (what is obviously required) a vituperative epithet.—[‘Wild’ seems, I think, too weak in Charmian’s mouth, in comparison with *vile*.—ED.]


373. your Crownes away] JOHNSON: This is well amended [away] by the editors.—JAMES NICHOLS (ii, 3): Thus arrayed [in her robe and crown] Cleopatra applies the aspick,—its poison acts quickly and painlessly; life soon succumbs to its
ACT V, SC. II.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

374. play——[ Ff, Rowe +, Var. seq.
'73, Coll. Wh. i, Kty. play. Cap. et cet. 375. and Dolabella.] Om. Rowe et
375. rustling in,] rushing in, Rowe et seq.

influence, and as she dies, her head naturally falls backward on the couch, and the crown, compressed between the back of the head and the couch, necessarily springs 'away' from the forehead. This Charmian perceives, and says, 'your crown's away; I'll mend it,' which she does by drawing it gently down again.—Dyce, in his first edition, quoted Steevens's note on line 374. In his second edition he added an extract from North's Plutarch wherein Charmian is described as trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head; he then concluded as follows: 'The addition I have now made to my original note on this passage has been called forth by the thrice-foolish attempt to defend the blunder of the Folio, 'away,' in the foregoing note by James Nichols.'—[Surely, no one, after reading Nichols's note, will approve of Dyce's intemperate words. For myself, I think the note, in its praiseworthy attempt to vindicate the Folio, is eminently just, and am ready to share any condemnation which may properly fall on its writer. In itself, the phrase 'your crown's away' is more smooth and liquid than the crooked, harsh 'your crown's awry.' The sole objection to 'away' that I can perceive (and it is trivial) is the rhyme with 'play,' in the next line; but the words can be so spoken that the rhyme will be unnoticeable. Dyce's baptismal name was well bestowed; he considered Shakespeare as his exclusive realm, and in this realm, 'Like Alexander he would reign, And he would reign alone,'—woe to any one who ventured a footstep there! Collier always believed that Dyce's bitter and inappeasible hostility dated from the discovery that he was preparing an edition of Shakespeare. A. E. Brae, an unusually keen critic, was another of Dyce's aversions. Brae was, by profession, a dentist; therefore, presumably, Dyce felt less compunction in attacking him, certainly tooth, and possibly nail. Ingleby, too, received one of Dyce's bitterest strokes. Lettsom appears to have been the only exception in Dyce's horizon, and to him Dyce paid homage throughout his second edition. The emendation 'awry,' be it observed, is Rowe's, not Pope's, to whom it is almost universally attributed. Steevens quotes the corresponding passage in Daniels' Tragedie of Cleopatra, 1594:—'And senseless, in her sinking downe she wyres The Diadem which on her head she wyvres: Which Charmion (poore weake feeble maid) espies, And hastes to right it as it was before. For Eras now was dead.'—line 1651, ed. Grosart.—Ed.]

374. and then play——[ Steevens: That is, play her part in this tragic scene by destroying herself; or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her (in lines 278, 279) to 'play till doomsday.'—[I know of no explanation of these words other than Steevens's, which seems to have been universally adopted; but the fact that the sentence is broken off renders possible a different conclusion. I cannot believe that the disregard of this long dash after 'play,' in the Folio, is judicious. It is of rare occurrence, at least in this play, and should be, therefore, all the more observed. In proof of its rarity, see line 378, where it should be, but is not. After line 368, above, it has been by all editors punctiliously retained; I think that so it should have been here.—Ed.]
THE TRAGEDIE OF

1 Guard. Where's the Queene?
Char. Speake softly, wake her not.
1 Caesar hath sent
Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.
1 Approach hoo,
All's not well: Caesar's beguild.
2 There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.
1 What work is heree Charmian?
Is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heree?
2 Guard. All dead.
Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To fee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought't to hinder.*

Enter Caesar and all his Traine, marching.

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378. sent] sent. Ff, Theob. i. sent—Rowe et cet.
380. I partly] now, now I Kemble.
381, 382. Approach ... beguild] One line, Theob. et seq.
384, 385. What ... done?] One line, Rowe et seq.
386. It is] It's Ff, Ff, Rowe.
388. Souldier.] Ff, soldiers / Rowe, +. Souldier / Ff, Cap. et seq.
Char. and Irs
396. Enter...] Enter Cesar and Attends. Rowe.

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385. Is this well done?] Singer: This refers to a deception. Charmian, whispered by Cleopatra, went out to manage the introduction of the Clown with the asps. — R. G. White gives a similar explanation, which might be accepted were it not that the question is exactly copied from North's Plutarch, where the Guard could not have known of Charmian's agency in the matter. Charmian's reply, moreover, shows that it refers to the dead queen.—Ed.]

392, 393. thy thoughts Touch their effects in this] That is, thy forebodings are realised here.
ACT V, SC. ii.]  ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA  373

All.  A way there, a way for Cæsar.

Dol.  Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:

That you did fear, is done.

Cæsar.  Brauest at the last,

She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way : the manner of their deaths,


401. and being Royall] HUNTER (ii, 290): This passage is left without any annotation, and yet there is meaning in it which many readers might not discover. Dollabella had alluded to the augurs. This introduces the idea of the flight of birds; this the idea of hawking; and Cleopatra, brave in her death, is represented under the image of a hawk levelling at the purposes of her conqueror, and rendering them dead or ineffectual. The idea of hawking introduced the idea of other field-sports, and to the hawk Shakespeare transfers the attribute of a hart-royal, which had the privilege of roaming at large unmolested, and taking its own way to its lair. Thus Cleopatra being 'royal' had 'taken her own way' in self-destruction. In The Gentleman's Recreation, p. 6, the liberty of the hart-royal is thus described:—'If the King or Queen shall happen to hunt or chase a hart, and he escape with life, he shall ever after be called a hart-royal; but if he fly so far from the forest or chase that it is unlikely he will ever return of his own accord to the place aforesaid, and that proclamation be made in all towns and villages thereabout, that none shall kill or offend him, but that he may safely return, if he list, he is then called a hart royal proclaimed.'—MADDEN (p. 19) : The male red deer is now ordinarily called a stag, the female a hind, and the young a calf. . . . But if you would speak in the strict language of woodcraft, you would call him in the first year 'a Hind calf, or a calf, the second yeere you shall call him a Broket . . . the sixt yeere you shall call him a Hart . . . But if the king or quene doe hunt or chase him, and he escape away alie, then after such a hunting or chacing he is called Hart Royall.'—Manwood, The Forest Laws, 1598. Thenceforth, after proclamation, he was free to return to the forest from whence he came, and no man might meddle with a hart royal proclaimed. Hunter suggests [as above] that when Cæsar said of Cleopatra that she 'being royal, Took her own way,' the licence accorded to the hart royal to go his own way was present to his mind; and certainly instances may be found in Shakespeare of similar conceits. The stag, or hart, at six years of age should have acquired 'his rights,—that is to say, the brow, bay, and trey antlers—and two points on top of each horn. The modern use of the term 'royal' to denote a stag with all his rights and three on top, is altogether inaccurate, and without warranty of any writer of authority on woodcraft.
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought his Figs:

This was his Basket.

Caesar. Poyson'd then.

1. Guard. Oh Caesar:

This Charmian said but now, she stood and spake:

I found her trimming up the Diadem;

On her dead Mitres tremblingly she stood,

And on the sodaine dropt.

Caesar. Oh Noble weaknesses:

If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare

By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,

As she would catch another Anthony

In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her breast,

There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,

The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Afpickes traile,

And thefe Figg-leaues haue slime vpon them, such

As th'Afpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.


Caesar! Rowe, +. Caesar, 411. Diadem; ... Mitres; Diadem; ... Mitres, F, F. 413. weaknesses] weakness! Rowe ii et seq.

Rowe. Diadem; ... Mitres, Pope, Han. diadem... mistress; Theob. et cet.

mister; Theob. et cet. 414. swallowed d'] swallowed F, F, F. 416. like ... Anthony] One line, Cap. conj.

As th'Afpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.


416. like ... Anthony] One line, Cap. conj.

418. blowne.] blowne; Theob. et seq.

419. blowne.] blowne; Theob. et seq.


423. vpon the Caues of Nyle] HUNTER (ii, 291): Mr Barry has suggested to

414, 415. 'twould appeare By externall swelling] BUCKNILL (p. 221) quotes from Ward's Diary.—'When one was poisoned at Coventrie, he was taken upp out of his grave; but as the apothecarie said the earth would keep him from swelling, so that no judgement could be made thereby; but being opened, they found the poison in his stomach.'—MOYES (p. 58): [This speech of Caesar] evidently embodies a popular belief, though what has given rise to it is not clear.

419. something blowne] JOHNSON: The flesh is somewhat puffed or swoln.

423. vpon the Caues of Nyle] HUNTER (ii, 291): Mr Barry has suggested to
ACT V, SC. II.] ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cæsar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tells mee
She hath purfu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Graue upon the earth shall clip in it
A payre fo famous: high events as thefe
Strike thofe that make them: and their Story is
No leffe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemnne fhow, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dolabella, see
High Order, in this great Solmennity. Extunt omnes

FINIS.

431. famous: famous. Rowe et seq. 437. Solmennity] F.κ. me that for 'caves' we should read canes, the reeds of Nile. This reading may be
supported by the following passage in the writings of Bishop Taylor:—'The canes
of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud and slime of Nilus, start into
equal and continual length, and are interrupted with hard knots,' etc.—COLLIERS
(ed. i): It is very obvious that the aspick might leave its slime upon the 'caves' of
Nile as well as upon the canes of Nile.—Hudson: Alexandria was supplied with
water brought from the Nile in underground canals; which may be the caves meant.

426. She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite] Steevens: To 'pursue conclusions,' is to try experiments. So, in Hamlet: 'like the famous spe, To try conclu-
sions,' etc. [III, iv, 194.] Again, in Cymbeline: 'I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions.' [I, v, 17.]

427. Of easie ways to dye] Steevens: Such was the death brought on by the
aspick's venom. Thus Lucan, lib. ix, 815: 'At tibi, Leve miser, fixus precordia
prescit Niliac serpentie cruo; nulloque dolore Testatus morus, subit a caligine
mortem Accipis, et Stygiar somno descendia ad umbras.'—[Singer takes, without
acknowledgement, this quotation from Steevens, as is evident from his copying an
error in the numbering of the lines, and Steevens took it, without acknowledgement,
from Theobald, who, as we have seen, gives a wealth of classical references to this
subject.—Ed.]

430. shall clip] Steevens: That is, enfold. See II, vii, 80; and IV, viii, 10.
431-434. high events as these... lamented] Capell (i, 54): The concis-
eness of this reflection, and of that it is follow'd by, is attended with some obscurity;
but the meaning of them seems to be this:—The very causers of events like the pre-
sent, cannot help being touch'd by them: and the pitifulness of them will set them as
high in fame, as conquest will the person that wrought them.

437. It cannot but prove interesting, I think, to read the account of the closing
events of this historical Tragedy as given by Dion Cassius (after Plutarch one of our best historians of these days), especially since in several Dramatic Versions the two accounts, Plutarch's and Dion Cassius's, have been interwoven. For Plutarch's account, see, of course, the Appendix.—Dion Cassius (vol. iii, p. 323, trans. by Professor H. B. Foster, 1906, Troy, N. Y.): Antony after his unexpected setback took refuge in his fleet and prepared to have a combat on the water, or in any case to sail to Spain. Cleopatra seeing this caused the ships to desert and she herself rushed suddenly into the mausoleum pretending that she feared Caesar and desired by some means to destroy herself before capture, but really as an invitation to Antony to enter there also. He had an inkling that he was being betrayed, but his infatuation would not allow him to believe it, and, as one might say, he pitied her more than himself. Cleopatra was fully aware of this and hoped that if he should be informed that she was dead, he would not prolong his life, but meet death at once. Accordingly, she hastened into the monument with one eunuch and two female attendants and from there sent a message to him to the effect that she had passed away. When he heard it, he did not delay, but was seized with a desire to follow her in death. Then first he asked one of the bystanders to slay him, but the man drew a sword and dispatched himself. Wishing to imitate his courage Antony gave himself a wound and fell upon his face, causing the bystanders to think that he was dead. An outcry was raised at his deed, and Cleopatra hearing it leaned out over the top of the monument. By a certain contrivance its doors once closed could not be opened again, but above, near the ceiling, it had not yet been completed. That was where they saw her leaning out and some began to utter shouts that reached the ears of Antony. He, learning that she survived, stood up as if he had still the power to live; but a great gush of blood from his wound made him despaired of rescue and he besought those present to carry him to the monument and to hoist him by the ropes that were hanging there to elevate stone blocks. This was done and he died there on Cleopatra's bosom.

She now began to feel confidence in Caesar and immediately made him aware of what had taken place, but did not feel altogether confident that she would experience no harm. Hence she kept herself within the structure, in order that if there should be no other motive for her preservation, she might at least purchase pardon and her sovereignty through fear about her money. Even then in such depths of calamity she remembered that she was queen, and chose rather to die with the name and dignities of a sovereign than to live as an ordinary person. It should be stated that she kept fire on hand to use upon her money and asps and other reptiles to use upon herself, and that she had tried the latter on human beings to see in what way they killed in each case. Caesar was anxious to make himself master of her treasures, to seize her alive, and to take her back for his triumph. However, as he had given her a kind of pledge, he did not wish to have acted personally as an impostor, since this would prevent him from treating her as a captive and to a certain extent subdued against her will. He therefore sent to her Gaius Proculeius, a knight, and Euphrasius, a freedman, giving them directions what they must say and do. So they obtained an audience with Cleopatra and after some accusations of a mild type suddenly laid hold of her before any decision was reached. Then they put out of her way everything by which she could bring death upon herself and allowed her to spend some days where she was, since the embalming of Antony's body claimed her attention. After that they took her to the palace, but did not remove any of her accustomed retinue or attendants, to the end that she should still more hope to accomplish her wishes and do no harm to herself. When she expressed a desire to
appear before Caesar and converse with him, it was granted; and to beguile her still more, he promised that he would come to her himself.

She accordingly prepared a luxurious apartment and costly couch, and adorned herself further in a kind of careless fashion,—for her mourning garb mightily became her,—and seated herself upon the couch; beside her she had placed many images of his father, of all sorts, and in her bosom she had put all the letters that his father had sent her. When, after this, Caesar entered, she hastily arose, blushing, and said: 'Hail, master, Heaven has given joy to you and taken it from me. But you see with your own eyes your father in the guise in which he often visited me, and you may hear how he honored me in various ways and made me queen of the Egyptians. That you may learn what were his own words about me, take and read the missives which he sent me with his own hand.'

As she spoke thus, she read aloud many endearing expressions of his. And now she would lament and caress the letters and again fall before his images and do them reverence. She kept turning her eyes toward Caesar, and melodiously continued to bewail her fate. She spoke in melting tones, saying at one time, 'Of what avail Caesar, are these your letters?' and at another, 'But in the man before me you also are alive for me.' Then again, 'Would that I had died before you!' and still again, 'But if I have him, I have you!' Some such diversity both of words and of gestures did she employ, at the same time gazing at and murmuring to him sweetly. Caesar comprehended her outbreak of passion and appeal for sympathy. Yet he did not pretend to do so, but letting his eyes rest upon the ground, he said only this: 'Be of cheer, woman, and keep a good heart, for no harm shall befall you.' She was distressed that he would neither look at her nor breathe a word about the kingdom or any sign of love, and fell at his knees wailing: 'Life for me, Caesar, is neither desirable nor possible. This favor I beseech of you in memory of your father,—that since Heaven gave me to Antony after him, I may also die with my lord. Would that I had perished on the very instant after Caesar's death! But since this present fate was my destiny, send me to Antony: grudge me not burial with him, that as I die because of him, so in Hades also I may dwell with him.'

Such words she uttered expecting to obtain commiseration: Caesar, however, made no answer to it. Fearing, however, that she might make away with herself he exhorted her again to be of good cheer, did not remove any of her attendants, and kept a careful watch upon her, that she might add brilliance to his triumph. Suspecting this, and regarding it as worse than innumerable deaths, she began to desire really to die and begged Caesar frequently that she might be allowed to perish in some way, and devised many plans by herself. When she could accomplish nothing, she feigned to change her mind and to repose great hope in him, as well as great hope in Livia. She said she would sail voluntarily and made ready many treasured adornments as gifts. In this way she hoped to inspire confidence that she had no designs upon herself, and so be more free from scrutiny and bring about her destruction. This also took place. The other officials and Epaphroditus, to whom she had been committed, believed that her state of mind was really as it seemed, and neglected to keep a careful watch. She, meanwhile, was making preparations to die as painlessly as possible. First she gave a sealed paper, in which she begged Caesar to order that she be buried beside Antony, to Epaphroditus himself to deliver, pretending that it contained some other matter. Having by this excuse freed herself of his presence, she set to her task. She put on her most beauteous apparel and after choosing a most becoming pose, assumed all the royal robes and appurtenances, and so died. No one
knows clearly in what manner she perished, for there were found merely slight indentations on her arm. Some say that she applied an asp which had been brought in to her in a water-jar or among some flowers. Others declare that she had smeared a needle, with which she was wont to braid her hair, with some poison possessed of such properties that it would not injure the surface of the body at all, but if it touched the least drop of blood it caused death very quickly and painlessly. The supposition is, then, that previously it had been her custom to wear it in her hair, and on this occasion after first making a small scratch on her arm with some instrument, she dipped the needle in the blood. In this or some very similar way she perished with her two handmaids. The eunuch, at the moment her body was taken up, presented himself voluntarily to the serpents, and after being bitten by them leaped into a coffin which had been prepared by him. Cæsar on hearing of her demise was shocked, and both viewed her body and applied drugs to it and sent for Psylli,* in the hope that she might possibly revive. These Psylli, who are male, for there is no woman born in their tribe, have the power of sucking out before a person dies all the poison of every reptile and are not harmed themselves when bitten by any such creature. They are propagated from one another and they test their offspring, the latter being thrown among serpents at once or having serpents laid upon their swaddling-clothes. In such cases the poisonous creatures do not harm the child and are benumbed by its clothing. This is the nature of their function. But Cæsar, when he could not in any way resuscitate Cleopatra, felt admiration and pity for her and was himself excessively grieved, as much as if he had been deprived of all the glory of the victory.

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Steevens is, I believe, the earliest among editors to attempt to fix the Date of publication of this play. In the Variorum of 1785 (p. 131) he calls attention to the following entry in the Stationers' Registers:

xix * die Octobris. [1593]
Symond water- Entred for his Copie vnder th andes of bothe the warden a booke son. intuited The Tragedye of Cleopatra . . . . vjd *

This Symon Waterson, Steevens goes on to say, was the printer of some of Daniel's works; the foregoing entry probably refers, therefore, to Daniel's Cleopatra, of which there are several editions. Steevens found a second entry, of which he remarks that 'it is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play, more ancient than the folio of 1623.' It is as follows:

20 May [1608]
Edward Blount. Entred for his copie vnder th andes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called. The booke of Pericles prync of Tyre . . . . . . . . . . . vjd

Edward Blunt. Entred also for his copie by the lyke Authoritie. A booke Called. Anthony. and Cleopatra . . . . . . . vjd ↑

Malone, in his edition of 1790, says, in his notice of Julius Caesar (vol. i, p. 369), that 'we have certain proof that Antony and Cleopatra was composed before the middle of the year 1608.' This certain proof is the entry in the Stationers Registers of that year, but Malone gives a slightly wrong impression in saying that the 20th of May is 'before the middle of the year'; the year then began in March and the middle of the year fell in September. As a further corroborative of this date, 1608, he observes (p. 372) that 'in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, IV, iv [IV, ii, ed. Gifford], 1609, this play seems to be alluded to: "Morose. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target."' If the reference be here to Antony & Cleopatra, the play which is 'nothing but fights at sea' dwindles to a single stage-direction 'Alarum as at a sea fight.'—IV, xii, 1. The flimsiness of the pretence of adducing this quotation from Jonson as an indication of the date of Antony & Cleopatra is thus exposed by Gifford: 'Long before The Silent Woman was written, nay, before Shakespeare was known to the stage, the theatres were in possession of many rude pieces founded on the remarkable events of our history, of which battles, etc., always formed a prominent feature. The miserable attempts to represent these favourite scenes, were often made of subject by succeeding writers.' Never-

* Arber's Transcript, II, 638.  † Arber's Transcript, III, 378.
theless, George Chalmers, the next critic who deals with the Chronology of the Plays, repeats Malone's quotation from The Silent Woman without dissent; he also accepts the proof to be drawn from the entry in the Stationers' Registers as conclusive, and observes that if this tragedy were written as a sequel to Julius Cæsar, 'it may, perhaps, have been written in the beginning of the year 1608.' He also opines (Supplemental Apology, 1799, p. 432) that 'like other preceding dramas, this tragedy had been suggested to the observant mind of Shakespeare, by prior intimations. . . . The argument of Daniel's Cleopatra may have furnished the more dramatic genius of Shakespeare with several hints, which he well knew how to work into a better form. He had seen in The Devils Incarnate, in 1596, which he had attentively read, what Lodge had remarked, how "Anthony, dallying in delights with Cleopatra, gave Cæsar opportunity of many victories."'

Knight is the next editor to discuss the Date. In the Introduction to Coriolanus (p. 148) he remarks: 'In 1623 Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, enter "Mr. William Shakspere's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." Amongst these is Antony and Cleopatra. All the plays thus entered in 1623 were unpublished; and not one of them, with the exception of Antony and Cleopatra, had been "formerly entered" by name. It is therefore more than probable that the Anthony and Cleopatra entered in 1608 was not Shakspere's tragedy; and we therefore reject this entry as any evidence that Shakspere's Antony and Cleopatra was written as early as 1608. Upon the date of this play depends, according to Malone, the date of Julius Cæsar. We state, unhesitatingly, that there is no internal evidence whatever for the dates of any of the three Roman plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspere's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together, properly enough; but in assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608, and 1610, his theory makes Shakspere almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these plays.'—[Knight's assertion that 'all the plays' entered in the First Folio list 'were unpublished,' is, possibly, a little rash, and yet it is difficult to disprove it. He is on firmer ground when he says that it is 'more than probable' that the Anthony and Cleopatra of 1608 is not Shakespeare's tragedy,—ground which, I think, has been examined by editors and critics with hardly sufficient care. It raises another mystery; the ever-recurring mysteries connected with the Quartos has a tendency to become monotonous. The Edward Blount who entered the copy of Anthony and Cleopatra in 1608 is the same Edward Blount who with William Jaggard entered the copy of the First Folio on the eighth of November, 1623, and the terms of the latter entry expressly exclude 'see manie' of the 'Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies' 'as are not formerly entered to other men.' In the list which follows there stands our present Anth Mcmc and Cleopatra. Why, it may be asked, should Edward Blount include this play in 1623, seeing that he had already received the license to print it in 1608? To be sure, it had not been entered to an 'other man,' but it had been entered to himself, and, if, in 1608, it was Shakespeare's play, why should he desire to take out a double license? Why should it be mentioned at all, seeing that, if the 1608 entry was the present play it was already his property? The list, as it stands in the Stationers' Registers, of unlicensed plays by Shakespeare which Blount and Jaggard were licensed to print in 1623 is as follows:*

*Arber's Transcript, iv, 107.
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COMEDIES
- The Tempest
- The Two gentlemen of Verona
- Measure for Measure
- The Comedy of Errors
- As you like it
- All's well that ends well
- Twelwe night
- The winters tale

HISTORIES
- The third parte of HENRY ye SIXT
- HENRY the EIGHT

TRAGEDIES
- CORIOLANUS
- TIMON of Athens
- JULIUS CAESAR
- MACKBETH
- ANTHONIE and CLEOPATRA
- CYMBELINE

As Knight says, 'not one of these, with the exception of Anthonie and Cleopatra, had been "formerly entred" by name.' And, to repeat what I have just said, if the 1608 Anthonie and Cleopatra were Shakespeare's, and already the property of Edward Blount, it is not clear why it should have been entered again. When, therefore, Knight rejects the date of 1608 as a proof that Shakespeare wrote the present play in that year, even-handed justice must acknowledge that there is colour for his rejection, and, furthermore, all who, confiding on this date, erect their scheme of the chronology of these plays, do so on a foundation which, in respect to the present play, is not flawless.

G. C. Verplanck gives a late date to the three plays Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, and the present play, because Shakespeare, in these tragedies, preserves throughout 'an artist-like keeping, which, combined with their dramatic skill, the constant propensity of the author to moral or political argument or reasoning, and the more habitual and mature tone of his philosophy, as well as with the evidence of diction and versification, gives strong attestation that they belong to that later epoch of Shakespeare's authorship, when (to use Coleridge's discriminating criticism) "the energies of intellect in the cycle of genius become predominant over passion and creative self-manifestation."' This period I should place as beginning after the production of Lear and Macbeth, in 1608 or 1609, or about the Poet's forty-fifth year. Besides those reasons for ascribing the Roman dramas to this date, which appeal only to the reader's taste and feeling, the following considerations seem also of some weight. Coriolanus and its Plutarchian companions appeared first in print in the posthumous folio of 1623, and they were then entered in the Stationers' Register as among the plays in that volume "not formerly entered to other men." This was the case with all Shakespeare's later works, either produced or remodelled after Lear; for it appears that after Othello, Hamlet, and Lear had placed him far above his contemporaries, his plays became of too much value to the theatrical company which held the copies to be suffered to go into the market as mere literary property. Again: there is no period of Shakespeare's life, except the last seven or eight years, where we can well find room for the production of these dramas. We well know from
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various sources what were the luxuriant products of his youthful genius until 1598. During the succeeding ten years we find him with his full share of interest and occupation in the management and pecuniary concerns of his theatre, yet employed in the enlargement of his Hamlet 'to as much again as it was,' the improvement and revision of some of his comedies, and the composition of As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, very probably of several of his English historical plays, and of Timon, and certainly of Othello, Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida, Lear, and Macbeth. It can scarcely be thought that he had then leisure to add the Roman tragedies to all these. On the other hand, if there had been no trace of any additional authorship after 1609, we might infer that he had been incapacitated by disease, or drawn away by some other cause from composition; but as we know that after that date he revised or greatly enlarged some dramas, and wrote two or three new ones, we have far more reason to presume that some portion of his leisure, after he had returned to his native village, during which he wrote the Tempest, was also employed in the composition of these tragedies, filled like that, his last poetic comedy, with grave and deep reflections, wide moral speculation, and the sobered energy of mature but calm power, than to believe that they were poured forth in the same rapid torrent of invention and passionate thought which, during the ten preceding years of the Poet's life, had enriched English literature with more of original dramatic character, and poetic sentiment and expression, than it owes to the life of any other author.

CHARLES BATHURST (p. 130): Entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608. This is a valuable date, for the verse is still more checked and cut up (as in his fourth style) than in Coriolanus. Put off my helmet to My countryman, a Roman. Remarkably so, in the change of person in dialogue; but it is far from having the same load of ideas, nor stiffness. The mind of the reader would flow on more freely, than in Coriolanus, if the ear were allowed to do so. It is a far more irregular, varied, play,—more, perhaps, than any he has written. There is, however, still much of the crampness of a lesson out of a book, in the political parts. With this crampness goes correctness of taste. There are not the faults of carelessness or of unchecked want of taste, which are common in the earlier plays. Mere conceits, puns, indelicacy, we do not see much of. There are many double endings in this play.

G. G. GERVINUS (ii, 312, 1872. 4te Auflage): It may well be that by the 'booke,' entered by Blount, the present play is meant, and that its date of composition may be set down as in 1607-8. Indications of a common treatment of material, certain peculiarities of style, possibly even more than these, the poet's frame of mind at the time, place this play near to Tro. & Cress., which may also tend to confirm this date.

The late date of the present play is corroborated by the Metrical Tests. From the careful Table, prepared by Prof. INGRAM (New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1874, p. 450), of Shakespeare's use of light and weak endings, Prof. Ingram deduces the following results:

1. During the first three-fourths (or thereabouts) of Shakspeare's poetic life, he used the light endings [such as am, are, art, be, been, can, etc.] very sparingly, and the weak endings [such as and, as, at, by, for, from, etc.] scarcely at all.

2. The last fourth (or thereabouts) is obviously and unmistakeably distinguished
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from the earlier stages by the very great increase of the number of light endings, and, still more, by the first appearance in any appreciable number, and afterwards the steady growth, of the weak endings.

"3. Hence, in any discrimination of periods which is founded on metrical considerations, this last may be called the "weak-ending Period." . . .

"7. The weak endings do not come in by slow degrees, but the poet seems to have thrown himself at once into this new structure of verse; 28 examples occurring in \textit{Ant. and Cleop.}, whilst there are not more than two in any earlier play."

Accordingly, in Prof. Ingram's Table, \textit{Ant. & Cleop.} is the twenty-sixth in order, and is followed only by \textit{Coriolanus}, \textit{Pericles} (Shakspere's part), \textit{Tempest}, \textit{Cymbeline}, \textit{Winter's Tale}, \textit{Henry VIII} (Shakspere's part).'

J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (\textit{Outlines}, 5th ed. p. 187): About the time that \textit{Pericles} was so well received at the Globe, the tragedy of \textit{Antony and Cleopatra} was in course of performance at the same theatre, but, although successful, it did not equal the former in popularity. It was, however, sufficiently attractive for Blount to secure the consent of the Master of the Revels to its publication and also for the company to frustrate his immediate design.—[In his \textit{Illustrative Notes}, Halliwell attempts to substantiate the foregoing positive assertions by adducing two inferences. On the words 'although successful' there is the following note (p. 524): 'This 'fact may be inferred from the entry in the Stationers' Registers of 1608, to Edward 'Blount of 'his copie by the lyke authoritie, a booke called Anthony and Cleo- 'patra.' The "like authority" refers to the sanction of Sir George Buck and the 'company, as appears from the previous entry in the register, so that Blount was no 'doubt in possession of the copyright of the authentic play. If he printed it in 1608, 'no copy of the impression is now known to exist, the earliest edition which has been 'preserved being that in the collective work of 1623, of which Blount was one of 'the publishers; and although it is included in the list of tragedies "as are not "formerly entred to other men" in the notice of the copyright of the folio, it is 'still not impossible that an earlier separate edition was issued by him. There are 'indications that the list of non-entered plays was carelessly drawn up.' It is 'impossible to deny Halliwell's assertion that there are indications that this list is 'carelessly drawn up; but he does not state what the indications are; this at least is 'certain that it is so far careful that with but two exceptions, not a single play is given 'in it which has been before even referred to in the \textit{Stationers' Registers}; in regard to 'the other plays which it specifies the list is strictly accurate. The two exceptions are 'As You Like It, which is not entered, but mentioned only 'to be staled,' and the present 'play of \textit{Antony and Cleopatra}, if the entry of 20th of May, 1608 really refer to it. 'When, then, we find this list so accurate in regard to all the other plays, I do not 'believe we are justified in asserting that it is inaccurate in this one solitary instance, 'unless we are positively certain that the entry of 20th of May, 1608 refers to Shak- 'speare's \textit{Antony and Cleopatra}. Knight and Verplanck believe that it does not. 'And it is impossible to contradict them. There is no proof whatever that it is Shak- 'speare's play. We do not even know that it was a play at all,—it may have been a 'prose history. There is nothing here but inferences, as is, unfortunately, so much of 'what Halliwell asserts in his \textit{Outlines}. For instance, in the note (p. 525) on his statement that \textit{Antony and Cleopatra} did not equal \textit{Pericles} in popularity: 'this,' he remarks, 'may be gathered from the rarity of contemporary allusions to it. The only 'extrinsic notice of the tragedy during the author's life-time appears to be a curious one
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‘in Anton’s Philosophers Satyr, 1616, where the latter poet blames ladies for encouraging the performance of so vicious a drama by their presence.’ Here, in this note, there are two inferences which are supposed to substantiate the truth of an assertion. In its first line, the inference is open and confessed where it is said that it may be gathered. The second inference lies in assuming that Anton, when he speaks of ‘Orestes incest, Cleopatres crimes’ refers to Shakespeare’s play of Anthony and Cleopatra. That he does so, is purely a surmise on Halliwell’s part. If surmises be once allowed, why may we not surmise that the unknown date of Beaumont and Fletcher’s The False One, wherein Cleopatra is the heroine, be before 1616? Weber places it before 1618. Only a little stretching will bring it into 1616, and then to it, and not to Shakespeare, Anton’s reference may apply. Moreover, Shakespeare died in 1616. Can a work, which, like Anton’s Satyr is dated 1616, be stated without qualification to contain a ‘notice of the tragedy during the poet’s lifetime’?

RECAPITULATION :

1790 MALONE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1608
1793 STEEVES . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1608
1799 GEO. CHALMERS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1608
1841 KNIGHT . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ‘during last seven years of Shakespeare’s life.’
1843 COLLIER . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ‘written late in 1607, and acted’ in 1608
1847 VERPLANCK ‘after 1608 or 1609, or about Shakespeare’s forty-fifth year.’
1857 STAUNTON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . written at end of 1607
1857 BATHURST . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ? 1608
1860 R. G. WHITE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . about 1608
1865 HALLIWELL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1607 or 1608
1866 DYCk (ed. ii) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . a short time before 1608
1872 GERVINUS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1607–1608
1872 DELIUS (ed. iii) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . in a comparatively late year in the Poet’s life.
1874 J. K. INGRAM twenty-sixth in order, and followed only by Cerdianus, Pericles (Shakspeare’s part), Tempest, Cymbeline, Winter’s Tale, Henry VIII (Shakspeare’s part).
1874 F. J. FURNIVALL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ? 1606–7
1875 A. W. WARD . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . before 1608
1876 F. G. FLEAY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ‘dated unanimously early in 1608’
1881 H. N. HUDSON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . in 1607 or very early in 1608
1893 CHARLES WORDSWORTH . . . . . . . . . . probably written in 1606–1607
1901 K. DEIGHTON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1607 or 1608
1903 C. H. HERFORD . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ? 1608
1904 W. J. ROLFE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . in 1607, or very early in 1608
n. d. The COWDEN-CLAERKS . . . . . close of 1607, or beginning of 1608

DURATION OF ACTION

It is hardly likely that Shakespeare, in his Historical Dramas, paid much attention to the passage of time, either historical or dramatic. It was enough that in the flight of ten years a general sequence of events was preserved. In these circumstances, where there inevitably exists much shuffling of times, it is a task of extreme difficulty to unravel the tangled skein and to determine the division into days of dramatic time.
This knot, which seems almost too intrinsic to unloose, Mr P. A. Daniel has untied in a quite triumphant manner, as follows (His scheme had better be accepted; it is not likely that, in the future, anyone with adequate skill and patience will be found who can modify it):

'Time of the Play, twelve days represented on the stage; with intervals.

Day 1.—Act I, sc. i-iv.
   \textit{Interval}—40 days?
   \textit{“} 2.—Act I, sc. v; Act II, sc. i-iii.
   \textit{“} 3.—Act II, sc. iv.
   \textit{Interval.}
   \textit{“} 4.—Act II, sc. v-vii. \[Act III, sc. iii.\]
   \textit{Interval?}
   \textit{“} 5.—Act III, sc. i and ii.
   \[Act III, sc. iii. \textit{See Day 4.}\]
   \textit{Interval.}
   \textit{“} 6.—Act III, sc. iv and v.
   \textit{Interval.}
   \textit{“} 7.—Act III, sc. vi.
   \textit{Interval.}
   \textit{“} 8.—Act III, sc. vii.
   \textit{“} 9.—Act III, sc. viii-x.
   \textit{Interval.}
   \textit{“} 10.—Act III, sc. xi-xiii; Act IV, sc. i-iii.
   \textit{“} 11.—Act IV, sc. iv-ix, \textit{transfigures the quiet prose, at times almost word for word, into \textit{exalted} poetry.}
   \textit{“} 12.—Act IV, sc. x-xv; Act V, sc. i and ii.

Historic time, about ten years: B.C. 40 to B.C. 30.—\textit{New Shakspere Soc. Trans.} 1877–9, p. 239.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

After the painful student has waded through the preceding pages of this volume, it seems impertinently superfluous to state that Shakespeare drew the Source of his Plot from North's \textit{Translation of Plutarch}. The continual references in the \textit{Commentary} to this portion of the \textit{Appendix} are wearisome in their iteration. Yet, surely, that mind must be inert, indeed, that finds no pleasure in observing the magic whereby Shakespeare, gilding the pale stream with heavenly alchemy, \textit{transfigures the quiet prose, at times almost word for word, into \textit{exalted} poetry.}—In the following pages only those passages are reprinted from the \textit{Life of Antonius} which, in the Editor's judgement, have any relation to the present play. In the original there are marginal notes, in Italic, setting forth the substance of the adjoining text; in order to save space these have been omitted, and their places supplied by references, in broad-faced type, to Acts, Scenes, and Lines in the play.

The following \textit{Transcript} is taken from the \textit{Photolithograph of Four Chapters of North's Plutarch}, of the edition of 1595, published in 1878, by Dr F. A. Lko, of Berlin.
APPENDIX

PLUTARCH

THE LIVES | OF THE NOBLE GRE- | CIANS AND ROMANES, COMPARED | TOGETHER
BY THAT GRATE LEARNEDE | PHILOSOPHER AND HISTORIOGRAPHER, | Plutarch's
Charonense: | Translated out of Greeke into French by James Amiot, Abbot of
Bello- | sane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the Kings prime counsell, and great | Amster-
and, and out of French into English, by | Thomas North. | [Vignette] Imprinted
at London by Richard Field for | Bonham Norton. | 1595.

Thereupon he left Italy, & went into Greece, & there bestowed the most part
of his time, sometime in warres, and otherwise in the studie of
eloquence. He used a manner of phrase in his speech, called Aesope,
which caried the best grace and estimation at that time, and was
much like to his manners and life: for it was full of ostentation, fool-
ish brauenie, and vaine ambition. . . .

But besides all this, he had a noble presence, and shewed a countenance of one
of a noble house: he had a goodly thicke beard, a broad forehead, crooke noes,
and there appeared such a manly looke in his countenance, as is commonly scene in
Hercules pictures, stamped or graven in metall. Now it had beene a speech of old
time, that the familie of the Antonius were descended from one Antiochus,
the sonne of Hercules, whereof the family tooke name. This opinion
did Antonius seck to confirme in all his doings: not onely resembl-
ing him in the likeness of his bodie, as we haue saide before, but
also in the wearing of his garments. For when he would openly shewe himselfe
abroad before many people, he would alwaies weare his cassocke girt downe how
vpon his hippes, with a great sword hanging by his side, and vpon that, some ill
fauoured cloke. Furthermore, things that seeme intollerable in other
men, as to boast commonly, to feast with one or other, to drinke like
a good fellow with every bodie, to sit with the souldiers when they
dine, and to eate and drinke with them souldierlike: it is incredible
what wonderfull love it wanne him amongst them. And furthermore, being given
to loose: that made him the more desired, and by that means he brought many to
love him. For he would further every mans love, and also would not be angry that
men should merily tell him of those he loned. But besides all this, that which most
procured his rising and advancement, was his liberalitie, who gave all to the souldiers,
and kept nothing for himselfe: and when he was grown to great credite, then was
his authoritie and power also very great, the which notwithstanding himselfe did
ouerthrowe, by a thousand other faults he had. . . .

Then was Antonius straight marvellously commended and beloved
of the souldiers, because he commonly exercised himselfe among
them, and would oftentimes eate and drinke with them, and also be
liberall unto them, according to his abilitie. . . .

Afterwards when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius
bought it: but when they asked him money for it, he made it very
strange, and was offended with them. . . .

And therefore he left his dissolute manner of life, and married
Falata that was Clodius widdow, a woman not so basely minded to
spend her time in spinning and houseeryne, and was not contented
to master her husband at home, but would also rule him in his office abroad, and
commanded him, that commanded legions and great armies: so that Cleopatra was to give Fulvia thankes for that shes had taught Antonius this obedience to women, that learned so well to be at their commandement.

Now things remaying in this state at Rome, Octavius Caesar, the yonger came to Rome, who was the sonne of Julius Caesar. Neece, as you have heard before, and was left his lawfull heire by will, remaying at the time of the death of his great Vnclse that was slain, in the City of Apollonia.

Cicero on the other side being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred vp all men against Antonius: so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed yong Caesar Sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signes as were incident to the dignity of a Consul or Praetor: and moreover sent Hierio and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy.

These two Consuls together with Caesar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell: but both the Consuls were slaine there. Antonius flying vpon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversiteit, and the heavier fortune lay vpon him, the more constant showed he himselfe. Every man that feeleth want or aduersity, knoweth by vertue and discretion what he should doe: but when indeede they are overlayed with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few haue the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much lesse to avoide that they reprowe and mislike. But rather to the contrary, they yeeld to their accustomed easie life: and through faint heart, & lacke of courage, doe change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiery, to see Antonius that was brought vp in all finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drinke puddle water, and to caste wild frutes and rootes:

Thus Antonius being a foote againe, and growen of great power, repassed over the Alpes, leading into Italy with him seuenteeue legions, and tenne thousand horsemen, besides sixe legions he left in garrison among the Gavles, under the charge of one Varrius, a companion of his that wouldde drinke lustely with him, and therefore in mockery was surnamed Cotylom: to wit, a bibber.

But setting aside the ill name he had for his insolency, he was yet much more hated in respect of the house he dwelt in, which was the house of Pompey the great: a man as famous for his temperance, modesty, and quiet life, as for his three triumphes. For it grieved them to see the gates commonly shut against the Captaines, Magistrates of the city, and also Ambassadors of strange nations, which were sometimes thrust from the gate with violence.

When they had passed over the seas, and that they began to make warre, they being both camped by their enemies, to wit, Antonius against Cassius, and Caesar against Brutus: Caesar did no great matter, but Antonius had alway the vpper hand, and did all. For at the first battell Caesar was overthrown by Brutus, and lost his campe, and very hardly saucd him sely by flying from them that followed him. Howbeit he writeth himselfe in his Commentaries, that he fled before the charge was
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given, because of a dream one of his friends had. *Antonius* on the other side overthrew *Cassius* in battle, though some write that he was not there himself at the battle, but that he came after the overthrow, whilst his men had the enemies in chase. *Cassius* at his earnest request was slain by a faithful servant of his own called *Pindaros*, whom he had enfranchised: because he knew not in time that *Brutus* had overcome *Cæsar*. Shortly after they fought another battle again, in the which *Brutus* was overthrown, who afterwards also slew himself. Thus *Antonius* had the chiefest glory of all this victory, specially because *Cæsar* was sick at that time. . . .

*Antonius* being thus inclined, the last and extreamest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of *Cleopatra*) lighted on him, who did wake and stirre vp many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any: and if any spark of goodnesse or hope of rising were left 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 warre with the *Parthians*, sent to command *Cleopatra* to appare personally before him, when he came into *Cilicia*, to answeare vnto such accusations as were laide against her, being this: that she had aided *Cassius* and *Brutus* in their warre against him. The messenger sent vnto *Cleopatra* to make his summons vnto her, was called *Dellius*: who when he had thoroughly considered her beautie, the excellent grace and sweetnesse of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that *Antonius* would doe any hurt to so noble a Lady, but rather assured himselfe, that within fewe dayes 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 bad her not to be affraid of all of *Antonius*, for he was a more courteouse Lord, then any that she had euer seen. *Cleopatra* on the other side beleauing *Dellius* words, & gessing by the former accessse and credit she had with *Julius Cæsar*, and *Cneus Pompey* (the sonne of *Pompey* the great) onely for her beautie: she began to haue good hope that she might more easie ly win *Antonius*. For *Cæsar* and *Pompey* knew her when she was but a young thing, & knew not then what the world ment: but now she went to *Antonius* at the age when a womans beautie is at the prime, and she also of best judgemen. So, she furnished her selfe with a world of giftes, store of gold and siluer, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthie and rich a realme as *Egypt* was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherein she trusted more then in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beautie and grace. Therefore when she was sent vnto by divers letters, both from *Antonius* himselfe, and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she dislaide to set forward otherwise, but to take her hare in the river of Cydnus, the poype whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musique of flutes, howboyes, cytherns, vylls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was laide under a pavilion of cloth of golde of tissue, appareled and attired like the goddesse *Venus*, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes appareled as painters doe set forth god *Cupid*, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned winde vpon her. Her Ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were appareld like the nymphaes *Nereides* (which are the myrmades of the waters) and like the *Graces*, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and
ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete saucer of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfeis side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the rivers side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her comming in. So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after an other to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his Imperiall seatte to give audience: and there went a rumor in the peoples mouthes, that the goddesse 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 suppe to her. But she sent him worde againe, he should doe better rather to come and suppe with her. Antonius therefore to shew himselfe curteous vnto her at her arriual, was contended to obey her, and went to suppe to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. But amongst all other things, he most wondered at the infinite number of lightes and torches hanged on the toppe of the house, giuing light in euery place, so artificially set and ordered by devised, some round, some square: that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discerne, or that ever bookes could mention. The next night, Antonius feasting her, contended to passe her in magnificence and finenes: but she overcame him in both. So that he himselfe began to scorne the grosse seruice of his house, in respect of Cleopatra sumptuousnes and finenesse. And when Cleopatra found Antonius feasts and fents to be but grosse, and scouldeir like, in plaine manner: she gave it him finely, and without feare taunted him throughly. Now her beautie (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such, as vpon present viewe did enamor men with her: but so sweete was her companye and conversation, that a man could not possiblie but be taken. And besides her beautie, the good grace she had to talke and discourse, her curteous nature that tempered her words & deedes, was a spurre that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were maruellous pleasant: for her tongue was an instrument of musicke to divers sportes and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake vnto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answere her selfe, or at the least the most part of them: as the Athiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodyttes, the Hebrewes, the Syriennes, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned. Whereas diuers of her prenecessors, the kings of Egypt, could scarce learne the Egyptian tongue only & many of them forgot to speake the Macedonian. Now, Antonius was so raished with the loue of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great warres, and much a doe with Caesar for his affaires, and that the armie of the Parthians (the which the kings Lieutenantes had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia readie to invade Syria: yet, as though all this had nothing touched him, he yeelded himselfe to goe with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most pretious thing a man can spend, as Antiphan saith: and that is, time. For they made an order betwene them, which they called Animetobion (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it) one feasting each other by turnes, and in cost, exceeding all measure and reason. And for proofe hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lampros report, that one Phileas a Phisian, borne in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied Phisicke: and that hauing acquaintance with one of Antonius cookes, he tooke him with him to Antonius house, (being a young man desirous to see things) to shew him the wonderfull sumptuous charge and preparation of one only
supper. When he was in the kitchin, and saw a world of diversities of meates, and
amongst others, eight wild boares rosted whole: he began to wonder
at it, and saide, sure you have a great number of guestes to supper.

II, ii, 213.
The cooke fell a laughing, and answered him, no (quoth he) not many
guestes, nor aboue twelue in all: but yet all that is boyled or rostard
must be serued in whole, or else it would be marred straight. For Antonius per-
adventure will suppe presently, or it may be a pretie while hence, or likely enough he
will deferre it longer, for that he hath drunke well to day, or else hath had some
other great matters in hand: and therefore we doe not dresse one supper onely, but
many suppers, because we are uncertaine of the houre he will suppe in. Philotas the
Phisitian tolde my grandfather this tale. . . .

But now againe to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are foure kinds of flatterie:
but Cleopatra deuided it into many kinds. For she, were it in sport, or in matters of
earnest, still denised sundrie newe delights to haue Antonius at commandement,
never leauing him night nor day, nor once letting him go ouer her sight. For
she would play at dice with him, drinke with him, & hunt commonly with him,
and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activitie of
body. And sometime also, when he would go vp and downe the
citie disguised as a slave in the night, & would peere into poore
mens windowes & their shops, and scold and brangle with them
within the house: Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble
vp and downe the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both
mockes and blowes. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the ALEX-
ANDRIANS were commonly glad of this idility, and liked it well, sauing very gallantly,
and wisely: that Antonius shewed them a comical face, to wit, a merie countenance:
and the ROMAINES a tragicall face, to say, a grimme looke. But to reckon vp all
the foolish sportes they made, rewelling in this sort: it were too fonde a part of me,
and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle
for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angrie as could be, because
Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commandad the fisher men, that when
he cast in his line, they should straighte drie vnder the water, and put a fish on his
hooke which they had taken before: and so snatchad vp his anglinge rodde, and
brought vp fish twise or thrise. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to
see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by her selfe
among her owne people, she tolde them how it was, and bad them the next morning
to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haue, and
got into the fisher boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line and
Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to drie vnder water
before Antonius men, and to put some old salt fish vpon his baite,
like vnto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When
he had hong the fish on his hook, Antonius thinking he had taken
a fish in deedde, snatchad vp his line presently. Then they all fell a laughing.
Cleopatra laughing also, said vnto him: leave vs (my Lord) EGYPTIANS (which
dwell in the country of PHARVS & CANOBUS) your anglinge rod: this is not thy pro-
fession: thou must hunt after conquering of realmes and countries.

II, v, 21.
Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very
ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from ROME,
that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife, fell out first betwene
themselves, and afterwards fell to open warre with Cesar, & had brought all to
nought, that they were both drinen to fle out of ITALY. The second newes, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all ASIA with the arme of the PARTHIANS, from the riner of Euphrates, and from SYRIA, vnto the countries of LYDIA and IONIA. Then begane Antonius with much a do, a little to rouse him selfe as if he had bene wakened out of a deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, comming out of a great drunkennesse. So, first of all he bent himselfe against the PARTHIANS, and went as farre as the country of PHOENICIA: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards ITALY, with two hundred saile: and as he went, took vp his friends by the way that fled out of ITALIE, to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this warre: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this vprore in ITALY, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune, his wife Fulvia going to meete with Antonius sickned by the way, and died in the citie of SICYON: and therefore Octavius Cesar, and he were the easieler made friends together. For when Antonius landed in ITALIE, and that men saw Cesar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laide all the fault & burden on his wife Fulvia: the friendes of both parties would not suffer them to vnrippe any old matters, and to proove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this warre, fearing to make matters worse betwene them: but they made them friendes together, and deuided the Empire of ROME betwene them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their diuision. For they gaue all the provinces Eastward vnto Antonius: and the countries Westward, vnto Cesar: and left AFRICE vnto Lepidus: and made a law, that they three one after an other should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a good counsell, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cesar, not by one mother, for she came of Anarchia, & Cesar himselfe afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for in deed she was a noble Ladie, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had bene widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, but so did he not confesse that he had her as his wife: & so with reason he did defend the loue he bare vnto this EGYPTIAN Cleopatra. Thereupon euery man did set forward this mariage, hoping thereby that this Ladie Octavia, hauing an excellent grace, wisedom, & honestie, joyned vnto so rare a beautie, that when she were with Antonius (he louing her soe worthy a Ladie deserueth) she should be a good meane to keepe good loue & amite betwixt her brother and him. So when Cesar & he had made the match betwene them, they both went to ROME about this mariage, although it was against the law, that a widow should be maried within tenne monthes after her husbands death. Howbeit the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the mariage proceeded accordingly. Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in SICILIA, and so made many an inrode into ITALIE with a great number of pynassies and other pirates shipes, of the which were Captaines two notable pirats, Memnon and Mencrates, who so scoured all the sea therabouts, that none durst peep out with a saile. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously receiued his mother, when she fled out of ITALIE
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with *Fulvia*: and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of *Misenas*, upon a hill that runneth farre into the sea: *Pompey* having his shippes ryding hard by at anker, and *Antonius* and *Cesar* their armyes upon the shore side, directly ouer against him. Now, after they had agreed that *Sextus Pompeius* should haue *Sicile* and *Sardinia*, with this condition, that he should ridde the sea of all theeues and pirats, and make it safe for passengers, and withall that he should send a certaine of wheate to *Rome*: one of them did feast an other, and drew cuts who should beginne. It was *Pompeius* chaunce to invite them first. Whereupon *Antonius* asked him: and where shall we sup? There, said *Pompey*, and shewed him his admirall galley which had sise banks of owers: that (said he) is my fathers house they haue left me. He spake it to taunt *Antonius*, because he had his fathers house, that was *Pompey* the great. So he cast anchor snow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount *Misenas*: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheere. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with *Antonius* loue vnto *Cleopatra*: *Menas* the pirate came to *Pompey*, & whispering in his eare, said vnto him: shall I cut the gables of the anchor, and make thee Lord not only of *Sicile* and *Sardinia*, but of the whole Empire of *Rome* besides? *Pompey* having paused a while vpon it, at length answered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content vs with that we have. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to brake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their campe, and then he returned into *Sicile*.

*Antonius* after this agreement made, sent *Ventidius* before into *Asia* to stay the *Parthians*, and to keepe them they should come no further: and he himselfe in the meane time, to gratifie *Cesar*, was contented to be chosen *Julius Cæsar* priest and sacrifiser, & so they joyntely together dispatched all great matters, concerning the state of the Empire. But in all other maner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other: *Antonius* was euery inferior vnto *Cesar*, & alway lost, which grieved him much.

With *Antonius* there was a soothsayer or astronomer of *Egypt*, that could cast a figure, and judge of mens 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, tolde *Antonius* plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether bleameshed and obscured by *Cesars fortune*: and therefore he counselled him ytterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy *Democrit*, said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepest thee) is affraide of his: and being coragious & high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proued the *Egyptians* words true. For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should haue anything, or whether they plaied at dice, *Antonius* alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quailles that were taught to fight one with an other: *Cesars cockes* or qualies did euer ouercome. The which spighted *Antonius* in his mind, although he made no outward shew of it: and therefore he beleeneed the *Egyptian* the better. In fine, he recommended the affaires of his house vnto *Cesar*, & went
out of Italy with Octavia his wife, whom he carried into Greece, after he had had a daughter by her. So Antonius lying at the winter at Athens, news came unto him of the victories of Ventidius, who had overcome the Parthians in battell, in the which also were slain, Labienus and Pharnabazes, the chiefest Captaine king Orodes had. For these good newes he feasted all Athens, and kept open house for all the Grecians, and many games of price were plaid at Athens, of the which he himselfe would be judge. Wherefore leaving his gard, his axes, and tokens of his Empire at his house, he came into the shew place (or listes) where these games were plaid in a long gowne and slippers after the Grecian fashion, and they carried tippetstones before him, as martiall men doe carie before the Judges to make place: and he himselfe in person was a stickler to part the young men, when they had fought enough. After that, preparing to go to the warres, he made him a garland of the holy Olive, and carried a vessell with him of the water of the fountaine Clepsydra, because of an Oracle he had receiued that so commanded him. In the same time, Ventidius once againe overcame Pacorus, (Orodes sonne king of Parthia) in a battell fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come againe with a great armie to invade Syria: at which battell was slain a great number of the Parthians, & among them Pacorus, the kings owne sonne slain. This noble exploit as famous as ever any was, was a full resernege to the Romans, of the shame and losse they had receiued before by the death of Marcus Crassus: and he made the Parthians fie, and glad to keepe themselves within the confines and territoryes of Mesopotamia, & Media, after they had thrise together bene overcame in several battells. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing least he should have gotten Antonius displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his armie against them that had rebelled, and conquered them againe: amongst whom he besieged Antiochus, king of Commagena, who offered to give him a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius commandement. But Ventidius made him answere, that he should send vnto Antonius, who was not farre off, & would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this little exploit should passe in his name, and that they should not think he did anything but by his Lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew very long, because they that were in the towne, seeing they could not be receiued vppon no reasonable composition: determined valiantly to defend themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet receiued great shame, repenting him much that he tooke not their first offer. And yet at last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition. Thus after he had set order for the state & affaires of Syria, he returned againe to Athens: and hauing giuen Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome, to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the onely man that euer triumphed of the Parthians vntil this present day, a meane man borne, and of no noble house nor family: who only came to that he attained vnto, through Antonius friendship, the which deliuered him happe occasion to atchieue to great matters. And yet to say truely, he did so well quit himselfe in all his enterprizes, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Caesar: to wit, III, i, 20. that they were alway more fortunate when they made warre by their Lieutenants, then by themselves. For Sossius, one of Antonius Lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service: and Canidius whom he had also left his Lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all. So did he also overcome
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the kings of the IBERIANS and ALBANIANS, and went on with his conquests unto mount Caucasus. By these conquests, the fame of Antonius power increased more and more, and grew dreadfull unto all the barbarous nations. But Antonius notwithstanding, grew to be maruellously offended with Caesar, upon certaine reportes that had beene brought unto him: and so tooke sea to go towarde ITALY with three hundred saile. And because those of BRUNYSIS would not receiue his armie into their hauen, he went farther unto TARENTUM. There his wife Octavia that came out of GREECE with him, besought him to send her unto her brother:

III, iv, 27. the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put her selfe

III, vi, 43. in jorney, and met with her brother Octavius Caesar by the way, who brought his two chiefe friends, Mescenas and Agrippa with him. She tooke them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunatgest creature of all other. For now, said she, every mans eyes doe gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperors and wife of the other. And if the worst counsell take place, (which the goddes forbid) and that they growe to warres: for your selues, it is uncertaine to which of them two the goddes have assigned the victorie, or ouerthrowe. But for me, on which side sooner victorie fall, my state can be but most miserable still. These wordes of Octavia so softened Caesars Hart, that he went quickly unto TARENTUM. . . .

Antonius also leaving his wife Octavia and little children begotten of her with Caesar, and his other children which he had by Fulvia: he went directely into ASIA. Then beganne this pestilential plague and mischief of Cleopatraes loue (which had slept a long time, and seemed to haue beene utterly forgotten, and that Antonius had gien place to better counsell) againe to kindle, and to be in force, so soone as Antonius came neare unto SYRIA. And in the end, the horse of the minde as Plato termeth it, that is so hard of raine (I meane the vnreyned lust of concupiscence) did put out of Antonius head, all honest and commendable thoughts: for he sent Ptolemeus Capito to bring Cleopatra into SYRIA. Vnto whom, to welcome her, he gaue no trifling things: but vnto that she had already, he added the provinces of PHOENICIA, those of the nethermost SYRIA, the Ile of CYPRUS, and a great part of CILICIA, and that countrey of IDREE, where the true balme is, and that part of ARABIA where the NABATHIANS doe dwell, which stretcheth out towards the Ocean. These great gifts much misliked the ROMAINES. But now, though Antonius did easily give away great seigniories, realmes, and mighty nations vnto some private men, and that also he tooke from other kings their lawfull realms (as from Antigonus king of the IEVERS, whom he openly beheaded, where neuer king before had suffered like death) yet all this did not so much offend the ROMAINES, as the vunmeasurable honors which he did vnto Cleopatra. But yet he did much more aggravate their mallice and ill will towards him, because that Cleopatra having brought him two twins, a sonne and a daughter, he named his son Alexander, and his daughter Cleopatra, and gaue them to their surnames, the Sun to the one, and the moone to the other. . . .

This so great and puissant armie which made the INDIANS quake for fear, dwelling about the country of the BACTRIANs, & all ASIA also to tremble: servued him to no purpose, & all for the loue he bare to Cleopatra. For the earnest great desire he had to lie all winter with her, made him begin his warre out of due time, and for hast, to put all in hazard, being so rauished and enchantuned with the sweete poison of her
loue, that he had no other thought but of her, and how he might quickly returne againe: more then how he might overcome his enemies. . . .

Then seeing himself environded of all sides, he sent vnto the army, that they should come and aide him: but there the Captaines that led the legions (among the which Camidius, a man of great estimation about Antonius made one) committed many faults.

Now whilst Antonius was busie in this preparation, Octavia his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needes take sea to come vnto him. Her brother Octavius Caesar was willing vnto it, not for his respect at all (as most authors doe report) as for that he might have an honest colour to make warre with Antonius if he did misuse her, and not esteeme of her as she ought to be. But when she was come to Athens, she receiued letters from Antonius, willing her to stay there vntill his comming, & did aduertise her of his iorney and determination. The which though it grieved her much, and that she knew it was but an excuse: yet by her letters to him of sunswere, she asked him whether he would have those things sent vnto him which she had brought him, being great store of apparell for souldiers, a great number of horse, summe of money and gifts, to bestow on his friends and Captaines he had about him: and besides all those, she had two thousande souldiers chosen men, all well armed like vnto the Praetors bands. When Niger, one of Antonius friends whom he had sent vnto Athens, had brought these newes from his wife Octavia, and withall did greatly praise her, as she was worthy, and well deserved: Cleopatra knowing that Octavia would have Antonius from her, and fearing also that if with her vertue and honest behavior, (besides the great power of her brother Caesar) she did addde thereunto her modest kind loue to please her husband that she would then be too strong for her, and in the end winne him away: she subtilly seemed to languish for the loue of Antonius, pining her body for lacke of meate. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance, that when Antonius came to see her, she cast her eyes vpon him, like a woman rauished for joy. Straight againe when he went from her, she fell a weeping and blubbering, looked ruefully of the matter, and still found she meanes that Antonius should ofteentimes finde her weeping: and then when he came sodainely vpon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned her face away, as if she were vnwilling that he should see her wepe. . . .

When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Caesar commanded her to goe out of Antonius house, and to dwell by herselfe, because he had abused her. Octavia answered him againe, that she would not forsake her husbands house, and that if he had no other occasion to make warre with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her: for sayed she, it were too shamefull a thing, that two famous Captaines should bring in ciuill warres among the Romains, the one for the loue of a woman, and the other for the jealousie betwixt one another. Now as she spake the word, so did she also performe the deed. For she kept still in Antonius house, as if he had bene there, and very honestly, and honorably kept his children. not those onely she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fulvia. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome, to sue for any office in the common wealth: she receiued him very curteously, and so vnsd her selfe vnto her brother, that she obtained the thing she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest loue and regard to her husband, made every man hate him, when they sawe he did so vnkindly vse so noble a Ladie: but yet the greatest cause of their malice vnto him, was for the division of lands he made amongst his children in the citie of Alexandria. And to confesse
a troth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the ROMAINS. For he assembled all the people in the shew place, where young men doe exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunall sliuered, he set two chaires of gold, the one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra Queene of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cesarion king of the same realmes. This Cesarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cesar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, & gave Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the countrey: and unto Ptolomy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithall he brought out Alexander in a long gowne after the fashion of the Medes with a high cupped tanke hat on his head, narrow in the toppe, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians doe vse to weare them: and Ptolomy appareld in a cloke after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feete, and a broad hat, with a royal baud or diadem. Such was the apparell and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the great. So after his sonnes had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother: presently a company of Armenian soldiers set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of the Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only weare at that time, (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddess Iris, and gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Iris. Octavius Cesar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome: he thereby stirred vp all the Romains against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest pointes of his accusations he charged him with, were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicile, he did not give him his part of the Ile. Secondly, that he did detain in his hands the shippes he lent him to make warre. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the Empire, and having deprifed him of all honors: he retayned for himself the lands and revenues thereof, which had bene assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner deuided all Italy amongst his owne soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cesar ansuered him againe: that for Lepidus, he had in deede deposed him, and taken his part of the Empire from him, because he did ouercruelie vse his authoritie. And secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of armes, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seeke for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which pronouces they had added to the Empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their Emperor and Captaine. Antonius bearing these newes, being yet in Armenia, commanded Cnidianus to goe presently to the sea side with his sixteene legions he had: and he himselfe with Cleopatra, went vnto the citie of Ephesus, and there gathered together his gallies and shippes out of all parties, which came to the number of eight hundreth, reckoning the great shippes of burden: and of those Cleopatra furnished him with two hundreth, and twenty thousand talents besides, & provisio of victuals also to maintaine all the whole armie in this warre.
So Antonius, through the persuasions of Domitius, commanded Cleopatra, to return again into Egypt, and there to understand the success of this warre. But Cleopatra, fearing least Antonius should againe be made friends with Octavius Cesar, by the meanes of his wife Octavia: she so played Camidius with money, and filled his purse, that he became her spokesman unto Antonius, and told him there was no reason to send her from this war, who defraied so great a charge: neither that it was for his profit, because that thereby the Egyptians would then be utterly discourag'd, which were the chiefest strength of the armie by sea: considering that he could see no king of all the kings their confederates, that Cleopatra was inferior vnto, either for wisdom or judgement, seeing that long before she had wisely governed so great a realm as Egypt, & besides that she had bene so long acquainted with him, by whom she had learned to manedge great affairs. These faire persuasions wonne him: for it was predestined that the government of all the world should fall into Octavius Cesar: handes. Octavius Cesar understanding the soudaine & wonderfull great preparation of Antonius, he was not a little astonied at it, (fearing he should be druien to fight that summer) because he wanted many things, & the great and grievous exactions of money did sorely oppress the people. . . .

Furthermore, Titus and Flancus (two of Antonius chiefest friends and that had bene both of them Consuls) for the great injuries Cleopatra did them, because they hindered all they could, that she should not come to this warre: they went and yeelded themselues vnto Cesar, and told him where the testament was that Antonius had made, knowing perfity what was in it. The will was in the custody of the Vestal Nunnnes: of whom Cesar demanded for it. They answered him, that they would not give it him: but if he would goe and take it, they would not hinder him. Thereupon Cesar went thither, & having read it first to himselfe, he noted certen places worthy of reprooch: so assembling all the Senate, he read it before them all. . . .

Now after that Cesar 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 vp vnto a woman. And Cesar sayed furthermore, that Antonius was not Maister of himselfe, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe, by her charmes and amorous poyssons: and that they that should make warre with them, should be Mardian the Eunuch, Photinus, and Irias, a woman of Cleopatraes bedchamber, that frizeled her haire, and dressed her head, and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius Empire. Before this warre as it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. . . . The Admiral galley of Cleopatra, was called Antoniad, in the which there chanced a maruellous ill signe. Swallowes had bred vnder the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drawe away the first, and plucked down their neasts. Now when all things were readie, & that they drew neare to fight: it was found that Antonius had no lesse then fiue hundreth good ships of war, among which there were many gallies that had eight & ten bancks of owers, the which were sumptuously furnished, not so meete for fight, as for triumph: a hundred thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen, and had with him to aide him these kings and subjectes following. Bocchus king of Libya, Tarcobemus king of high Silicia, Archelaus king of Cappadocia,
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Philadelphia king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adalar king of Thracia. All which were there every man in person. The residue that were absent sent their armies, as Polemon king of Pont, Mancius king of Armenia, Herodes king of Ivry: and furthermore, Amynias king of Lycaonia, & of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had all the side the king of Medes sent unto him. Now for Caesar, he had two hundred and fiftie ships of warre, fourscore thousand footmen, and well neare as many horsemen as his enemie Antonius. Antonius for his part, had all under his dominion from Armenia, & the river of Euphrates, unto the sea Ionium & Illyricvm. Octavius Caesar had also for his part, all that which was in our Hemisphere, or halfe part of the world, from Illyria, unto the Ocean sea upon the west: then all from the Ocean, unto mare Siculum: & from Africa, all that which is against Italy, as Gayle, & Spain. Furthermore, all from the province of Cyrenia, to Ethopia, was subject unto Antonius. Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battel tryed by sea: though he sawe before his eyes, that for lacke of water-men, his Captaines did prest by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take vp in the field, as travellers, mulesters, reapers, harvest men, and young boyes, and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleries: so that the most parte of them were emptie, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enow. But on the contrarie side Caesar's shippes were not built for pompe, high and great, onely for a fight and brawey, but they were light of yarde: armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them al in readines, in the hauens of Tarentum, & Bryndvium. So Octavius Caesar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy: and that for his owne part he would give him safe harbor, to land without any trouble, and that he would with draw his armie from the sea, as farre as one horse could runne, untill he had put his army a shore, & had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bruely sent him word againe, and challenged the combat of him man to man, though he were the elder: and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battel with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julias Caesar, & Pompey had done before. Now whilst Antonius rode at anker, lying idely in harbor at the head of Actium, in the place where the citie of Nicopolis standeth at this present: Caesar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and taken a place called Tornyke, before Antonius wnderstoode that he had taken ship. ... Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteously with Dominus, and against Cleopatra's minde. For, he being sicke of an ague when he went and tooke a little boat to go unto Caesars camp, Antonius was very sorie for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage, train, and men: and the same Dominus, as though he gaine him to understand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after. ... And Caudivius also, who had charge of his armie by land, when time came to follow Antonius determination: he turned him cleane contrarie, and counselled him to send Cleopatra backe againe, and himselfe to retire into Macedonia, to fight there on the maine land. And furthermore told him, that Dicomer king of the Getes, promised him to aid him with a great power: and that it should be no shame nor dishonor to him to let Caesar have the sea, (because himselfe and his men both had bene well practised and exercized in battels by sea, in the warre of Sicilia against Sextus Pom-
but rather that he should doe against all reason, he hauing so great skill and experience of battelles by land as he had, if he should not imploy the force and valiannes of so many lusty armed footmen as he had readie, but would weaken his armie by deuidenting them into shippes. But now notwithstanding all these good persuasions, Cleopatra forced him to put all to the hazard of battell by sea: considering with her selfe how she might flye and prouide for her safetie, not to helpe him to win the victorie: but to flye more easily after the battell lost.

So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other shippes on fire, but three score ships of Egypt, and reserved onely but the best and greatest gallyes, from three bancks, vnto tenne bancks of owers. Into them he put two & twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters & slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battell, there was a Captaine, and a valiant man, that had serued Antonius in many battelles & conflicts, & had all his body hacked and cut: who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him & saide: O noble Emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what doe you mistrust these wounds of mine and this sword? let the Egytians and Phanecians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vs to conquer, or to be slaine on our feete. Antonius passed by him and said neuer a word, but onely beckned to him with his hand & head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himselfe.

All that day and the three dayes following, the sea rose so high & was so boisterous, that the battell was put off. The sith day the storme ceased, and the sea calmed againe and then they rowed with force of owers in battell one against the other.

Now Publicola seeing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Caesar armie, to compass in Antonius shippes that fought: he was drayen also to loues off to have more roome, & going a little at one side, to put those farther off that were affraid, and in the middest of the battell. For they were sore distressed by Aratus. Howbeit the battell was yet of even hand, and the victorie doubtfull, being indiffirent to both: when sodainely they sawe the three score shippes of Cleopatra busie about their yard masts, and hoysing saile to fie. So they fled through the middest of them that were in fight, for they had bene placed behind the great shippes, & did maruellous disorder the other shippes. For the enemies them selves wondred much to see them saile in that sort, with ful saile towards Peloponnese. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not onely lost the courage and hart of an Emperor, but also of a valiant man, & that he was not his owne man: (proving that true which an old man speake in myth, that the soule of a lower lised in another body, and not in his owne) he was so caried away with the vaine lose of this woman, as if he had bene glued vnto her, & that she could not have remoued without moonyng of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra shipp vnder saile, he forget forsook, & betrayed them that fought for him, & imbarke vpon a galley with fise bankes of owers, to follow her that was already begun to overthrow him, & would in the end be his vter destruction. When she knew his galley a farre off, she lift vp a signe in the poope of her shipp, and so Antonius coming to it, was pluckt vp where Cleopatra was, howbeit he saw her not at his first comming, nor she him, but went and sate downe alone in the prow of his shipp, and saied neuer a word, clapping his head betweene both his hands.
After Eurycles had left Antonius, he returned againe to his place, and sate downe, speaking neuer a word as he did before: and so liued three daies alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Temenus, there Cleopatrae women first brought Antonius and Cleopatra to speake together, and after wards, to suppe and lyne together. Then beganne there againe a great number of Marchants shippes to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped from this ouerthrow: who brought newes, that his army by sea was ouerthrown, but that they thought the army by land was yet whole. Then Antonius sent vnto Canidius, to return with his army into Asia, by Macedon. Now for himselfe, he determined to crosse ouer into Africk, & took one of his carects or hullks loden with gold, siluer, and other rich cariage, & gave it vnto his friends: commanding them to depart, and to seeke to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither doe it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius verie courteously and louingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart: and wrote vnto Theophilus governour of Corinthe, that he would see them safe, and helpe to hide them in some secret place, untill they had made their way & peace with Cesar. . . .

And thus it stood with Antonius. Now for his armie by sea, that fought before the head or foreland of Actium: they helde out a long time, and nothing troubled them more then a great boysterous winde that rose full in the procees of their shippes and yet with much a doe, his name was at length ouerthrown, five houre within night. . . .

But now to returne to Antonius againe. Canidius himselfe came to bring him newes, that he had lost all his armie by land at Actium: on the other side he was aduertised also, that Herodes king of Ivrie, who had also certen legions and bandes with him, was resoluted vnto Cesar, and all the other kings in like manner: so that, sauing those that were about him, he had none left him. All this notwithstanding did nothing trouble him, and it seemed that he was contente to forgoe all his hopes and so to be ridde of all his care and troubles. Thereuppon he left his solitarie house he had built by the sea which he called Timoneon, and Cleopatra receivd him into her royall palacie. He was no sooner com thither, but he straight set all the citie on rioting and banqueting againe, and himselfe to liberalitie and gifts. He caused the sonne of Iulius Cesar & Cleopatra, to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men: and gave Antiollus, his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the mans gowne, which was a plaine gowne, without gaird or embroderie of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting and dancing in Alexundria many daies together.

In deede they did breake their first order they had set downe, which they called Ammetobolon, (as much to say, no life comparable) & did set vp another, which they called Synapothanumenon (signifying the order and agreement of those that will dye together) the which in exceeding sumptuousnes, and cost was not inferior to the first. For their friends made themselves to be inrolled in this order of those that would dye together, and so made great feastes one to another: for euery man when it came to his turne, feasted their whole companie and fraterntity. Cleopatra in the meane time was verie careful in gathering all sorts of poysons together, to destroy men. Now to make proofe of those poysons which made men die with least paine, she tried it vpon condemned men in prison. For when she saw the poysons that were sodaine and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments: & in contrary
manner, that such as were more milde and gentle, had not that quicke speede and force to make one dye sodainely: she afterwaeres went about to prove th' stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applieth vnto men in her sight, some in one sorte and some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundrie proofes, she found none of them all she had proved so fit, as the biting of an Aspick, the which causeth onely a heatines of the head, without swouending or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleepe, with a little swet in the face, and so by little and little taketh away the senses & vitall powers, no living creature perceiveth that the patients feel any paine. For they are so sore when any bodie awaketh them, and taketh them vp: as those that being taken out of a sound sleep, are very heauie and desirous to sleepe. This notwithstanding, they sent Ambassadors vnto Octavius Caesar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realme of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Caesar would not let him remaine in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained, they did not greatly trust them: they were inforced to send Euphronius the schoolemaster of their children. For Alexas Laodician, who was brought into Antonius house & favour by meanes of Timagenes, and afterwards was in greater credit with him, then any other Grecian; (for that he had alway bene one of Cleopatras ministers to win Antonius, & to overthower all his good determinations to vse his wife Octavia well) him Antonius had sent vnto Herodes king of Ivrie, hoping still to keepe him his friend, that he should not revolt from him. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should haue kept Herodes fro revolt from him, he perswaded him to turne to Caesar: & trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Caesars presence. Howbeit Herodes did him no pleasure: for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chaines to his own country, & there by Caesar commandoement put to death. Thus was Alexas in Antonius life time put to death, for betraying of him. Furthermore, Caesar would not grante vnto Antonius requestes: but for Cleopatra, he made her asnsure, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drue him out of her country. There withall he sent Thyrus one of his men vnto her, a very wise and discreet man, who bringing letters of credit from a young Lord vnto a noble Lady, and that besides greatly liked her beaute, might easely by his eloquence haue perswaded her. He was longer in talke with her then any man else was, and the Queene her selfe also did him great honour: in somuch as he made Antonius ileous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well fauoredly whipp'd, and so sent him vnto Caesar: and bad him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himselfe proude and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angred, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this dislike thee say he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quituance. From thenceforth, Cleopatra to cleare her selfe of the suspicion he had of her, she made more of him then euer she did. For first of all, where she did solemnise the day of her birth very meanely and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune: she now in contrary maner did keepe it with such solemnitie, that she exceeded all measure of sump-
tuounesse and magnificence: so that the guestes that were bidden to the feasts, and came poore, went away rich. Now things passing thus, Agrippa by divers letters sent one after an other vnto Caesar, prayed him to returne to Rome, because the aiaires there did of necessitie require his person and presence. Thereupon he did defferre the warre till the next yeare following: but when winter was done, he returned againe through Syria by the coast of Africke, to make warres against Antonius, and his other Captaine. When the citie of Pelusium was taken, there ran a rumor in the citie, that Scipio, by Cleopatra's consent, had surrendered the same. But to clear her selfe that she did not, Cleopatra brought Seleneus wife and children vnto Antonius, to be reaneged of them at his pleasure. Furthermore, Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombees and monuments, as well for excellencie of workmanship, as for hight and greatness of building, joyning hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she cause to be brought all the treasure and precious thinges she had of the auncient kings her predecessors: as gold, silver, emerods, pears, ebonie, inorie, and sinamon, and besides all that, a maruellous number of torches, faggots, and flaxe. So Octavius Caesar being afferayd to loose such a treasure and masse of richesesse, and that this woman for spight would set it a fire, and burrue it euery whitt: he alwaies sent some one or other vnto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meane time drew neer the citie with his armie. So Caesar came, and pitched his campe hard by the citie, in the place where they runne and manage their horses. Antonius made a saly vpon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Caesars horsemen backe, fighting with his men even into their campe. Then he came againe to the pallass, greatly boasting of this victorie, and sweetely kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was, when he came from the fight, reccomendinge one of his men of armes vnto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra to reward his manil-nesse, gave him an armour & head piece of cleane gold: howbeit the man at armes when he had receiued this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Caesar? Antonius sent againe to challenge Caesar, to fight with him hand to hand. Caesar annswered him, that he had many other ways to dye then so. Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to dye, then fighting valiantly: he determined to set vp his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household ser-vants that waitted on him at his bord, that they shoulde spill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for sayd he, you know not whether you shall do so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serve an other master: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so: to shame that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it, that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, then valiantly to dye with honour. Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre: it is sayd that sodainly they heard a maruellous sweete harmonie of sundry sorte of instrumentes of musique, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyres: and it seemed that this daunces went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this
noyse they heard, went out of the citie at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them. The next morning by breake of day, he went to set those few footmen he had in order vpon the hils adjoyning vnto the citie: and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the hauen, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiars in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come neare vnto them, they first saluted Cesar men: and then Cesar men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the citie. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yeelded vnto Cesar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrowen: he then fled into the citie, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him vnto them, with whom he had made warre for her sake. The she being affrayed of his fury, fled into the tombe which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doores vnto her, and shut all the springs of the lockes with great boltes, and in the mean time sent vnto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius beleeuing it, sayd vnto himselfe: what doest thou looke for further, Antonius, sith sightfull fortune hath taken from thee the onely joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reseruedst thy life? when he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber & unarmed himselfe, and being naked said thus: O Cleopatra, it grieueth me not that I haue lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry, that hauing bene so great a Captaine and Empeour, I am indeede condemned to be judged of least courage & noble minde, then a woman. Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commannde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it vp as though he meant to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himselfe, and fell downe dead at his maisters foote. Then sayd Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couestest not do for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had killed him not presently, for the bloud stinte a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to himselfe againe, he prayed them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out & tormenting himselfe: vntill at last there came a Secretarie vnto him called Diomede, who was commanded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. Whe he heard that she was aliese, he very earnestly prayed his men to carie his body thither, and so he was caried in his mens arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certaine chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trusted: and Cleopatra her owne selfe, with two women onely, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius vp. They that were present to behold it, sayd they never saw so pitifull a sight. For, they plucked vp poore Antonius all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who holding vp his hands to Cleopatra, raised vp himselfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him vp: but Cleopatra stooping downe with her
head, putting all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him vp with much a do, and neuer let go her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sory to see her labour so, as she her selfe. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and layed him on a bed: she rent her garments vpon him, clapping her brest, and scratching her face and stomacke. Then she dried vp his bloud that had berayed his face, and called him her Lord, her husband, and Emperour, forgetting her owne miserie and calamity, for the pitie and compassion she tooke of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was a thirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seeke to saue her life, if she could possible, without reproche and dishonour: and that cheifiy she should trust Proculeius aboue any man else about Cesar. And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorow for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes: but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes & honours he had receiued, considering that while he lied he was the noblest and greatest Prince of the world, & that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiandy, a Romaine by an other Romaine. As Antonius gaue the laste gaspe, Proculeius came that was sent fro Cesar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himselfe, as they caried him into the tombe and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his gard called Dercetius, tooke his sword with the which he had striken himselfe, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cesar the first newes of his death, & shewed him his sword that was bloudied. Cesar hearing these newes, straight withdrew himselfe into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with teares, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had bene his friend and brother in law, his equall in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great expolts and battels. Then he called for all his friends, and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him againe, during their quarrell and strife: and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote vnto him. After this, he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing least otherwise all the treasure would be lost: & furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alie to Rome, she would marvellously beautifie and set out his triumphe. But Cleopatra would never put her selfe into Proculeius handes, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke & strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some cranewes through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understoold, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheare, and not be affrayed to referre all vnto Cesar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer vnto Cesar. Who immediately sent Gallus to speake once againe with her, and had him purposely hold her with talke, whilst Proculeius did set vp a ladder against that high window, by the which Antonius was trisde vp, and came downe into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to heare what Gallus sayd vnto her. One of her women which was shut in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came downe, and shreeked out: O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to haue stabbed her selfe in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by
her side. But *Proculeius* came sodainly vpon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd vnto her. *Cleopatra*, first thou shalt do thy selfe great wrong, and secondly vnto *Cesar* : to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity, openly to shew his bountie and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most curteous and noble Prince that euer was, and to appesche him, as though he were a cruelle and mercilesse man, that were not to be trusted. So euyn as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poysen hidden about her. Afterwardes *Cesar* sent one of his infranchised men called *Epaphroditus*, whom he straitly charged to looke well vnto her, and to beware in any case that she made not her selfe away : and for the rest, to see her with all the curtesie possible. . . .

Therefore *Cesar* did put Caesarion to death, after the death of his mother *Cleopatra*. Many Princes, great kings & Captaines did craue *Antonius* body of Octavius *Cesar*, to give him honourable burial : but *Cesar* would never take it from *Cleopatra*, who did sumptuousely & royally bury him with her owne hands, whom *Cesar* suffred to take as much as she would to bestow vpon his funerals. Now was she altogether ouercome with sorow & passion of minde, for she had knocked her brest so pitifully, that she had martyred it, and in divers places had passed vicers & inflammations, so that she fell into a feuer withall : whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to haue good colour to absteine from mate, and that so she might haue dyed easily without any trouble. She had a *Phisition* v, ii, 193. called *Olympos*, whom she made pruie of her intent, to the end he should helpe her to rid her out of her life : as *Olympos* writhe himselfe, who wrote a booke of all these things. But *Cesar* mistrusted the matter, by many conjectures he had, and therefore did put her in feare, and threatened her to put her children to shamefull death. With these threates, *Cleopatra* for feare yeelded straight, as she would haue yeelded vnto strokes : & afterwards suffred her selfe to be cured and dicted as they listed. Shortly after, *Cesar* came himself in person to see her, & to cofort her. *Cleopatra* being layed vpon a little low bed in poore estate, when she saw *Cesar* come into her chamber, she sodainly rose vp, naked in her smocke, and fell downe at his feete maruellously disfigured : both for that she had plucked her haire from her head, as also for that she had martired all her face with her nayles, and besides, her voyce was small and trembling, her eyes sunke into her head with continuall blubbering and moreover, they might see the most part of her stomake torne in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better then her minde: yet her good grace and comelynesse, and the force of her beautie was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ougly and pitfull state of hers, yet she shewed herselfe within, by her outward lookes and countenance. When *Cesar* had made her lye downe againe, and sate by her beds side : *Cleopatra* began to cleare and excuse her selfe for that she had done, laying all to the feare she had of *Antonius*: *Cesar*, in contrary manner, reproued her in euery point. Then she sodainly altered her speach, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were affrayed to dye, and desirous to liue. At length, she gave him a briefe and memoriall of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chaunce there stood *Seleucus* by, one of her Treasurers, who to seeme a good servaunt, came straight to *Cesar* to disproue *Cleopatra*, that she had not set in all, but kept many things backe of purpose. *Cleopatra* was in such a rage with him, that she flew vpon him, & tooke him by the haire of the head, and boxed him welauencedly. *Cesar* fell a laughing, and parted the fray. Alas, sayd she, *O Cesar*: is not this a great shame and reproche, that thou having voueshaunted to take the paines to come vnto me, and hast done me this hon-
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our, poore wretch, and caife creature, brought into this pitifull and miserable estate: and that mine owne servants should come now to accuse me, though

V., ii, 168. it may be I have reserved some jewells and trifles meete for women, but not for me (poore soule) to set out my selfe withall, but meaninge to give some prettie presents and gifts vnto Octavia and Livia, that they making meanes & intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy vpon me? Cesar was glad to heare her say so, persuading him selfe thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answeare, that he did not onely give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept backe, but further promised to vse her more honorably and bounteifully than she would thinke for: and so he tooke his leave of her, supposing he had deceiued her, but indeede he was deceiued himselfe. There was a young gentleman Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cesar's very great familiars, & besides did bear no euill wil vnto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly as she had requestted him, that Cesar determined to take his iorney through Syria, & that within three daies he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cesar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead, vnto the soule of Antonius. This being graunted her, she was caried to the place where his tombe was, and there falling downe on her knees, imbracing the tombe with her women, the teares running down her cheekes, she began to speake in this sort: O my desire Lord Antonius, not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman: and now I offer vnto thee the funerall sprinklings and oblations, being a captiue and prisoner, and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing & murthering this captiue body of mine with blowes, which they carefullly gard and kepe, only to triumophe of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me, for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carie her away. Whilst we liued together, nothing could seuer our companies: but now at our death, I feare me they will make vs change our countreys. For as thou being a Romaine, hast bene buried in Egypt: euon so wretched creature I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italie, which shall be all the good that I haue receiued by thy countrey. If thefe the gods where thou art now haue any power & authoritie, sith our gods here haue forsaie vs: suffer not thy true friend and loser to be caried away alioye, that in me, they triumphe of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in onselfe tombe with thee. For though my grieses and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could lesse beare withall: then this small time, which I haue bene drue to liue alone without thee. Then havinge ended these dolefull plaints, and crownd the tombe with garlands and sundry nosegayes, and maruelous louingly imbraced the same: she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed her selfe, she fell to her meate, and was sumptuously served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked straight what he had in his basket. He openèd the basket, and tooke out the leaues that covered the figges, and shewed them that they were figges he brought. They all of them maruelled to see so goodly figges. The countryman laughed to heare them, and bad them take some if they would. They belieued he told them truly, and so bad him carie them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed vnto Cesar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women, then she shut the doores to her. Cesar when he receiued 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 himselfe: howbeit he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it
was. Her death was very sodaine. For those whom Cesar sent vnto her ran thither
in all hast possible, & found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting no-
thing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they
found Cleopatra starke dead, layed vpon a bed of gold, attired & arrayed in her roy-
all robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iris, dead at her feete: and
her other woman called Charmion halfe dead, and trembling, trim-
ing the Diadem which Cleopatra ware vpon her head. One of
the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd vnto her: is that well done
Charmion? Very well sayd she againe, and mette for a Princesse
descended from the race of so many noble kings. She sayd no more, but fell downe
dead hard by the bed. Some report that this Aspicke was brought vnto her in the
basket with figgs, & that she had communded them to hide it vnder the figge leaves,
that when she should thinkke to take out the figges, the Aspicke should bite her before
she should see her: howbeit, that when she would haue taken away the leaves for
the figges, she perceined it, and sayd, art thou here then? And so, her arme being
naked, she put it to the Aspicke to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a
boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the Aspicke
being angered withall, kept out with great furie, and bit in the arme. Howbeit
few can tell the trouth. For they report also, that she had hidden poysen in a hollow
raser which she caried in the haire of her head: and yet was there no marke scene
of her body, or any signe discerned that she was poysoned, neither also did they finde
this serpent in her tombe. But it was reported onely, that there were scene certaine
fresh steepe or tracks where it had gone, on the tombe side toward the sea, and
specially by the doore side. Some say also, that they found two little pretie bytings
in her arme, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cesar him-
selte gaue credit vnto, because in his triumphe he caried Cleopatres
image, with an Aspicke byting of her arme. And thus goeth the
report of her death. Now Cesar, though he was maruellous sory
for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondred at her noble minde and
courage, and therefore commundad she should be nobly buried, and layed by
Antonius: and willed also that her two women should have honorable burial.
Cleopatra dyed being eight and thirteene yeares old, after she had raigned two and
twenty yeares, and governed aboue fourteen of them with Antonius. And for
Antonius, some say that he lived three and fiftie yeares: and others say, six and
fiftie.

DRYDEN

ALL FOR LOVE: | OR, THE | World well Lost. | A | TRAGEDY, | As it is Acted
at the | THEATRE-ROYAL; | And Written in imitation of Shakespeare's Stile. |
By John Dryden, Servant to His Majesty.

Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: idque restinctis
animorum incendis irridere. Cicero.

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PREFACE.

The death of Anthony and Cleopatra, is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest Wits of our Nation, after Shakespeare; and by all so variably, that their example has given me the confidence to try my self in this Bowe of Ulysses amongst the Crow of Sutors; and, withal, to take my own measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the Moral: for the chief persons represented, were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded, That the Heroe of the Poem, ought not to be a character of perfect Virtue, for, then, he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle course; and have drawn the character of Anthony as favourably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius would give me leave: the like I have observ'd in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the story: for the crimes of love which they both committed, were not occasion'd by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observed, than, perhaps, the English Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Episode, or Underplot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia: For, though I might use the priviledge of a Poet, to introduce her into Alexandria, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the compassion she mov'd to her self and children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for Anthony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justified Anthony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure, to proceed wholly from her self; yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Critiques have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The faults my Enemies have found, are rather cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The French Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for example, have suffer'd Cleopatra and Octavia to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartée, for fear of offending against the greatness of their Characters, and the modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemn'd: for I judg'd it both natural and probable, that Octavia, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her; and that Cleopatra, thus attaqu'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyre as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a Roman, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. . .

In my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine Shakespeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope
I need not to explain myself, that I have not Copy’d my Author servilely: Words and Phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding Ages: but ‘tis almost a Miracle that much of his Language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatique Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Johnson tells us, without Learning, should by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of Stiles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excelld my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt Anthony and Ventidius in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

Prologue.

What Flocks of Critiques hover here to day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcass of a Play!
With Croaking Notes they bode some dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y’have watch’d your time!
He fights this day unarm’d; without his Rhyme.
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido’s; and almost as old.

His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his mettle; and scarce rants at all;
He’s somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond’rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonyes of the Pit.
I cou’d name more; a Wife and Mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur’d, and the Mistress true.

Now, Poets, if your fame has been his care;
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hectors, in at every pett’fray.
Let those find fault whose Wit’s so very small,
They’ve need to show that they can think at all:
Errors like Straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou’d be glad to lopp a Man,
Half-Wits are Fleas; so little and so light;
We scarce cou’d know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir’d with daily Feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Ghosts;
Drink beary Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals:
APPENDIX

So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have Indulged your taste,
Take in good part from our poor Poets board,
Such rivell’d Fruits as Winter can afford.

Persons Represented.

Marc Anthony, 
Venticidius, his General, 
Dollabella, his Friend, 
Alexas, the Queen’s Eunuch, 
Serapion, Priest of Isis, 
Another Priest,
Servants to Anthony.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt,
Octavia, Anthony’s Wife,
Charimia, } Cleopatra’s Maids.
Iras,
Anthony’s two little Daughters.

By
Mr. Hart.
Mr. Mokum.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Cocks.
Mrs. Boutell.
Mrs. Corey.

SCENE ALEXANDRIA.

ACT I. SCENE, The Temple of Isis.

Enter Serapion, Myriss, Priests of Isis.

Scrap. Portents, and Prodigies, are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow’d ere the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haste
Ev’n of the Hinds that watch’d it: Men and Beasts
Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew
On th’ utmost Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward
It slpt from underneath the Scaly Herd:
Here monstrous Phœbe pant’d on the Shore;
Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by ’em,
Sea-Horses foundring in the slimy mud,
Toss’d up their heads, and dash’d the ooze about ’em.

Enter Alexa behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav’n.

Scrap. Last night, between the hours of Twelve and One,
In a lone Isle o’th’ Temple while I walk’d,
A Whirl-wind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the Dome: the Doors around me clapt,
The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of Ptolomies is lay’d,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An Armed Ghost start up: the Boy-King last
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cry'd Egypt is no more. My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd;
On the cold pavement down I fell in trance;
And so unfinished left the horrid Scene.

Alexas (showing himself.) And, Dream'd you this? or, Did invent the Story?
To frighten our Egyptian Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Scare. My Lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I uttered was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested Feasts,
And holy Luxury.

Scare. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon hills, the Roman Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a Storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Scare. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;
But in their Servile hearts they own Octavius.

Myr. Why then does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem, what Actium lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Scare. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.

Menecras and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his Foes. His Wife Octavia,
Driv'n from his House, solicits her revenge;
And Dolabella, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruine:
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Scare. 'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
But here, in Isis Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence
To cure his mind of Love.

Scare. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doom'd to be
A Roman Province; and our plenteous Harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their Soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rival'd proud Rome (Dominions other Seat)
And Fortune striding; like a vast Colossus,
Coul'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all Nature
Who Lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the others Sword; but, since our will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serv. How stands the Queen affected?
Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, Servaius, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty ruins,
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuers hands,
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain——
This changes my designs; this blasts my Counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
The peoples hearts.

Enter Venticidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Antony's.

Serv. These Romans will o'rehears us.
But, Who's that Stranger? By his Warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O, 'tis Venticidius,
Our Emp'ors great Lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this Man to guard the Roman Frontiers.

Serv. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal he was to us, and Egypt.
But, let me witness to the worth I hate,
A braver Roman never drew a Sword.
Firm to his Prince; but, as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
O're all his cooler hours and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

\[ Venti\,dius. \] Not see him, say you?

I say, I must, and will.

\[ Gent. \] He has commanded,

On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

\[ Vem. \] I bring him news will raise his drooping Spirits,

Give him new life.

\[ Gent. \] He sees not Cleopatra.

\[ Vem. \] Would he had never seen her.

\[ Gent. \] He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use

Of any thing, but thought; or, if he talks,

'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:

Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;

Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curses loud

The Boy Octavius: then he draws his mouth

Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,

The World's not worth my care.

\[ Vem. \] Just, just his nature.

Virtues his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow

For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,

And bounds into a Vice that bears him far

From his first course, and plunges him in ills:

But, when his danger makes him find his fault,

Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,

He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,

Judging himself with malice to himself,

And not forgiving what as Man he did,

Because his other parts are more than Man.

He must not thus be lost.

\[ Alex. \] You have your full Instructions, now advance;

Proclaim your Orders loudly.

\[ Scrop. \] Romans, Egyptians, hear the Queen's Command.

Thus Cleopatra bids, Let Labor cease,

To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,

That gave the World a Lord: 'tis Antony's.

Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live.

Be this the general voice sent up to Heav'n.

And every publick place repeat this echo.

\[ Vem. aside. \] Fine Pageantry!

\[ Scrop. \] Set out before your doors

The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,

With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your posts,

And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Priests

Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

And call the Gods to joy with you in gladness.

\[ Vem. \] Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy.

Can they be friends of Antony, who Revel

When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,

You Romans, your Great grandsires Images,
APPENDIX

For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
To blush at their degenerate Frogeny.

Alex. A love which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the Day with honors; when all Heaven
Labored for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,*
That pass'd obscurely by.

Ven. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho' grown unkinder, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen, for loving him too well.

Ven. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.
O, she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: She has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honors,
And cramped within a corner of the World?

O, Antony!
Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so wouldst thou give 'em,
As bounty were thy being. Rough in Battel,
As the first Romans, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their Praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining Virtues,
His truth to her who loves him.

Ven. Would I could not.

But, Wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief Engin,
Antony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your Egyptian Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix Effeminate Sounds with Roman Trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go Pray,
And keep your Cowards-Holy-day in Temples. 

[Exeunt Alex. Serap.

* If this be the phonetic spelling of Fite, it is a far earlier example than any given in the N. E. D.—Ed.
RE-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

2. Gent. The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1. Gent. I dare not disobey him. [Going out with the other.

Vent. Well, I dare.

But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: The rest I'll venture. [With draws.

Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd motion,
before he speaks.

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travel'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. asides. On my Soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.

Now, Antony, Would'st thou be born for this?
Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting Age.

Ven. How sorrow shakes him!

So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. having thrown himself down.

* Lye there, thou shadow of an Emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep; the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe
Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some Musick; look that it be sad;
I'll soothe my Melancholy, till I swell,
And burst my self with sighing—— [Soft Musick.

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady Forrest's Sybarian Scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted Oke;

* The following twelve lines are spoken, I think, by Antony, not Ventidius.—

End.
I lean my head upon the Mossy Bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,
Hang o're my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my foot.

\[ Vex. \] Methinks I fancy

My self there too.

\[ Ant. \] The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-Citizen.*

More of this Image, more; it lulls my thoughts.  \[ Soft Musick again. \]

\[ Vex. \] I must disturb him; I can hold no longer

\[ Ant. starting up. \] Art thou Ventidius?

\[ Vex. \] Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

\[ Ant. \] I'm angry.

\[ Vex. \] So am I.

\[ Ant. \] I would be private: Leave me.

\[ Vex. \] Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

\[ Ant. \] Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?

\[ Vex. \] My Emperor; the Man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin;
Y'are all that's good, and good-like.

\[ Ant. \] All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

\[ Vex. \] 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

\[ Ant. \] Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a Foe, too much.

\[ Vex. \] [weeping.] Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew,
I have not wept this Forty year; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

\[ Ant. \] By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

\[ Vex. \] I'll do my best.

\[ Ant. \] Sure there's contagion in the tears of Friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.

* See As You Like It, II, i, 34, et seq.——Ed.
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT I

Ven. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the stile of Victory,
The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his General so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—

Ven. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead by day,
And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams——

Ven. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.
I lost a Battel.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony.

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a Man, Ventidius,

Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But, I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The name of Soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing honors,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;
The wish of Nations; and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruine me; till I took pains
And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless dayes, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curse this Mad-man, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curse me.

Ven. No.

Ant. Why?
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Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what y'have done, too conscious of your failings,
And like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting your self in mad revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.
Ven. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ven. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give Cordials to the dead.

Ven. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.

Ven. I say, you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have, to th'utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ven. Caesar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to Caesar, and dye tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill my self; and so resolve.

Ven. I can dy with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou Dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No; 'tis you Dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd Philosophy.
Up, up, for Honor's sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: by painful journeys,
I led 'em, patient, both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian Marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt faces,
Their skar'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em,
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you trim Bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Ven. I said, in lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succor me. Oh trifer!

Vem. They petition
You would make hast to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besiegd.

Vem. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vem. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to March?

Vem. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vem. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra
Why should they fight indeed, to make her Conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight Feast,
You'll sell to her? then she new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her ear shall be a Province.

Ant. Venidius, I allow your Tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: She deserves
More World's than I can lose.

Vem. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted Humankind;
See Europe, Africk, Asia put in ballance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the gods are Antony's, and give
Like Prodigals, this meagre World away,
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vem. I take the priviledge of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:
Thy Men are Cowards; thou, an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'reflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
As the first Cesar was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honor!

Vem. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vem. For showing you your self,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to dye with you,
What hindred me t'have led my Conqu'ring Eagles
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To fill Octavius's Bands? I could have been
A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false;

Thought my old age betray'd you: kill me, Sir:
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me:
Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Ven. No Prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere Love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of Human Race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of Nature,
So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindred,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

Ven. Heav'n's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [Hugging him.

Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ven. And, Will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but Honor:
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my Royal Master.
And, Shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the head of our old Troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Ven. O now I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT II

And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th'exchange.

Ant. Oh Cleopatra!

Ven. Again?

Ant. I've done: in that last sigh, she went.

Ces. shall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he holds most dear.

Ven. Methinks you breathe

Another Soul: Your looks are more Divine;
You speak a Heroe, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And Mans each part about me: once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius's Camp: In vain the steepy Hill,
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Speares
Sung round my head; and planted all my shield:
I won the Trenches, while my formost Men
Lag'd on the Plain below.

Ven. Ye Gods, ye Gods,

For such another hour.

Ant. Come on, My Soldier!

Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste fate to 'em; Mowe 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

[Exeunt.

ACT. II.

Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cle. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?

Ven. has o'recome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cle. Then he wou'd see me, ere he went to fight:

Flatter me not: if once he goes, he's lost:

And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion

Become a Mighty Queen?

Cle. I am no Queen;

Is this to be a Queen, to be besiegd
By you insulting Roman; and to wait

Each hour the Victor's Chain? These ills are small;

For Antony is lost, and I can mourn

For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,

I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;

I'm fit to be a Captive: Antony

Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.
APPENDIX

Cleo. I have none.  
And none would have: my Love's a noble madness,  
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow  
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:  
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,  
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reasons view,  
And now am lost above it———No, I'm proud  
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now;  
Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me,  
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,  
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.  
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,  
But now 'tis past.  
Iras. Let it be past with you:  
Forget him, Madam,  
Cleo. Never, never, Iras.  
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,  
Leaves a faint Image of possession still.  
Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.  
Cleo. I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain;  
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,  
I still must love him.

Now, What news my Charmion?  
Will he be kind? and, Will he not forsake me?  
Am I to live, or dye? nay, Do I live?  
Or am I dead? for, when he gave his answer,  
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.  
Char. I found him, Madam———  
Cleo. A long Speech preparing?  
If thou bring'st comfort, hast[e], and give it me;  
For never was more need.  
Iras. I know he loves you.  
Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,  
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies,  
To soften what he said; but give me death,  
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,  
And in the words he spoke.  
Char. I found him then  
Incompass'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,  
So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,  
While awfully he cast his eyes about,  
And ev'ry Leaders hopes or fears survey'd:  
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.  
When he beheld me strugling in the crowd,  
He blush'd, and bade, make way.  
Alex. There's comfort yet.  
Char. Ventidius fixt his eyes upon my passage,  
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,  
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I numbred in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only beg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But shun'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He seem'd not now that awful Antony
Who shook an Arm'd Assembly with his Nod,
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleop. Did he then weep? and, Was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me dye contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleop. Thou would'rst say, he wou'd not see me?

Charm. And therefore beg'd you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh that faint word, Respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain my self, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
Respect is for a Wife: Am I that thing,
That dull insipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through Love, and that deludes your sight:
As, what is strait, seems crooked through the Water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded Man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's eyes: if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!——

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he Loves.
True, he's hard press, by Intrest and by Honor;
Yet he but doubts, and parlyes, and casts out
Many a long look for succor.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the Combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the Message sounds
Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;  
Come, free me from Ventidius; from my Tyrant:  
See me, and give me a seeming to leave him.  
I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.  
Please you, retire a while; I' ll work him first,  
That he may bend more easily.  
Cleo. You shall rule me;  
But all, I fear, in vain.  
Alex. I fear so too;  
Though I conceiv'd my thoughts, to make her bold:  
But, 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.  
[Exit with Cleo and Iras.  
[Withers.]  
Enter Licinius with Fasces: one bearing the Eagle: then Enter  
Antony with Ventidius, followed by other Commanders.  
Ant. Octavius is the Minion of blind Chance,  
But holds from Virtue nothing.  
Veni. Has he courage?  
Ant. But just enough to session him from Coward.  
O, 'tis the coldest youth upon a Charge,  
The most deliberate fighter: he will venture  
(As in Ephes) once they say he did  
To storm a Town:) 'tis when he cannot chase,  
When all the World have fix'd their eyes upon him;  
And then he lives on that for seven years after.  
But, at a close revenge he never fails.  
Veni. I heard, you challeng'd him.  
Ant. I did, Ventidius.  
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame,—  
He said he had more ways than one to dye;*  
I had not.  
Veni. Poor!  
Ant. He has more ways than one:  
But he would chase 'em all before that one.  
Veni. He first would chase an Auge, or a Fever:  
Ant. No: it must be an Auge, not a Fever;  
He has not warmth enough to dye by that.  
Veni. Or old Age, and a Bed.  
Ant. I, there's his choice.  
He would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,  
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life:  
O Hercules! Why should a Man like this,  
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,  
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it  
O' th' Four Score thousand Men, of whom, each one  
Is better than himself?  
Veni. You conquer'd for him:  
Philippus knows it: there you shar'd with him  
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.  

*See Anthony and Cleopatra, IV., 4, 7.
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT II

\[\text{Enter Alex.}\]

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good Heav'n's, Is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,
To the World's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?
\[\text{Ven. Sir, we lose time: the Troops are mounted all.}\]
Ant. Then give the word to March:
I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To joyn thy Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' opprest, a God:
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing Lord.
\[\text{Ven. Smooth Sycophant!}\]
Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand Prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your Arms,
As many parting kisses to your Lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.
\[\text{Ven. aside. False Crocodile!}\]
Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing love,
That were a wish for her more prosp'rous dayes,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.
\[\text{Ant. aside. Well, I must Man it out; What would the Queen?}\]
Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend,
Your daring courage in the Chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.
\[\text{Ven. Yes, witness Actium.}\]
Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.
Alex. You, when his matchless valor bears him forward,
With ardor too Heroick, on his foes
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Triffles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wish return, she will redeem
\[\text{Gives Jewels to the Commanders.}\]
With all the Wealth of \& Egypt:
This, to the great Ventidius, she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Ven. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not ashamed of honest Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deserving be plac'd.

Ani. And who must wear 'em then?

Ven. The wrong'd Octavia.

Ani. You might have spar'd that word.

Ven. And he that Bribe.

Ani. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one:

Your slave, the Queen——

Ani. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistress,

Your Mistress would, she says, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This Ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arme. [Presenting a Bracelet.

Ven. Now, my best Lord, in Honor's name, I ask you,

For Manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,

Touch not these poison'd gifts,

Infected by the sender, touch 'em not,

Miracles of blewest Plagues yee underneath 'em,

And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ani. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, Ventidius.

A Lady's favors may be worn with honor.

What, to refuse her Bracelet! On my Soul,

When I yee pensive in my Tent alone,

'Twill pass the wakeful hours of Winter nights,

To tell these pretty Beads upon my arm,

To count for every one a soft embrace,

A melting kiss at such and such a time;

And now and then the fury of her love.

When—and what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none my Lord,

But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ani. going to tye it. We Soldiers are so awkward——help me tye it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward

In these affairs: so are all Men indeed;

Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ani. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone

Are fit to tye it; she, who sent it, can.

Ven. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.

You will not see her? [Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT II

Ant. But to take my leave.

Ven. Then I have wash'd an Æthiop. Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are destroy'd;
Her eyes do Cesar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon.
I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me Barbarous, neither.
Born in the depths of Africk: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the Rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewel.

Ven. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant;
You are not proof against a smile, or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And, now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a Meeting?

Then, we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates our selves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heav'n; and all the World,
(As 'twere the bus'ness of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my Love: ev'n you your self
Joyn with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late Posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lye
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favor me with silence,

Cleo. You command me,

And I am dumb:

Ven. I like this well: he shows Authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——-

Cleo. O Heav'n's! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.
APPENDIX

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your Eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I setted
Your Father in his Throne, was for your sake,
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival,
But, I deserv'd you first, though he enjoy'd you
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An Enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my self——

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosome, stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you
And hid me from the bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Ven. aside. Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

Ant. How I lov'd
Witness ye Days and Nights, and all your hours
That Danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I unty'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first;
So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War
In Italy, to call me back.

Ven. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your love for't.)

Ven. Well push'd: that last was home.

Cleop. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia dy'd;
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd)
To set the World at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cesar's Sister; in her pride of youth
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman Arms; the Cause was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;
You hindered it: yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Honor!
Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vow. What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, Would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest Man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwrack of my Fortunes;
 Twelve Legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. aside. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.

Vow. Now lay a Sigh i'th way, to stop his passage:

Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Clor. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my Judge
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For, love once past, is, at the best, forgotten;
But oftener sour's to hate: 'twill please my Lord
To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction.
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,
And justifie this breach.

Clor. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vow. After this

I think she'll blush at nothing.

Clor. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that Caesar first
APPENDIX

Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Caesar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my Lord:
He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Caesar lov'd me; but I lov'd Antony.
If I endure him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of Men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Ven. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd: 'tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasie Wife,
(Such Fulvia was)
Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me;—
And, Can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other Caesar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my Love to be refus'd for you!

Ven. Words, words; but Actium, Sir, remember Actium.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I Counsel'd
To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your friendship,
Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak; Would you have me perish, by my stay?

Cleo. If as a friend you ask my Judgment, go;
If as a Lover, stay. If you must perish:
'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Ven. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruine with her:
But, could she escape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this. [Giving Antony a Writing.

Could I have born
A life or death, a happiness or woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT II

Ant. By Hercules, the Writing of Octavius!
I know it well; 'tis that Proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in Murder.—

See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joyns all Syria to it, as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And joyn her Armes with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Anthony; and, yet I love you.
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle:
For I could part with life; with any thing,
But onely you. O let me dye but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. aside. He melts; We conquer.

Cleo. No: you shall go: your Int'rest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these
Weak Armes to hold you here.——

[Takes his hand.]

Go; leave me, Soldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Push me all pale and panting from your bosome,
And, when your March begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for Joy; and cry, she's dead:
The Soulsiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your Roman Gravity;
Ventidius chides; and strait your Brow clears up.
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forsaken Woman? and a Lover?—
Here let me breathe my last: envy me not
This minute in your Armes: I'll dye space:
As fast as ere I can; and end your trouble.

Ant. Dye! Rather let me perish: loos'nd Nature
Leap from its hinges. Sink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skyes to crush the neather World.
My Eyes, my Soul; my all!——

[Embraces her.]

Ven. And what's this Toy
In balance with your fortune, Honor, Fame?

Ant. What is't, Ventidius? it out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd Cesar now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.
This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
But, could she scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!
APPENDIX

Down on thy knees, Blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

/ 
Ven. I'll rather dye, than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! Whither? go from all that's excellent!

Faith, Honor, Virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your Caesar,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of Love, in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me Mad.

/ 
Ven. O Women! Women! Women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm.

Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to Caesar's Camp;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:
And long security makes Conquest easie.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleasures I have known, beat thick
On my remembrance: how I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And once Triumph o're Caesar [desert] we dye.

[Exit.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

At one door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a Train of Egyptians:
at the other, Antony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by
Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on Antony's part: then answer'd by Tim-
brets, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath between
them. A Dance of Egyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Antony.

Ant. I Thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow;

Cleo. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ant. My Brighter Venus!
Cleo. O my greater Mars!
Ant. Thou joinest us well, my Love!
Suppose me come from the Phigraun Plains,
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT III

Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury those I slew: receive me, goddess:
Let Cesar spread his subtile Nets, like Vulcan,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By Heaven and Earth at once:
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those who took us blush; I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of Love, in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring
Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

[Exeunt the rest.

As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.

Vem. Emperor.
Ant. looking back. 'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee spare me.
Vem. But this one hearing, Emperor.
Ant. Let go
My Robe; or, by my Father Hercules——
Vem. By Hercules his Father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.
Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd; attend me here,
And I'll return.
Vem. I'm waning in his favor, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruine;
And, sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lye so mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can conquer.
You see, without your aid.
We have dislodg'd their Troops,
They look on us at distance, and, like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
Appendix

And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thousand Romans with their faces upward,
Lye breathless on the Plain.

Ven. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd Ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier Peace, while Caesar doubts the Chance
Of Arms!——

Ant. O think not on't, Ventidius;
The Boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace:
His malice is considerate in advantage;
O, he's the coolest Murderer, so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Ven. Have you no friend
In all his Army, who has power to move him,
Mecenas, or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Caesar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

Ven. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such Victories as this,
Will save thy farther pains.

Ven. Expect no more; Caesar is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of Egyptians: he has all the World,
And, at his back, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search
For Forreign aids? to hunt my memory,
And range all o're a waste and barren place
To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Caesar loves beyond the love of Women;
He could resolve his mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Ven. Him would I see; that man of all the world:
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each others brests,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt,
As meeting streams, both to our selves were lost;
We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Ven. aside. He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his name: 'twas Dollabella.

Vem. He's now in Cesar's Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: he confess
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Vem. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Vem. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

Vem. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your answer in your eyes; you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A Messenger from Cesar's Camp, with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear. [Exit Ventidius, and Re-enters
immediately with Dollabella.

Vem. I'll bring him instantly.

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship!
Art thou return'd at last, my better half?
Come, give me all my self.
Let me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond.

Dolla. I must be silent; for my Soul is busie
About a nobler work: she's new come home,
Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me.
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.

Dolla. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, Oh my Dollabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me:
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worship my uprising? Menial Kings
Ran coursing up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dolla. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Caesar's now; and what am I?

Ven. What you have made your self; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dolla. Yes, when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love: the Queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy Brothers death?

Dolla. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear her self,
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her Gally down the Silver Cydnus row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The Gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple sails:
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch, were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born Venus, lay.

Dolla. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That plaid about her face: but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the object: to soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought: 'twas Heav'n, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dollabella, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my Brothers death?

Dolla. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to Nature. Yours——

Ven. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then you constrain'd the course,
And robb'd from Nature, to supply desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
But 'tis plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dolla. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no peoples love.

Ant. This from a friend?

Dolla. Yes, Anthony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To Cesar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cesar?

Dolla. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dolla. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no Honour,
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Ven. Then, granting this,
What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable Terms!

Ant. It was my Dollabella, or some God.

Dolla. Not I; nor yet Mecenas, nor Agrippa:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: show me that man
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face.

Ven. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n thou know'st how pleasing.

[Exit Vent.

Dolla. You'll remember
APPENDIX

To whom you stand oblig’d?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that’s my greatest curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dolla. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do’t: the Queen, my Dollabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy Fever?

Dolla. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Caesar tempted her,
At no less price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid’st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dolla. Yes, there’s my reason.

Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading Antony’s
two little Daughters.

Ant. Where?——-Octavia there!

Ven. What, is she poison to you? a Disease?

Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dolla. For shame, my Lord, if not for love, receive ‘em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet ‘em, embrace ‘em, bid ‘em welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev’n without your knowledge,
To clasp ‘em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to ‘em; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss ere you could reach the lips.

Ant. I stood amaz’d to think how they came hither

Ven. I sent for ‘em; I brought ‘em in, unknown

To Cleopatra’s Guards.

Dolla. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.

Who am I?

Ant. Caesar’s Sister.

Octav. That’s unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Caesar’s Sister,
Know, I had still remain’d in Caesar’s Camp;
But your Octavia, your much injur’d Wife,
Tho’ banish’d from your Bed, driv’n from your House,
In spight of Caesar’s Sister, still is yours.

’Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a Wife’s Virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it. [Taking his hand. 

Ven. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dolla. On my Soul,
And so she does: she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean,
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassador,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother,

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, Cæsar? shall I set
A Man, my Equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dolla. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:
My Friend too! To receive some vile conditions.
My Wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded Slave:
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Octav. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take: I love your Honour,
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brothers Slave.
Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, tho' my Brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march
To rule the East: I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen Honour!

Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dolla. O, she has toucht him in the tender'st part;
See how he reddens with despight and shame
To be out-done in Generosity!
Ven. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?
Octav. It was, my Lord.
Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not, who, to her self,
May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.
Ven. I'm glad it pinches there.
Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's Virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who slights my Bed.
Ant. Therefore you love me not.
Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.
Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me?
Octav. And therefore I should leave you——if I could.
Dolla. Her Souls too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.
Ant. O, Dollabella, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my Soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?
Ven. Justice and Pity both plead for Octavia;
For Cleopatra, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their merits are unequal.
Ant. O, my distracted Soul!
Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His Children: go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer. [Here the Children go to him, etc.

Vem. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!
Dolla. Friend!
Octav. Husband!
Both Childr. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish’d; take me,
Octavia; take me, Children; share me all. [Embracing them.
I’ve been a thriftless Debtor to your loves,
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour!
Dolla. O happy change!
Vem. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two chanes here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev’n to thy Brothers Camp.
Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours——

Ant. ’Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night; To morrow,
Cesar and we are one. [Ex. leading Octavia. Dol.
Vem. There’s news for you; run,
and the Children follow.

My officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste. [Exit.

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull’d Hero,
This blunt unthinking Instrument of death,
With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
Pleasure forsook my early’st Infancy,
The luxury of others robb’d my Cradle,
And ravish’d thence the promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by kind;
Yet, greatness kept me from contempt: that’s gone.
Had Cleopatra follow’d my advice,
Then he had been betray’d, who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys:
Gods, is this just, that I, who knows no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!
Octavia’s here!
Cleop. Peace with that Raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The pangs of death.
Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is lost.
Cleop. What tell' st thou me of Egypt?
My Life, my Soul is lost! Octavia has him!
O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
While I—-But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair,
Bright as a Goddess? and is all perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that course matter which, when she was finish'd,
The Gods threw by, for rubbish.
Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.
Cleop. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!
Alex. bowing. A Miracle;
I mean of Goodness; for in beauty, Madam,
You make all wonders cease.
Cleop. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompence. But, Oh,
I fear thou flatter'st me.
Char. She comes! she's here!
Iras. Flie, Madam, Cesar's Sister!
Cleop. Were she the Sister of the Thunderer Jove,
And bore her Brothers Lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival. [Meets Octav. with Ventid. Octav.
Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra, bears up to her. Their Trains
Your haughty carriage—— come up on either side.
Cleop. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask you who you are.
Octav. A Roman:
A name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.
Cleop. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.
Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that name
To be a Slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.
Cleop. Peace, peace, my Lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that Houshold-Clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easie; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares; let Cesar witness.
Cleop. I lov'd not Cesar; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him,
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT III

In my esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Oct. coming up close to her. I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,
To find th' inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleop. O, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a Roman Lady,
Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not blush, to own those black endearments
That make sin pleasing?

Cleop. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bonvenile Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest Man;
Should I not thank 'em? should I be asham'd,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleop. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruine.

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium, who betray'd him? Cleopatra.
Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me
A wretched Widow? only Cleopatra.

Cleop. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To guild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: the World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy wish.

Cleop. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a Rivals scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
To ruine her; who else must ruine you.

Cleop. Vain Promiser!
APPENDIX

Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras:
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to my self, to take alone
My fill of grief:
There I till death will his unkindness weep:
As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep. [Exeunt.

ACT. IV.

Antony, Dollabella.

Dolla. Why would you shift it from your self, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, Dollabella,
How many deaths are in this word Depart!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers, would thaw me into tears
And I should melt till I were lost agen.

Dolla. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.

Dolla. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure
Of some sad Lovers death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.—I should speak
So faintly; with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: think thy self me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: wilt thou do this?

Dolla. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task: Farewel.
I sent her word to meet you. [Goes to the door, and comes back.
I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with Cesar.—O, be sure
To think on that. [Antony goes again to the
door, and comes back.

Dolla. Fear not, I will remember.

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
I did not this, but with extreamest force:
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

**Dolla.** Trust me, I’ll not forget it.

**Ant.** Then that’s all. [Goes out, and returns again.]

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, tho’ we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another Love,
The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;
For every time I have return’d, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both.

**Dolla.** Men are but Children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, busie and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the Worlds open view: thus I discover’d,
And blam’d the love of ruin’d **Antony**;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin’d.

**Enter Ventidius above.**

**Ven.** Alone? and talking to himself? concern’d too?
Perhaps my gues is right: he lov’d her once,
And may pursue it still.

**Dolla.** O Friendship! Friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and Reason, worse:
Unfaithful in th’ attempt; hopeless to win;
And, if I win, undone: meer madness all.
And yet th’ occasion’s fair. What injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

**Ven.** None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with **Antony.**

**Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas, Charmion, Inras on the other side.**

**Dolla.** She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleas’d to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning, in a Winter’s night,
And shows a moments day.

**Ven.** If she should love him too! Her Eunuch there!
That Peripisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear. [Dollabella goes over to Charmion and
**Alex.** Believe me; try Inras; seems to talk with them.
To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polisht Glass held to the lips when life’s in doubt:
If there be breath, ’twill catch the damp and show it.

**Cleop.** I grant you jealousy’s a proof of love,
APPENDIX

But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. "Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this Dollabella, who so fit
To practice on? He's handsom, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word, or glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amid before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleop. Can I do this? Ah no; my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove,
Fond without art; and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Hast thrust me out to the wide World, un furnish'd
Of falsehood to be happy.

Alex. Force your self.
Th' event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleop. I must attempt it;
But Oh with what regret! Exit Alex. [She comes up to Dollabella.

Ven. So, now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleop. to Dol. Discouraging with my Women! Might not I
Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleop. How; and how?
Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleop. Moor Poetry.

Your Roman Wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Citheris and Delia.

Dolla. Those Roman Wits have never been in Egypt,
Citheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen——had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nobler name.

Cleop. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your Nation's vice: all of your Country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dolla. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleop. Well, he sent you——

Dolla. Of a less pleasing errand.
Cleop. How less pleasing?
Less to your self, or me?

Dolla. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleop. You, Charmion, and your Fellow, stand at distance.
(Aside.) Hold up, my Spirits.—Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dolla. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news: and I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleop. Of all your Sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Ven. Most delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd, inconstant Sex!

Cleop. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dolla. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleop. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom.—Farewel, Egypt.
Yet, is there any more?

Dolla. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleop. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poysons are by Poysons.

Dolla. —You o'errage me, Madam,
To find your grieves so moderately born.

Ven. You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleop. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dolla. Some men are constant.

Cleop. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

Dolla. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Ven. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.

[Doll. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought,
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to bear:
But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easie; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleop. Hold, Dollabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or sought you this employment?

Dolla. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleop. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollifie that rugged word Depart.

Dolla. Oh, you mistake: he chose the harshest words,
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coy'd his face in the severest stamp:
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Aeolus,
In sounds scarce humane, 'Hence, away for ever:

'Let her begone, the blot of my renown, [All the time of this speech, Cleop.
'And bane of all my hopes: seems more and more concern'd,
'Let her be driv'n as far as men can think till she sinks quite down.

'From Mans commerce: She'll payson to the Center.'

Cleop. Oh, I can bear no more!
Dolla. Help, help: Oh Wretch! Oh cursed, cursed Wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Help, chase her Temples, Iras.
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.

Cleop. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
Th' abode of Falsehood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love! For pity, let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such words as fright her hence. Unkind, unkind.

Dolla. kneeling. Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak,
That sure deserves belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear Farewels;
How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I, Traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forg'd that lye; for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accused, self-punished Criminal.

Cleop. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dollabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
Th' advance of kindness which I made, was feigned,
To call back fleeting love by jealousie;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dolla. I find your breast fenc'd round from humane reach,
Transparent as a Rock of solid Crystal;
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT IV

Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

**Cleop.** Could you not beg
An hours admittance to his private ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful march:
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

**Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.**

//**Ven.** From hence you may discover——Oh, sweet, sweet!
//Would you indeed? the pretty hand in earnest?

**Dolla. takes her hand.** I will, for this reward.—Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

//**Ven.** They turn upon us.

**Octav.** What quick eyes has guilt!

//**Ven.** Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

**Dolla.** Saw you the Emperor, Ventidius? **Ven.** No.
I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but Hipparchus his Freedman.

**Dolla.** Know you his bus'ness?

//**Ven.** Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother Caesar.

**Dolla.** Well,
He must be found.

**Octav.** Most glorious impudence!

**Ven.** She look'd me thought
As she would say, Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

**Octav.** Let it die.

**Ven.** I pity Dollabella; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;
And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. **Anthony**
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd—but for a farther purpose
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a Strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, sha' not be.


Enter Antony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love:
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius!

Ven. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dollabella?

Ven. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Ven. aloud. It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly.—My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my Farewell? He did it by my Order.

Ven. aloud. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all——love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Ven. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. aloud. Thou dost belye her;
Most basely, and maliciously belye her.

Ven. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. coming up. You seem disturb'd, my Lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Ven. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent——

Ant. angrily. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Ven. to Octav. 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.
Ant. She saw it!

Ven. Yes; she saw young Dollabella——

Ant. Young Dollabella!

Ven. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his:
At which, he whisper'd kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, That constancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my Friend!
Not Cleopatra?

Ven. Ev'n she, my Lord!

Ant. My Cleopatra?

Ven. Your Cleopatra;

Dollabella's Cleopatra:

Every Man's Cleopatra.*

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Ven. I do not lye, my Lord.
Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.
What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, tho' 'tis past, I would not that the World
Should tax my former choice: That I lov'd one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Ven. What has my age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho Heav'n and Earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

* 'Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.'—Much Afo, III, ii, 108.—Ed.
APPENDIX

Ven. I'll bring you then a Witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back; [Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.
For stay you must and shall.
Alex. What means my Lord?
Ven. To make you do what most you hate; speak truth.

You are of Cleopatra's private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as Chaldæans do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what day.
Alex. My noble Lord.

Ven. My most illustrious Pandar,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'erhears your Queen make love
To Dottabella. Speak; for I will know,
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment;
And when the happy hour.
Ant. Speak truth, Alexas, whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not: justifie
Thy injur'd Queen from malice: dare his worst.
Octav. aside. See, how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shews his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!
Alex. As far as love may plead for Woman's frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the Lover;
So far (Divine Octavia!) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report.
Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.
Alex. To you, most Noble Emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justifi'd;
Her Beauty's charms alone, without her Crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant Vows
Of sighing Kings; and at her feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would Reign:
She thought a Roman only could deserve her;
And, of all Romans, only Antony.
And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion.
Ant. 'Tis but truth.
Alex. And yet, tho' love, and your unmatch'd desert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honor,
At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy Bed she lawlessly usurpt,
The sad effects of this improsperous War,
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Ven. aside. O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not,
Pronounce that fatal word.

Octav. aside. Must I bear this? good Heav'n afford me patience.

Ven. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half man, proceed.

Alex. Yet Dollabella
Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like Lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd——-

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes,
Then joy thou too, and help to torture her. [Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extream concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me: I am much disorder'd.

Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Ven. Obey him, Madam: best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia; I am prest with sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
APPENDIX

You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turn’d a Dollabella too,
And let this Fury loose?

Ven. Oh, be advis’d,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, love will not always last,
When urg’d with long unkindness, and disdain;
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call’d. Poor coz’n’d Man!
Let a feign’d parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign’d love first got; for injur’d me,
Tho’ my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.

To the dear pledges of our former love,
My tenderness and care shall be transferr’d,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my Widow’d Nights:
So, take my last farewell; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

Ven. I combat Heav’n, whichblasts my best designs:
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear in vain.

Ant. Why was I fram’d with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the World?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc’d a smile at Cleopatra’s falshood:
Octavia had believ’d it, and had staid;
But I am made a shallow-for’d Stream,
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorn’d,
And all my faults expos’d!———See, where he comes

Enter Dollabella.

Who has prophan’d the Sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into wileness!
With how secure a brow, and specious form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heav’n mis-match’d it,
And furnish’d Treason out with Natures pomp,
To make its work more easie.

Dolla. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, Dollabella, you perform’d my message?

Dolla. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wisht it.
Dolla. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she received my message, with as true,
With as unsign'd a sorrow, as you brought it?

Dolla. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, Dollabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dolla. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first
Perswaded me: how come you alter'd since?

Dolla. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell: and, see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False Dollabella!

Dolla. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why, Dollabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly bosom, warm'd
Till I am stung to death.

Dolla. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleop. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight pains, invented
When love was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh there's no farther name, two such——to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Mistress
Was what the World could give. Oh, Cleopatra!
Oh, Dollabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an Infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept.
Secure of injur'd Faith?

**Dolla.** If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

**Ant.** If she wrong'd me,
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

**Dolla.** Not so as I love you.

**Ant.** Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

**Dolla.** No more than Friendship will allow.

**Ant.** No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd.—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But not so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! *Vindex* heard it;
*Octavia* saw it.

**Cleon.** They are enemies.

**Ant.** *Alexas* is not so: he, he confess it;
He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
(To *Doll.* Why do I seek a proof beyond your self?
You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,
Return'd to plead her stay.

**Dolla.** What shall I answer?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

**Cleon.** Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spight of all the damns, my love broke o'er,
And drown'd my heart again: Fate took th' occasion;
And thus one minutes feigning has destroy'd
My whole life's truth.

**Ant.** Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;

Seen, and broke through at first.

**Dolla.** Forgive your Mistress.

**Cleon.** Forgive your Friend.

**Ant.** You have convinc'd your selves,
You plead each others Cause: What Witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealouzie?

**Cleon.** Our selves, and Heav'n.

**Ant.** Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, Love and Friendship;
You have no longer place in humane breasts,
These two have driv'n you out: avoid my sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dolla. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where truth is greatest: and the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight, for ever.

Cleop. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys are center'd here:
What place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you;
I, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With strictest Justice: for I beg no favour:
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your part;
But Honour stops my ears.

Cleop. For pity hear me!
Wou'd you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure;
One look, one kind farewell: Oh Iron heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!

Anth. No more: Alexis!

Dolla. A perjur'd Villain!

Anth. to Cleop. Your Alexis; yours.

Cleop. O 'twas his plot: his ruinous design
T' ingage you in my love by jealousie.

Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.
APPENDIX

Anh. I have; I have.
Cleop. And if he clear me not——
Anh. Your Creature I one who hangs upon your smiles!
Watches your eye to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.
Cleop. Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' appearance is against me; and I go
Unjustif'd, for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know my self:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.
Anh. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive.——
Live; but live wretched, 'tis but just you shou'd,
Who made me so: Live from each others sight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,
And all the Seas, betwixt your sunder'd Loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skys:
Now, all take several ways;
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore;
That you were false, and I could trust no more. [Exeunt severally.

ACT. V.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. Be juster, Heav'n: such virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.
Cleop. I cou'd tear out these eyes, that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. O the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith.——I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me.—— [She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O Alexas, help!
The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its passage.
Cleop. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!——O,
O, for a little breath, to vent my rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim’d truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty?
To place my self beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush’d, and pounded into Atomes,
By its o’erwhelming weight? ’Tis too presuming
For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow’r
Which courts its own destruction.

Cleop. I wou’d reason
More calmly with you. Did not you o’er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealously?
Now, what’s th’ event? Octavia is remov’d;
But Cleopatra’s banish’d. Thou, thou, Villain,
Has push’d my Boat, to open Sea; to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I’m lost too far; I’m ruin’d:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil.—
I can no more; thou, and my griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack’d Seaman near the shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the others weight; wou’d he look back
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gain’d the heighth.

Cleop. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. Octavia’s gone, and Dollabella banish’d.
Believe me, Madam, Antony is yours.
His heart was never lost; but started off
To Jealousie, Love’s last retreat and covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in silence,
And list’ning for the sound that calls it back,
Some other, any man, (’tis so advanc’d)
May perfect this unfinish’d work, which I
(Unhappy only to my self) have left
So easie to his hand.

Cleop. Look well thou do’t; else——

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—-Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos; from whose Turret,
He stands surveying our Egyptian Gallies,
Engag’d with Caesar’s Fleet: now Death, or Conquest.
If the first happen, Fate acquits my promise:
If we o’ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

A distant Shout within.

Char. Have comfort, Madam; did you mark that Shout?
APPENDIX

Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.
Alex. 'Tis from the Port.
The loudness shows it near: good news, kind Heavens.
Cleop. Osiris make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?
Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!
As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,
When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!
Egypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:
Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleop. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou com'st, (though Fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from Pharos;
From viewing (spare me and imagine it)
Our Lands last hope, your Navy.

Cleop. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleop. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; th' Egyptian Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear: and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleop. Enough, Serapion:
I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I lost Antony, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Serap. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fain
Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cesar's Galley:
With-held, he raves on you; cries, He's betray'd.
Should he now find you.——

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleop. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument,
While I make speed to Cesar.

Cleop. Cesar! No,
I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleop. Base fawning Wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a Traitor;
'Twas thy design brought all this ruine on us;
Serapis, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from Cesar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.

Alex. O Heavens! I dare not,
I meet my certain death.

Cleop. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life;
But I'll be justif'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleop. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapis.


Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this being,
Which, like a Snow-ball, in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor Reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spight of thee,
These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say, to save my self from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Ant. within. Which way? where?

Ven. within. This leads to th' Monument.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
APPENDIX

My gift of lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy Caesar! Thou best men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony;
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Ven. Come on this treach'rous Train:
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with baseness;
And their young Souls come tainted to the World
With the first breath they draw.

Ant. Th' original Villain sure no God created;
He was a Bastard of the Sun, by Nile,
Ape'd into Man; with all his Mother's Mind
Crusted about his Soul.

Ven. The Nation is
One Universal Traitor: and their Queen
The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from Valor?
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?
The least unmortgag'd hope? for, if there be,
VIRTUE I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as Caesar.
The World's one half is yet in Antony;
And, from each limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.

Ven. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last assault
Lopt off the rest: if death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Strength; but side by side
Fight earnestly: and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou givst, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman Fate,
That I would not be Caesar, to out-live you.
When we put off this dress, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' Ethereal crowd;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with Antony.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,
And reach our Venerable yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
T' o'er-leap this Gulf of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Ant. See, see, that Villain;
See Cleopatra stamp't upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his count'rance for deceit.
And promises a lye, before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first.

Alex. O, spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dollabella!

Die, Traitor, I revoke my promise, die.

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: my eyes
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream, of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the Spring of Caesar.

Alex. Think not so:
For Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Caesar,
Secure by such a bribe!

Ant. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument: look'd down, and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast,
Ant. My heart forebodes.——

Ven. All for the best: go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard,
And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
And ask him if he yet suspect my Faith.

More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Ven. Heav'n be praise'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound shou'd be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hast been true——. But Innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Ven. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious;
And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a Roman Emperor to perform.

Alex. aside. He loves her still:
His grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the reconcilement.
I've sav'd my self, and her. But, Oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

Ven. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho,
Before Octavia went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come, rouze your self, and lets die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight; there's no more work for War.
The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Ven. Cesar is at your Gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Ven. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free my self from bondage.

Ven. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius!
What shou'd I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
DRYDEN—ALL FOR LOVE, ACT V

Were but my Merchandise to buy her love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let Caesar take the World,——
An Empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife; my being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.
   Ven. Wou'd you be taken?
   Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a Roman ought, dead, my Ventidius:
For I'll convey my Soul from Caesar's reach,
And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon 't; I'm weary of my part.
My Torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black Desart, at th' approach of night;
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.
   Ven. I cou'd be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: choose your death;
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take; I'm only troubled
The life I bear, is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I cou'd wish indeed
We throw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two Lyons taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.
   Ant. I have thought on't.
   Ventidius, you must live.
   Ven. I must not, Sir.
   Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?
   Ven. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?
   Ant. Say, I command it.
   Ven. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witness.
   Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee; I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee Friends with Caesar.
   Ven. Thank your kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I shou'd die
With a hard thought of you?
APPENDIX

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.

Since I have heard of Cleopatra’s death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But let my thoughts break all at random out;
I’ve thought better; do not deny me twice.

Ven. By Heav’n, I will not.

Let it not be t’ out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,

And then die thou: for ’tis but just thou serve
Thy friend, before thy self.

Ven. Give me your hand.

We soon shall meet again. Now, Farewel, Emperor.

Methinks that word’s too cold to be my last:
Since Death sweeps all distinctions, Farewel, Friend.

That’s all.—

I will not make a bus’ ness of a trife:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;

Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do; strike home be sure.

/ Ven. Home, as my Sword will reach.

Ant. O, thou mistak’st;

That wound was none of thine: give it me back:
Thou robb’st me of my death.

Ven. I do indeed;

But, think ’tis the first time I e’er deceiv’d you;
If that may plead my pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur’d,
RATHER THAN KILL MY FRIEND.

Ant. Farewel. Ever my LEADER, EV’N IN DEATH!

My Queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I’m the last of Honour.—Gone so soon?

Is death no more? He us’d him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness: ere he knock’d,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who should say, Y’ are welcome at all hours,
A Friend need give no warning: Books had spoil’d him;
For all the Learnd’r are Cowards by profession.
’Tis not worth

My farther thought; for death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here’s to be satisf’d.
I’ve mist my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never cou’dst have err’d in a worse time.
My Fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great Man, takes state, and makes me wait

For my admittance.—

Some perhaps from Caesar:

If he shou’d find me living, and suspect
That I plaid booty with my life! I’ll mend

My work, ere they can reach me.

[Embrace.

Kills himself.

Dies.

Falls on his sword.

Trampling within.

Rises upon his knees.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Cleop. Where is my Lord? where is he?
Char. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
Cleop. My fears were Prophets; I am come too late.

O that accurs'd Alexas! [Runs to him.

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?
Cleop. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help. [They place him in a Chair.

Ant. I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.
Cleop. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur:
So I come back, for thee.
Cleop. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;
Now show your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleop. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, Alexas feign'd my death:
Which, when I knew, I hasted, to prevent
This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And Dottabella.

Cleop. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: my life's not long enough for more.

Thou sayst thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe what'er thou sayst,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleop. I will come:
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
Just till our close of ev'n ing. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th' utmost joys: What Ages have we liv'd?
APPENDIX

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,
While Troops of Lovers Gho'sts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Ces. Your words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love?

Ass. N.; not a minute.——This one kiss——more worth
Than all I leave to Caesar.

Ces. O, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord : speak, if you yet have being:
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak: or cast
One look: Do any thing that shows you live.

Brut. He's gone too far, to hear you:
And this you see, a lump of senseless Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Ces. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Ces. And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a Roman not to know
What should become his Wife: his Wife, my Caesar's
For 'ts to that high Title I aspire,
And now I'll not die less. Let dull Cæsar
Survive, to mourn him dead: my noble Fate
Shall mix our Spouses with a tie too strong
For Roman Laws to break.

Brut. Will you then die?

Ces. Why should the Queen make that question?

Brut. Caesar is merciful.

Ces. Let him be so
To those that want his mercy: my poor Lord
Made no such Covenant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Caesar's praise?

What, to be lest in triumph through the Streets,
A spectacle to base Plebeian eyes:
While some dejected Friend of Antonius's
Close in a corner, shaks his head, and sobs
A secret curse on her who cou'd him?
I'll none of that.

Ces. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to death.

Brut. I only fear'd
For you: but none should fear to live without you.

Ces. Why, sup't as it shou'd be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch; ere this, the Train's in Caesar's hands:
My Lord loses his power concern'd, and loses my step.
Lest I should be surpris'd:
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
Dryden—All for Love, Act V

You, Charmion, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, Ira, bring the cure of all our ills.

Ira. The Aspicks, Madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[Exit Char. and Ira.

'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force life on me,
To rush into the dark abyss of death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,

Than see him in her arms.———O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion, Ira.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends;

But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Coul'st triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: my second Spousals
Shall match my first, in Glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of Antony.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer Caesar too, like him,
And win my share o' th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my Immortal Love!

O let no Impious hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it deny'd his life.
Reach me the Casket.

Ira. Underneath the fruit the Aspicks lies.

Cleo. putting aside the leaves. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!

Thou best of Thieves; who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves: discharging so
Death's dreadful office, better than himself,

Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.
APPENDIX

SERAP. WITHIN. The Queen, where is she?
The town is yielded, Cæsar’s at the gates.

CLEOP. He comes too late t’ invade the Rights of Death.
Haste, bare my Arm, and rouse the Serpent’s fury. [Holds out her Arm, and
draws it back.

Wou’dst thou conspire with Cæsar, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I’ll force thee to’t,
And not be sent by him,
But bring my self my Soul to Antony. [Turns aside, and then shows
Take hence; the work is done.

SERAP. WITHIN. Break ope the door,
And guard the Traitor well.

CHAR. The next is ours.

IRAS. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress.

CLEOP. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with such a will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now ’tis at my head: my eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vanish’d in a mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast.———Cæsar, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. (Dies.) Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies;
Charmion stands behind her Chair, as dressing her head.

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.

2 PRIESTS. Behold, Serapion, what havoc Death has made!

SERAP. ’Twas what I fear’d.

CHAR. Yes, ’tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race: I follow her.

ALEXAS. ’Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in Rome.

SERAP. See, see how the Lovers sit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th’ impression of a smile left in her face,
Shows she dy’d pleas’d with him for whom she liv’d,
And went to charm him in another World.

Cæsar’s just entering; grief has now no leisure.
Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety
To grace th’ Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,
Secure from humane chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o’er your Tomb;
And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,
No Lovers liv’d so great, or dy’d so well.

[Hereupon follows an Epilogue, in about thirty lines, of purely local and tempo-
rary interest.]
REMARKS ON ALL FOR LOVE—SCOTT

REMARKS ON ALL FOR LOVE

SIR WALTER SCOTT (Introduction to 'All for Love,' Dryden's Works, V, 287, London, 1808) : The first point of comparison [between Shakespeare's Play and Dryden's] is the general conduct, or plot, of the tragedy. . . . Shakespeare, with the license peculiar to his age and character, had diffused the action of his play over Italy, Greece, and Egypt; but Dryden, who was well aware of the advantage to be derived from a simplicity and concentration of plot, has laid every scene in the city of Alexandria. By this he guarded the audience from that vague and puzzling distraction which must necessarily attend a violent change of place. It is a mistake to suppose that the argument in favour of the unity depends upon preserving the deception of the scene; they are necessarily connected with the intelligibility of the piece. It may be true, that no spectator supposes that the stage before him is actually the court of Alexandria; yet, when he has once made up his mind to let it pass as such during the representation, it is a cruel tax, not merely on his imagination, but on his powers of comprehension, if the scene be suddenly transferred to a distant country. Time is lost before he can form new associations, and reconcile their bearings with those originally presented to him, and if he be a person of slow comprehension, or happens to lose any part of the dialogue, announcing the changes, the whole becomes unintelligible confusion. In this respect, and in discarding a number of uninteresting characters, the plan of Dryden's play must be unequivocally preferred to that of Shakespeare in point of coherence, unity, and simplicity. It is a natural consequence of this more artful arrangement of the story, that Dryden contents himself with the concluding scene of Antony's history, instead of introducing the incidents of the war with Cneius Pompey, the negotiation with Lepidus, death of his first wife, and other circumstances, which, in Shakespeare, only tend to distract our attention from the main interest of the drama. The unity of time, as necessary as that of place to the intelligibility of the drama, has, in like manner, been happily attained; and an interesting event is placed before the audience with no other change of place, and no greater lapse of time, than can be readily adapted to an ordinary imagination. But, having given Dryden the praise of superior address in managing the story, I fear he must be pronounced in most other respects inferior to his grand prototype. Antony, the principal character in both plays, is incomparably grander in that of Shakespeare. The majesty and generosity of the military hero is happily expressed by both poets; but the awful ruin of grandeur, undermined by passion, and tottering to its fall, is far more striking in the Antony of Shakespeare. Love, it is true, is the predominant, but it is not the sole ingredient in his character. It has usurped possession of his mind, but is assailed by his original passions, ambition of power, and thirst for military fame. He is, therefore, often, and it should seem naturally represented, as feeling for the downfall of his glory and power, even so intensely as to withdraw his thoughts from Cleopatra, unless considered as the cause of his ruin. Thus, in the scene in which he compares himself to 'black Vesper's pageants,' he runs on in a train of fantastic and melancholy similes, having relation only to his fallen state, till the mention of Egypt suddenly recalls the idea of Cleopatra. But Dryden has taken a different view of Antony's character, and more closely approaching to his title of All for Love. 'He seems not now that awful Antony.' His whole thoughts and being are dedicated to his fatal passion; and though a spark of resentment is occasionally struck out by the reproaches of Ventidius, he instantly relapses into love-sick melancholy. The fol-
lowing beautiful speech exhibits the romance of despairing love, without the deep and mingled passion of a dishonoured soldier, and dethroned emperor: [All for Love: 'Ant. Lie there, thou shadow of an Emperor. . . . And take me for their fellow-citizen,' p. 417.] Even when Antony is finally ruined, the power of jealousy is called upon to complete his despair, and he is less sensible to the idea of Caesar's successful arms than to the risk of Dolabella's rivalling him in the affections of Cleopatra. It is true, the Antony of Shakespeare also starts into fury, upon Cleopatra permitting Thyreus to kiss her hand; but this is not jealousy; it is pride offended, that she, for whom he had sacrificed his glory and empire, should already begin to court the favour of the conqueror, and vouchsafe her hand to be saluted by a 'jack of Caesar's.' Hence Enobarbus, the witness of the scene, alludes immediately to the fury of mortified ambition and falling power: 'Tis better playing with 'a lion's whelp, Than with an old one dying.' . . . Having, however, adopted an idea of Antony's character, rather suitable to romance than to nature, or history, we must not deny Dryden the praise of having exquisitely brought out the picture he intended to draw. He has informed us, that this was the only play written to please himself; and he has certainly exerted in it the full force of his incomparable genius. Antony is throughout the piece what the author meant him to be: a victim to the omnipotence of love, or rather to the infatuation of one engrossing passion.

In the Cleopatra of Dryden, there is greatly less spirit and originality than in Shakespeare's. The preparation of the latter for death has a grandeur which puts to shame the same scene in Dryden, and serves to support the interest during the whole fifth act, although Antony has died in the conclusion of the fourth. No circumstance can more highly evince the power of Shakespeare's genius, in spite of his irregularities; since the conclusion in Dryden, where both lovers die in the same scene, and after a reconciliation, is infinitely more artful and better adapted to theatrical effect. In the character of Ventidius, Dryden has filled up, with ability, the rude sketches, which Shakespeare has thrown off in those of Scævus [sic] and Eros. The rough old Roman soldier is painted with great truth; and the quarrel betwixt him and Antony, in the first act, is equal to any single scene that our author ever wrote, excepting, perhaps, that betwixt Sebastian and Dorastus; in an opinion in which the judgment of the critic coincides with that of the poet. It is a pity, as has often been remarked, that this dialogue occurs so early in the play, since what follows is necessarily inferior in force. Dryden, while writing this scene, had unquestionably in his recollection the quarrel betwixt Brutus and Cassius, which was justly so great a favourite in his time, and to which he had referred as inimitable in his prologue to Aurenz Zebel. The inferior characters are better supported in Dryden than in Shakespeare. We have no low buffoonery in the former, such as disgraces Enobarbus, and is hardly redeemed by his affecting catastrophe. Even the Egyptian Aenas acquires some respectability, from his patriotic attachment to the interests of his country, and from his skill as a wily courtier. . . . The Octavia of Dryden is a much more important personage than in the Antony and Cleopatra of Shakespeare. She is, however, more cold and unamiable; for, in the very short scenes in which the Octavia of Shakespeare appears, she is placed in rather an interesting point of view. But Dryden has himself informed us, that he was apprehensive the justice of a wife's claim upon her husband would draw the audience to her side, and lessen their interest in the lover and the mistress. He seems accordingly to have studiously lowered the character of the injured Octavia, who, in her conduct towards her husband, shews much duty and little love; and plainly intimates, that her rectitude of
conduct flows from a due regard to her own reputation, rather than from attachment to Antony's person, or sympathy with him in his misfortunes. It happens, therefore, with Octavia, as with all other very good selfish kind of people; we think it unnecessary to feel any thing for her, as she is obviously capable of taking very good care of herself. I must not omit, that her scolding scene with Cleopatra, although anxiously justified by the author in the preface, seems too coarse to be in character, and is a glaring exception to the general good taste evinced throughout the rest of the piece. . . . In judging betwixt these celebrated passages, [the descriptions by Shakespeare and by Dryden of Cleopatra on the Cydnus] we feel almost afraid to avow a preference of Dryden, founded partly upon the easy flow of the verse, which seems to soften with the subject, but chiefly upon the beauty of the language and imagery, which is flowery without diffusiveness, and rapturous without hyperbole. I fear Shakespeare cannot be exculpated from the latter fault; yet I am sensible, it is by sifting his beauties from his conceits that his imitator has been enabled to excel him. It is impossible to bestow too much praise on the beautiful passages which occur so frequently in All for Love. I content myself with extracting the sublime and terrific description of an omen presaging the downfall of Egypt. [*Scrap. Last night, between the Hours of Twelve and One. . . . And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.* p. 412.]

T. Campbell (p. 1xi): Dryden's All for Love was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's All for Love has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.* Dryden's Mark Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakspeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthrallment by Cleopatra, mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakspeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, whilst an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.

Mrs Jameson (ii, 170): Dryden has committed a great mistake in bringing Octavia and her children on the scene, and in immediate contact with Cleopatra. To have thus violated the truth of history † might have been excusable, but to sacrifice the truth of nature and dramatic propriety, to produce a mere stage effect, was unpardonable. In order to preserve the unity of interest, he has falsified the character of

* It ought to be kept in remembrance, nevertheless, that the inconstant representations of a popular dramatic poet's pieces on the stage is not a proof of his popularity having expired, or being even on the decline. The frequenters of the theatre demand variety. Molière is as much as ever a favourite of France, yet the pieces of other comic writers are often represented.

† Octavia was never in Egypt.
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Octavia as well as that of Cleopatra: he has presented us with a regular scolding match between the rivals, in which they come sweeping up to each other from opposite sides of the stage, with their respective trains, like two pea-hens in a passion. Shakespeare would no more have brought his captivating, brilliant, but meretricious Cleopatra into immediate comparison with the noble and chaste simplicity of Octavia, than a connoisseur in art would have placed Canova's Danatrice, beautiful as it is, beside the Athenian Melpomene, or the Vestal of the Capitol.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (Among my Books, p. 57, Boston, 1870): All for Love is, in many respects, a noble play, and there are few finer scenes, whether in the conception or the carrying out, than that between Antony and Ventidius in the first act.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS (Essays and Studies, p. 36, London, 1895): To compare All for Love with Antony and Cleopatra would be to compare works which, in all that pertains to the essence of poetry and tragedy, differ not in degree merely but in kind. And yet Dryden's tragedy, even from a dramatic point of view, is, with three or four exceptions, superior to anything produced by his contemporaries. If his Cleopatra is wretched, his Antony is powerfully sketched. The altercation between Antony and Ventidius, though modelled too closely on that between Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar, is a noble piece of dialectical rhetoric, while the scene between Cleopatra and Octavia is perhaps finer than anything which the stage had seen since Massinger.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBOURY (Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, p. 97, New York, 1901): Dryden's whole play is made to turn upon the infatuation for Cleopatra which has taken possession of the Roman commander, and against the force of which the loyalty of Ventidius struggles to no purpose. There are few things said and fewer things done by Antony which remind us of the great general, of the dishonored soldier, of the fallen master of half the world. He is little more than a sentimental love-sick swain, while the Egyptian queen has lost nearly every one of the characteristics with which she has impressed the ages, and is exhibited to us as displaying the behavior of a tender-hearted, affectionate, and wholly romantic school-girl. Scott, who is at his worst in his comparison of this play with Shakespeare's, assures us that its plan must be preferred to that of the latter's on the score of coherence, unity, and simplicity; and, further, that as a consequence of the more artful arrangement of the story, the unity of time, like that of place, so necessary to the intelligibility of the drama, has been happily attained. It is the last assertion alone which concerns us here. How has this unity of time been attained? It has been preserved by the studious suppression of all reference whatever to its passage. Events are crowded into it which history is not alone in assuring the scholar did not happen in the space assigned: common sense further assures everybody they could not possibly so have happened. Numerous minor incidents, however important, are not necessary to be considered in the examination of the play. But in this one day Antony goes out to fight a great battle. We only hear of it; there is no representation of it. On his return he reports that five thousand of his foes have been slain. As battles go in this world, the mere despatching of so large a number of men would encroach heavily upon the time allotted. Further, at a later period in this one day, the Egyptian fleet sets out to attack the enemy. Instead of fighting the Romans it goes over
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to them. Then follow the consequences of defeat and despair. This is the happy attainment of the same old spurious unity of time, which cheats our understanding at the cost of our attention. Yet, though marked by these and other defects, Dryden’s play is, after its kind, an excellent one. There are in it passages of great power, which will explain the favor with which it has been held by many. Had its author been gifted with dramatic genius, as he was not, he would doubtless have made it far more effective. But under the limitations imposed by the critical canons he accepted, neither he nor any one else could have drawn the picture of life which we find in the wonderful corresponding creation of the great poet of human nature.

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Dr Johnson: This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first Act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most timid speech in the play is that which Caesar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

W. Hazlitt (p. 95): This is a very noble play. Though not in the first class of Shakespeare’s productions, it stands next to them, and is, we think, the finest of his Historical Plays, that is, of those in which he made poetry the organ of history, and assumed a certain tone of character and sentiment, in conformity to known facts, instead of trusting to his observations of general nature or to the unlimited indulgence of his own fancy. What he has added to the history, is upon a par with it. His genius was, as it were, a match for history as well as nature, and could grapple at will with either. This play is full of that pervading comprehensive power by which the poet could always make himself master of time and circumstances. It presents a fine picture of Roman pride and Eastern magnificence: and in the struggle between the two, the empire of the world seems suspended, ‘like the swan’s down-feather, that stands upon the swell at full of tide, And neither way inclines.’ The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakespeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once becomes them, and speaks and acts for them. He does not present us with groups of stage-puppets or poetical machines making set speeches on human life, and acting from a calculation of ostensible motives, but he brings living men and women on the scene, who speak and act from real feelings, according to the ebbs and flows of passion, without the least tincture of the pedantry of logic or rhetoric. Nothing is made out by inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis, but every thing takes place just as it would have done in reality, according to the occasion.

(Page 102): Shakespeare’s genius has spread over the whole play a richness like the overflowing of the Nile.
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T. CAMPBELL (p. lxii): If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equally faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merits of skilful dramatic management, it would be Antony and Cleopatra. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps, a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoretic and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artificers took much greater liberties with historical truth;—he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil. At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The slip at her bosom, that falls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our sensation. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue: but with delicate skill he withdraws the purer woman from prominent contact with the venal Queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding match.

A. SKOTTOW (ii. 238): The passage most strongly expressive of the entire suggestion of Antony's reason to his passions, is his reply to Cleopatra's petition for pardon, when her indiscretion had effected his utter ruin: 'Fall not a tear, I say,' etc. III. xi. 73. The opinion entertained by the dramatic Antony of the worthless-ness of Cleopatra, is a circumstance entirely of the poet's own creation. Antony describes her as 'cunning past man's thought,' and designates her in terms which, to the mind of a lover, would naturally communicate feelings of unsatisfied desire. 'I found you as a nurse,' etc. III. xii. 142. He is fully alive to, and bitterly laments the folly and degradation of his conduct; but his utmost remorse are hereby opposed against the potent spell of his grave charm.—Whose eye 'beck' forth has 'ware, and call'd them home: Whose bosom was his answer, his chief end.' The passions and actions of Shakespeare's Antony, therefore, are diametrically opposed to each other: but there is no inconsistency in his conduct. The insensibility of Cleopatra is the link which binds her to the heart of Antony: unselfish and unselfishness herself, her depravity is congenial to his nature: that which others would have reviled from, is to him a spell. But, what was grateful to his appetite did not command his judgement. History has alike recorded Antony's intellectual ability and his corporeal vitality: a weapon to the latter, enough of the former; but Shakespeare survived to express in his memory the deepest sense of his folly, the weakness and the unworthiness of his misfortune. Shakespeare read the unrest thoughts of Antony: he has given them an everlasting record.

H. BALLAR (iii. 77): Antony and Cleopatra does not imitate, perhaps, so many striking instances as Julius Caesar, but is at least equally vivid in the geniuses of Shakespeare. Antony never was given up by himself; but he has his hesitation in his own vivid colours in the mirror mind or the Roman; ambition and love against all manner but himself. In Cleopatra he 'told less to please less,' like a master instruction of the same passions, more indices and necessary to reason and necessary, as they are found in women. This character being not one that can please, is strong and spirited designation has not been sufficiently reserved. It has, indeed, one a positive ambiguity: the type was in the courteous of Roman life, but the resemblance is that of Michael Angelo's Cæsars to a nouveau woman.
In these three tragedies [Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra] it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a grandiosity in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakespeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit.

Charles Bathurst (p. 130): Anthony and Cleopatra is carelessly written, with no attempt at dignity, considering what great personages are introduced; but with a great deal of nature, spirit, and knowledge of character, in very many parts, and with several most beautiful passages of poetry and imagination; as, for instance, the dream of Cleopatra. It has passages, where he lets his mind loose, and follows his fancy and feeling freely; particularly, perhaps, in the end; and even the verse breaks delightfully out of its trammels, as in the speech about the cloud. The subject of the play, in fact, was likely often to lead to this looser and softer character; tenderness, even weakness, is its business. It is historical; but it is chiefly the anecdote of history, not the dignity of it. Plutarch's Lives, his only authority, is in fact but, in great degree, a collection of anecdotes. But there was no occasion to read Plutarch, to understand the part of Cleopatra. The tenderness of feeling, however, extends itself to other parts than those of the lovers; at least it is most remarkable in the death of Enobarbus—a part which, after the manner of Shakespeare, is made to throw great light on the character of Antony himself, which he meant to elevate as much as possible; notwithstanding his great weakness in all that concerns Cleopatra, and unmistakable misconduct with regard to his wife. He represents him as, what he certainly was not, a man of the most noble and high spirit, capable at times, notwithstanding the luxury he afterwards fell into, of a thoroughly soldier-like life, and full of kind and generous feelings. He seems to delight in supposing the melancholy meditations of a great and active character, when losing his power, and drawing to his end.

Hartley Coleridge (ii, 183): The general neglect of Antony and Cleopatra by all but students of Shakespeare, and the preference long given to Dryden's play on the same subject, prove the danger of protracting the interest of a plot, in order to introduce a greater variety of incidents. The scenes, for example, wherein Pompey figures, though well-written, are wholly inconclusive; they form a part of the biography of Antony, not of his tragedy. Nor is it easy to conjecture Shakespeare's reason for introducing so many short scenes, which serve no purpose but to let the auditor know the news. They form a sort of back-ground to the picture, but they detain the action. For poetry and character, there are few dramas superior; nor is there any want of deep and grand pathos; but perhaps both Antony and Cleopatra are too heroic to be pitied for weakness, and too viciously foolish to be admired for their heroism. Seldom has unlawful love been rendered so interesting; but the interest, though not dangerous, is not perfectly agreeable.

W. W. Lloyd (Critical Essay, ed. Singer, p. 333): The passion of Antony for Cleopatra is too obviously spurious to command our sympathy, but at least it is passion; it is in its way sympathetic, and so far unselfish; and the course of the action makes us feel the value of this quality, however debased, when set against the cold negation of all sympathetic feeling, the barren materialism of unsocial ambition that covets possession of the instruments of gratification at the cost of the very sense that
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gives the faculty of being gratified. Notwithstanding therefore that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cesar and his soldiers are left duped and deceived and disappointed. . . . The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—it reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than Antony and Cleopatra,—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss.

Anon. (R. Cartwright ?, Sonnets of W. Sh., pp. 19, 22, 31): Lepidus is evidently Marlowe; and, strangest of all, Sextus Pompeius is William Herbert; and Menas, Thomas Thorpe. It is not probable, that Miss Anne Hathaway ever dreamt of being the sister of Cesar and the wife of a greater than Cesar; but was Shakspere himself conscious of his own position in the world of poetry and thought? Certainly, this play proves it; but this self-consciousness is not in the least degree necessarily connected with pride or vanity; it is the repose, the calm majesty of the Olympian Jove; and when Antony acknowledges himself a Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished, it is the Shakspere of 1593 acknowledging the moral supremacy and greatness of him of 1613. It may perhaps be advisable, and more satisfactory to the reader to point out, how far the characters in the Sonnets and in the Play agree or tally one with another. The two ladies readily answer for themselves—Cleopatra being, of course, the lady with the raven black eyes; and Octavia, Mrs. W. Shakspere. Enobarbus also, the personal friend and favourite officer of Antony, treacherous, repellant, and forgiven, is easily recognized as Lord Southampton, who was in after-life 'a great captain in the Spanish wars, and in the Low Countries.' To conclude, Antony is evidently not the Mark Antony of history, but the fully developed Shakspere of 1593—an archangel ruined; Lord Southampton is clearly pointed at in Enobarbus; the character of Marlowe is drawn with extraordinary accuracy; the Earl of Pembroke is very distinctly marked; and the allusion to Thomas Thorpe a home-thrust. It is impossible that Shakspere, in his fiftieth year, could, even offhand as a sketch, have written these passages without a clear and definite object; and yet the two apparently trifling and unmeaning conversations, the one with Menas, and the other about Lepidus, might have been omitted, and the parts of Pompey and Lepidus might have been dismissed in a few words, just like Fulvia, without injury to the body of the work; and perhaps the play would then have been cast in a more classical mould, less distasteful to French critics, and more worthy of a Daniel or a Pembroke's Mother; but it would not have been a Reply to the tale in the Sonnets.

J. A. Heraud (p. 374): In closing his cycle of Roman plays, Shakspere's ambition manifested itself in the highest form. His intellectual energies had already blended with and modified his imaginative, his passionate, and his creative power and impulses; but they were now to be identified at the same of their manifestations, in his sublime and wonderful tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra. 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 identify 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, exempt
from all laws except that of their own wills. This is the elevation at which Shakspeare sustains his argument, and thus prevents it from becoming immoral, as it does in the hands of Dryden, who paints his heroine and hero as mere human persons, of great rank indeed, indulging in voluptuous and licentious habits. No notion of guilt attaches to the conduct of Shakspeare’s Antony and Cleopatra either in the poet’s opinion or their own. They absolutely transcend all relative conventions, all possible forms of manners. They consciously acknowledge, and therefore transgress, 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 recognise 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. Antony and Cleopatra surrender themselves without reserve to the inspirations with which they are filled, and are no less in their own estimation than the very deities of love. They suffer no vulgar criticism, no every-day cares, to come near them, and hold themselves aloof from the customary and the common. 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. . . . There is a poetic valour as well as a personal one, and it required a brave poet to conceive and execute such a design. With a happy audacity, Shakspeare rises from the beginning to the height of his theme. The love of his heroic pair, they assume to be boundless. To set a bourne to it, would require the discovery of a new heaven, new earth. The manner in which Antony suffered the imperial Egyptian to overbear his very manhood shows at any rate that his is without limits. No consideration or interest, however solemn or serious, can prevent its extension.

Edward Dowden (p. 308): The spirit of the play, though superficially it appear voluptuous, is essentially severe. That is to say, Shakspeare is faithful to the fact. The fascination exercised by Cleopatra over Antony, and hardly less by Antony over Cleopatra, is not so much that of the senses as of the sensuous imagination. A third of the world is theirs. They have left youth behind with its slight, melodious raptures and despairs. Theirs is the deeper intoxication of middle age, when death has become a reality, when the world is limited and positive, when life is urged to yield up quickly its utmost treasures of delight. What may they not achieve of joy who have power, and beauty, and pomp, and pleasure all their own? How shall they fill every minute of their time with the quintessence of enjoyment and of glory? ‘Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch Of the rang’d empire fall! here is my space.’ Only one thing they had not allowed for,—that over and above power, and beauty, and pleasure, and pomp, there is a certain inevitable fact, a law which cannot be evaded. Pleasure sits enthroned as queen; there is a revel, and the lords of the earth, crowned with roses, dance before her to the sound of lascivious flutes. But presently the scene changes; the hall of revel is transformed to an arena; the dancers are armed gladiators; and as they advance to combat they pay the last homage to their Queen with the words, Moriturus te salutam.

F. J. Furnivall (Leopold Shakespeare, Intro. p. lxxxii): That in [Cleopatra], the dark woman of Shakspeare’s Sommes, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony.
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upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch’s prose! And how that fatal inability to say ‘No’ to woman shows us Antony’s weakness and the cause of his final fall. The play is like Troilus and Cressida, not only in lust and false women (Cressida and Cleopatra) playing such a prominent part in it, but in Antony’s renown and power, and selfish preference of his own whims to honour’s call, to his country’s good, being the counterpart of Achilles’s. All the characters are selfish except Octavia and Eros. . . . In [Antony’s] development, lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in the marriage of Octavia lasts but for a time; all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from the gem of woman to his Egyptian dish again, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he’s deceived.

A. C. Swinburne (p. 188): A loftier or a more perfect piece of man’s work was never done in all the world than this tragedy of Coriolanus: the one fit and crowning epithet for its companion or successor is that bestowed by Coleridge—‘the most wonderful!’ It would seem a sign or birthmark of only the greatest among poets that they should be sure to rise instantly for awhile above the very highest of their native height at the touch of a thought of Cleopatra. So was it, as we all know, with William Shakespeare: so is it, as we all see, with Victor Hugo. As we feel in the marvellous and matchless verses of Zim-Zimmi all the splendour and fragrance and miracle of her mere bodily presence, so from her first imperial dawn on the stage of Shakespeare to the setting of that eastern star behind a pall of undissolving cloud we feel the charm and the terror and the mystery of her absolute and royal soul.

Never has he given such proof of his incomparable instinct for abstinence from the wrong thing as well as achievement of the right. He has utterly rejected and disdained all occasion of setting her off by means of any lesser foil than all the glory of the world with all its empires. And we need not Antony’s example to show us that these are less than straws in the balance. ‘Entre elle et l’univers qui s’offraient à la fois il hésité, lâchant le monde dans son choix.’ Even as that Roman grasp relaxed and let fall the world, so has Shakespeare’s self let go for awhile his greater world of imagination, with all its all but infinite variety of life and thought and action, for love of that more infinite variety which custom could not stale. Himself a second and a yet more fortunate Antony, he has once more laid a world, and a world more wonderful than ever, at her feet. He has put aside for her sake all other forms and figures of womanhood; he, father or creator of Rosalind, of Cordelia, of Desdemona, and of Imogen, he too, like the sun-god and sender of all song, has anchored his eyes on her whom ‘Phoebus’ amorous pinches ‘could not leave black,’ nor ‘wrinkled deep in time’; on that incarnate and imperishable ‘spirit of sense,’ to whom at the very last ‘The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch, ‘That hurts, and is desired.’ To him, as to the dying husband of Octavia, this creature of his own hand might have boasted herself that the loveliest and purest among all her sisters of her begetting, ‘with her modest eyes And still conclusion, shall ‘acquire no honour, Demurring upon me.’ To sum up, Shakespeare has elsewhere given us in ideal incarnation the perfect mother, the perfect wife, the perfect daughter, the perfect mistress, or the perfect maiden: here only once for all he has given us the perfect and the everlasting woman.

And what a world of great men and great things, ‘high actions and high passions,’ is this that he has spread under her for a foot-cloth or hung behind her for a
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curtain! The descendant of that other, his ancestral Alcides, late offshoot of the god whom he loved and who so long was loth to leave him, is here, as in history, the visible one man revealed who could grapple for a second with very Rome and seem to throw it, more lightly than he could cope with Cleopatra. And not the Roman Landor himself could see or make us see more clearly than has his fellow provincial of Warwickshire that first imperial nephew of her great first paramour, who was to his actual uncle even such a foil and counterfeit and perverse and prosperous parody as the son of Hortense Beauharnais of Saint-Leu to the son of Letizia Buonaparte of Ajaccio. For Shakespeare too, like Landor, had watched his 'sweet Octavius' smilingly and frowningly 'draw under nose the knuckle of forefinger' as he looked out upon the trail of innocent blood after the bright receding figure of his brave young kinsman. The fair-faced false 'present God' of his poetic parasites, the smooth triumphant patron and preserver with the heart of ice and iron, smiles before us to the very life. It is of no account now to remember that 'he at Philippi kept 'His sword even like a dancer;' for the sword of Antony that struck for him is in the renegade hand of Deretias.

I have said nothing of Enobarbus or of Eros, the fugitive once ruined by his flight and again redeemed by the death-agony of his dark and doomed repentance, or the freedman transfigured by a death more fair than freedom through the glory of the greatness of his faith: for who can speak of all things or of half that are in Shakespeare? And who can speak worthily of any?

H. N. HUDSON (Harv. Ed., p. 6): Judging from 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 subtleties of characterization and delicacies of poetry which everywhere accompany them. 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.

H. CORSON (Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, 1889, p. 260, et seq.): This then is the dramatic situation: a man of extraordinary possibilities, altogether of colossal but unsymmetrical proportions, brought under the sway of a fascinating woman—fascinating in a sensuous direction—with all possible adventitious aids to her intrinsic fascination; but to induce a vigorous resistance to this sway under which he is brought, and to save him from becoming a helpless victim of her magic, the greatest possible demands are made upon his asserting his nobler self—demands which, if met, would enable him to ‘walk the earth with dominion,’ though wanting in the civic genius of his colleague in the triumvirate, Octavius. He is an unparalleled illustration of what Hamlet is made to give expression to: ‘So oft it chances ‘in particular men,’ etc., I, iv, 23–28. This passage expresses the very theme of Antony and Cleopatra as a tragedy; and when Shakespeare wrote it, he had already,
there can be little or no doubt, produced the play of Julius Caesar, and had seen in
the character of Antony, notwithstanding all its great elements, the fatal consequences
of a 'vicious mole of nature.' Antony may have been in his mind when he wrote
this passage. Thomas De Quincey, in his volume on The Cæsars, credits Shake-
spere with an insight into the grand possibilities of Antony's nature, which the
Romans themselves could not have had: 'Shakespeare,' he says, 'had a just con-
ception of the original grandeur which lay beneath that wild tempestuous nature
presented by Antony to the eye of the undiscriminating world. It is to the honor
of Shakespeare that he should have been able to discern the true coloring of this
most original character under the smoke and tarnish of antiquity. It is no less to
the honor of the great triumvir, that a strength of coloring should survive in his
character, capable of baffling the wrongs and ravages of time. Neither is it to be
thought strange that a character should have been misunderstood and falsely appreci-
ated for nearly two thousand years. It happens not uncommonly, especially
amongst an unimaginative people, like the Romans, that the characters of men are
ciphers and enigmas to their own age, and are first read and interpreted by a far
distant posterity. . . . Men like Mark Antony, with minds of chaotic composition—
light conflicting with darkness, proportions of colossal grandeur disfigured by
unsymmetrical arrangement, the angelic in close neighborhood with the brutal—are
first read in their true meaning by an age learned in the philosophy of the human
heart. Of this philosophy the Romans had, by the necessities of education and
domestic discipline, not less than by original constitution of mind, the very narrow-
est visual range. . . . Not man in his own peculiar nature, but man in his relations
to other men, was the station from which the Roman speculators took up their
philosophy of human nature. Tried by such standard, Mark Antony would be
found wanting. As a citizen, he was irretrievably licentious, and therefore there
needed not the bitter personal feud, which circumstances had generated between
them, to account for the acharnem with which Cicero pursued him. Had Antony
been his friend even, or his near kinsman, Cicero must still have been his public
enemy. And not merely for his vices; for even the grander features of his char-
acter, his towering ambition, his magnanimity, and the fascinations of his popular
qualities, were all, in the circumstances of those times, and in his disposition, of a
tendency dangerously uncivic.'

(Page 265): In such a highly-coloured and richly-sensuous passage [as the
description of Cleopatra's appearance on the river Cydnus], the great artist creates
the atmosphere in which the passion-fated pair are exhibited. Now what moral
problem was involved in the dramatic treatment of such a theme? It could be said,
a priori, that the problem consisted in shutting off sympathy with moral obliquity,
and inviting sympathy with moral freedom so far as the latter is asserted, on the part
of the principal actors. And just this, it will be seen, Shakespeare has done. We
are nowhere brought into a sympathetic relationship with the moral obliquity of either
Antony or Cleopatra. We are protected by the moral spirit with which the dramatist
works, from any perversion of the moral judgment. And this protection is positive
rather than negative; for the moral judgment is stimulated to its best activity,
throughout the play.

An interesting feature of the play, bearing on its moral spirit, is that part of its
narrated element which pertains to the hero and heroine—what is told of Antony and
of Cleopatra, instead of being brought dramatically forward. Professor Delius, in his
valuable papers On Shakespeare's Use of Narration in his Dramas, attributes too
much, perhaps, of the narrated element, to the deficiencies of the stage in Shakespeare's time, and not enough to the perspective the artist aimed after, by his use of narration, and to the moral proportion of a play. What is thrown into the background by narration often serves moral proportion by its being thus kept apart from our sympathies. This is especially the case with the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra. [See I, i, 46-53; I, i, 63-67; II, ii, 267-279; III, x, 26-29; III, xi, 55-80; IV, xiv, 55-65; IV, xv, 27-30.] Now the point to be especially noted is, that Cleopatra's fascination is, in the passages quoted, described and spoken of, rather than brought dramatically to our feelings through what she herself says and does. These descriptions of her charms do not bring us into any sympathetic relationship with her personality. We simply know of her charms. The dramatist does but little more than the historian. Plutarch tells us of her fascination, and so does Dion Cassius. Both these writers emphasize it even more than Shakespeare does. But they narrate it as historians. They address the fact to our minds. But the drama, if it be within its purpose, should bring it, as far as possible, to our aesthetic appreciation, rather than simply acquaint us with the fact. But it does not do so. In some, indeed in all the scenes in which Cleopatra appears, she is not a very fascinating creature. Her treatment of the messenger who brings her the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia does not present her in a very attractive light; rather, in a very repulsive one (A. II. Sc. V.). In her rage she is simply irrational. She beats the innocent messenger, hates him up and down, and even prepares to kill him. She is almost divorced from the moral constitution of things. Her will is the wind's will. Her fascination, as represented by Shakespeare, is almost wholly a sexual one, exerted upon those who are in her bodily presence.

W. Winter (Old Shrines and Joy, p. 219): Whatever else may be said as to the drift of the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra this certainly may with truth be said, that to strong natures that sicken under the weight of convention and are weary with looking upon the littleness of human nature in its ordinary forms, it affords a great and splendid, however temporary, relief and refreshment. The winds of power blow through it; the strong meridian sunshine blazes over it; the colours of morning burn around it; the trumpet blares in its music; and its fragrance is the scent of a wilderness of roses. Shakespeare's vast imagination was here loosed upon colossal images and imperial splendours. The passions that clash or mingle in this piece are like the ocean surges—fierce, glittering, terrible, glorious. The theme is the ruin of a demigod. The adjuncts are empires. Wealth of every sort is poured forth with regal and limitless profusion. The language glows with a prodigal emotion and towers to a superb height of eloquence. It does not signify, as modifying the effect of all this tumult and glory, that the stern truth of mortal evanescence is suggested all the way and simply disclosed at last in a tragical wreck of honour, love, and life. While the pageant endures it endures in diamond light, and when it fades and crumbles the change is instantaneous to darkness and death. 'The odds is gone. And there is nothing left remarkable. Beneath the visiting moon.' There is no need to inquire whether Shakespeare—who closely followed Plutarch, in telling the Roman and Egyptian story—has been true to the historical fact. His characters declare themselves with absolute precision and they are not to be mistaken. Antony and Cleopatra are in middle life, and the only possible or admissible ideal of them is that which separates them at once and forever from the gentle, puny, experimental emotions of youth, and invests them with the developed powers and
fearless and exultant passions of men and women to whom the world and life are a fact and not a dream. They do not palter. For them there is but one hour, which is the present, and one life, which they will entirely and absolutely fulfil. They have passed out of the mere instinctive life of the senses, into that more intense and thrilling life wherein the senses are fed and governed by the imagination. Shakespeare has filled this wonderful play with lines that tell unerringly his grand meaning in this respect—lines that, to Shakespearean scholars, are in the alphabet of memory: 'There's begging in the love that can be reckoned.' . . . 'There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now.' . . . 'Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space!' . . . 'O, thou day of the world, Chain mine armed neck! Leap thou, attire and all, 'Through proof of harness, to my heart and there Ride on the pants triumphing.' . . . 'Fall not a tear, I say one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 'Even this repays me.' Here is no Orsino, sighing for the music that is the food of love; no Romeo, taking the measure of an unmade grave; no Hamlet lover, bidding his mistress go to a nunnery. You may indeed, if you possess the subtle, poetic sense, hear, through this voluptuous story, the faint, far-off rustle of the garments of the coming Nemesis; the low moan of the funeral music that will sing those imperial lovers to their rest—for nothing is more inevitably doomed than mortal delight in mortal love, and no moralist ever taught his lesson of truth with more inexorable purpose than Shakespeare uses here. But in the meantime it is the present vitality and not the moral implication of the subject that actors must be concerned to show, and observers to recognise and comprehend, upon the stage, if this tragedy is to be rightly acted and rightly seen. Antony and Cleopatra are lovers, but not lovers only. It is the splendid stature and infinite variety of character in them that render them puissant in fascination. Each of them speaks great thoughts in great language. Each displays noble imagination. Each becomes majestic in the hour of danger and pathetically heroic in the hour of death. The dying speeches of Antony are in the highest vein that Shakespeare ever reached; and, when you consider what is implied as well as what is said, there is nowhere in him a more lofty line than Cleopatra's 'Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me!' Antony at the last is a ruin, and like a ruin—dark, weird, grim, lonely, haggard—he seems to stand beneath a cold and lurid sunset sky, wherein the black clouds gather, while the rising wind blows merciless and terrible over an intervening waste of rock and desert. Those images indicate the spirit and atmosphere of Shakespeare's conception.

GEORGE WYNDHAM (North's Plutarch, etc. Reprint, London, 1895. Introd. p. xciii): What, it may be asked, led Shakespeare, amid all the power and magnificence of North's Plutarch, to select his Coriolanus, his Julius Caesar, and his Antonius? The answer, I think, must be that in Volumnia, Calpurnia and Portia, and Cleopatra, he found woman in her three-fold relation to man, of mother, wife, and mistress. I have passed over Shakespeare's Julius Caesar; but I may end by tracing in his Antony the golden tradition he accepted from Amyot and North. It is impossible to do this in detail, for throughout the first three Acts all the colour and the incident, throughout the last two all the incident and the passion, are taken by Shakespeare from North, and by North from Amyot. Shakespeare, indeed, is saturated with North's language and possessed by his passion. He is haunted by the story as North has told it, so that he even fails to eliminate matters which either are nothing to his
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purpose or are not susceptible of dramatic presentment: as in I, ii of the Folios, where you find Lamprias, Plutarch's grandfather, and his authority for many details of Antony's career, making an otiose entry as Lamprias, among the characters who have something to say. Everywhere are touches whose colour must remain comparatively pale unless they glow again for us as, doubtless, they glowed for Shakespeare, with hues reflected from the passages in North that shone in his memory. During his first three Acts Shakespeare merely paints the man and the woman who are to suffer and die in his two others; and for these portraits he has scraped together all his colour from the many such passages as are scattered through the earlier and longer portion of North's Antonio. But in the Fourth Act Shakespeare changes his method: he has no more need to gather and arrange. Rather the concentrated passion, born of, and contained in, North's serried narrative, expands in his verse—nay, explodes from it—into those flashes of immortal speech which have given the Fourth Act of Antony and Cleopatra its place apart even in Shakespeare. Of all that may be said of North's Plutarch, this perhaps is of deepest significance: that every dramatic incident in Shakespeare's Fourth Act is contained in two, and in his Fifth Act, in one and a half folio pages of the Antonio.

F. S. Boas (p. 473): Certainly in consummate delineation of character, and in the superb rhythmical swell of many passages, the work is unsurpassed. But it has a grave share of the defects to which Romantic Drama had been liable from the first, especially when it was drawing upon historical materials.... Shakspere seems to have felt a conscientious obligation to introduce every incident, political or private, mentioned by Plutarch, and the result is a loss of dramatic unity and perspective. The multiplicity of details is bewildering, and no single event stands out boldly as the pivot on which the catastrophe turns. But this artistic defect is here in part the outcome of a significant peculiarity in Shakspere's treatment of love as a dramatic theme. Sexual passion is the immediate subject of only three plays, Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida, and Antony and Cleopatra. In each case the emotional interest is interwoven with elements of a political nature—the civil strife of Montagues and Capulets, the war between the Greeks and the Trojans, the struggle for the lordship of the Roman world. Thus Shakspere, even when making an elaborate study of amorous passion, does not isolate it from the wider, more material, issues of surrounding civic or national life. He thus avoids the disastrous pitfall of treating love as the exclusive factor in existence—a method which, according to the nature of the love chosen for analysis, tends to produce an unwholesome sentimentality or a still more unwholesome prurience. Shakspere opens to our view hearts aspure with chaste affection or with sensuous desire, but he never cheats himself or others into the belief that sexual relationship is the solitary, imperious concern of all mankind. From the kaleidoscopic changes of Cleopatra's moods he turns our gaze to the legions tramping in solid array through the uttermost parts of the earth, or to the council-chambers where the destinies of kingdoms are being decided by the stroke of a pen. We are shown in turn every aspect of the most materialistic age in the world's history, the age when Roman civic virtue was, in its death-throes, suffocated by the plethora of its golden spoils from the South and the East.

Thomas R. Lounsbury (p. 96): In certain ways the Antony and Cleopatra of Shakespeare is one of the most astonishing exhibitions of the many astonishing exhibitions the poet has afforded of that almost divine insight and intuition which
enabled him to comprehend at a glance that complete whole of which other men, after painful toil, learn but a beggarly part. The student of ancient history can find in the play occasional disregard of precise dates. He can discover, in some cases, a sequence of events which is not in absolutely strict accord with the account of them that has been handed down. But from no investigation of records, from no interpretation of texts, will he ever arrive at so clear and vivid a conception of the characters of the actors who then took part in the struggle for the supremacy of the world. Nowhere in ancient story or song will he find, as here, the light which enables him to see the men as they are. It is a gorgeous gallery in which each personage stands out so distinct that there is no danger of misapprehension or confusion as to the parts they fill. Antony appears the soldier and volupuary he was, swayed alternately by love, by regret, by ambition, at one moment the great ruler of the divided world, at the next recklessly flinging his future away at the dictation of a passionate caprice; Cleopatra, true to no interest, fascinating, treacherous, charming with her grace those whom she revolts by her conduct, luring the man she half loves to a ruin which involves herself in his fate; Octavius, cool, calculating, never allowing his heart to gain, either for good or evil, the better of his head, showing in early youth the self-restraint, the caution, the knowledge of the world which belong to advancing years; the feeble Lepidus, striving to act the part of a reconciler to the two mighty opposites, with whom the irony of fate has thrown him into conjunction: these and half-a-dozen minor characters appear painted in clear and sharp outline on the crowded canvas of Shakespeare; while in attendance, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, stands Enobarbus, commenting on every incident of the great world-drama which is acted before his eyes, ominously foreboding the declining fortunes of his chief in the moral ruin which carries with it prostration of the intellect, and pointing to the inevitable catastrophe of shame and dishonor to which events are hurrying.

Richard Garnett (English Literature, etc., ii, 243): The close relationship between Antony and Cleopatra and Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is shown by the circumstance that, though only Pericles was printed, both were entered for publication on the same day, May 20, 1608. Which was first written cannot be known; the probability is that some play entirely from Shakespeare's hand would intervene between two, like Timon and Pericles, produced with the help of collaborators. The question, however, is not material, for both show Shakespeare's restoration to a sane and cheerful view of life. Antony and Cleopatra is pre-eminently the work of one interested in the 'world's great business.' Hardly anywhere else is there such bustle, such variety, such zest for political and military affairs. Shakespeare is thoroughly in charity with his principal characters. His treatment of Cleopatra is purely objective, there is no trace of personal resentment, as in his portrait of Cressida. In Antony he has marvellously depicted 'the average sensual man,' on a far lower plane than a noble idealist like Brutus, but still capable of deep human feeling. This was shown in Julius Caesar, by the great speeches beginning 'O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,' and 'This was the noblest Roman of them all.' In Antony and Cleopatra this depth of feeling is entirely devoted to a woman; and so intense, especially under the influence of jealousy, so sincere, so single-minded, save for one vacillation under stress of politics, is it that we overlook the fact that we have before us an Antony in decay, no longer able to sway the Roman multitude or school Octavius. Wisdom and policy are gone forever, even martial honour is dimmed, but love makes amends for all. Such a picture necessarily implies a corresponding brilliancy in the
portrait of Cleopatra, and it is needless to remark that she is perhaps the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's studies of female character. He follows Plutarch's delineation closely, but performs the same miracle upon it as Venus wrought upon the effigy of Galatea: a beautiful image becomes a living being. Perhaps the keynote of the personality is what Shakespeare terms 'her infinite variety'; there is room in her for every phase of female character. The same amplitude characterises the play itself, with its great sweep in time and place, its continual changes of scene, its crowd of personages, its multitude of speeches and profusion of poetical imagery. The contrast with Jul'ius C'esar is instructive. There the interest is more concentrated, the characterisation more minute, and the execution more laborious. The ease with which Shakespeare handles his theme in the later play, and the plasticity of the entire subject in his hands, manifest the perfection of his art by dint of practice, but impair the effectiveness of his piece on the stage. The actor has fewer grand opportunities than of yore, and although the drama is resplendent with poetical phrases, there are few sustained outbursts of passion or eloquence. The impersonation of Cleopatra, moreover, demands an actress of mature years. In Shakespeare's time there was no difficulty, for there were no actresses. The representation of his Cleopatra by a boy strikes us now as indescribably farcical.

W. J. Courthope (IV, 178): Antony's character in its extraordinary versatility— orator, soldier and debauchee; a Henry V. without his power of self-control—furnished one of those contradictory problems of human nature which Shakespeare was accustomed to study with the most sympathetic insight; and the meretricious fascination of Cleopatra, as recorded by Plutarch, joined (for she is no Cressida) to a certain greatness of soul and fidelity of passion, must have struck the poet's imagination by its likeness, as well as its contrast, to some woman whose character he painted in his Sonnets. The use of the word 'will' in this remarkable play is noticeable. When Antony has left the battle of Actium, to his own dishonour, in pursuit of the flying Cleopatra, the queen asks the shrewd, worldly, and calculating Enobarbus, who is introduced into the play as a kind of chorus to comment on Antony and his fortunes: 'Is Antony or we in fault for this?' Enobarbus replies: 'Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason.' (III, xii.) Yet Antony throughout the play recognises that he is acting against his deliberate resolution, under the irresistible influence of passion: 'I followed 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 doing.' (III, xi.) So that his conduct is what Iago calls 'merely 'a lust of the blood and permission of the will.' (I, iii.) This is the very helplessness of passion spoken of in Sonnet cl.: 'O, from what power hast thou this powerful might With insufficiency my heart to sway? To make me give the lie to my 'true sight And swear that brightness doth not grace the day? Whence hast thou 'this becoming of things ill, That in the very refuse of thy deeds There is such 'strength and warrant of skill That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?''

H. W. Marke (p. 271): Antony and Cleopatra is the drama of the East and West in mortal collision of ideals and motives, and the East succumbs to the superior fibre and more highly organized character of the West. Cleopatra is the greatest of the enchantresses. She has wit, grace, humour; the intoxication of sex breathes from her; she unites the passion of a great temperament with the fathomless coquetry of a courtesan of genius. She is passionately alive, avid of sensation, consumed with
love of pleasure, imperious in her demands for that absolute homage which slays honour and saps manhood at the very springs of its power. This superb embodiment of femininity, untouched by pity and untroubled by conscience, has a compelling charm, born in the mystery of passion and taking on the radiance of a thousand moods which melt into one another in endless succession, as if there were no limit to the resources of her temperament and the sorceries of her beauty. Of her alone has the greatest of poets dared to declare that ‘age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.’ It is this magnificence which invests Cleopatra’s criminality with a kind of sublimity, so vast is the scale of her being and so tremendous the force of her passions. The depth of Shakespeare’s poetic art and the power of his imagination are displayed in their full compass in Antony and Cleopatra.

A. C. Bradley (Quarterly Review, April, 1906, p. 350): Why is it that, although we close the book in a triumph which is more than reconciliation, this is mingled, as we look back on the story, with a sadness so peculiar, almost the sadness of disenchantment? Is it that, when the glow has faded, Cleopatra’s ecstasy comes to appear, I would not say facetious, but an effort strained and prodigious as well as glorious, not, like Othello’s last speech, the final expression of character, of thoughts and emotions which have dominated a whole life? Perhaps this is so, but there is something more, something that sounds paradoxical: we are saddened by the very fact that the catastrophe saddens us so little; it pains us that we should feel so much triumph and pleasure. In ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ ‘Hamlet,’ ‘Othello,’ though in a sense we accept the deaths of hero and heroine, we feel a keen sorrow. We look back, think how noble or beautiful they were, wish that fate had opposed to them a weaker enemy, dream possibly of the life they might have led. Here we can hardly do this. With all our admiration and sympathy for the lovers we do not wish them to gain the world. It is better for the world’s sake, and not less for their own, that they should fail and die. At the very first they came before us, unlike those others, unlike Coriolanus and even Macbeth, in a glory already tarnished, half ruined by their past. Indeed one source of strange and most unusual effect in their story is that this marvellous passion comes to adepts in the experience and art of passion, who might be expected to have worn its charm away. Its splendour dazzles us; but, when the splendour vanishes, we do not mourn, as we mourn for the love of Romeo or Othello, that a thing so bright and good should die. And the fact that we mourn so little saddens us.

A comparison of Shakespearean tragedies seems to prove that the tragic emotions are stirred in the fullest possible measure only when such beauty or nobility of character is displayed as commands unreserved admiration or love; or when, in default of this, the forces which move the agents, and the conflict which results from these forces, attain a terrifying and overwhelming power. The four most famous tragedies satisfy one or both of these conditions; ‘Antony and Cleopatra,’ though a great tragedy, satisfies neither of them completely. But to say this is not to criticise it. It does not attempt to satisfy these conditions, and then fail in the attempt. It attempts something different, and succeeds as triumphantly as ‘Othello’ itself. In doing so it gives us what no other tragedy can give, and it leaves us, no less than any other, lost in astonishment at the powers which created it.
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GOETHE (Shakespeare und kein Ende, 1813, § 1): Be another remark here made: it will be difficult to find a second poet in whose separate works there is always a different conception operative and throughout effective, as can be demonstrated in Shakespeare's various plays. Thus throughout Coriolanus there runs the vexation that the common people will not recognise the pre-eminence of their superiors. In Julius Caesar everything revolves about the idea that the upper classes are unwilling to see the highest position occupied, because they vainly imagine that they can be effective as a body corporate. In Antony and Cleopatra, it is proclaimed with a thousand tongues that self-indulgence and achievement are incompatible.

G. G. GERVINUS (ii, 315): There arises, moreover, an ethical objection [to this play] which will prejudice the majority of readers against it, and against Coleridge's opinion of it. Among the Dramatis Personae there is no great and noble character, and in the actions of the drama, no really elevating feature, either in its politics or in its love-affairs. This play seems to make us intuitively aware how much we should lose in Shakespeare, if, with his confessedly great knowledge of men and nature, there did not go, hand in hand, aesthetic excellence (the ideal concentration of actors and actions), and ethical excellence (the ideal height of what is represented as human nature). The poet had to set forth a debased period in his Antony and Cleopatra; for the truth of history, he did so adequately; but this did not exclude him from giving a glance at a better state of human nature, which, amid so much degradation, might comfort and elevate us. If we recall the Historical Plays, where Shakespeare had to depict generations, for the most part degenerate and ruined, we shall find that in Richard II. there was, as a compensation, a Gaunt and a Carlisle; and even in Richard III., the few strokes that depicted the sons of Edward, are a beneficent counterpoise to the wide-spread wickedness. Here, however, there is nothing of the kind, and we may even affirm that the opportunity for such a counter-balance has been conspicuously evaded: it would surely have been easy, in the character of Octavia at least, to keep before us some views of what is more noble in human nature; even if it were by only a few traits, which would have exhibited her to us in action, where now she is merely described to us in words. Let me introduce an observation here, which will set this singular defect in Antony and Cleopatra in a still stronger light. It seems to us, in truth, as though Shakespeare, about 1607–10, had, we will not say a period but, seasons when he composed his poetry, in general, somewhat more carelessly, be it regarded either esthetically or ethically. What may have been the cause of that which is here conjectured, we can hardly fathom. It is, indeed, possible, that at about this time his aversion to everything pertaining to the theatre, might have seized him more strongly; it may be also possible, that some indications of physical exhaustion had already set in, and that these may have been the cause of his retirement, and the first intimation of his early death.* Be the cause what it may, of the more negligent treatment of some works of this period, the fact itself seems incontestible.

* Shakespeare died at the age of fifty-two years. This is early, but not quite as early as is often supposed. An average of the ages of Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marston, Middleton, Greene, Burbadge, Rowley, Peele, and Massinger is forty-nine years and three-tenths.—Ed.
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(Page 318) : We might imagine that he has placed the characters of Antony and Cleopatra in a more advantageous light than was befitting, and clothed the voluntary with a certain exalted splendour, that betrays a decided partiality for them. But whatever he did in this respect, was undoubtedly done, not from moral levity, but for aesthetic purposes. Had Shakespeare taken Antony exactly as he found him in Plutarch, never would he have been able to represent him as a tragic character, or have excited an interest in him in his relations with Cleopatra. . . . It is wonderful, how Shakespeare so preserved the historical features of Antony's character, as, on the one hand, not to make him unrecognizable, and yet, on the other, to make of him an attractive personage.

Paul Heyse (Introd. to Trans. ed. Bodenstedt, p. v, 1867) : Two natures are here brought in contact, which, in good qualities as well as bad, are as completely complementary to each other, as their elevation is high above the average of mankind. A ruler of the universe, who has tasted to the last drop all that the world offers both of toil and of self-indulgence, meets a queen who can also say that nothing human is alien to her. Both stand at the very highest hey-day of life, and are in complete fullness of their powers. Long before reaching this point, both would have been, in modern phrase, blasts, had not the inexhaustible, classic life of the senses endowed each of them with eternal youth. Thus nature, by a species of necessity, binds them to each other; each beholds a recognised counterpart in the opposite sex. It is in both a final passion, which, because it is the last, blazes up with all the intensity of a first love; in a moment, it makes these two nature, world-worn beings, children again, and, with the same lightheartedness, as ever a Romeo or a Juliet, wafts them above all dangers of their time, and all duties of their station. The only difference between them and those two young lovers is that they were conscious of their state and had reduced their intoxicating revel to a system, and diversified their enjoyments with all the refinement of an exquisite art of living.

(Page vi) : Up to this point [where Anthony leaves Octavia and returns to Cleopatra] the general public will understand the hero, and follow his conduct with sympathy. Thus far he differs in no respect from other enamoured heroes, who 'sich 'mit Männern schlagen, mit Weibern sich vertragen,'* and to whom a pardon for some suspicious weaknesses will be extended for the sake of a certain romantic chivalry. But when, at the very crisis of his fate, he leaves the naval battle because his mistress from womanish timidity sets sail and flies,—from that moment he forfeits, in the opinion of the majority, all claim to any tragic sympathy, and it is doubtful if, throughout the rest of the play, he ever quite regains it. Here is a point, where, in my opinion, the psychological problem becomes too fine, too exceptional, too deep for a dramatic performance. The conception of a woman, with a power so demoniacal that it mystifies both sense and reason, as here floated before the imagination of the poet, perhaps before his memory,—for we must seek in the confessions of the Sonnets for the earliest studies of this Cleopatra,—will rarely find on the stage an incarnation, which, even to a certain extent, will justify the hero, in holding indifferent the gain or loss of a hemisphere in comparison with separation from his enchantress. When we can be brought to believe in such an elemental power of this passion, then and then only can we face the shame of this hero, not with a disapproving shrug, but with that tragic shock, which the horror of every inexorable fate awakens

*That is, 'who fight with men, and flirt with women,' from a Student-song by Goethe.—Ed.
in us. I must deny myself the illustration by separate examples of that lavish exuberance of characteristics wherewith the hand of genius has set forth the figure of the Egyptian Queen. I honestly believe it to be the very greatest masterpiece of female characterisation; alongside of which there can be placed no more richly devised figure in the whole literature of modern romance, whereof the strength lies in psychologic analysis and vivid contrasts. With equal poetic power and depth is the character of Anthony depicted to the very last; both are to be measured separately, just as both separately are overtaken by a fate so completely interwoven that the flame of passion, which transfigures them at the close with a wondrous glory, reflects its glow back to the beginning of the play and illumines many a shadow. The scholastic view, which turns Shakespeare into a conscientious moralist, above all things anxious to display, in the fate of mortals, the equipoise of guilt and expiation, appears, as it seems to me, in no single play in such embarrassing perplexity as in the presence of this tragedy; which undoubtedly preaches with a hundred tongues the lesson, in Goethe's striking words, that 'self-indulgence and achievement are incompatible.' But a single principle, founded on experience, and, among others, objectively contained in a poem, cannot on that account claim to be considered the soul of the whole work. If the poet had chosen this material in order to warn the world against being fooled by self-indulgence, because it disables the power of achievement, he would have devised the development very differently. In spite of the gross stain wherewith this hero of self-indulgence, this heroic rout, has defiled himself, his character decidedly overshadows the discreet, cool, efficient, and, in fact, victorious rival. Extremely few readers will waver in their choice as to which they would give the preference, to the cold-blooded Caesar or to the warm-blooded Marc Anthony. And even an audience of women would not remain insensible to Cleopatra's charm. But if a majority could be really found, who, in spite of the tragic downfall, did not cease to deem the aristocratic autocracy of these natures as criminal, the minority could console themselves that they had on their own side the poet himself. There arose before him the dazzling apparition of such a pair, that 'stood up peerless,' and it stimulated his creative power. Whatev...
footing with the principal character in the action of a Shakespearean tragedy. But what a contrast between Juliet and Cleopatra: one, a young girl, hardly more than a child, whom the might of a pure and unselfish passion transforms into a woman, whose whole being is absorbed by this love which consummates her character and her life; the other, a courtesan of genius, if I may say so, with experience of life and the world, devoted to pleasure, practiced in all the arts of seduction, endowed by nature with an alluring witchery, to whom the fire of her love for Antony alone lends a glimmer of womanly dignity. Artistically considered, Cleopatra is, perhaps, the masterpiece among Shakespeare's female characters; given the problem, Shakespeare has solved it as no one else could have done. But what conflicts must his soul have endured, what bitter experiences must he have passed through, to have set himself such a problem, to have created a woman so widely different from all those he had pictured before—a woman so devoid of the ideal womanly graces, yet so irresistible, for whose sake Antony sacrifices the dominion of the world.

CARL PHILIPS (Lokalfärbung in Shakespeare's Dramen, p. 32, Köln, 1887): When we consider all these various points in retrospect, the conclusion is inevitable that Shakespeare, in his climatic and geographical references to the native land of Cleopatra, remains first of all a poet unsurpassed in truth to nature. Every student of geography, even without any thought of Egypt in his mind, would at once assign the land represented in this play to a chartographic zone wherein the climate, the flora, the fauna, and the human race were all thoroughly consistent. And at the same time the poet has striven to reflect symbolically, in the character of the land itself and especially in its animal life, the fatal nature of the passion of the hero and heroine—an aim which he has attained with his usual supremacy. Finally, the poet has given, as an illustration, an historical law, founded in the nature of all races. Wheresoever the inhabitants of any country in which nature yields her gifts in lavish, prodigal profusion, suffer themselves, by this profusion to be seduced to a love of pleasure, from that hour they are doomed to decay, and must become subject to an alien race from rougher climates. Without assuming that it was the poet's first or chief intention to give a proof of this, we can at least assert that, with a small expenditure of means, he has supplied it. At all events, in the drama before us, Shakespeare has penetrated to the creative power of Nature and has overheard her secrets; with greater truth can he say of himself, what the Soothsayer claims with self-conscious modesty, that 'in Nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read.' However widely critics may differ in their views of our poet's artistic power and perfection they are of one mind in a recognition of the uniformity of his local colouring. In conclusion let me quote the remarks of RÖMELIN at the close of his criticism of the Roman plays: 'Although Shakespeare makes his Roman heroes think and speak 'like English lords and barons,' says Römelin, 'he knew how to impart to his plays 'and to his characters a very effective geographic nuance;' if he imagined himself in 'any particular country, his phantasy assumed a certain tint which diffused itself 'over every object. Throughout Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear there blows a keen northern wind, but in Romeo, in The Merchant of Venice from the very first we feel the 'southern warmth. In like manner, these Roman plays seem to have a similar 'local colour, a warmer tone, as far as they may be said to have any specific tone 'at all.'

* Shakespearestudien, p. 108, 1866.
KARL FRENZEL (Berliner Dramaturgie, 25 May, 1871, i, 258) : Cleopatra is of the race of Semiramis and of Zenobia, between her and Antony there is enacted not merely a love-story but a great political undertaking. Along side of the riotous festivities of Alexandria there was advancing a powerful political and social movement which was to shake the world. On this rock, of which he was only dimly conscious, rather than clearly perceiving it, Shakespeare’s poetry was wrecked. It is not the continuous shifting of the scene, whereby we are chased as though by a storm from Alexandria to Rome on board of Pompey’s galley, from Rome to Actium, and back to Alexandria; it is not the messengers, the servants, the guards, who necessarily, by their news, spin out the thread of the action, that break up and shatter the dramatic unity; it is the material itself, as Shakespeare has comprehended it, which has remained in the epic form of a chronicle. The poet has neither known how, out of the numberless persons, to select the most important, nor, out of the superabundance of circumstances, to eliminate the weightiest; consequently the drama lacks genuine core and deliquesces like pap [breairity]. In not a single instance is the contrast between Antony and Octavius sharply defined, and the perpetual love-making of the hero and heroine, which rises and falls in a monotonous alternation from tender cooing to furious execrations, is at first comic, but at last tedious. Very possibly, admirers of Shakespeare may accept it differently, but to my taste, a good third of the speeches of Antony and of Cleopatra trenches close on the bombast of the weaker tragedy of Corneille. There is no attempt at a development of character in the grand style; from the beginning to the end, Cleopatra is a quarrelsome woman, who, in the scenes with the messenger and with Seleucus, strikingly proves that, on the old English stage such roles of Furies and fish-wives could have been played only by young men, for whom they were written.

FRENCH CRITICISM

PASCAL (Mémoires, Première Partie. Article IX, No. xlvi) : Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé.

M. GUIZOT (Notice. Translation) : There is in Antony a combination of strength and of weakness; inconstancy and fickleness are his attributes; generous, sensible, impassioned, but volatile he affords a proof that, with an extreme love of pleasure, a man of his temperament can, when circumstances require it, combine a lofty soul, capable of the noblest resolves, but who will for ever yield to the seductions of a woman. Cleopatra is the voluptuous and designing courtesan that history depicts; like Antony she is full of contrasts; she is, by turn, vain as a coquette and majestic as a queen; fickle in her thirst for pleasures, and sincere in her love for Antony; she seems created for him, and he for her. If her passion lacks the dignity of tragedy,—how misfortune ennobles it! How she rises to the grandeur of her rank by the heroism of her last moments! Worthy indeed, does she show herself to share Antony’s tomb!

H. A. TAINE (i, 338) : How much more visible is this impassioned and unfettered genius of Shakespeare in the great characters which sustain the whole weight of the drama! The startling imagination, the furious velocity of the manifold and exuberant ideas, the unruly passion, rushing upon death and crime, hallucinations, madness, all the ravages of delirium bursting through will and reason: such are the forces and
ravings which engender them. Shall I speak of dazzling Cleopatra, who holds Antony in the whirlwind of her devices and caprices, who fascinates and kills, who scatters to the winds the lives of men as a handful of desert-dust, the fatal Eastern sorceress who sports with life and death, headstrong, irresistible, child of air and fire, whose life is but a tempest, whose thought, ever re-pointed and broken, is like the crackling of lightning?

Paul Stapfer (p. 398, et seq.): The subject of Shakespeare's tragedy is the guilty love of Antony and Cleopatra, a subject that would have presented an almost insuperable difficulty to a poor little poet of a narrow and mediocre type; quite at a loss, and biting his pen the while, he would have said to himself, 'What is to be done? Cleopatra is a very wicked woman, a monster, as Horace calls her,—a mixture of all we most hate and despise, she is a coquette, timid, cowardly, cringing, perfidious, tyrannical, cruel and wanton. To interest decent people in such a creature is clearly impossible, except by making a selection from among the contradictory features of her character, and since Plutarch speaks of her as being occasionally generous, tender and devoted, heroic and sublime, I must convert the conception into the rule, and put an expurgated Cleopatra on the stage.' But Shakespeare reasoned in a very different manner. He started with the notion of Cleopatra as an enchantress, and he trusted with quiet confidence to the power of his poetry, and to his sure knowledge of the human heart, to make the same fascination that she exercised over her lovers be felt by us: her faults, her vices, her crimes—what do they matter? Besides which, it betrays a good deal of simplicity to suppose that certain sins which are repulsive in a man are equally odious when met with in a woman. A man is ugly, and has hard work to atone for his natural ugliness, but, as a poet has said,—and it is no empty compliment, but an astute psychological truth,—women, do what they will, are always charming: 'On en peut, par hasard, trouver qui soit méchantes; Mais qu'y voulez vous faire? Elles ont la beauté.'

Shakespeare has not deemed it necessary to leave out any of the stains, big or little, in Cleopatra's character, as he was obliged to do in Antony's; and this, instead of depriving the lovely little monster of a single charm, only makes her the more irresistible.

François-Victor Hugo (vol. vii, Introd. p. 9, et seq.): That which strikes us in Pascal's memorable apothegm on the destiny of man, is the prodigious disproportion between the fact and its consequences, between the means and its results, between the premises and the conclusion: 'The cause is a je ne sais quoi and its effects are terrifying.' Thoroughly to comprehend this disproportion, let us reduce to its lowest terms the action wherein it occurs: a spendthrift, smitten with a courtesan whom he lavishly supports, decides, in order to repair his fortune, to marry a woman whom he does not love; hardly has the ceremony been concluded before he returns to his mistress, to consume with her the dower of his wife. The deserted wife seeks the protection of her brother, who, in a rage, challenges the husband. A duel follows; the spendthrift falls, and the courtesan in despair commits suicide. Suppose that the events, which I have just described, took place in the narrow circle of bourgeoisie life,—what will be the result? A mere domestic tragedy, whereof the catastrophe will affect only some few lives immediately concerned. On the other

* Alfred de Musset.
hand, let these same events occur in the very highest circle of public life; let the courtesan be called Cleopatra, and let her wear a crown; let the spendthrift husband be called Antony and reign over the East; and let the brother who avenges the insulted wife be called Octavius and be master of the Occident; then the whole known world will find itself involved in a household quarrel; the mourning of one family will bring about the mourning of the human race. The earth will tremble beneath the tramp of armies, the sea under the weight of fleets; nation will challenge nation and both rush at each other; Alexandria will hurl defiance at Carthage; Rome and Athens will fly at each other's throats. A hundred thousand men, twelve thousand horses, three hundred ships will hardly suffice to uphold the cause of the courtesan; to the rescue will throng Bocchus, the king of Libya, Tarquemus, the king of Cilicia, Archelaus, the king of Cappadocia, Philadelphus, the king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates, the king of Comagena, Adallas, the king of Thrace, P military, the king of Pontus, Manchus, the king of Arabia, Amyntas, the king of the Lycaonians and Galatians, Herod, the king of the Jews, and the king of the Medes. Eighty thousand veterans, twelve thousand horsemen, and two hundred and fifty ships will not be too many to uphold the rights of the lawful wife; Italy, Spain, Gaul will send their legions, and Europe, from Slavonia to the Atlantic, will be in motion. O amazing logic of facts! Can a cause so puny have such vast results! Can a lever sufficient to lift the globe be found in the smile of a mad-cap girl? Marry! Because a man is enamoured of a girl, because he dotes on a profusion of glitter, forsooth, a universal war must be kindled! Everywhere mothers must weep for their children, everywhere lovers must be torn from their sweethearts, everywhere hearts must be lacerated. Conscription takes the farmer from his furrow, the peasant from his cabin, the shepherd from his flock. The press-gang empties houses to fill the galleys; muleteers, harvesters, travellers on the road are seized by force,—it is Plutarch who tells it; the desert invades the cities; War and Chaos, torch in hand, rush over the earth; the heavens are reddened with a fateful glow, it is blazing villages, lit by squadrons,—the Orient and the Occident, for long ages defiant, have met at last. The shock befell before the promontory of Actium. The Orient recoils before the Occident.

(Page 16): Shakespeare for ever brings back the interest to this sovereign figure which gives to the work its unity. Present or absent, Cleopatra pervades the entire drama. Even at the feast which the young Pompey spreads for the Triumvirs aboard his galley, even at that monstrous orgy where wine turns the head of the noblest, where Lepidus rolls under the table, where Antony staggers and where Caesar stammers, it is Cleopatra who, unperceived, presides. Cleopatra is the fatal enchantress who initiated Rome into thestartling mysteries of oriental voluptuousness. She is the invisible sorceress who sweeps the masters of the globe into the dizzy whirl of an Egyptian bacchanal. . . . Cleopatra is the supreme type of seduction. The spell which she weaves is the greatest triumph of feminine magic. Her sisters, the other heroines of Shakespeare, attract us only by their virtues and by their qualities; she, she enchants us by her very faults, her very weaknesses. . . . Fully assured of the irresistible charm of his heroine, the poet does not, for a single instant, suffer us to be under any illusion. From the very beginning of the drama, at the moment when she enters on the arm of her lover, he tells us what she is with the utmost frankness. 'Look,' he cries, 'and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd ' Into a strumpet's fool.' Away with reticence, away with ambiguity! Shakespeare has neither the timidity of Corneille nor that of Dryden; he does not evade the sub-
JECT, he faces it full front. He does not deny his heroine, he proclaims her. It is a 'strumpet' that he installs on the scene; it is to a 'strumpet' that he attracts our interest; it is for a 'strumpet' that he demands our pity; it is for the death of a 'strumpet' and her lover that he exacts our tears. Omnipotence of genius! In this drama, where an outraged wife reclaim her rights from a courtesan, it is not the wife who enlists our sympathy, it is the courtesan! She whom we compassionate, is not Octavia, the austere, the chaste; it is this light o' love whom Antony had found as a 'morsel cold upon dead Caesar's trencher.' But by what means has the poet been enabled to produce such a change in the consciences of the spectators, and to concentrate on Cleopatra all the sympathy that should be due to Octavia? To work this miracle Shakespeare needed to tell nothing but the truth; he had merely to reveal to us the profound sentiment which inspired his heroine. Cleopatra had in her heart the flame that purifies everything: she loves. It is by love that the royal courtesan stands revealed; it is by love that she is rehabilitated. Ay, this Antony whom she teases, whom she torments, whom she maddens, this Antony whom at one moment she abjures and unscrupulously deceives with Thyreaus, she loves him, she loves him to distraction. Do you doubt? Listen. The minute that Antony is absent, Cleopatra is utterly desolate. She thinks only of him, she speaks only of him; she intoxicates herself with mandragoras to sleep out the great gap of his absence.

(Page 20): In Plutarch Antony lives long with Octavia, in Shakespeare the marriage was a mere formality. Who does not see in this perversion of history, by the hand of genius, a feature of exquisite delicacy? The poet would not suffer his hero to be for a single instant unfaithful to his heroine; he has not permitted a single treason, even if legalised, to profane this sanctified adultery. To Shakespeare, the union of Antony and Octavia was never sought else than an ephemeral bargain arranged by policy; but his union with Cleopatra is an everlasting compact, sealed by devotion. Thus the poet does not hesitate to sacrifice the first to the second. In his eyes, that which sanctifies the relations between man and woman is less social convention than the natural law. Let two beings love each other, let them live the one for the other, that is sufficient; they are affianced for ever, all other engagements to the contrary notwithstanding. In the eyes of posterity, as in Shakespeare's, the spouse of Antony is no longer Octavia, it is Cleopatra. The intensity of the passion is its legitimacy.

What a contrast between Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet. The latter are young, loyal, and candid; there is never a wrinkle on their brow nor remorse in their heart; their characters are pure like their affection; their souls are as virgin as their bodies. Their accord is a continuous effusion of tenderness; it is an harmonious duet with not a murmur of discord. What he dreams, she sees; what she perceives he accepts. Sighs answer to sighs, tears to tears, kisses to kisses. The innocence of the Christian lovers is equaled only by the corruption of the pagan lovers. Antony is as vicious as Romeo is honest; Cleopatra is as dissolute as Juliet is chaste. The union of the Roman and the Egyptian is the evil conjunction of two great souls which absolute power has made monstrous; this union is sombre like the storm, raucous like a debauch, dishevelled like an orgy. The nations crushed by despotism contemplate with terror this Titanic passion which roars above their heads and bursts forth in bolts of lightning. Between the Triumvir and the Queen of Egypt there are only quarrels, recriminations, sarcasms, invectives! But what does it matter? They love each other; and such is the grandeur of their love that we forget their crimes. . . .
Our compassion rebels against our equity, and the death of Antony and Cleopatra wounds us as sorely as the death of Romeo and Juliet. In sooth, the same fatality which hurries on the latter, drives on the former. For the one as for the other, suicide is a necessity. The likeness between the two catastrophes is such that it seems as though in preparing them, destiny had plagiarised itself. This surprising analogy has not been adequately considered, which, even in the details, provokes comparison. The two denouements take place amid the same funereal scenes; on the one hand it is the tomb of the Ptolemies, on the other the tomb of the Capulets. Run down by adversity the pagan lovers, like the Christian lovers, are driven to bay at the sepulchre; it is to the sepulchre that they betake themselves; at the sepulchre is their last tryst. In the two dramas, the same error is followed by the same consequences: Antony believes Cleopatra dead and kills himself; Romeo believes Juliet dead and kills himself. The attachment of the women keeps pace with the devotion of the men; both refuse to save themselves. The one resists the solicitations of Caesar, the other the prayer of Friar Laurence. 'I trust only my resolution,' says one, as she applies the aspic. 'I will not away!' cries the other, and she seizes the poniard. Conclusion sublime! Between these two couples who have lived so differently, infinite love has suppressed all differences; it effaces all distinction between the innocent and the guilty; it makes the dying Egyptian the equal in agony of the Veronese, it gives to adultery the august majesty of marriage. 'Husband, I come.' Yes, the same name that Juliet gives to Romeo, Cleopatra at last conquers the right to give to Antony; at the moment when she kills herself for him, she may well be permitted to call him her husband. The two lovers in dying have exchanged the kiss of an eternal betrothal. Between her and him, there is no more separation to be feared, no divorce possible. . . . Entombed by their conqueror, Antony and Cleopatra repose side by side in the nuptial grave. Death has been their marriage.

**Anthony**

Rev. Dr R. C. Trench (Plutarch, etc., London, 1873, p. 56): The Antony of history, of Plutarch himself, would have been no subject for poetry. Splendidly endowed by nature as he was, it would yet have been impossible to claim or create a sympathy for one so cruel, dyed so deeply in the noblest blood of Rome, the wholesale plunderer of peaceful cities and provinces that he might squander their spoils on the vilest ministers of his pleasures; himself of orgies so shameless, sunken in such a mire of sin; in whom met the ugliest features, and what one would have counted beforehand as the irreconcilable contradictions, of an Oriental despot and a Roman gladiator. And yet, transformed, we may say transfigured by the marvellous touch, the Antony of Shakespeare, if not the veritable Antony of history, has not so broken with him as not to be recognizable still. For the rest, what was coarse is refined, what would take no colour of goodness is ignored, what had any fair side on which it could be shown is shown on that side alone. He appears from the first as not himself, but as under the spells of that potent Eastern enchantress who had once held by these spells a Caesar himself. There are followers who cleave to him in his lowest estate, even as there are fitful gleams and glimpses of generosity about him which explain this fidelity of theirs; and when at the last we behold him standing amid the wreck of fortunes and the waste of gifts, all wrecked and wasted by himself, penetrated through and through with the infinite shame and sadness of such a close to such a life, the whole range of poetry offers no more tragical figure than he is, few that
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arouse a deeper pity; while yet, ideal as this Antony of Shakespeare is, he is connected by innumerable subtle bands and finest touches with the real historical Antony, at once another and the same.

CLEOPATRA

A. Skottowe (ii, 240): Shakespeare has not been successful in conveying an idea of the elegance of Cleopatra's mind. Neither her manners, thoughts, nor language, impress us with a conviction of her possessing those accomplishments which [Plutarch] ascribes to her.

Mrs Jameson (ii, p. 120, et seq.): Of all Shakespeare's female characters, Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me the most wonderful. The first, unequalled as a poetical conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity and complexity; and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two. Great crimes, springing from high passions, grafted on high qualities, are the legitimate source of tragic poetry. But to make the extreme of littleness produce an effect like grandeur—to make the excess of frailty produce an effect like power—to heap up together all that is most unsubstantial, frivolous, vain, contemptible, and variable, till the worthlessness be lost in the magnitude, and a sense of the sublime spring from the very elements of littleness,—to do this, belonged only to Shakespeare, that worker of miracles. Cleopatra is a brilliant antithesis, a compound of contradictions, of all that we most hate, with what we most admire. The whole character is the triumph of the external over the innate; and yet like one of her country's hieroglyphics, though she present at first view a splendid and perplexing anomaly, there is deep meaning and wondrous skill in the apparent enigma, when we come to analyze and decipher it. But how are we to arrive at the solution of this glorious riddle, whose dazzling complexity continually mocks and eludes us? What is most astonishing in the character of Cleopatra is its antithetical construction—its consistent inconsistency, if I may use such an expression—which renders it quite impossible to reduce it to any elementary principles. It will, perhaps, be found on the whole, that vanity and the love of power predominate; but I do not say it is so, for these qualities and a hundred others mingle into each other, and shift, and change, and glance away, like the colours in a peacock's train. In some others of Shakespeare's female characters, also remarkable for their complexity (Portia and Juliet, for instance), we are struck with the delightful sense of harmony in the midst of contrast, so that the idea of unity and simplicity of effect is produced in the midst of variety; but in Cleopatra, it is the absence of unity and simplicity which strikes us; the impression is that of perpetual and irreconcilable contrast. The continual approximation of whatever is most opposite in character, in situation, in sentiment, would be fatiguing, were it not so perfectly natural: the woman herself would be distracting, if she were not so enchanting. I have not the slightest doubt that Shakespeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the 'Rare Egyptian'—individualised and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth, her childlike susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous eastern colouring of the char-
acter; all these contradictory elements has Shakespeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classical elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gipsy sorcery. What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakespeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgement, bewilders and bewitches our fancy from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: 'enchanting queen!'- 'witch'- 'spell'— 'great fairy'— 'cockatrice'— 'serpent of old Nile'— 'thou grave charm'— are only a few of them. . . . In representing the mutual passion of Antony and Cleopatra as real and fervent, Shakespeare has adhered to the truth of history as well as to general nature. On Antony's side it is a species of infatuation, a single and engrossing feeling: it is, in short, the love of a man declined in years for a woman very much younger than himself, and who has subjected him by every species of female enchantment. In Cleopatra the passion is of a mixt nature, made up of real attachment, combined with the love of pleasure, the love of power, and the love of self. Not only is the character most complicated, but no one sentiment could have existed pure and unvarying in such a mind as hers; her passion in itself is true, fixed to one centre; but like the pennon streaming from the mast, it flutters and veers with every breath of her variable temper: yet in the midst of all her caprices, follies, and even vices, womanly feeling is still predominant in Cleopatra; and the change which takes place in her deportment towards Antony, when their evil fortune darkens round them, is as beautiful and interesting in itself as it is striking and natural. Instead of the airy caprice and provoking petulance she displays in the first scenes, we have a mixture of tenderness, and artifice, and fear, and submissive blandishment. Her behaviour, for instance, after the battle of Actium, when she quails before the noble and tender rebuke of her lover, is partly female subtlety and partly natural feeling.

The Cleopatra of Fletcher reminds us of the antique colossal statue of her in the Vatican, all grandeur and grace. Cleopatra in Dryden's tragedy is like Guido's dying Cleopatra in the Pitti Palace, tenderly beautiful. Shakespeare's Cleopatra is like one of those graceful and fantastic pieces of antique Arabesque, in which all anomalous shapes and impossible and wild combinations of form are woven together in regular confusion and most harmonious discord; and such, we have reason to believe, was the living woman herself, when she existed upon this earth.

H. HEINE (v, 288): For Cleopatra is a woman. She loves and betrays at the same time. It is a mistake to believe that women when they betray us have ceased to love. They follow only their inborn nature; and if they do not wish to empty the forbidden cup, they like at least to sip from it, or lick the brim, just to see what poison tastes like. . . . Yes, this Cleopatra is a woman in the blessedest and cursedest sense of the word! She reminds me of that saying of Lessing, 'When God made woman 'He took too fine a clay!' The extreme delicacy of His material seldom agrees with the requirements of life. This creature is at once too good and too bad for this world. Most charming attractions are here the cause of most repulsive frailties. With enchanting truth Shakespeare depicts, even at the first appearance of Cleopatra, the variegated fluttering spirit of caprice which is always rampant in the brain of the beautiful queen, not seldom bubbling over in the most notable questions and desires,
and is perhaps really to be regarded as the final cause of all her actions and behaviour. . . From the excited, unbalanced mind of Cleopatra, made up of extremes shuffled together, a mind oppressively sultry, there flashes, like heat-lightning, a sensuous, wild, and brimstone-yellow wit, which frightens rather than pleases. Plutarch gives us an idea of this wit, which shows itself more in deeds than words. . . .

The surroundings of Cleopatra are as intensely witty as her character. This capricious, pleasure-seeking, ever-veering, feverishly coquetish woman, this antique Parisienne, this goddess of life, scintillated and ruled over Egypt, the stark, silent land of the dead. You know it well, that Egypt, that Mira-mir full of mystery, that Nile with its narrow valley, looking like a coffin. In the high reeds grins the crocodile, or the exposed babe of Revelation whimpers. Rock temples with colossal pillars, wherein appear caricatures of sacred animals of horribly varied hues. At the portal nods a monk of Isis, with hieroglyphic head-gear. In luxurious villas, mummies take their siestas, and the gilded masks protect them from the swarms of carrion flies. There stand slender obelisks and squat pyramids, like dumb thoughts. In the background we are greeted by the Ethiopian mountains of the Moon, hiding the sources of the Nile. Everywhere Death, Stone, and Mystery. And over this land, there ruled as queen the beautiful Cleopatra. How witty God is!

Charles Bathurst (p. 131): The character of Cleopatra is fully like that of a queen, in boldness, pride and command. But not at all otherwise. Her passions are those of a mere ordinary woman, who has no respect for herself. This may have been the case in fact with many queens, in private, because they have less to control them than other people; but it certainly ought not to be so represented. Her love for Antony is much inferior in depth, steadiness, and sincerity to his for her: but this was required by the events of the history. However, Shakespeare has put some very fine things here and there in her speeches, has made her interesting throughout, and winds her up at the last, partly by showing the attachment of her attendants to her, most magnificently.

Henry Giles (p. 143): With more commanding sweep of character and intellect, we have impassioned womanhood in Cleopatra. Wonderful she is in her grand and dazzling loveliness. Full of soul, full of power, and full of poetry, she is the very majesty of voluptuousness; she could beat Antony himself in the strength and endurance of carousal. 'O, times,' she says, 'I laughed him out of patience, and that night I laughed him into patience, and next morning, ere the ninth hour, I 'drunk him to his bed.' Ambitious, yet sensuous; cunning, yet intellectual; insidious, yet bold; high and daring in her aims, she contrives to combine politics with pleasure. Keen in her understanding, yet gorgeous in her imagination, she knew how to conceal a plan within a pageant, and her pageantry was the pageantry of a goddess. Vehement as she was subtle, her pleasures were as ocean-tides; they surged up from the dark depths of her impassioned soul. Daughter of the Ptolemies, queen of olden and mystic Egypt, with the rich genius of Greece and the hot blood of Africa, she was at once poetess, sovereign, and enchantress; grace, mingled with force, concealed the grossness of her excess; something of the artistic entered into the wildest extravagance of her luxuries: even in her vices she was brilliant and imperial. It was meet that her lovers should be masters of the world; with no lower suitors would imagination be content to mate her. If she must bend her sceptre to the sword of Cæsar, it was still right that she should bow his head to the royalty of
her beauty: his was the victory of force, hers of fascination; he was strong in his
domions, she was strong in herself; he conquered the world, and she conquered him.
The august and godlike Julius humbled himself before her. The impetuous and
magnificent Antony became a mere child to her command. What measure shall we
find for that combination of womanly witchery and wormanly genius, the result of
which we observe in the subjugation of two such men as haughty Julius and incom-
stant Antony? It required the mind of Shakespeare properly to conceive it, and by
Shakespeare only it has giveency of expression.

Gerald Massey (Secret Drama, etc., 1872, p. 482): There was a woman in
the North, whom Shakespeare had known, quite ready to become his life-figure for
this siren of the east [Cleopatra]; her name was Lady Rich. A few touches to
make the hair dark, and give the cheek a browner tint, and the change was wrought.
The soul was already there, appraised in befitting bodily splendour. She had the
tropical exuberance, the rich passionate life, and reckless impetuous spirit; the tower-
ing audacity of will, and breakings out of wilfulness; the sudden change from still-
ness to storm, from storm to calm, which kept her life in bellowy motion, on which her
spirit loved to ride triumphing, although others went to wreck; the cunning—past
man’s thought—to play as she pleased upon man’s pulses; the infinite variety that
custom could not stale; the freshness of feeling that age could not wither; the magic
to turn the heads of young and old, the wanton and the wise! Her ‘flashes of nature’
were lighting-flashes! A fitting type for the witch-woman, who kissed away king-
doms, and melted down those immortal pearls of price—the souls of men—to enrich
the wine of her luxurious life! The very ‘model for the devil to build mischief on,’
or for Shakespeare to work by, when setting that ‘historic abstraction’ all aglow with
a conflagration of passionate life, and making old Nile’s swart image of beauty in
bronze breathe in flesh and blood and sensuous shape once more to personify eternal
torment in the most pleasant guise. The hand of the Englishwoman flashes its
whiteness too, in witness, when she offers to give her ‘bluest veins to kiss,’ forgetful
that it was black with ‘Phoebus’ amorous pinches. The ‘lascivious Grace, in
whom all ill well shows’ (—Sonnet 40) is that ‘serpent of old Nile,’ who was cun-
ning, past man’s thought;” she who is asked, in Sonnet 150,—’Whence hast thou
this becoming of things ill That in the very refuse of thy deeds, There is such
strength and warrantise of skill That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?’
is the same person, of whom it is said in the tragedy, ‘the vilest things become
themselves in her;’ the lady addressed in Sonnet 96—’Thou mak’st faults grace
that to thee resort, As on the finger of a crowned Queen, The basest jewel will
be well esteemed; So are those errors that in thee are seen To truths translated,
and for true things deemed—’ is one with the ‘Wrangling Queen, Whom
everything becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!’ This verismilitude is not casual, it
comes from no inadvertence of expression, but goes to the life-roots of a personal
character, so unique, that the Poet on various occasions drew from one original—
the Lady Rich.

Edward Dowden (p. 312): We do not mistake this feeling of Cleopatra towards
Antony for love; but he has been for her (who had known Cesar and Pompey), the
supreme sensation. She is neither faithful to him nor faithless; in her complex
nature, beneath each fold or layer of sincerity lies one of insincerity, and we cannot
teiii which is the last and innermost. Her imagination is stimulated, and nourished by Antony's presence. And he in his turn finds in the beauty and witchcraft of the Egyptian, something no less incomensurable and incomprehensible. Yet no one felt more profoundly than Shakspeare,—as his Sonnets abundantly testify,—that the glory of strength and of beauty is subject to limit and to time. What he would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. At every moment in this play we assist at a catastrophe—the decline of a lordly nature. At every moment we are necessarily aware of the gross, the mean, the disorderly womanhood in Cleopatra, no less than of the witchery and wonder which excite, and charm, and subdue. We see her a dissembler, a termagant, a coward; and yet 'vilest things become her.' The presence of a spirit of life in Cleopatra, quick, shifting, multitudinous, incalculable, fascinates the eye, and would, if it could, fill the moral sense to sleep, as the sea does with its endless snake-like motions in the sun and shade. She is a wonder of the world, which we would travel far to look upon.

F. S. Boas (p. 475, et seq.) : Cleopatra is among Shakspeare's women what Falstaff is amongst his men. Both have the same infinite complexity of nature in which seemingly contradictory qualities are reconciled, and both the same paradoxical grandeur compounded out of all that is most morally worthless. Fascination radiates equally from either personality, and as Falstaff, when completely bankrupt in honour and fortune, is still the knight and the gentleman, so Cleopatra, guilty of the most detestable and squalid forms of misconduct, remains every inch a queen. In the Boat's Head Tavern and in the Palace at Alexandria a similar struggle is being waged : the venue is changed, and the weapons, but an identical principle is at stake. Falstaff had sought to defeat moral facts by the dazzling play of an inexhaustible humour; Cleopatra substitutes the no less dazzling play of an inexhaustible personal charm, wherein beauty, as Plutarch expressly states, was only a minor element. Perfect beauty could indeed scarcely be the portion of this 'gipsy,' with 'Phoebus' amorous pinches black,' but she has the more talismanic gifts of perennial youth and endless versatility of attraction. ... Antony's names for her, 'serpent of old Nile,' and 'great fairy,' testify to a spell that seems wellnigh more than human. Yet its potency really springs from her unabashed revelation of a womanhood dowered with every captivating attribute save those which have a moral source. The Cleopatra of Shakspeare, and indeed of Plutarch, anticipates a type of which the modern stage is often supposed to be the originator. This demi-mondaine born in the purple, with her hot and cold fits, her mingled restlessness and languor, her passion at once false and true, her lavishness and her avarice, her seductive wiles varied by outbursts of ferocity or coarseness—what essential aspect of courtesan-nature has the realism of today discovered which is not to be found in this wonderful picture? Fate provides for a unique manifestation of the myriad possibilities of Cleopatra's character when it throws Antony into her toils. In her youth she had been Cesar's paramour, but to the conqueror and statesman this dalliance had been only an interlude amidst the serious work of war and government. Antony is of other mould, and is, in fact, as completely the masculine counterpart of Cleopatra as Benedick was of Beatrice. The emotional homage which in earlier days he had lavished on Cesar is now poured forth yet more unreservedly at the feet of the Egyptian Queen. In her, Antony finds a being who satisfies the boundless craving of his richly endowed sensuous nature. Yet this passion, so mutually enthralling, so opulent of delight, is not, in any true
sense, love. The souls of Antony and Cleopatra have never for one moment mingled. The gorgeous fabric of their bliss toters from hour to hour on an unstable foundation. Antony is always on the watch for treachery on the part of the 'gipsy,' and Cleopatra is ever fearful that her paramour will be drawn from her side by his bond as a husband, or his ambition as a ruler.

G. Bradford, Jr. (Poet Lore, Vol. x, No. 4, 1898, p. 529) : The exact proportion of madness and sanity in Hamlet must always remain a question, and so with Cleopatra. I, at least, do not feel clear as to her good faith to Antony. That she loves him there is no doubt at all, loves him as she is capable of loving. But it is more than doubtful whether she kills herself for love of him or in sheer desperation to avoid the scorn and vengeance of Caesar. I greatly fear that if she had been confident of Caesar's favour, confident of reigning in Rome as she had reigned in Alexandria, Antony's poor dust might have tossed forgotten in the burning winds of Egypt. And yet, I do not know—who can know? That is precisely what gives the character its charm. History leaves us in the same doubt. Shakespeare may have had no definite opinion on the point. Cleopatra may not have considered it herself. She adored Antony. She had the pride of her race. She would not see, 'Some squeaking Cleopatra boy her greatness,' and she dies as she lived, a supreme mystery.

Octavia

Mrs Jameson (ii, pp. 169-174) : I do not understand the observation of a late critic, that in this play 'Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra.' Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen, her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. 'The sober eye of dull Octavia.'—V, ii. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's: for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for a while the silver moon and ever burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very beauteous of a noble Roman lady—'Admired Octavia, 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.'... The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with 'downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure,'—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to 'The swan's down feather That stands upon the swell at flood of tide, And neither way inclines.' The fear which seems to haunt the mind of Cleopatra, lest she should be 'chastised by the sober eye' of Octavia, is exceedingly characteristic of the two women: it betrays the jealous pride of her, who was conscious that she had forfeited all real claim to respect; and it places Octavia before us in all the majesty of that virtue which could strike a kind of envying and remorseful awe even into the bosom of Cleopatra. What would she have thought and felt, had some soothsayer foretold to her the fate of her own children, whom she so tenderly loved? Captives, and exposed to the rage of the Roman populace, they owed their existence to the
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generous, admirable Octavia, in whose mind there entered no particle of littleness. She received into her house the children of Antony and Cleopatra, educated them with her own, treated them with truly maternal tenderness, and married them nobly.

OCTAVIUS

Paul Stafford (p. 409): In the whole range of historical figures it would be difficult to find one more disagreeable, more ugly, and more repulsive than Caesar's nephew, Octavius, who afterwards became the renowned Augustus, so chanted and glorified by the poets. Not that he was a monster of wickedness; comparatively speaking at least and placed by the side of the more thorough-going ruffians who were members of his august family, he could hardly be called so. But from a poetical point of view this is just where his fault lies; had he been more frankly and boldly wicked he would have been less detestable. Schiller has very truly remarked that a robber gains, poetically speaking, by being also a murderer, and that a man who lowers himself in our aesthetic esteem by some paltry rascality, may raise himself by the commission of a great crime. But in a mean shivering creature, who used to regale himself upon an ounce of bread and a few dried raisins, and in winter wore four tunics under his toga, it is impossible to feel any vivid interest. Military courage, we know, was not one of his virtues. His favourite maxims, 'Precaution is better than boldness,' 'Make haste slowly,' etc. were of much the same unheroic character as the saying that Louis XI. was so fond of repeating: 'In war the honour is his who gains the most by it.'... He has often, like many other persons whose whole wit consists in preserving a judicious silence, been taken for a deep thinker, but his solemn and mysterious manner only hides the emptiness beneath. Nothing is more irritating for purposes of analysis than this kind of colourless character, which has nothing original or worth studying about it, and which defies all definition, because its indefinite and varying features cannot possibly be brought into any sort of unity. For instance, Octavius was cruel from inclination as well as from policy, and several instances of his cruelty are related by Suetonius which Caligula himself might have envied: but he had his moments of moderation and clemency notwithstanding, and it is to one of these slight attacks of generosity that he owes the reputation of magnanimity which he has obtained through the too great benevolence of Corneille, who was ever on the watch for what was grand and noble. The death of his enemy Antony inspired him, according to Suetonius, with feelings of delight, but according to Plutarch, he withdrew into his tent and wept and lamented. Shakespeare here, as always, follows Plutarch; but his conduct is not of the slightest importance, nor is it even necessary to suppose that his tears were hypocritical: with this thin coating of sensitiveness he might easily be affected for an instant by the 'breaking of so great a thing.' A passive instrument in the hands of fortune, tame and colourless, without one ray of poetry in his nature, Octavius both in history and in Shakespeare is an absolutely vapid and insipid personage. To take him as the representative of an iron will, cold, patient, and certain of his aim, as some commentators have done, and to contrast him with the lavish splendour of a brilliantly gifted nature, whirled away by a fatal passion, like that of Antony, is assuredly to do him too much honour. We meet with many practical men of action in Shakespeare's plays who are tolerably worthy of forming a contrast to the more poetical but less sensible hero, such as Fortinbras in Hamlet, Alcibiades in Timon of Athens, and Cassius in Julius Caesar; but we may be allowed to doubt whether Octavius had any very real practical merit, and whether the appearance he had of it was not entirely due to the egregious folly
and infatuation of his opponent, by force of contrast with which, the faintest signs of ability or wisdom would become magnified. When Antony, after his defeat, challenged Octavius to single combat, it was not necessary for him to be a wise man, to shrug his shoulders at a challenge so obviously absurd,—not to be a hero was quite sufficient. It was not Octavius, but the star of his destiny that won the battle of Actium: Cleopatra took flight, her lover followed her, and Octavius, as usual, had only to let the gods act for him. At most, he only fills in the tragedy the place of the principal agent in Antony's predetermined downfall.

DRAMATIC VERSIONS

In 1552 there was published in France a drama called Cleopatra Capitvus, which was the first tragedy to appear in the French language. It was written by Estienne Jodelle, "fier du Lymodin," who was born in Paris in 1532, and died at the age of forty-one in 1573, when Shakespeare was nine years old. In construction this tragedy was modelled on the Drama of Seneca; in some respects it shows the influence of the Greek tragedians also,—the Chorus shares in the dialogue, which is rare, I think, in Seneca, and, in the Second Act, it is divided into Strophes and Antistrophes. Its Dramatic Personae are as follows: The Shade of Antony, Cleopatra, Eras, Charmium, Octavian Cesar, Agrippa, Proculeius, Chorus of Alexandrian Women, Seleucus. The First Scene is laid in Purgatory, and consists of a soliloquy by the Shade of Antony who laments the sad fate brought on him by the gods, through their jealousy of his greatness; he reviews his past life, and his fatal infatuation for Cleopatra, whom he bitterly denounces. Purgatorial fires having already had some effect, the Ghost laments his cruel treatment of his wife, Octavius, and furthermore,

*I chased my tender children from my side
And warned that murderous serpent in my bosom
Which coiled about me, and deceived my soul,
While pouring deadly venom o'er my life.* —p. 110, recta.

But he is resolved that he will not remain all alone in torment: before the sun, now rising, sets, Cleopatra must die. He has appeared to her in a dream, and commanded her, after having given his corpse an honourable burial, to kill herself,

*Or se faisant compagne en ma peine et tristesse
Qui s'est faite long temps compagne en ma lieste;* —p. 110, verso.

which has really a show of justice and fair play. In the next Scene Cleopatra rehearse to Eras and Charmium, the events of her life, much in the same style as Antony had narrated his past story, but, not having had as yet the advantage of Purgatorial flames, her remorse is not so deep. She refers with terror to her dream, and decides that Antony's commands must be obeyed; moreover, every horror is to be endured rather than be taken to Rome for Cesar's triumph. The Chorus, at the close of the Act, shows a close imitation of Seneca by beginning with a description, by no means without charm, of a sunrise and an opening day. It inevitably challenges comparison with the fine description by the Chorus at the end of the First Act in the Hercules Furens, beginning, *Jam rara micant sidera prono Languida*

*A recent writer (Athenaean, 11 August, 1906), in speaking of blank verse, says with truth, *'it is criminally easy to write it execrably, and almost impossible to write it well.' Here, and in the translations, in blank verse, from the French, German, and Italian of the following Versions, I enact the criminal.
‘mundo,’ etc. In the next Act Octavius boasts to Agrippa and Proculeius of his grandeur and of his mighty exploits, beginning with the self-complacent assertion that no one under heaven’s cope has been so favoured by the gods as he himself. But his career will be incomplete if he cannot take Cleopatra in triumph to Rome. Proculeius describes the manner in which he captured the queen, wherein Jodell closely follows Plutarch. Octavius bids him dispossess Cleopatra of all thoughts of suicide. In the Third Act there is a conference between Octavius and the Queen. The latter displays the letters of Julius Caesar, wherefrom it appears that Jodell consulted Dion Cassius as well as Plutarch. In Cleopatra’s appeals, as a queen, for compassion, in her lamentations for Antony, and in her despairing commiseration of her own bitter lot, the drama rises, I think, to its highest point of tragedy. ‘Unles,’ Cleopatra, addressing Octavius, plaintively begins:

‘Unless the grief, imprisoned in my breast,
Far, far surpassed this final plaint of mine
Thou wouldst not see thy poor slave at thy feet.
No words of mine are equal to the grief,
Which, throbbing, has consumed me all within,—
My tears, my moans, and all my heavy sighs.
Art thou surprised that this word “separation”
Has power to put my steadfastness to flight?
To separate! ye gods! I know its meaning!
If this sad war had only been foresworn,
It had been better for me, luckless queen,
To have separated from him during life.
His bitter grief could then have been prevented!
I could have warded off all cruel blows,
Because I had the means and chance, with hope
Of seeing in full secrecy his face.
But now a hundred,—hundred-bundredfold
I’ve suffered from this bitter war: by it
I’ve lost my lands, my kingdom,—and my all!
And I have seen my life, and my support,
My joy, my universe, take his own life!
And, bleeding as he was, all cold and wan,
I strove to warm him with my own hot tears,
And almost separated myself from him.
While death was separating him from me.
Ha Dieux, grands Dieux! Ha grands Dieux!

* * * * * *

I needs must live; fear not I’ll take my life.
I have not laid a scheme to kill myself.
But since ‘tis right that I prolong my life
And that in me the love of life revive,
Vouchsafe to look upon this weakling, Caesar,
Who casts herself once more before thy feet.
At least, O Caesar, let my streaming tears
Induce a softness whence will spring my pardon.
Fast flowing drops will outwear e’en the flint,
Then on thy heart shall tears have no effect?’—p. 223, recto.
Dramatic Versions—Jodelle

In this one Scene there is, I think, a tragic human cry, deeper and more sincere than is to be found in the Cleopatras of many of Jodelle's successors who have achieved more fame. Octavius remains, however, unmoved, and recounts all the misdeeds in Cleopatra's career, but finally assures her that her life and the lives of her children shall be spared. Out of gratitude the queen says that she will discourse to Octavius all the gold and jewels in her treasury. Hereupon Seleucus comes forward officiously, as he does in Plutarch (in Shakespeare Cleopatra appeals to him), and asserts that Cleopatra has concealed wealth incalculable. The Scene that follows in Plutarch, where Cleopatra falls into a rage with Seleucus, proved to Jodelle too attractive to be omitted; consequently he inserted it at length, although so much action is in general alien to the Senecan tragedy. By this one venturous stroke Jodelle has shown his appreciation of Cleopatra's nature, and has imparted action, life, and character to his drama which give it a high place, earliest though it be of French tragedies, when compared with those subsequently written under Senecan influence, with Cleopatra for a theme. As Jodelle's Works are very scarce (the first edition appeared in 1553,—my copy is dated 1583), it may not be displeasing to reprint this fragment of the Scene. Jodelle's close adherence to Plutarch can be observed only in the original French; it would be lost in a translation. Seleucus has finished his accusation and at once Cleopatra's anger breaks forth:

1 Cleopatra. A faux meurtrier! a faux traistre, arraché
2 Sera le poil de ta teste cruelle.
3 Que pleust aux Dieux que ce fust ta cerveelle!
4 Tié traistre, tié. Sel. O Dieux! Cl. O chose detestable!
5 Vn serf vn serf! Oct. Mais chose esmerveillable
6 D'vn cœur terrible. Cl. Et quoy, m'accuses tu?
7 Me pensois tu veufte de ma vertu
8 Comme d'Antoine? a a traistre! Sel. Retiens la,
9 Puissant Cesar, retiens la doncq. Cl. Voila
10 Tous mes bienfaits; hou! le duel qui m'efforce,
11 Donne à mon cœur langoureux telle force,
12 Que ie pourrois, ce me semble, froisser
13 Du poing tes os, & tes flancs creuasser
14 A coups de pied. Oct. O quel grinsant courage!
15 Mais rien n'est plus furieux que la rage
16 D'vn cœur de femme. Et bien, quoy, Cleopatre?
17 Estes vous point ia saoule de le battre!
18 Fuy t'en, ami, fuy t'en. Cl. Mais quoy, mais quoy?
19 Mon Empereur, est-il vn tel esmoy
20 Au monde encor que ce paillard me donne?
21 Sa lâcheté ton esprit mesme estonne,
22 Comme ie croy, quand moy Roine d'ici,
23 De mon vassal suis accusee ainsi,
24 Que toy, Cesar, as daigné visiter.'—p. 225, verso, ed. 1583.

Seleucus repents, and in a dialogue with the Chorus confesses that death would be preferable to the memory which must be always his that he has so deeply wounded and offended his queen and mistress.

The Fourth Act is almost wholly given up to the bitter lamentations of Cleopatra. At the close there are four lines which I think are touching:
APPENDIX

"Car entre tout le mal, peine, douleur, encombre,
Soupirs, regrets, soucis, que je souffert sans nombre,
J'en estime le plus grief ce bien petit de temps
Que de toy, ô Antoine, esloigner ie me sens.'

The Fifth Act is divided between Proculeius and the Chorus. The former, overwhelmed with grief, describes how he broke into the Monument and found Cleopatra and Eras dead and Charmium dying, without a trace of the cause of their death. Later on, in wondering how he shall break the news to Caesar, he asks if it be possible that she could have died by an aspic’s bite or by some secret poison. The Chorus promises to the dead Cleopatra an eternity of fame in every land which the sun beholds from his rosy dawn to his darkened rest.

Comparisons between national literatures are idle; therefore, after recalling the fact that Corboduce, our earliest tragedy, was written in 1562, just ten years after Jodelle’s Cleopatre, it seems to me a sufficient conclusion that the latter as a first essay in dramatic tragedy is an origin of which any literature might be more than contented.

The next Tragedy, chronologically, wherein Cleopatra appears, is that by Robert Garnier, conseiller du Roy lieutenant general criminel au siege presidial & seenechaussie du Maine. It is called M. Antoine, and was published in 1578. It shared the popularity of Garnier’s other plays, which during the following century were reprinted at the remarkable rate of an edition every two years. M. Antoine had the honour of being translated by the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney’s sister, in 1592. To us, Shakespeare students, this translation is of importance. Its date renders it possible that it may have been read by Shakespeare. But if Shakespeare ever looked into it, I think he read no further than to the end of the Argument, where he found the statement that Garnier had drawn his material from Plutarch,—an ample notice that, in material for his play, the English dramatist could gain nothing from the French.

Of course, Garnier took Seneca as his model, except that he apparently thought that if one Chorus was good two would be better,—a luxury in which, I believe, Seneca never indulged. Garnier has a Chorus of Egyptians and another of Caesar’s soldiers. Inasmuch as the title of the play is M. Antoine, it will hardly suffice that Antony should be, as in Jodelle’s tragedy, a Shade, which after all may be a source of regret. The living man appears only twice during the play. The First Act, of over two hundred and thirty lines, is one long lugubrious monologue by him, wherein he extols his own fame and prowess, bewails his unjust downfall, and denounces Cleopatra’s deceitful love and treachery. His second appearance is in the Third Act wherein, with Lucilius as an occasional interlocutor, he continues, in about the same number of lines, the same mournful strain, but with an open confession that he cannot emancipate himself from Cleopatra’s thralldom. It is in the course of this Act that he betrays the recent reading of his Dante when he says:

"Car rien tant ne tourmente vn hõme en sa misere
Que se representer sa fortune prospere.'—p. 194, ed. 1616.

With an honesty beyond praise he puts these lines in quotation marks. The same honesty, I regret to say, is not shown by the First Chorus, in thus distinguishing the following lines:

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* See the admirable Reprint of the Countess of Pembroke’s Antonie, edited, with an Introduction, by Alice Luce (of Boston, Massachusetts), Weimar, 1897, p. 32.
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—GARNIER

‘Heureux qui jamais n’eut de vie
On que la mort dès le berceau
Luy a, pitoyable, raue,
L’emmaillottant dans le tombeau.’—p. 171.

which recall the words of the Chorus: μὴ γίνει τὸν ἄνθρωπον υἱὸν λόγων, etc. in the Ἀἰδώς Κολωνίως of Sophocles, line 1225, et seq.

From the very structure of the dramas formed on the Senecan model, it is vain to expect any development of character beyond that which twenty-four hours may effect. Cleopatra appears in two Scenes, and what she is in the former she is in the latter,—a woman deeply in love with Antony, freely acknowledging that she entangled him in her snares (and a little proud of it), and completely heart-broken that Antony should think she had been treacherous to him. In describing her flight at Actium she utters two lines which remind us and merely remind us, of Shakespeare; in referring to Antony’s pursuit, she says that he was

‘Oublieux de sa charge, & comme si son ame
Est est attachée à celle de sa Dame.’—p. 178.

The reason she gives for her flight and for her decision to be in these wars, was her extreme jealousy, lest Antony should return to Octavia. See III, vii, 23, supra.

In the Fourth Act Antony’s death (described as in Plutarch), is narrated to Cesar by Dercetas. The Fifth Act is devoted to Cleopatra, who takes leave of her children, and although continually asserting her intention to kill herself, we have no information as to when, or where, or how she at last fulfills it. The Act begins as follows:

'Cleopatra. O cruel Fortune! O accurs’d disaster!
O noxious love! O torch abominable!
O ill-starred pleasures! O caitiff beauty!
O deadly grandeur, deadly majesty!
O hapless life! O pitiable queen!
O Antony, through my fault, to be buried!
O heavens too malign! alas! all blows
And rancour of the gods are come upon us!
Ill-omened queen! O would that I had ne’er
Beheld, alas! the wandering light of day!
I am a plague and poison to my dear ones!
I’ve lost the ancient sceptre of my fathers!
This kingdom I’ve enslaved to foreign laws,
And of their heritage deprived my children.
Yet this is nought, alas! all nought, compared
With loss of you, dear spouse [Epoux], by me ensnared,
Of you, whom I mislaid, and then constrained
By bloody hand, to lie in mouldring tomb.
Of you whom I destroyed, of you, my dearest lord,
From whom I took all honour, empire, life!
O harmful woman! Hé! can I live on,
Locked up within this grisly, haunted tomb?
Can I breathe on? and can, oh, can my soul
Continue, in such grief, within my body?
O Atropos, O Clotho, fatal spinners!
O Styx, O Phlegethon, infernal rivers!
O Daughters of the Night!’—p. 220.
Cleopatra confides her children to Euphranius, with the prayer that he will wander with them over the face of the earth rather than suffer them to fall into Caesar's power. She then takes leave of them, as follows:

* Who knows but that your hands, to which false Fate
  Once gave the promise of the Latin sceptre,
  Shall bear, instead of it, a crooked sheep-hook,
  A mattock, or a goad, or guide the plough?
  Then learn to suffer, children, and forget
  The glory of your birth, and bend to fate.
Adieu, my babes [enfants] adieu, my heart's oppressed
With pity, grief; already death has pierced me!
I cannot breathe! Adieu for evermore!
Your sire or me you'll never more behold.
Adieu, sweet care, adieu!

* Children.

Madame, adieu!

* Cleopatra.

Hah! that voice kills me. Bons Dieux, I faint!
I can no more. I die.

* Eras.

Madame, would you
Succumb to sorrow? alas, pray speak to us!

* Euphranius.

Come children.

* Children.

We come."—p. 222.

Charmion and Eras at last succeed in reviving the Queen. Thereupon all three begin to bewail Antony, and continue so doing for seventy lines, during which Charmion is fearful lest their tears should give out, and suggests that they keep on crying 'tant qu'aurons quelque humeur.' At the end of the seventieth line occurs the following passage which I think noteworthy. It is Cleopatra who is speaking:

By our true loves, I pray thee, Antony,
By our two hearts, once kindled with sweet flames,
Our holy marriage [Par nostre saint Hymen] and the tender pity
For our small children, pledges of our love,
That to thine ears my mournful voice may fly
And that on Pluto's shore thou wilt escort me,
Thy wife, thy friend; hear thou, O Antony,
Where'er thou art these sobbing sighs of mine."—p. 224.

It is not a little remarkable, I think, that in more than one of these early versions Cleopatra refers to Antony as her husband. Here we find an open reference to their 'holy marriage.' No other version that I can recall has spoken thus explicitly.

Cleopatra continues:

Till now, I've lived as was decreed by Fate,
I now have run my wingèd course of years;
I've flourish'd; and I've reign'd; I've taken vengeance
On that proud foe, who holds me still in scorn.
Happy, thrice-happy had it been for me
If never fleet of Rome had touch'd these shores!
And now of me a phantom great shall go
Beneath the world, to bury all my woe!"—p. 225.

Cleopatra here anticipates the line which Virgil, in the Fourth Book of the Æneid, will put into Dido's mouth, 'Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.' The queen continues in this strain for about twenty lines; among them are the following:
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE 513

'Le plus aigre tourment qu'en mon ame ie sente,
Est ce peu que ie suis de toy, mon coeur, absente.'

which show that she had been lately reading her Jodelle. She then concludes:

'Since I no more can sprinkle him with tears,—
Ah woe, those founts in me are all drawn dry,—
What is there left, alas! but lavish kisses?
O fairest eyes, my light, then let me kiss you!
O brow, proud honour's seat! fair, warlike face!
O neck! O arms! O breast where death
Just now, black deed, has struck the murderous blow!
A thousand kisses, and yet thousands more,
Accept as my last duty to your fame.
And in such office let my nerveless frame
Breathe forth my soul and wither on thy breast.'

And this is all. With this line the Tragedy ends.

Cleopatra's character is not altogether colourless, but is as far removed as possible from any Shakespearian glow. Her love is boundless, her self-reproach endless, her self-abasement abysmal, her knowledge of mythology extensive, and, had we not had some experience with Jodelle, we should consider her achievement in soliloquy phenomenal. After your spirit is once fairly broken, you can read on and on with a tepid gentle excitement that is not unpleasing. The Choruses are always lyric, with occasional passages of genuine poetry. In all the incidents of the play Plutarch is closely followed, and at all times there is a subtle consciousness that you are in the hands of a scholar.

The familiar fact has been already mentioned that this tragedy of Garnier was 'done into English' by MARY SIDNEY, Countess of Pembroke. It was published in 1592. That it is 'done into English' is true, but it is done into awkward English, which well might merit a stronger adjective when we recall some of the finished poetry of her brother, Phillip. She sedulously maintains the ten syllables of an iambic pentameter; but to do this, all customary order of words is at times violated. In the following selection I think and I hope I have given the translation at its best. Passages written in stichomythia are unusually difficult to translate. The original French is throughout (except in the Choruses) in rhymed Alexandrines. With a few exceptions, her Ladyship uses rhyme only in the stichomythic passages. Charmian and Eras are disuading Cleopatra from suicide:

Char. Que sert à son malheur (i. e. Antony's) cette amour éternelle?
Cléo. Qu'elle serre, ou soit vaine, elle doit estre telle.
Eras. C'est mal fait de se perdre en ne profiter point.
Cléo. Ce n'est mal fait de suyvre vn ame si concioint.
Eras. Mais telle affection n' amoindrist pas sa peine.
Cléo. Sans telle affection ie seroys inhumaine.
Cléo. Inhumain est celui qui se brasse la mort.
Inhumain n'est celui qui de miseres sort.
VI. Vixes pour vos enfants. Cl. Je mourray pour leur pere.
Cléo. O mere rigoureuse! Cl. Espouse debonnaire!
Eras. Les vouliez-vous priser du bien de leurs yeux?
Cl. Les en prié-je? noin, c'est la rigueur des dieux.'—p. 182, 1616.

The translation of the Countess of Pembroke is as follows:

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Char. What helps his wrack this ever-lasting love?
Cl. Help, or help not, such must, such ought I prune.
Char. Ill done to loose your selfe, and to no ende.
Cl. How ill think you to follow such a frende?
Char. But this your love nought mitigates his paine.
Cl. Without this love I should be inhumaine.
Char. Inhumaine he, who his owne death pursues.
Cl. Not inhumaine who miseries eschues.
Ch. Lied for your sonnes. Cl. Nay, for their father die.
Cha. Hard hearted mother! Cl. Wife kind-hearted I.
Ch. Then will you them deprive of royall right?
Cl. Do I deprive them? no, it's dest'nes might.'—p. 75, ed. Luce.

GIRAaldi CINTHIO, in 1583, follows Garnier, chronologically. His Cleopatra, published in that year, I have not succeeded in obtaining. KLEIN (Italianische Dramen, V, 352), gives a short account of it. 'It is conceivable,' he says, 'nay, possible, perhaps even not improbable, that Shakespeare was acquainted with it.' But the instances that Klein cites in confirmation are among those which Shakespeare derived from Plutarch, and are therefore necessarily common to both dramas. MOELLER (p. 12) gives a fuller account of Cinthio's Tragedy, and proves Klein's account to be erroneous in several particulars. But whether we accept Moeller's abstract or Klein's, the latter's general conclusion bears truth on the face of it: Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra in comparison with Cinthio's Cleopatra is like 'the barge of purple and gold on the river Cydnus, and a little paper boat which a boy sails in a gutter.'

In 1594 the excellent poet, SAMUEL DANIEL, put forth a third edition of his Sonnets, addressed to the imaginary, or at least unknown, fair 'Delia,' and in the same volume appeared, for the first time, The Tragedie of Cleopatra. Daniel's poems were deservedly popular, and this Tragedy appeared in the successive editions of them, in 1599, 1601, 1605, 1607, and 1609; in 1611 the Tragedy was issued in a separate impression. So many successive editions imply a wide circle of readers, and the supposition is not violent that in this circle Shakespeare was included. Were it so, he would have found one of the very few dramas in the English language, modeled throughout on the drama of Seneca, which, even in its severest form, still has a power to charm.

As far as any dramatic aid is concerned, Shakespeare could have found none whatever in Daniel's Tragedy. There is no action in it. The whole of the First Act is a soliloquy by Cleopatra. The Second is a dialogue between Caesar and Proculeius. The Third is another between Philostratus and Arius, and so on. Not even does Cleopatra's death take place on the stage; it is described by a trusted servant, the same who had brought her the basket of figs wherein the aspics were concealed. Whatever influence Daniel had on Shakespeare must be detected not in any action, but in similarity of thought or expression; of this, with two or three possible exceptions, I can find no traces that are indubitable, or even worthy of serious consideration. Naturally there are passages from Plutarch, even following the very words, which are common to both poets, but therein it is Plutarch, not Daniel, whom Shake-

Shakespeare has followed. One of the exceptions to which I have alluded is where the messenger, 'Nuntius,' describes his interview with his mistress when he brought her the basket of figs:

'Well, in I went, where brighter than the Sunne,
Glittering in all her pompeous rich array,
Great Cleopatra sate, as if sh' had wonne
Cesar, and all the world beside, this day:
Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,
Cleave Cydnus, she did shew what earth could shew; . . .
Euen as she went at first to meete her lone,
So goes she now againe to finde him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proce,
This last her lone, that could not liue behind him.'—p. 84.

Thus Shakespeare's Cleopatra says,

'Shew me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Anthony.'—V, ii, 274.

Again Daniel's Cleopatra speaks of herself as Anthony's wife. She is addressing the spirit of the dead Anthony to intercede for her with the gods, and thus adjores him,

'O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy woful wife from such disgrace.'—p. 73.

Again there is a faint fleeting similarity in the two following passages. Thus Daniel's Cleopatra:

'. . . now am I taught
In death to lone, in life that knew not how.'—p. 38.

Thus Shakespeare's:

'My desolation does begin to make
A better life.'—V, ii, 2.


There is a certain passage in Shakespeare's play which has given rise to some discussion on the score of its meaning. It is where Anthony moralises on the death of Fulvia and says: 'The present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become 'The opposite of itself.'—I, ii, 145. Can it be that this is a condensation of the following lines in Daniel which were hovering in Shakespeare's memory?

'Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
Runne a perpetuall circle,-ever turning;
And that same day that hiest glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the point of backe-returning.'—p. 52.

And I think these are all. That Shakespeare had read Daniel's Cleopatra is of course possible; that it is even probable, is not impossible; but that he was indebted to it, or was influenced by it, in the faintest degree, in the delineation of any of his characters, is, I think, chimerical.

Daniel published in 1599, among his Poems, A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius; which is, to me, unattractive and lacking in earnestness, and with no trace whatsoever of any influence on Shakespeare.
I have deemed it beyond the scope of a study of the present play to set forth any dramatisation of Cleopatra's story, wherein the scene is laid before the period when Antony fell in love with her. Accordingly, no notice is here taken of the Mort de Pompee, 1638, by Chaulmer; * nor of Corneille's Pompe, (written in 1643†) nor of its translation by the 'Matchless Orinda,' in 1678; nor of Collyer Cibber's Cesar in Egypt, 1725, a composite of Corneille's Pompe and Beaumont and Fletcher's The False One; nor, in our own day, of Cesar and Cleopatra by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

An exception is to be made, however, in favour of The False One. Scarcely has there appeared in recent years an annotated edition of Shakespeare that does not contain a reference to it in connection with Anthony and Cleopatra. It was written about 1620; it seems to be pretty generally conceded that Massinger wrote the First and Fifth Acts and Fletcher the rest. Why it should take its title from a thoroughly repulsive character, a man utterly false and devoid of any moral principle, who killed his benefactor, Pompey, and is not the hero of the piece, it is not easy to imagine. The play deals with Julius Cæsar and his subjection to the charms of Cleopatra. The story, briefly told and omitting all reference to the false one, is that Cæsar, in pursuit of Pompey after the battle of Pharsalia, reaches Egypt, and there finds that Ptolemy, to make himself more secure as monarch on the throne, has 'committed to safe custody' his sister, Cleopatra, who by law was his equal in the government. When Cleopatra learns that Cæsar is at hand, she resolves to win him to espouse her cause against her brother. How she was by stealth conveyed to his tent, concealed in a mattress, is a well-worn story, together with the consequent subjection of Cæsar to her fascinations. In order to impress Cæsar with a knowledge of Egypt's boundless resources, Ptolemy foolishly attempts to dazzle his Roman guest by a display of wealth. This occurs in Act III, Scene iv, as follows: Cæsar, Antony, and others enter on the upper stage, Cleopatra appears, and Antony cries, 'The young queen comes: give room!' Cæsar responds, 'Welcome, my dearest; Come, bless my side.' Then Ptolemy and his courtiers enter, also on the upper stage.

* Ptolemy. Hail to great Cæsar!
    My royal guest, first I will feast thine eyes
    With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
    And wait myself upon thee.        [Attendants bring in treasure below.

    Cæsar. What rich service!
    What mines of treasure! richer still!

    Cleopatra. My Cæsar,
    What do you admire? pray you, turn, and let me talk to you:
    Have you forgot me, sir? how, a new object!
    Am I grown old o' the sudden? Cæsar!

    Cæsar. Tell me
    From whence comes all this wealth?

    Cleopatra. Is your eye that way,
    And all my beauties banish'd?

    Ptolemy. I'll tell thee, Cæsar;
    We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus... . .

    Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land!

* Pompe par P. Corneille, edited by Professeur Félix Hémon, 3ieme ed.
Paris, 1897. Introduction, p. 16.  
Dramatic Versions—The False One

Cleopatra. Come, you shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! let me imagine.
Cleopatra. How! frowned on me!
The eyes of Caesar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I am sorry:
But, let me think. . . .
Cleopatra [Aside.] A little dross betray me! . . .
Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well. Good night. . . .
Cleopatra [Aside.] Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Caesar,
Thou hast wrong'd her love.'

This fragment is given that it may fitly introduce the following Scene which is, I think, the finest in the play:

*Act IV, Scene ii. The Apartments of Cleopatra in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Arsinoë [her sister], and Eros [her maid].

Ars. You are so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?

Women of common beauties and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again you know what man—

Cleo. He is no man;
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: he is no conqueror;
H'st suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love he has rais'd rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.

Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.

Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: but to prefer
The lustre of a little earth, Arsinoë,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants:
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,
Servile to gain; he trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conquests thefts. Some fortunate captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him;
Himself ne'er won it: he is so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold.
APPENDIX

_Arr._ This is too bitter.

_Cleo._ Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper!
I had trath enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes,) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine honour,
I had been happy still; but let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies:
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, arm'd at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too; I lose my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing.

_Eros._ Do not; you shall not need.

_Cleo._ Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him,
Any that has the heart and will to kill him.

_Arr._ Take some fair truce.

_Cleo._ I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him.
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

_Enter_ Apollodorus.

_Apol._ Caesar commends his service to your grace.

_Cleo._ His service! what's his service?

_Eros._ Pray you, be patient;

The noble Caesar loves still.

_Cleo._ What's his will?

_Apol._ He craves access unto your highness.

_Cleo._ No;

Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.

_Arr._ Good sister—

_Cleo._ None, I say; I will be private.
Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent to bring my body
To this unthankful Caesar!

_Apol._ 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endur'd.

_Cleo._ Take this, [Giving a jewel.

And carry it to that lordly Caesar sent thee;
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—THE FALSE ONE

There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind: bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer—

Apol. He enters.

Enter Caesar.

Cleo. How!

Caesar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

Cleo. I guess so by your rudeness.

Caesar. You are not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown? good gods, what a set anger
Have you forc'd into your face! come, I must temper you:
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!
Defend me love! sweet, who has anger'd you?

Cleo. Shew him a glass: that false face has betray'd me,
That base heart wrong'd me.

Caesar. Be more sweetly angry.

I wrong'd you, fair?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries!
They are too gross. But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Caesar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.

Caesar. Pray you, undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vex'd you?

Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you;
Let that begin the story: now, I'll tell you.

Caesar. But do it milder: in a noble Lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,
Shews bless'd, like herself.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me: till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at:
APPENDIX

Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at:
I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,
Call'd you "dear Cesar," hung about you tenderly,
Was proud to appear your friend—

Cesar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I bless'd back with, but shook off rudely;
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
Forgotten, and contemn'd; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains:
Shall I endure?

Cesar. You are deceiv'd in all this;
Upon my life, you are; 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozen'd:
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And, where I love, will triumph.

Cesar. So you shall;
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you;
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fit'd me!—
Dear mistress, shall I but this night—

Cleo. How, Cesar!
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope?

Cesar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing.

Cleo. Farewell, unthankful!

Cesar. Stay.

Cleo. I will not.

Cesar. I command.

Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.

I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cesar. Thus low, beauty—

Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror! 

[Exit.]

From now till the end of the play Cesar's thoughts and acts are devoted to
extricating himself from the dangers of an insurrection of the Alexandrians, who
have besieged the Palace and threatened death to all its inmates. Cesar and a few
of his friends succeed in cutting their way to his ships. Ptolemy attempts to follow,
fails, and is cut down and trampled to death. Cesar returns with his legions, puts
down the insurrection, and, in the last Scene, enters the presence of Cleopatra with
the heads of her two greatest enemies. His last words recur to the close of the Scene, given above. 'And now, my dearest,' he says as he turns to Cleopatra,

'Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd [qu. appears?] A conqueror; and, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will show he can give kingdoms; for the Senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee. [Exeunt.]

It remains only to add that here and there, throughout the play, we hear Shakespearian echoes, such as where Cleopatra says, 'and for thy news Receive a favour 'kings have kneeled in vain for, And kiss my hand.'—I, ii; again Sceva thus describes Cleopatra, 'She will be sick, well, sullen Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem 'to die, All in one half-an-hour.' Again, in the foregoing extract, where Cleopatra says, 'Had I been old, Or blasted in my bud,' there is an echo of Constance's lament for Arthur in King John.

Of all the Versions with which I am acquainted, The Tragedy of Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, Written by Thomas May, Esq., London, 1654, is the weakest and least imaginative. I know of no source wherefrom gratitude for it can spring, except from Citoyen Morgues, who is saved by it from being at the very bottom of the list. In the First Act we learn of the dissatisfaction among Antony's generals in Alexandria, caused by the lavish way in which Antony bestows provinces on Cleopatra. There is also a feast given by Cleopatra, who entreats her guests to be 'freely merry,' which must have been 'a sweating labour,' if the following 'Song,' introduced without prelude in the midst of the feast, indicates the height of revelry:

'Not hee, that knows how to acquire
But to enjoy, is blest.
Nor does our happinesse consist
In motion, but in rest.

'The Gods passe man in blisse, because
They toile not for more height;
But can enjoy, and in their own
Eternall rest delight.

'Then, Princes, do not toile, nor care;
Enjoy what you possesse.
Which whilst you do, you equalize
The Gods in happinesse.'

Antony thus describes Cleopatra's appearance on the Cydnus:

'And down the silver stream of Cydnus, thou
In Venus shape cam'rt sayling, while the sire
Was ravish'd with thy Musick, and the winde.
In amorous gales did kisse thy silken sayla.
Thy maides in Graces habits did attend,
And boys, like Cupids, painted quivers bore,
While thousand Cupids in those starry eyes
Stood ready drawn to wound the stoutest hearts.'

* For a copy of this Tragedy I am indebted to the courtesy of the Library of The University of Pennsylvania.—Ed.
In the Second Act Antony and his generals decide upon a war with Caesar, and, after a prolonged discussion, it is also decided that Cleopatra shall personally share the fight. The Third Act is in Caesar's camp. Antony's defeat at Actium is described, and his seclusion in the island of Pharos is reported. Caesar receives a letter of submission from Cleopatra, laying her crown and kingdom at his feet. He decides to send Thyreus to woo her in his name. 'Tell her' he instructs Thyreus, 'that I love her, and extremely doth On her admired beauty, and win her to betray Antonius to my hand.' The scene shifts to the island of Pharos, and Antony appears 'disguised like Timon,' and in this character holds a long and weak conversation with one of his friends. A message from Cleopatra is delivered to him, begging him to return to Alexandria and to her. Another friend announces to him that all the remnant of his army is gone over to Caesar. Whereupon there ensues the following conversation, and the Act ends:

'Antony. Ha!

Lucilius. This sinks into him.

Candidus. It makes a deep impression in his passion.

Aristocrates. And may perchance expell his other fit.

Antony. All you here yet! then I have friends I see.

But tell me, can you be so mercifull.

As to forgive that most unmanly fit

That I have been in? oh, I am all in blushes.

Candidus. My Lord, take better comfort.

Antony. Dearest friends,

I will be proof 'gainst any fortune now.

Come let's together to the Court, and there

Drown sadness in rich cups of Meroë wine,

And laugh at Fortune's malice, for your sight

More cheers my spirits, than her frowns can dull them.'

The Fourth Act opens with Cleopatra's experiment as to the efficacy of an aspic's bite. A prisoner already condemned to death is subjected to the trial and dies instantly and painlessly. Whereupon the queen exclaims: 'I am resolv'd; nought but the Libyan aspe Shall be renoun'd for Cleopatraes death.' Thyreus enters and in Caesar's name makes ardent love to Cleopatra and finally presents to her 'His true, and most unfitter'd portraiture.' Cleopatra waxes ecstatic over the portrait. 'The fairest form,' she cries, 'that ere these eyes beheld.

Where all the best of each best modell meets,

Cupid's sweet smiles, lodg'd in the eye of Mars,

Ganymed's cheek, th' Imperial brow of Jove

Where love and majesty are proud to dwell.'

She tells Thyreus that she will give him an answer shortly, and requests him in the meantime to remain near her. He departs and Antony enters, who exclaims, 'Ah sweetest Cleopatra, In this Ambrosiake kisse I am again possesst of all my wealth.' Cleopatra responds to his warmth and says, 'Let's in and feast,' and they depart to that end. The feast is supposed to have taken place; the Queen resumes her interview with Thyreus, and promises to surrender Pelusium to him. As for Antony, he 'is already,' she says, 'fallen So low, that nothing can redeem him now' 

... 'he has lost the strength of his own soul, and is not That Antony he was when 'first I knew him.' Antony himself interrupts the conference, and in a mild explosion of jealousy orders Thyreus to prison. Cleopatra intercedes, amid protestations
of unalterable love, and at last threatens to resort to 'the lovely aspe' which she has kept to save her from Caesar, but will now apply against a 'worst fo,'—Antonius's baseness. Antony relents, apologises, and orders Thyreus to be released. In the Fifth Act Caesar and Cleopatra have an interview; the latter throws upon Fate the guilt of her past actions, and Caesar bids her still live in all her regal state, and whispers directions to Epaphroditus in reference to it. Whereas Cleopatra, aside:

'Yes, whisper on; you cannot over-reach
My jealousies: no signs of love at all,
No smile, nor amorous glance; I was deceiv'd, And meerly coos'n'd by base Thyreus.'

As a result of the interview, Caesar, extremely forehanded, provides two 'Pysls,' as MAY calls them, to 'suck the mortall venome' from Cleopatra in case she should die by an asp. Cleopatra writes to Caesar informing him that by the time he receives the note she will be no more, and then speaks, as follows:

'So now my trouble is remov'd, I come,
I come my dearest Lord Antonius,
Never till now thy true and faithfull love.
My much abused Lord, do not disdain
Or blush t'acknowledge Cleopatra's name
When tears and bloud have wash'd her spotted soul.
Wert thou alive again, not all the world
Should shake my constancie, or make divorce
Twixt thee and mee; but since too late, alas,
My tears of sorrow come, I'll follow thee,
And beg thy pardon in the other world. ... Though false to thee alive, I now am come
A faithfull lover of thy dust and tombe.'

When we next see her, she is crowned and 'takes her state'; Antony's hearse is brought in.

'This,' she says, 'is my second Coronation day;
But nobler then the first, and fuller farre
Of reall honour, and magnificence.
Nor till this pompous houre was Cleopatra
A perfect Queen.'

When Charmion reminds her that Antony is dead, Cleopatra denies it, and says that he still lives in the other world and is awaiting her, and from that seat of state she will look down on Rome and Caesar's threats. Then addressing Antony's hearse, her last words are,

'Farewell thou fading remnant of my Love.
When I am gone, I'll leave these earthly parts
To keep thee company: never to part,
But dwell together, and dissolve together.
Come Aspe, possesse thy mansion; freely feed
On these two hills, upon whose snowy tops The winged Cupid oft has taken stand,
And shot from thence the proudest hearts on earth.
Corruption now, and rottennessse must seize
This once admired fabrick, and dissolve
This flesh to common elements again.'
When skilfull nature, were she strictly bound
To search through all her store-house would be pos'd
To tell which piece was Cleopatra once.
Sweet Aspe, I feel thy touch, and life begins
From these cold limbs to take her gentle flight.
A slumber seizes me, farewell my girls.
Thus let the Romans find me dead, and know
Maugre the power of Rome, and Cesar's spleen
That Cleopatra liv'd, and di'd a Queen.'

'She's dead, and I am Eire too,' says Charmion, who thereupon stabs herself. Caesar enters. The 'skilfull Fayls' exert their art in vain.

Giovanni Delfino was born in Venice in 1617, was made a Cardinal in 1667, and died in 1699. In his youth he wrote beside philosophical essays, several tragedies which were collected by his nephew and sumptuously printed in Padua in 1733. Among these tragedies the most celebrated was, and is, Cleopatra, written in 1660. In its first Scene the Shade of Antony, in Avernus, implores the aid of Megara, one of the Eumenides. He asserts that his love for Cleopatra is still as deep as ever and his only dread is that Augustus Caesar will woo and win her; this, he begs Megara to prevent, and the Fury promises that she will thwart all the joys of Augustus in that direction. In the next Scene Augustus (somewhat prematurely so called), in an interview with Cleopatra, endeavours to calm the queen's mind by expatiating on the instability of human affairs, and bids her not despair,

'The heavens do not always keep one face;
The stars wherefrom proceed all joy and woe,
Are wheels and are for ever turning.

Cleopatra. Fortune, in sooth, has fought with me and won,
The stars indeed have had their fullest triumph.
One comfort now alone remains to me,—
O'er which nor fate nor stars have any power,—
A heart it is, that welcomes speedy death,
And, conquering fortune, triumphs over fate.'

Augustus, who is as faultless in gentleness and devotion to Cleopatra as the most enamoured of lovers, tries in every way to dissuade her from her fell purpose, even promising that she shall not be led in triumph at Rome, and at last so far prevails that she promises that she will not carry out her design without listening once more to his counsels,—but she exacts the condition that he will not prevent her from taking her own life when she has finally resolved to do so. Cleopatra afterwards confides to her maid, Ergonda, that she mistrusts Augustus and believes that all his promises are merely wiles to entrap her. Ergonda, who supplies the place of Charmian and Iras in other versions, and is at times tediously didactic and philosophical, maintains that Augustus is genuinely in love with her mistress, and tries to dispel Cleopatra's devotion to the memory of Antony by saying that earthly affairs no longer interest the dead, and quotes her father, a most learned man, as saying that our souls when freed from the body become a part of that great soul whose eternal source is the wandering sun, and that when emancipated from the body, our souls have no human thoughts, but are interested solely in the other world. She exhorts Cleopatra, therefore, to sustain life and throne at all hazards. Cleopatra is unmoved and replies sadly,
'For life and throne I have no further care;
From every human wish my heart is free.
I have lived and I have reigned.'

With the exception of a short Scene, in which an astrologer, Sesaestr by name, is puzzled in reading Cleopatra’s stars which foretell a marriage and a death within an hour, the rest of the Act is taken up by Agrippa with the description of a storm at sea, and by Augustus with a full account of Antony’s death and of the seizure, as prisoner, of Cleopatra, wherein throughout DELFINO follows Plutarch. The Chorus which closes each Act here denounces navigation, which offers facilities for rich and powerful nations to approach and conquer other countries as the Romans have conquered Egypt. We next learn from Ergonda that Cleopatra, overborne by the representations of the astrologer and the arguments of Ergonda herself, has consented to look with favour on Augustus’s love if it be offered voluntarily, and has instructed Ergonda to sound the Emperor on the subject. But the maid is timid and decides that it is better to entrust the delicate matter to an erudite priest, Acroeo. In the next Scene Augustus describes to Agrippa how his pity for Cleopatra has developed into love; to console her in her bitter lot he visited her more than once and became dazzled by her beauty; the sovereignty which had fallen from her hand she still bore on her brow; when she spoke every word was a fetter and every glance of her eye a snare. Thus he became the prisoner of his prisoner. Agrippa sympathises with his royal master and advises him secretly to marry the queen, who would then be willing to go to Rome, under the temporary guise of a prisoner; she would be not the conquered, but, in reality, the conqueror. This, however, is too great a gift to be proffered. Cleopatra must be induced to ask for it. This delicate service Agrippa undertakes, but in the course of prolonged self-communings he decides that he had better entrust the extremely delicate affair to the more skillful hands of the learned priest, Acroeo. In the meantime Ergonda had sought out this same Acroeo and begged him to elicit with all possible caution the nature of the sentiments of Caesar toward Cleopatra. This Acroeo consents to do to the extent of his ability. An interview between Agrippa and Acroeo follows wherein after a vast deal of circumlocution, the project of a marriage between Augustus and Cleopatra is broached and Acroeo is made a plenipotentiary in the premises. The Chorus sings its little song over the power of Fortune and the Second Act closes. In the next Act we listen to the ecstatic rhapsodies of Augustus over the loveliness of Cleopatra; we hear of a fearful dream of his, wherein he sees Death break Cupid’s bow, while exclaiming ‘Cleopatra is mine.’ Acroeo tries, in vain, to persuade the queen that Caesar’s love for her is true; she refuses to believe it and sends word that she is determined to die that very day. In his profound despair at hearing this, Augustus empowers Agrippa to offer immediate marriage to the queen, but that it must be kept secret until their arrival in Rome. In the next Act Cleopatra’s scruples yield to the persuasion of Acroeo, and when Agrippa enters and delivers the message from Augustus he finds her acquiescent. As her last words to him, she declares,

‘When in Augustus I behold such power
United with such goodness, I am forced
To question if there be not hither come
Some god to dwell with us awhile on earth.
Already with his host he’s conquered Egypt,
But by this noble offer he has made
He has conquered even Cleopatra.'
I can deny him nothing more. For me
His slightest wish shall be my highest law.'—p. 114.
When alone, Cleopatra indulges in delicious day-dreams of her power in Rome,
and of her exaltation at the sight of proud Roman matrons kissing the ground before
her. Her thoughts, however, revert to Antony, and she exclaims,

'Believe me, ah believe, thou Shade adored!
Could tears recall thee to the vital air
Into twin fountains my eyes at once should turn.'

Then she reflects that if tears and grief could recall the dead to life, death would
not be death; she must submit to nature, and time must bring her consolation, but

'O Shade revered and loved, here now I swear
Thine image never shall depart this heart!
What' er my lot, or 'neath whatever clime
Thy memory shall be noblest and most dear!' 

Augustus also has his hour of exaltation and exultation, and runs over a hundred
lines wherein to express his enraptured emotions. Agrippa enters, and, recognising
the embarrassment that would arise should it become known in Rome that Augustus
was about to marry Rome's bitter foe before Augustus himself could reach that city
and control the situation, advises his royal master to dispatch a letter to the Senate
warning the Senators to disbelieve any such report, and that in a few days he would
bring Cleopatra as a captive in chains to Rome, etc. Augustus approves of the plan.
The letter is written, but in quelling a disturbance at the harbour, Agrippa loses it.
It was found and brought to Cleopatra, who opened it and there read, as she natu-
really believed, an incontrovertible proof of Augustus's treachery. Her grief, horror,
and misery are extreme, but her duty is now clear before her,—she must at once
rejoin Antony and prepare for the fatal voyage in Charon's boat. She writes a note:

'From Cleopatra already enrolled in the Book of the Dead, to the inhuman Augustus
'I pray thee, O Augustus, in my name, write to the Senate in my handwriting, and say,
'if my name be dear to thee, and the name of Antony is dear to thee, and if thou art
'sure that the fabric of our love is not dissipated,
'and if thou seekest to make me happy, for I am happy,
'and if thou seest some hope in me, for I am happy;
'then thou wilt not do wrong to our love, or to our country, or to the gods, if thou doest
'these things.'

Cleopatra then proceeds to write a letter to Antony:

'Thus, I write: when I was in Rome,
'when I was in Rome, I was in love with Antony,
'when I was in Rome, I was happy,
'when I was in Rome, I was safe,
'when I was in Rome, I was free,
'when I was in Rome, I was happy,
'when I was in Rome, I was safe,
'when I was in Rome, I was free,
'when I was in Rome, I was happy,
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'when I was in Rome, I was free,
'when I was in Rome, I was happy,
'when I was in Rome, I was safe,
'when I was in Rome, I was free,
'when I was in Rome, I was happy,
Who, tempted by desire or empty pride,
Could prove a traitress to that noble Shade!
Bestow no grief, I pray, where none is due.
A faithless heart deserves not Caesar’s tears.
Ah woe! ah woe! I feel the fatal shears
Which slit the thin-spun thread of waning life.
Adoréd Shade, if thou still hover near,
Do not disdain to list the earnest prayer
Of penitence sincere, and tend on me,
While forth I fare toward that nighted shore;
And on that horrid path, shield thou thy Cleopatra...
My life, Augustus, lingers only now
Upon the cool edge of my dying lips,
A sigh, and it is gone for ever.
Lo, Destiny, thou hast conquered!
Farewell, my country,—friends, farewell!
[Diss.'

G E R M A N Y was the last among European nations to awaken to the charm of dramatic tragedy. There are rival claimants to the honour of being the first to set forth this charm, but it is, I believe, now generally conceded that this honour belongs to D A N I E L C A S P E R V O N L O H E N S T R I N, who, in 1660, produced Cleopatra, ‘the first technically correct German tragedy.’ * Few dramatists have experienced more deeply than Casper the alternations of popularity and neglect; exulted in his own day, and for long years afterward, as the greatest of dramatic poets, surpassing Greeks, Romans, and French (I believe the comparison never extended to Shakespeare), his fame dwindled, until in recent times ‘Lohensteinian bombast’ became a term of reproach. The estimation in which he is held at the present day seems to be more moderate and more just,—whatever excellences he shows are his own, and his defects, which are many, are the limitations of a pioneer in a new field. His tragedy of Cleopatra extends to four thousand two hundred and thirty-five lines (the lines are numbered,—I should never have had the patience to count them) of rhymed Alexandrines. G e n k e suggests (p. 49) that Casper did not consider the Drama in connection with the stage, but as a department of literature. This suggestion is, I think, to be charitably accepted.

The drama begins after the battle of Actium. Antony has repulsed an attack of Roman cavalry, but is deserted by his soldiers, contemplates suicide, thinks better of it, calls a council of war, in course of which he explains that the defeat at Actium was due to Fate, who attacked him ‘tooth and nail,’ and discharged from heaven on him lightning, hail, rain, thunderbolts, turning sails inside out, entangling the ropes, unshipping masts and rudders. Wherefore, no one could blame Cleopatra for leading the way to safety out of this sulphurous hell (line 105)—an apology for Cleopatra’s flight which is, I think, unusual. The result of the council is that no agreement is to be made with Caesar, and that Antony must not expose himself in battle (line 434). In the next Scene Cleopatra tearfully narrates to Antony the fearful omens which had attended her devotions in the temple, Apis had with his breath extinguished the incense, which betokened that Egypt should be reduced to ashes;

* D a n i e l C a s p e r v o n L o h e n s t r i n’s T r a u e r s p i e l e, etc., von Dr A u g. K e r c h h o f f s, Paderborn, 1877, p. 7.
the nine and twenty signs wherein this sacred animal resembles the moon, all dis-
appeared, where his colour was usually white it turned black, and where black it was
like snow, etc. Antony comforts her by interpreting all these signs as favourable.
Proculeius, the ambassador of Cesar, is announced, and Antony gives him audience.
Proculeius declares that his mission is in the interest of peace; consequently he and
Antony begin mutual recriminations which continue, in stichomythia, in almost
unbroken sequence for one hundred and four lines; but at last Proculeius unfolds
the agreement, namely, that Antony shall leave Egypt, break away from Cleopatra, live
with Octavia, and set free Artabazes. Antony promises that he will set free Arta-
bazes and will give an answer to the other demands before the day is over. In the
Second Act Thyreus tells Cleopatra that Cesar is very much in love with her,
that 'the flames of love have melted into one his soul and hers.' But Cleopatra is
cautious and suspects that Thyreus is dissembling, because, as she says, the cause of
Rome's enmity to Antony is that it imagines that he drew gall and poison from her
breast; it had washed the blood from the hands of the murderers of the great Julius,
on the pretext that he had been defiled by her bed, as though it had been a nest of
vipers, and, furthermore, Augustus was no boy that he should love her now, when all
her beauty was gone. When Thyreus replies that Augustus is sincere in his love,
Cleopatra asks why then, when Antony offered to kill himself, if thereby the possession
of Egypt could be secured to her, did he not accept Antony's offer? Kerckhoffs
is aware that Casper found this offer of Antony in Dion Cassius and yet he says that
nothing more dramatic can be imagined than this unconscious admission by Cleo-
patra of Antony's magnanimity of soul. Thyreus persists and begs the Queen to per-
mit Augustus to 'taste the spice of love on her sugar lips, where kisses will draw out
'each other's soul.' He confirms his commission by producing Cesar's bond and seal.
Cleopatra accepts all ecstatically, sends a ring to Cesar as a pledge that she surrenders herself wholly to him, and that

'Briefly Osiris grants another dawn and light,
Antonius to the world shall bid a long good night.'

In order to fulfill this promise, Cleopatra, in the next Scene, induces her son,
Cesarion, and her privy counselor, Archibius, to join her in vengeance on Antony,
who, she falsely tells them, has approved of a plan, broached in the foregoing con-
ference with Proculeius, for destroying her by poison smeared over her body.
Archibius decides that Antony must die, and Cesarion silently acquiesces. They
are interrupted by the announcement that Antony seeks an interview with Cleopatra,
who, after the departure of Archibius and Cesarion, order the three children to be
brought in. Antony enters much dejected, but declares that a kiss will prove a
refreshing western wind to his languishing heart. Cleopatra immediately begins,
however, with bitter reproaches for not having been admitted to the conference with
Proculeius, which she chooses to interpret as a proof that Antony intends to desert
her. She bids the children embrace the knees of their father and beg for mercy for
her and for themselves. They obey, and with such effect that Antony's heart is
deeply moved, and he swears by Osiris and by Jupiter that, until Clotho shall sever
his thread of life, he will love and honour Cleopatra, and will instantly send back
Proculeius, unanswered, to Cesar, and thereby break off all negotiations. Hereby
Cleopatra's treachery gains much, but to make the breach between Antony and
Cesar complete, she begs Antony to send to Cesar the head of Artabazes. To this
Antony consents, and gives orders for the immediate execution of the man whose
life was one of Cesar's special stipulations. This Scene is, I think, the best in the
play. The phraseology is less stilted and the style less turgid, and there are one or two touches of nature, as where one of the children says 'just let him have a helmet and armour and he'll show them how to fight'; and another says that 'he would like to go at Caesar with steel and dagger.' When Cleopatra is left alone she exults in the success of her plans thus far, but must proceed with caution; she has a secret treaty with Caesar, whereof the condition is Antony's death; she rehearses the different modes of killing him and finally she adopts the plan (herein CASPER follows Dion Cassius), of sending word of her death to Antony, so that he may commit suicide, as she is sure he will. In the Third Act Cleopatra takes Charmium into her confidence and instructs her that as soon as she sees her mistress's body lying asleep as though dead, she must instantly run to Antony and make him believe that the apparent death is real. In the next Scene Cleopatra summons to her side all her attendants and makes due preparations for her fictitious death. Before beginning she bids them all, her 'dearest sisters' as she calls them, learn from her example that high station is a toil and a burden; 'no thistle pricks as severely as silk and purple; a sceptre breaks easier than glass; hardly had I seen the light of day before misery hung about my neck; I had more wormwood than mother's milk. 'Before my tongue could liaj I suffered by my parent's death, and my brother's hate.' She begs her attendants not to dissuade her, but rather to help her onward in that garden path where she can engraft her life on posterity. 'Bind diamonds in my ringlets, and crown my heavenly head with roses and narcissus; let pearls kiss my bare neck; place emeralds on my arms and purple on my shoulders, so that I cannot fail to please the bridegroom.' 'Whom will Cleopatra wed?' asks Belisama. 'Death,' is the reply, 'whom I welcome more joyfully than when I entrusted myself to Caesar or to Antony.' Her directions, strictly, I suppose, in accordance with Egyptian rites, are as minute as they are tedious, but they are at last complete and Cleopatra takes the cup, exclaiming as she does so, 'O nectar of our life! Cordial of our soul! O sugar-sweet poison! Happy be, who through thee evades all misery!' 'Who, under this image of death, masks his highest weal! Charmium. She grows pale! Iras. Serene Highness! Charm. She is speechless! Sida. She has the death rattle! Charm. She is dying! Bobia. Tear off her clothes! Belisama. Alas her pulse is stopped!' etc. They decide to send word, by Eteocles, at once to Antony, who in the meantime is passing through an uncomfortable ordeal. After he had fallen asleep the ghosts of Antigonus, Artabazes, and Jamblichus, three kings whom he had caused to be executed, appear and curse him. He awakes in affright and in a frame of mind sufficiently terror-stricken to receive the added horror of Cleopatra's death, which Eteocles announces. Antony bewails his unhappy lot, and, after describing in glowing language Cleopatra's charms, commands Eros to kill him. Here CASPER follows Plutarch's account of Eros's noble self-sacrifice and Antony's unsuccessful attempt to kill himself. Diomedes enters and tells Antony that Cleopatra's life has been saved by the administration of antidotes. Antony begs to be taken to her. On his arrival Cleopatra breaks forth in lamentations over him, over her lot, and in railings against Fate. Antony expresses his joy in having her lap as his death-bed, bids her bury him like a Ptolemy, cease her lamentations, which will disturb his rest in the grave, and force him to wander as a doleful ghost at midnight, about the palace, to see how she and the children are faring. He dies finally and Cleopatra falls fainting on his body. The Fourth Act is mainly taken up with discussions by Caesar and his friends over the government of Alexandria and the disposal of Cleopatra. Toward the close Caesar and the Queen have an interview,
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wherein Casper follows Dion Cassius as far as concerns the display by Cleopatra of Julius Caesar's images and his letters to her, but, unlike Dion Cassius, Augustus excels the queen in hypocrisy and affects to be desperately enamoured of her, calls her 'fairest queen' and promises to give her not only her kingdom, her sceptre, her freedom, but even more. In return, Cleopatra offers her heart to him and will swear to be true and faithful, and will resign the key to her treasure; she declares that her heart is without guile and her body without a blemish. Whereat Augustus asks what stone would not then become wax, what ice not become sulphur, and adds that it is the powerful magnet of Cleopatra's beauty that draws him. This emboldens Cleopatra; and she advises him to 'enjoy the pleasure of his youthful prime; time flies like an arrow; desire is but a shadow. A heart that will not yield to love is a star ashrouded in clouds, a jewel under water; of what use is the coral that is unagathered in the seas? On the other hand, what delight it must be, to one who is a great lord and has harvested both victory and the fruits of love, to rest his half-exhausted frame on some tender breast, and to be quickened by the sweet dew of the kisses of his beloved one.' Augustus responds: 'Thou Venus of our time, thou sun of the world, whom my enamoured soul accepts as an idol, Augustus surrenders to thee, he exchanges his laurel wreath for thy myrtle chaplet. As far as earth's remotest bound thou shalt be adored. But,' he continues, 'the errors of others should teach us caution. Julius Caesar gained hatred, and Antony enemies and war, because they showed in Rome the wounds received from Cleopatra's love before they showed the Romans Cleopatra herself, whose beauty would have converted hate into idolatry.' Hence it follows with the certainty of a Q. E. D. that Cleopatra must go to Rome, and then the way will be smooth for her to marry the Emperor of the World. But Cleopatra sees the snare, and evades a downright refusal to go to Rome by begging from Augustus the privilege, before she leaves for that city, of burying Antony according to Egyptian rites. Caesar accedes, and the Act closes. The Fifth Act opens with Cleopatra's busy preparations for embalming Antony. 'Come, dearest sisters,' she says to her attendants, 'come, bring to him a true offering of fidelity and the last pledge of love. Defile your bodies, uncover and beat your breasts. For seven days do not wash yourselves. Wreathe the sarcophagus with ivy. Put on sackcloth instead of silk. Drink no wine, only water, so that you can weep abundantly. Wet your bread and scanty food with tears. Take this crooked iron, Iras, and drag out Antony's brains through his nose, and pour in balsam.' Iras observes that Eteocles has already opened the body, and gives in detail the disposition of the organs; it is hardly worth while to follow the steps of the process, which are probably as accurate as they are certainly repulsive; they are not to be found in the edition of 1661, but are a cheerful addition to that of 1680. Cleopatra's attendants try to comfort her by dwelling on Caesar's love, but she hands to them a paper that she had found among Antony's effects, in Caesar's handwriting, wherein Antony is instigated to murder her; and also shows a letter from Dolabella setting forth Caesar's intention of sending her at once a prisoner to Rome. There is now for her no alternative; she must take her fate into her own hands. Antyllus, the oldest son of Antony and Fulvia, enters and denounces Cleopatra as an 'accursed sorceress! a bloodthirsty Medea' whom he would incontinently kill, were it not that she had determined to kill herself. Cleopatra offers him a sword and her breast, and bids him 'Strike! Antyllus, Absurd folly! Cleopatra. Strike! Antyllus. I would, but I cannot. Cleop. I will accept the stroke and death as a kindness. Antyll. Blood so black shall never stain my hands. Cleop. Then let me uncursed die, Antyllus. Antyll. Deserved
*or undeserved, I’ll cast no stone upon thy grave.* Cleop. Then joyfully I die.' Cleopatra writes a letter to Cesar begging him to let her lie by Antony’s side. Iris and Charmium avow their determination to share their mistress’s fate, but she endeavours to dissuade them,—wherefore should Cesar treat them harshly? who else would see that she was befittingly buried? ‘Believe me,’ she says, ‘if you die for fear, ‘you do not show your love for me as much as you would if you waited in order to ‘perform the last sad rites for me.’ Cleopatra removes the leaves in the basket of figs and shows the asps. ‘Charmium. Ye gods! and is that horrid thing to strike ‘poison into your lily-white arm? Cleop. Yes, to lift the gates of the body to our ‘lofty soul.’ Diomedes, to hearten them all, applies an aspic to his own arm and falls dead.

‘Cleop. The faithful knave wins fame and teaches us how easy ’tis to die.

Belisam._ The asp that killed the knave so swiftly will not sting Cleopatra; Fate, perchance, withholds its fang.

Cleop. Suggest not such a thing for me. It will not touch my arm! ’Tis thirsty for my breast. Here I because, for all my sins, I merit death, now stings! suck poison there where many a rosy mouth sucked milk and honey. It stings! I’m wounded! Already am I faint and drowsy. Come, dearest, and take from me the last fond kiss.

Salambo. She shivers! she sleeps! she’s dead!"

Iras also applies the asp and dies, as does also Charmium after she has filled with flowers the hands of her dead mistress.

The tragedy continues for nearly five hundred lines more. To the five corpses on the stage: Antony, Cleopatra, Iris, Charmium, Diomedes,—Antyllus is added. As in Dion Cassius, the Pylli are summoned in vain.

Casper’s Notes, wherein he gives his authority for his Egyptian references, are almost as voluminous as his text.

In 1677 a rhymed dramatic version of the story appeared with the following title:

‘Antony | and | Cleopatra: | A | Tragedy. | As it is acted at the DUKE’s Theatre,


‘1677. ROGER L’ESTRANGE. | London, | Printed for Richard Tonson at his Shop

‘under | Grayes-Inne-gate next Grayes-Inne-lane, | MDCLXXVII.’ (I have another copy dated 1696, but it is merely a reprint.) Among the ‘Persons represented’ Antony was Mr Betterton; Cesar, Mr Smith; Cleopatra, Mrs Mary Lee; Octavia, Mrs Betterton; Iris, Mrs Gibbs; Charmion, Mrs Hughes. In the Reprint of 1696 the same parts are assumed by the same actors. Of this play Sir Walter Scott said that he had read it once and would ‘assuredly not read it a second time,—a resolve which, I think, all will share, and include in it even the following brief synopsis:

When the first Scene opens, the battle of Actium has taken place and Maccenas urges Octavius to prosecute the war vigorously against Antony; Octavius acquiesces for policy’s sake and for Octavia’s. In the next Scene two Egyptian lords determine to plot against Antony in order to free Cleopatra and their country. Antony enters and decidedly shows the white feather. He tells Canidius to go out and fight the Romans, while he remains within the walls and takes care of Cleopatra; but when Cleopatra enters, her warlike spirit inspires him and the Act closes with Cleopatra’s declaration that her ‘heart can danger though not absence bear, To Love, ’tis Wax, ‘but Adamant to Fear.’ Antony chivalrously responds, ‘Mine has such Courage ‘from your Firmness took, That I can almost bear a parting look.’ In Act II.
appears that Photinus is a traitor to Antony and in love with Iras. He determines to make his peace with Caesar by dispatching Antony, then seize the crown and make Iras his queen. In the next Scene Octavia appears in Caesar’s tents and intercedes for Antony; when her brother says that he must for her sake punish Antony, she attempts to stab herself, in order thus to remove the cause of the quarrel. Maccenas prevents her. Caesar remarks that he will forgive her for her rashness if she will promise not to do it again, and immediately departs after requesting Maccenas to look after her and ‘see remov’d all means of Death, Let Nature and ‘not rage conclude her breath.’ Maccenas at once proceeds to make vehement love to Octavia and says ‘he’ll the reversion wait And live like Heirs in hope of an ‘estate.’ Octavia repels him and says she will not survive Antonius an hour, and, rather enigmatically, tells him that ‘My dear Antonius, him you must preserve, If ‘sought you from Octavia would deserve,’ and at once departs. Maccenas thereupon concisely states the situation, as he looks after her, ‘Whom whilst he lives I never ‘can enjoy, And if he dies she will herself destroy.’

The first Scene of *Act III.* is taken up with a conversation between Caesar, Maccenas, and Agrippa wherein the riotous living of Antony is discussed and denounced, ‘especially,’ says Agrippa, ‘his dotage on the Queen Employ my wonder; was it ‘ever seen A woman ru’d an Emperor till now? What horse the mare, what bull ‘obey the cow?’ This vigorous and bucolic argument proves conclusive; they decide that Caesar must conquer Antony and govern Rome. Caesar departs, after uttering a remark more noteworthy for its undeniable truth than for its rhythm: ‘Men ‘die of agues, too much heat or cold, And others grow ridiculous old.’ In the next Scene Antony, Canidius, and Cleopatra discuss the terms of peace offered by Caesar, which they all decide are impossible. Thyreus enters and Antony leaves. As an ambassador from Caesar, Cleopatra will have nothing to say to Thyreus, but when he pleads as a lover, she exacts from him a promise to tell her, as soon as he can find out, what disposition Caesar will make of her should he prove the conqueror. Antony returns in time to see Thyreus on his knees, kissing Cleopatra’s hand, and orders him, in spite of Cleopatra’s remonstrances, to be taken out and whipped. This whipping of a Roman is more than the Roman soldiers in the city can tolerate; they mutiny and liberate Thyreus, but are restored by Lucilius to allegiance to Antony. In the *Fourth Act* Octavia again pleads with Caesar for the life of Antonius, but finding him obdurate, announces that she will go to Rome and stir up the city against him; a Messenger enters with the news that a battle is now raging. In this battle Antony encounters Thyreus and vanquishes him. Thyreus with his dying breath bids his victor tell Cleopatra that Caesar intends to take her in triumph to Rome. Antony then meets Caesar and, in single combat, Caesar is beaten back, but before Antony can pursue his advantage, word is brought that Cleopatra has been taken prisoner. Antony flies to her assistance and rescues her. While these events are in progress outside the town, Photinus, still in love with Iras, heads a rebellion within the town, against both Antony and Cleopatra. Lucilius, however, within the city overcomes him and brings him as a prisoner to Antony, to whom he lies, as to his loyalty, so ingeniously that Antony forgives him. In the *Fifth Act*, while Antony is boasting to Cleopatra of his successes, word is brought that Octavius with his whole force is advancing to battle; Antony rushes forth to meet him, leaving Cleopatra to indulge in gloomy forebodings. Antony is utterly defeated, and re-enters, exclaiming:

> ‘Gape Hell, and to thy dismal bottom take
> The lost Antonius; this was our last stake.’
Photinus enters, crying,
‘Horror on horror! Sir, th’ unhappy Queen
Betray’d by a report that you were slain!
*Ant.* I understand you, she herself has kill’d
And better knew to die, than how to yield.
*Phot.* Alas! she has, I pull’d the reeking steel
From her warm wound, and with it rush’d her life—
Her latest breath was busie with your name,
And the sweet pledges of your mutual flame:
Your children she embrac’d, and then she died.
*Ant.* How well had I been with great Julius slain,
Or by some flying Parthian’s darted cane.’
Antony then resolves to kill himself, so as to ‘let Romans now each other love,
‘Their tedious quarrel I will soon remove.’ He requests Lucilius to kill him, but
Lucilius passes the weapon through his own body. Antony remarks,
‘The noblest way: thou show’st me what to do.
Thou giv’st th’ example, and I’ll give the blow.’
He thereupon ineffectually stabs himself, and observes to Photinus,
‘Thou can’st not now my fatal journey stay.
*Phot.* Nor would I, Sir, you’re fairly on your way.
*Ant.* Death soon will place me out of fortunes reach;
Why stays my soul to sally at this breach?
*Phot.* It is not big enough.
*Ant.* Do’st mock me now?
Can my few minutes a new torture know—
*Phot.* They may, and to provoke thy parting soul,
Know that the Queen yet lives, thou loving fool,
And I the story of her death contriv’d,
To make thee kill thyself, which has arriv’d
Just as I wish’t; by thy own hand thou dy’st,
And art at once the victim and the priest.
*Ant.* Furies and Hell——
*Phot.* Curse on; but Cesar shall
With Egypt’s sceptre thank me for thy fall.’ . . .
(This is really the best Scene, I think, in the play.) Charmion and Iaras enter
and reveal to Antony that Cleopatra is alive in her Monument, where
‘All she holds dear she has throng’d there, but you,
And now intreats that you will enter too.’
Antony is not so far dead but that he manages to walk off to the Monument.
Cesar and his friends enter, as does also Photinus with Antony’s sword, but he is
received with suspicion. A servant enters and announces that Octavia is ‘past all
‘human grief and care.’
*Ces.* She is not dead.
*Serv.* Yes, in her way to Rome,
Of grief and discontent, as we presume. [Italics mine.—Ed.]
*Ces.* Ye joyes of victory, a while forbear,
I must on my Octavia drop a tear.’ . . .
The Scene changes to the Monument and Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iaras,
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'Twixt I that pull'd on you the hate of Rome,
And all your ill past, present and to come.
It is not fit nor possible I live,
And my dear Queen, it grows unjust to grieve.'

Antony advises Cleopatra to submit to Caesar, who will pity her and recognize
that her beauty and his love were all her crime.

'Twixt But you may live a Queen; say you obey'd
Through fear: and were compell'd to give me aid. . . .
Say, that at last you did my death procure;
Say anything that may your life and crown secure.'

Antony dies exclaiming,

'O Rome! thy freedom does with me expire,
And thou art lost, obtaining thy desire.

Cleop. He's gone! he's gone! and I for ever lost
The great Antonius now is but a ghost:
A wand'ring shadow on the Stygian Coast.' . .

Cleopatra masters her overwhelming grief long enough to apostrophise in thirteen
lines the fleeting frailty of beauty, and its unreality; and finally tells Charmion that

'In yonder golden box three asps there lie, . . .
Take one and to my naked breast apply
Its poisonous mouth——'

Charmion obeys; the asp 'stings her'; she says her 'eyes grow dim'; then,

kneeling by Antony's corpse, exclaims,

'Good asp bite deep and deadly in my breast,
And give me sudden and eternal rest. [She dies. Ira runs away.

Charm. Fool, from thy hasty Fate thou can'st not run.

Ira. Let it bite you, I'll stay till you have done.

Alas! my life but newly is begun——

Charm. No; thou would'st live to shame thy family;
But I'll take care that thou shalt nobly die.

Ira. Good Charmion!

Charm. I'll hear no more; faint hearts that seek delay
Will never want some foolish thing to say. [Charm. stings her, then
At our Queen's feet let's decently be found, puts it to her own breast.
And loyal grief be thought our only wound. [Dies.'

Cesar and his train enter, after having battered down the doors, and all duly
express horror at the sight of the corpses. Photinus runs to Ira, who with her
dying breath reproaches him for not having made her queen of Egypt; lest she
should further reveal his treachery, he stabs her, and is at once killed by a soldier
who says he is Ira's brother. Cesar wonders what Antony could have feared from
a brother who owed to him all his honours, and asserts that it would have been a
godlike pleasure to have shared the empire again with him. To make a clean sweep
of everything, Agrippa announces that Cleopatra had burned all 'her vast treasure
'to vile ashes,' and had turned 'her fair person to a carcass.' The curtain falls,
after Cesar has uttered the solemn warning to us all, that

Great minds the Gods alone can overcome——
Let no man with his present Fortune swell.
The fate of growing empire who can tell?
We stand but on the greatness whence these fell.'
GENEST (i, 208) remarks that Sedley (‘for so he then wrote his name’) seems to have written the ‘part of Photinus, an intriguing statesman and great villain, purp’posely for Sandford.’

In 1682 there was published in Paris, Cleopatre par Mr De la Chapelle. The character of Cleopatra is here drawn with bolder strokes than in either Jodelle (if we omit the Scene with Seleucus) or Garnier. On one occasion, when Antony confesses that he is about to desert her, there is an outburst of heat indignation in which she calls him ‘barbire,’ and threatens him with an undivulged cruel retaliation, before which the Roman quails. Unfortunately, I cannot say that this character is fully sustained. Possibly, it was the author’s intention, but certain it is that before the drama closes Cleopatra is subdued to a dove-like meekness in her utter subjection to love for Antony. Octavia takes a prominent part in the drama; her devotion to Antony is so unbounded that it includes even Cleopatra, and she vainly struggles to save them both.

The Scene opens after the battle of Actium; throughout the First Act Cleopatra does not, and will not appear. She is so overwhelmed with grief at the ruin and disgrace she has brought on Antony that she refuses to see him. This seclusion is Octavia’s opportunity, and while Antony is chafing under the absence of his queen, his wife presents herself to him and adjures him for his own sake and for their children’s to return to Rome and placate the Senate. Her success is such that Antony demands time to think it over. The Second Act shows us Cleopatra brooding over the fear that Antony is about to desert her, and over his changed demeanour, which is very different from his tender forgiveness after her flight at Actium, where

‘Il vit que je fuyois, son amo se en fit atteinte,
Et j’ amour fit en luy ce qu’en moy fit la crainte,’

and when he swore endless vows of eternal fidelity. And here occurs a touch of nature, trifling to be sure, but refreshing amid so much moralising; Cleopatra had sent Iris to the harbour to learn what she could of Antony’s movements, and had not yet returned; hereupon, Cleopatra declares that Iris knows how impatient she is for news and yet takes not the smallest pains to hurry; it is only too clear that nobody cares for her or her misfortunes, and that she must weep all alone; everybody had abandoned her. At that very instant Iris enters. She reports that Antony is about to leave Alexandria and Cleopatra for ever, and that on this condition peace had been made with Rome. She also reports that Octavia is in the palace and waiting to see Cleopatra. Octavia enters and implores Cleopatra, by her very love for Antony, to force him to return to Rome, to his honour, and to his power, and that by so doing she will convert the hatred of the Romans into admiration, and secure her own throne. Cleopatra replies that her advice to Antony would be to die rather than return to Rome, only to be shorn of his power like poor Lepidus. Octavia asks how Cleopatra, in case there should be more fighting, would bear the news of Antony’s death.

‘Like a Queen,’ Cleopatra replies, ‘A thousand famous examples, of which your Roman history, Madame, is full, will give me the aid of a noble despair in ending my sad days. You will never see me, like a bastard, disgrace the hundred kings from whom I am descended. Maugre Rome and maugre the angry Fates I shall know how to rejoin the maitres of a husband.’ Octavia ends the interview by saying that she will depart, ‘but, Madame, in spite of you, in spite of him, I will today save you both.’

Antony enters and pleads with Cleopatra that it is necessary that he should sub-
mit to Octavius and depart for Rome in order to save her from further indignities and from being paraded in Caesar's triumphal procession. Cleopatra sees through this specious reasoning, and rises to tragic grandeur as she denounces his perfidy, and relates how for his sake she had ruined her kingdom, and had been dishonoured throughout the world by his fatal love, but she no longer retains him, and bids him go to Octavius, become his slave; 'Go, brighten his court! I too will be present! Perhaps you will find me more cruel than pleasant!'

These parting words alarm Antony with their veiled threat, and he resolves that he will try to thwart her insidious plans. In a Scene with Agrippa, Caesar's ambassador, Octavia renew her vow that she will remain near Antony in war or in peace; and reasserts her determination to share Cleopatra's fate and to save both her and Antony. Octavia retires; Cleopatra enters and makes full submission to Caesar and to Rome. Antony enters unexpectedly and tells Agrippa that his treaty of peace with Caesar is broken off, that there must now be war, and that he casts in his lot with Cleopatra. Agrippa, astounded, retires; Cleopatra's anger, mingled with jealousy, has no whit cooled; she treats Antony at first with the utmost disdain. He accuses her of ingratitude. She asks if she is to remain for ever trembling, and for ever accused, exposed to the violence and jealous transports of an enraged barbarian; she sees his design to drive her away and she will at once gratify him. He implores her to remain and swears that his only thought has been to protect her and her children in case of his death. This touches Cleopatra and she yields. Without him, she confesses, she would not care to live, and at this very moment her dearest wish is to see him happy and to die for him. Antony then renew his vows of love, and describes the great deeds he is about to perform in the war. At this moment word is brought to him that the Romans are everywhere victorious and that his presence is needed in the camp. Antony takes a touching farewell of Cleopatra, and adjures her to preserve the memory of his faithful love. But

* Before my brave army I must be calm
   And hide all my trouble.—So adieu, Madame. [Exit.
   Cleopatra. Dieu! if today, Death should humble his pride!
   I'll follow him swiftly, and die by his side!'

In the next Scene Cleopatra is alone, and horror-struck at the thought that even at that very moment Antony's head may have been brought to Caesar.

* My glorious spouse [Époux]! she cries, 'twas my fatal love,—
   That sent thee too soon to mansions above.
   'Twas I who deprived thee of crown and of light!
   I will follow thee, dearest, in fortune's despite!'

While the battle is going on and Cleopatra is in the extremity of fear and alarm, Octavia appears and asserts that she is come to share Cleopatra's fate. Cleopatra is not cordial, and remarks that the combat is not yet decided. But at that instant Charmion hurries in and announces that all is lost, Caesar's victorious troops are already in the city. Thereupon Cleopatra hastens to her Monument. Antony returns defeated, disgraced, and in despair, seeking Cleopatra, whom alone he wishes to see.

Octavia is warned that her husband is bent on suicide, and is seeking Cleopatra to bid her farewell. Octavia's excellent character rises to the occasion. After all the misfortunes which the queen has caused her, she says that were she herself not a Roman she could hate her, but,
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—DE LA CHAPELLE

'These jealous stirrings and these mortal quarrels,
Which lacerate the heart of vulgar lovers,
Awake in mine no thought to stain my glory.
What if, for her, my love has been disdained,
Unhappy is she, and, like me, a woman.
I'll seek my brother, and assure my spouse
That Roman hearts cannot withstand my tears.'—p. 48.

Word is brought to Antony that Cleopatra had taken refuge in her Monument, which had been attacked by Roman soldiers to whom Charmion had thrown out some treasures and with tears had announced Cleopatra's death, whereas even the rough soldiers were touched and retired. Antony's attempted suicide follows, as in Plutarch; he learns from Iras that the queen still lives. The way in which Antony was carried to the Monument, and, by the scarves and veils which Charmion had twisted into ropes, was pulled up by Cleopatra and her women, is described to Octavia. In the last Scene Cleopatra tells Caesar's ambassador that she now surrenders herself; she has left the Monument where the inhuman Gods had just snatched from her the greatest of all the Romans; she had closed the lids over his eyes, all stained with blood and dust. 'It is I,' she cries, 'who killed him. Too great a solicitude for my life has cost me my life. The deplorable state in which his loss has left me,—these veils stained with blood, his last sighs breathed out in my arms, and my own sorrows, all demand my death. If I defer it for a few minutes, 'tis to ask of Caesar only one favour, and Caesar must remember that to me is really due his glory, which he would never have attained had not Antony been blinded by his fatal love for me. This fatal love the gods sent to his breast, The Senate exiled him,—and I did all the rest.'

The favour which she asks is that such funeral honours as are beyond her power may be given to Antony. She does not desire any proud mortuary pomp, which may attempt to repair the ignominy of his ending;

"'Tis ample that his Shade obtains repose,
And that a little mound of heaped-up earth,
May prove an all-sufficing monument,
In honour of his sacred memory.'

Agrippa begs her to relinquish all thoughts of dying, assures her that Caesar recognises her virtues, and laments her misfortune; but she replies,

'From cares like these, has Fate deliver'd me,
Some minutes now are all I have to live.

Agrippa. What say you, Madame?

Cleopatra. 'Tis already done, Agrippa,
The poison I have taken ends its work.
If any pity for me stirs you now,
Permit no severance twist my spouse and me,
But in one tomb, pray, let us both be laid.

'Tis there—'tis there, the summit of my wishes!

Dear spouse! receive me in the gloomy realm,
Where love, I pray, may reunite our Shades.
There's nought that now appears so sad to me
As moments when I was not by your side.*

Sustain me, Charmion, my strength is going.

* This awakens an uncomfortable suspicion that the Egyptian queen had been lately reading her Jodelle, or her Garnier.
APPENDIX

Agrippa. I grieve; admire; her virtue astonshs me.
Char. Madame——
Cl. The poison puts forth double strength.
A deathlike chill is creeping through my frame.
I die.

Ira. Cruel fortune! She is dead.

Agripp. Heavens! I'll bear at once the news to Caesar.

Here ends the Tragedy.

'THEATRE DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, le 6. NOVEMBRE 1744.
PARIS, M. DCC. XLIII.'

So runs the title of a play which the Dedicatory Epistle informs us was written by
'Boistel.' (From his collected Works we learn that his full name is J. B. Robert-
Boistel D’Welles.) This version is, it appears to me, of more than common
interest. The author’s conception of both Antony and Cleopatra is wholly original.
Antony’s love for Cleopatra suffers only one momentary eclipse, and then he at once
recovers himself, and, with a strength unknown among other Antonies, aches off
all possibility of a relapse by proclaiming to his army that Cleopatra is his wife.

Cleopatra is a truly pathetic figure. She makes a firm stand against Fate, even
counselling Antony to attack and conquer Rome. But when she finds that Fate is
not strong for her, she adjures Antony to desert her, the cause of all his misfortunes;
when he refuses, she retires to the Pyramids and there dies; how she finds death we
are not told. This version comes nearer than any other to cancelling Cleopatra.
Octavia does not appear in the play. Her place, as a representative of Antony’s
home-ties, is taken by Julia, a son of Antony and herself.

From what we are told during the first few Scenes, we learn that after the battle of Actium, Antony separated himself from Cleopatra and, in a decisive battle, vanquished Caesar, but on his
victorious march to Rome was recalled to Egypt by a revolt in his army. Caesar
has followed him, and here in Alexandria appointed an interview for a discussion
of the peace demanded by the soldiers, and has designated, as the spot where it is
to take place, the royal tombs of the kings of Egypt, where Cleopatra has kept her-
self secluded ever since her disgraceful flight at Actium. It is intimated that the
wily Caesar has selected this spot in the hope that Antony, who is ignorant of Cleo-
patra’s presence there, may again meet the Egyptian Queen, and again become her
thrall. The plot succeeds, Antony again meets Cleopatra, and they renew their
vows of eternal love. When Cleopatra learns, however, that Caesar is coming hither
for a conference, she is terrified lest, as she tells Antony, her eyes should behold

'A second Actium on this fatal spot.
Your foe hates you, and me all Rome abhors.
While you love me what is there I need fear?——
I hear a noise. I yield to duty’s call.
'Tis doubtless Caesar; go, my lord, and meet him,
And trust that I, most faithful to your love,
Will cherish thoughts of you to my life’s end.
If ever I was worthy of your love
Do you here show that you are worthy mine
By flying hence, and making peace with Caesar.'—p. 15.

Thus closes the First Act. In the next the Triumvirs meet for discussion. Antony is the magnanimous, open-hearted patriot, who would give liberty to all, and
to each a chance to live. Cesar is the wily, selfish politician. They agree to divide
the world between them, but Caesar requires some assurance that the glory of Rome
will not be tarnished, nor his sister live in contempt, through Antony's connection
with Cleopatra. Accordingly, he demands that the Egyptian queen shall either take
a husband of his choosing, or be delivered as a hostage to Rome. Antony blazes
into fury at the thought of either alternative. The conference ends with his defiance
of Caesar. In the next Scene, Cleopatra counsels Antony to send her to Rome and
then win her back by conquering the city,—a plan which he scorns, but waxes
enthusiastic over the wonderful military genius it displays. In the next Act, Julius,
Antony's son, unrecognized by his father, is presented to Antony by Eros as the
son of Ventidius. Julius describes the bitter grief with which Octavia mourns
Antony's desertion; Antony listens at first with coldness, but is finally touched;
when Julius informs him that Octavia is close at hand, and, throwing himself at
his father's feet, reveals his identity, Antony breaks down and bids him bring his
mother and he will be reconciled to her. But as soon as he is alone and calm, he
sees to what a frightful pass his promise to Julius has brought him,—nothing less than
a reconciliation with Rome and an abandonment of Cleopatra. He resolves that he
will seek out Octavius, and by a sudden oath extricate himself from the horror of his
situation. Cleopatra enters. To her, he recounts his misery and his remorse, and
says that he will fly to where she is not, or whithersoever death will guide his steps.
Cleopatra counsels him to obey necessity, and shows that even greater trouble is at
hand; Cesar is inciting Antony's soldiers to revolt by disseminating among them let-
ters wherein they are exhorted either to surrender Cleopatra to him or to destroy the
beauty which Antony still adores. Cleopatra asserts that, as she is the only cause
of discord, it behoves her to fly to some distant land, abandoning her country and
resigning her diadem, convinced that—

'If thou wert happy, I should soon forget them.
In every danger, will sweet thoughts of thee
Make good the loss of honour, throne, and home.'—p. 39.

Antony seeks out Octavius to give him his final answer; he will not confide Cleo-
patra to him; she shall remain his until death; he repudiates Octavia, she is of
Cesar's blood. He turns to the assembled Egyptians and Romans and exclaims:

'Cleopatra, it is true, was born a queen,
But 'tis in her the only fault I've found.
And if you think it does impute disgrace,
Remember it was Fate. I can repair it:
No more, Egyptians, do you have a queen!

Here, Romans, stands my wife, your sovereign lady! '—p. 41.

He defies Cesar, and Rome, which he will one day force to bend the knee before a
woman. Cleopatra meets Julius, not knowing at first that he is Antony's son, and
begs him, as a friend to Antony, to persuade the latter to return to his duty. Julius
mistrusts her and reveals himself. Antony enters. Cleopatra begs him to withdraw
the empty title of wife which he had given her before his army,

'Thou hast deceived me, Antony; my just alarm
Demands the motive for this empty title,
But time is short, I'll spare thee all complaint.
Today, thy duty summons thee to say—
Which of the two shall now prevail with thee,
The tie of blood—or love, thy son—or I?
APPENDIX

But be it either son, or be it loved one,
Go with me to thy army, and my wish fulfill.
Come! I must there resign into thy hands
This honour which excites thy Romans' ire.
Thou know'st how deadly, ire like this may grow.
Imagine this to be thy sole resource.
Art silent? What! must thy son blush for thee?
Or in thy heart can love do nothing more
Than here refuse me what my lips implore,
And load me down with gifts that I abhor?
Judge of thy plight, when here thou seest at one,
In the same hope, Cleopatra and thy son! —p. 45.

But Antony is obdurate, he has done what he believed to be his duty and is satisfied. Then Cleopatra becomes desperate and declares that Antony will call to her in vain at the gates of the tomb where she is dying.

'But if, at this cost, thou wilt not heed my voice
No more my presence shall thine eyes rejoice. Adieu!'

Julius recognizes her nobleness, and, as she is leaving, breaks forth in exclamations of sincere admiration.

The Fifth Act opens with a soliloquy by Cleopatra in which she apostrophises her Antony, her 'dear lover,' and begs him to believe that if she has ever made him despair, if she has ever seemed to avoid him, or seemed afraid to see him, or, in the happy hours gone by, has not yielded to the intoxication of joy which her love prompted, she implores his pardon, and assures him that he was never more loved than at this moment. She then turns to the Monuments of the dead kings of her race, and to them declares that

'If loving thus a Roman hurts your pride,
And all my glory has seemed stained thereby,
My death shall here efface my life's misdeeds.'—p. 55.

Eros brings her word of Antony's utter defeat, of the death of Julius by his father's side, and of Antony's entreaty, before he retired from the battle, that Cleopatra should be saved by Eros from the Romans. Cleopatra replies,

'Fear nothing! I'm his wife and eke a queen!
None ever shall see Rome insult my woe.
Do what I could, I've caused all his misfortunes.
Perchance my death will more avail than tears.
If I, by fate, have tasted life's sweet joys,
I've learned, thank Heaven, to bow to fate's caprices.
Follow me both. The dreadful moment comes!
I pardon all! Best gods! preserve my lover!

These are the last words we hear from Cleopatra. Eros brings word to Antony that she is dead. Antony in his distraction goes to the Monument and calls again and again and again on Cleopatra, but in vain. He then commands Eros to kill him, and the result is repeated from Plutarch, except that the stab which Antony gives himself is entirely successful.

MARMONTEL's Tragedy of Cleopatra need not detain us long. It was, as is announced on the title-page, 'Représentée pour la première fois par les Comédiens
ORDINAIRES DU ROI LE 20. MAI, 1750. The author was but twenty-seven years old, and his tragedy bears the marks of youth in everything but in its lack of fire. It is cold, spiritless, timid, and insincere, with little discrimination of character. History, except in extremely meagre outlines, is disregarded. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the dramatist had ever read Plutarch or Dion Cassius, but, as far as Ventidius is concerned, it seems as though he must have read Dryden. Octavia does not appear among the Dramatis Personae; and, apart from Cleopatra, the chief interest is divided between Antony and Caesarion, a malapert boy, who thinks that Rome and all Romans should bow the knee to him because in his veins runs the blood of Julius Caesar. Cleopatra’s love seems to be equally shared by Antony and Caesarion. The play opens after the battle of Actium, and the First Act closes with Cleopatra’s attempts to cheer and encourage Antony. In the Second Act Ventidius awakens Antony’s sense of honour and persuades him to desert Cleopatra, who is plunged into despair when she learns of this resolution from Antony’s own lips. She thereupon determines that she will make her lover jealous, and so win him again, by making love to Octavius. She is aware, she says, that she no longer possesses the beauty of her first youth, but then age replaces youth, by the knowledge of more seductive wiles. Whoso knows how to attack is already half a master. What a triumph to vanquish the pride and the power of Octavius by the glances of her eyes! Let the world call her perfidious and false! ‘In my own eyes upright, content with- 

‘out flaw, I need but my heart, both for judge and for law.’

Cleopatra meets Octavius and flatters him to the skies. He afterwards acknowledges to Proculeius that he had never before so thoroughly appreciated her fascinations, but they had not touched his heart. Antony and Octavius meet, and although there are outbursts of indignation from the former, yet Octavius calms them and they become friends. Cleopatra enters and places her crown in the hands of Octavius, useless burden as it is on the brow of a captive. To Antony she says, ‘You have given me a master, let me bow down to him. From you or from him, my fate I must crave I am either your spouse, or else I’m his slave. Choose ye.’

Antony at once breaks off with Octavius and follows Cleopatra. In the battle which follows Antony is defeated and Caesarion taken prisoner. Ventidius brings word from Octavius that if Cleopatra wishes to save Caesarion’s life she must herself come and ask for it. She bids Ventidius take a poniard to Caesar wherewith he may stab Caesarion, who will then die disgraced. This Ventidius refuses to do and holds out the hope that they may still conquer Octavius with the troops that survive, but these troops will not fight unless Antony leaves Cleopatra. The queen then bids Ventidius announce to the soldiers that the chain which bound her to Antony is broken, and that she consents even to be fastened behind a chariot in Rome. In the last Act, Cleopatra instigates Eros to assassinate Octavius. Antony and Octavius meet, the latter is cruel and haughty, and bids Antony choose his place of exile, but he will retain Cleopatra and Caesarion as hostages; at that instant Eros aims a blow with a poniard at Octavius’s heart. Antony catches his arm and saves the life of Octavius. Out of gratitude Octavius shows Antony the letter which Cleopatra had written to him offering to surrender everything—even Antony himself. The latter is thunderstruck and breaks out into wild despair. ‘After such treason,’ Caesar asks, ‘can you love her?’ Antony replies ‘I adore her! Leave me. Your pity augments my frenzy. Leave me!’ ‘What recourse, have you?’ asks Ventidius. ‘Death!’ answers Antony as he stabs himself. Cleopatra rushes in, falls on Antony’s body, sees the fatal letter which she had written as a decoy to Octavius, and under-
stands it all. She implores Antony to speak to her; 'he extends his arms, his eyes beam love,

Adoring at thy feet, behold thy queen!
Excess of love and sorrow brings me death!
Hah! would'st thou speak?—thou seest,—thou diest!'

Cleopatra faints, but revives and begs from Cæsar, as a last favour, that she may place a crown of laurel on Antony's brow. Charmion brings a basket of laurel leaves under which an aspic is concealed. Cleopatra seizes the aspic and applies it to her breast. 'O ye gods!' cries Octavius. Cleopatra, with the aspic still on her bosom, exclaims, 'At last I am free. My heart mounts up above Octavius and all misfortunes! My son is alive and free. Adieu. Upon this funeral-pile I die a queen.' Her last words are,

'My senses, Charmion, gently fade to rest——
I die, with kisses, on my hero's breast.'

An anecdote connected with this Version by Marmontel is told (on the authority of the Nouvelle Biographie Générale, 1863) in the Preface to the present volume.

The earliest drama of Vittorio Alfieri, written at the age of twenty-five, is Antonio e Cleopatra, acted for the first time in Turin, in June, 1775. The play was several times re-written, and spoken of by the author in such contemptuous terms as 'abortion,' 'refuse,' 'the first tragic and lyric attempt of a sucking poet,' etc. Of the origin of the version Alfieri gives a description in his Life. 'Sitting unoccupied in the saloon of his lady-love, whose health required long periods of retirement and silence, he took up half-a-dozen leaves of paper that lay at hand, and sketched upon them two or three scenes of dialogue, naming the principal speaker Cleopatra. This name was suggested by the story woven on the tapestries of the apartment, otherwise, he says, he might just as well have called his heroine Berenice or Zenobia. When his paper was exhausted, he thrust the leaves under the cushion of a sofa, and there they remained for over a year, during which he visited Rome, and went through other experiences wholly alien to composition. Finding his passion exercising a baleful influence on his life, he determined to break it off, and in one of his last visits to the lady's house, he withdrew from under the cushion his attempt at a drama, and proceeded to recast it, still with no very definite plan.' * Of this incident of the cushion Alfieri furthermore says, 'my earliest attempts at tragedy were brooded over, as it were, by the lady herself, who sat in the chair habitually, and by any person who happened to sit down upon it.' †

As far as the historical Cleopatra is concerned, Alfieri was eminently correct when he said that he might just as well have called his heroine Berenice or Zenobia, with this qualification, however, that no Berenice or Zenobia was ever so utterly deceitful or cruel as is his Cleopatra. With the exception of Kotzebue, I can recall no dramatist who has given to Cleopatra so black a character as Alfieri. The Egyptian queen drawn by the Italian is as much blacker than the melodramatic Egyptian queen of the German as, in genius, Alfieri towered above Kotzebue. In reading Alfieri's


† The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri, From the Italian. Edited by E. A. Bowring. Bohn's ed., 1876, p. 432.
tragedy let us forget history, forget that Cleopatra was a Greek, and an Egyptian only so far as she had been thus made by Phoebus' amorous pinches, and passively resign ourselves to the terror inspired by his heroine, whose character reflects the lawless strength and medieval warmth of the Italy of the Borgias.

The play opens in Alexandria, immediately after Cleopatra's arrival in Egypt after her disgraceful flight from Actium. She knows nothing of Antony's fate, nor of the result of the battle. She avows to her attendant, Ismene, her inextinguishable remorse for having fled, and possibly causing thereby the defeat of Antony, of whom, up to this moment, she has no news. In the course of her denunciation of herself, she declares,

'It is not love that poisons now my days;
Ambition to command has ever moved me.
Each path, and none in vain, have I essay'd,
Which could conduct me to that lofty end;
My other passions all succumb'd to this,
And others' passions minister'd to mine.'*—p. 424.

She learns that Antony has been utterly defeated. In the following soliloquy, when alone, she throws off all disguise and we here learn her true character:

'Cleo. And now at last
I may pluck off the veil which hides the truth
In a dissembling heart's profound abysses.
Vanquish'd is Antony: this shame and treason
Perchance survives he not; the base design
I dared to form has been fulfill'd: so much
I could not hope for from my wicked flight.
But half the work remains for me to do,
And the most doubtful: vain are my misdeeds,
If to my fate I cannot link Augustus.
And from his heart what answer seek I? Love:...
Love, whom I oft inspired but never knew,
And from whose pow'r, when vanquish'd and disarm'd,
I glory drew, the very victor taming.
Sole barrier to my scheme was Antony:
If he's no more, my conquest will be easy.'—I, iv, p. 429.

We next see her in an interview with the disgraced Antony, whose bitter upbraidings for her treachery she in vain tries to stem by protestations of her love. When at last he says that he abhors life because he is endlessly disgraced, and abhors death because she might find him out among the Shades and even there destroy his peace, she breaks forth,

'Dost seek, barbarian, solace for thy fury?
It is not love thou feel'st in thy breast,
I know it but too well: here, take this steel!
My bosom I unvel'ld, where once thou restedst;
Thou know'st it not again, or hast forgotten;
Raise thy intrepid hand, and brandish it—
Then will the blood, which thou didst think unfaithful,
APPENDIX

‘Rush gushing forth, and straightway dye my garments,
And fall upon my feet, and both my hands
Will reek with it; and whatsoever breath
Remains to Cleopatra, tow’rds thee turning
Eyes full of love, and death, will she collect,
To say: Farewell, I loved thee, die for thee! ———
And then, when thou hast fed thy angry looks
On thy dead enemy, by slow degrees
Thy fury will abate, and constancy
Revive in thee again, and thy old virtue.

Ant. How, Cleopatra, hast thou gain’d such power
Thus to delude me ever? yet I love
Thy treacheries, and those deceitful accents
Have from my ear reach’d even to my heart.’—II, iii, p. 426.

She then gives a fictitious and flimsy excuse for her flight from Actium: that she learned, only on the day she sailed, of a powerful rebellion among her subjects, designed to deliver Egypt to Cæsar, and she returned to quell it, not for the sake of her own throne, but solely out of love for Antony. Antony is appeased, but not convinced. His supreme love for her forbids him to reason. But whether she be true or false, he must leave her, encounter Cæsar, and die in battle.

Having failed in her attempt to destroy Antony at Actium, Cleopatra now devises a second and more fatal act of treachery which can hardly fail of a successful issue, either in causing Antony to lose his life in battle or to commit suicide. She thus discloses it to Ismene:

‘a second plot
Is in the field prepared, t’assure the first.
The warlike trumpets scarcely will be heard
To sound the haughty signal for the fight,
When on the sea the ships, on land the cohorts,
Abandoning the leader they once own’d,
Will range themselves beneath Augustus’ ensigns.
Left by their flight defenceless, Antony
Will turn against himself his bitter fury.’—III, i, p. 440.

The plot succeeds and Antony returns, having touched a lower deep than he had ever before conceived of, and with proof too clear of Cleopatra’s treachery. There is nothing before him now but infamy or death. The same will be Cleopatra’s fate. Since they are herein equal, he bids her take his sword, transfixed with it her heart, return it to him, and he will then transfixed his own. She turns pale, but, still certain of her supreme power over him, artfully evades the fatal stroke by saying that she will teach him how to die, and in such an honourable death nothing is wanting

save that thy dearer hand
Should guide the friendly steel; mine maybe, trembling,
Or, little wont to strike, might give the lie
Both to my valor, and thy cruel thoughts.
Into this heart, by not an unknown path,
Th’ avenging blade may plunge: deep sculptured there,
Thy fatal image will be found by thee;
Thou didst impress it, thou shalt cancel it;
The dagger take, and strike . . . thou turn’st away?’—III, ii, p. 444.
As Cleopatra had foreseen, Antony refused to strike and was in the very act of turning the sword against himself, when his hand was stayed by the announcement that Caesar was about to enter. Cleopatra retires. Caesar addresses Antony in friendly and encouraging terms, promising to bury all hostility in oblivion, and finally invites him to return to Rome, but will not promise that Cleopatra shall not grace his triumph. Antony breaks off the interview by saying that 'never shall that woman be in Rome By mortal seen as subject to Augustus, Who once deserved the love of Antony.' In a conversation with his friend, Septimius, Caesar declares that he intends to procure Antony's death at the hands of Cleopatra, and then, after having been kept for the disgrace of being led in his triumph, Cleopatra herself shall be put to a wretched death.

In the Fourth Act there is an interview between Augustus and Cleopatra, who puts forth all her arts to win the Roman conqueror; she claims his gratitude for having wilfully betrayed Antony at Actium, and again for having caused all her army to desert him. Augustus intimates his hopes that Cleopatra will some day be his queen, and that she will not disdain to divide his sceptre with him; in those happy days, perchance, Cleopatra will weep at having loved Antony so much. To this artful suggestion Cleopatra replies,

'Too much I loved ungrateful Antony;
No more I love him; to amend my fault
I'm now prepared: it is not hate or vengeance
Which urges me to-day my fault to cancel,
But reason, the cool reason of a monarch.
For a long time his death has seem'd to be
Not only useful for this kingdom, long
By him despoil'd, but indispensable;
And now that his existence might once more
Re-open all the ancient wounds of Rome,
Destroy the peace of the whole world, and partly
Rob thee of thy supreme felicity,
'Twould be a crime to have compassion on him.'—IV, ii, p. 454.

Hereupon, Cleopatra, in unmeasured terms, confesses her admiration of Augustus, who responds in protestations, equally sincere, of his love for her. At last Augustus says, 'But Antony draws nigh; we must dissemble.' When Antony enters he is furious at the sight of Augustus alone with Cleopatra. Both endeavour to appease him,—Augustus by indignation at Antony's mistrust, Cleopatra by asseverations of her undying, faithful love,—for Antony's sake there is no sacrifice she will not make, to fulfill his wishes; if he desires her to be led in triumph in Rome she will fly to the chariot; without Antony she is a living corpse. At last Augustus bids Cleopatra live as queen, and with her lover if she desires it; in the temple let them all swear lasting oblivion to their former hatred. After Augustus has left, the poor disgraced, bewildered, heart-broken Antony tells Cleopatra that he will seek the temple to ask the gods for guidance. As soon as he is gone, Cleopatra looks after him, saying,

'Credulous lover, go not to the temple;
Go rather to an unexpected death——
Yes, find thou death, and heinous treachery,
There, where thou look'st for life, for love and peace.'—p. 459.

Cleopatra thereupon commands Diomedes to follow Antony, and, in a dark passage leading to the temple, stab him, and let the victim also know at whose command
the blow is struck. Diomedes shortly returns, and reports that he has done the deed; Cleopatra rejoices that 'the odious rugged chains of Antony at length are broken.' But Augustus receives the news of Antony's death by no means with the pleasure that Cleopatra had anticipated. He is, on the contrary, sternly indignant, and speaks of Antony as 'a great hero,' 'a mighty warrior,' who was worthy of a far more noble end, and declares that 'To rid him of his enemies, Augustus Has never sought a 'woman's coward hand.' He commands Cleopatra to prepare to follow him to Rome, there to render an account of her atrocious guilt. After he is gone Cleopatra's expressions of grief over the complete failure of her plan are bitter and her vows of vengeance on Augustus are deep. In the midst of them Antony enters. The courage of Diomedes had failed him, or rather his compassion and love for Antony had proved too great. In Antony's living presence no subterfuge will avail the wretched queen, and she openly confesses that she feels neither pity nor remorse. In the last Scene all the characters are present, Antony addresses Augustus in noble words of mingled pride, resignation, and defiance; then, turning to Cleopatra, exclaims,

'Fly, fly, O queen, the horrors of a triumph,
Horrors far worse than those of any death.
Wherefore alone to die is granted to us?
I could have given thee yet more of life———
Augustus, now will the whole world be thine:
Since I have taught thee how thou should'st not reign;
If thou, like me, should'st be unfortunate,
Learn to die bravely, as does Antony.

Diedi. [Kills himself.
Diedi. Brave warrior! Heav'n was jealous of thy presence
On this ungrateful earth.

Diedi. Antony is borne off.

Aug. Now let the queen
Be dragg'd away from hence by force, if prayers
Are not sufficient———

Cleo. Stop, thou barb'rous one!
Thou fain wouldst tie me to thy car in Rome?
At least permit me to delight my eyes
In horrors and in blood, yes, e'en in death;
That I may lose my senses, and extract
Fresh fury from them—But since heav'n is slow
The wicked to chastise, and I'm unable
To pierce thy breast, I pierce my own instead.

Aug. Heav'n's, Cleopatra!——

Cleo. I——unworthy was
Of life———but, if to thee the curses now
By wicked rage invoked can fatal be,
Then horror, and deceit, and treachery
Will close pursue thee, and at last thou'lt find
The horrid death which is a tyrant's due———
Furies—hell's infernal Furies—come ye now?——
I follow you—ah!—with thy viper's torch,
Thou discord black, thou fain wouldst light my way.
Give it to me—in dying I perchance
Might set the world on fire, and so dissolve it——
Dost cry for vengeance, Antony?—'tis blood———
"But faithless blood—O horror—ruin—death."

_Augustus._ O Romans, let us go; in this vile land
All breathes of terror, making heav'n impure;
The very air with ev'ry vice is tainted.'

GENEST (vi, 63) gives the following abstract of a Tragedy, called _Antony and Cleopatra_, by HENRY BROOKE (author of _The Fool of Quality_), published in 1778, but omitted in an edition, edited by Brooke's daughter, in 1792. (I have been unable to obtain a copy.)

'Antony and Cleopatra—one-third, or perhaps one-half of this play is taken from Shakspeare—the other part is Brooke's—he has added 3 new characters—the 2 children of Antony and Cleopatra; and Ptolemy her brother; these characters are not happy additions to the _Dramatis Personae_. In the 2d act Antony seeing Cleopatra embrace Ptolemy, and not knowing who he is, leaves Alexandria in a violent fit of jealousy—on being undeceived he returns. Shakspeare's play, with all its faults, is infinitely superior to Brooke's—yet it must be allowed that a considerable part of Brooke's additions is well written—the scene lies entirely at Alexandria—the characters of Caesar and Octavia with many others are omitted.'

In 1783, at a period when there was in Germany a temporary reaction against Shakespeare, there appeared, _Kleopatra und Antonius, A Tragedy in Four Acts_, by CORNELIUS VON AYRENHOFF, Austrian Lieutenant-Field-Marshall. In a long and polemical Preface, addressed to Wieland, the writer denounces the dramatic critics of the day. 'How can we expect,' he exclaims in his indignation, 'that such instructors in art, who have learned in public taverns all their knowledge of refined society and there educated their taste, will defend the laws which govern the Three Unities, elegant manners, and versification? What is more natural than that they should keep on praising incessantly the monster [Ungeheuer] Shakespeare as the highest product of all nations, not because he often shows traces of great genius, but because through him we become accustomed to all kinds of possible lawlessness, and that they should on every occasion dismiss with contempt the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire?'—p. 11. Ayrenhoff states how deeply he had been stirred by the story of Cleopatra as told by Plutarch, and how inadequately it had been presented by the dramatists. He had read the tragic story in Shakspeare, in la Chapelle, in Lohenstein, in Dryden, and exclaims, 'Poor Cleopatra! thou fairest, loveliest, most unfortunate woman of antiquity! how brutally hast thou been treated! It was not enough that thou wast robbed of thy throne and of thy life by thy hateful contemporary, the cunning and cowardly Octavius, but the poets of later days are still presenting thee on the public stage as a disgrace to thy sex!' After this open avowal of compassionate love and admiration, we find in Ayrenhoff's tragedy what is to be expected, a Cleopatra who, while conformed to the records of Plutarch, is idealised into a lofty character, quite too good for human nature's daily food. I know of no other Cleopatra exactly like her. The tragedy is skilfully written and has in it some good Scenes, especially the last, which, in Cleopatra's treatment of Octavius, is really admirable. It is written in Alexandrine rhyming couplets.

The opening Scenes somewhat remind us of Dryden. Lucilius, Antony's dear friend and trusted General, corresponds to the Ventidius of the English poet; he cheers Antony in his despair after Actium, warning him at the same time of the influence
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of Cleopatra; at last he tells him plainly that defeat is certain unless he abandon the queen. With the warning words ‘Remember Actium!’ he departs, and Cleopatra enters. She will not listen to Antony’s gloomy forebodings. Nothing can trouble her so long as Antony loves.

‘As we began, so, too, the end must be;
The greatest man the world can prize, art thou;
Sole woman worthy of such greatness, I.
Let throne and world be shattered by Octavius;
For Antony alone, does Cleopatra tremble.’

Antony tells the queen that even now a decisive battle is imminent. Cleopatra replies that she is ready, ‘to the determined soul, uncertainty alone is pain;’ and points to the mausoleum which she has built, ‘That, for Cleopatra will the refuge be. Would, O beloved one! it might be with thee!’

Antony reminds her of his vow not to survive her, but will not believe that such a desperate remedy is near. Indeed, he is heartened for the battle to which he will now go with joy, and return a victor, or word shall be brought to her of his death. He departs and Cleopatra, thus early in the play, bids Charmion procure some asps and tell the priests to make ready the mausoleum.

When the next Act opens the battle has been fought, Antony has been victorious; Cleopatra awaits his approach, with a laurel wreath wherewith to crown him. Antony enters and is crowned by Cleopatra with extravagant expressions of love and admiration. Word is brought that a veiled Roman lady desires an audience with Antony alone. Antony refuses to see her, but Cleopatra intercedes. ‘It may be,’ she says, ‘some wife or mother come to beg the life of her dear one; and, if so, send the unhappy one to me, and I will try to comfort her.’ She leaves and the veiled lady enters; at Antony’s bidding she draws aside her veil and reveals Octavia. She prostrates herself before him, but he bids her rise; she recalls to him their happy, cloudless years in Athens, but not to win him back is she come, but to bring peace between her husband and her brother, who, she declares, still holds Antony in fond affection and is anxious to become reconciled. To none of her arguments will Antony accede, but ends with saying that there are other obstacles, known only to himself. Octavia understands this reference to Cleopatra and replies,

‘Full well I know that you will never take
A step that leads to Cleopatra’s harm.
And this I honour; you can lightly judge
That I do not forget the cause of it. [Antony expresses astonishment.
Ignoble hate has ne’er disgraced my heart.
Thou lovest her—this shows she’s worthy of thy love.
Although I ne’er can rival her in charms,
In greatness of the soul, she’ll not excel me,
And more I ask not. Ah, not from envy
Would I disturb these bonds which make you blest
Far less to me, I own, is my own weak
Than thine,—dear father of my children!’

Antony replies that all is in vain; he honours her and will always honour her, but, ascribe it to Fate if need be, he cannot comply with her wishes. The children are then brought in, and they, with their mother, fall at the feet of Antony, who is deeply moved. Cleopatra enters, and in the veiled Roman lady discovers Octavia,
who explains to her that she is come to try to extricate Antony from his perilous position and begs for protection. Cleopatra replies,

'I wonder greatly at thy deed, Octavia!
How I regard it, I'll not now explain.
Yet know, who'e' er as friend,—for such thou claim' st to be,—
Seeks my protection, it shall be bestowed.
[To Charmion] Be it your care to see throughout my court
That, like myself, she's treated as a queen.
[To Octavia] Free, as thou may'st, from the engulfing flood
Thy husband, sinking neath the raging storm;
May heaven aid thee,—and reward thy pains!
In nought will I deprive thee of the merit.
Complete your plans unstrained. But know this,
From them I must be utterly excluded.
As soon as he has made his firm resolve,
Then, and not till then, I'll decide my lot.
And also until then, I ask you, Sir,
To suffer me to stay in my seclusion.
Ant. What! Cleopatra asks——
Cleop. Nothing; she commands;
And counts,—if she is dear,—on thy obedience. [Exit with her train.]

As soon as she is gone Octavia breaks forth into admiration of the nobility of her character. But none the less does she urge her vacillating husband to return with her and their children to Rome and to the paths of virtue. Antony at last decides that he will lay down his power and become a private citizen if Cesar will do the same. Should Cesar consent to do this, and the Senate confirm her throne to Cleopatra, he will live in Athens with Octavia, from whom no power on earth can then separate him. Octavia is certain that she can persuade her brother to this course and the Scene ends with profuse tears of joy all round, to which effusion Lucilius contributes. Charmion, who had come to tell Octavia that her apartments were ready, is a witness to this reconciliation and reports it to her anxious mistress, offering, at the same time, to kill Octavia during the night. This horrifies Cleopatra, who sternly reproves her. At last she decides to send a secret messenger to Cesar's camp, and the Act ends. In the next Act, while waiting for the result of Octavia's intercession with Octavia, Antony and Cleopatra have a stormy scene. Cleopatra asserts that Antony had committed her fate to Cesar. This Antony denies, and says that Rome, through the Senate on its oath, had for ever renounced all claim to Cleopatra's throne.

' Cleop. Much longed for chance! forsooth my bliss is boundless!
Yet, Sir, to whom must I ascribe this bliss?
To Rome? Octavia? To Cesar? or to thee?
Ant. Thou triffest, Queen!
Cleop. [with angry earnestness.] Resolve me then my doubts!
Whose is the saving arm that, out of pity,
Maintains me on my throne ancestral?
To whom do I owe thanks for this, my crown?
Is't not Octavia? is it not her charms,
Whose power,—to win thee from me,—won Rome's grace?
Did not a single tear, shed at thy feet,
Nay but a single sigh, dissolve the bond
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'That knot is firm together, 'till now.
And place within the power of my fire
My fate, my fame, and all my happiness?
This, that eternal, shall that explain to me.'

Ammy complaineth that Octavia would not have persuaded him, but Cleopatra must
but a word or given him. She again incurs forth.

- A word, a hint from me:--to save thy duty?
- Trust me; shewed she not to thee thou must be honest?
- Canst I believe thy faith so weakly grounded?
- And yet Octavia's tongue must I submit.
- And blindly every word, omits my fate,
- And of my wrongs make her triumph greater?
- So love in power shall, ever make me bow:
- Let them, that true, deplore me of my throne.
- One thing remains, my honour is my own
- And should this note, thy joy involve my death
The thought of but one weakness makes me me:
- THEN, O Hortensia, I have lived for you."

Ammy exclaims that this is beyond endurance and that Octavia shall at once return, alone. To Rome, all thought of peace shall be relinquished, and demandeth that Cleopatra shall tell him what course to take. She replies.

- The work thou hast begun, complete. This, Sir,
- Is all that thou canst do. Farewell.
- AND No word, nor before that great
- Say what for me these that have resolved.
- CRESS. Therein must Caesar for himself the power.
- The one on trial cannot be the judge.
Farewell.

Ammy for a while rages against Cleopatra, but at last recognizes that it is really love for him that makes her jeopardize her throne and her very life. Then he declares that Octavia is the real cause of all this misery, and resolves never to see her again, but remain for ever by Cleopatra's side. Lucillius enters, but he is so shocked at Ammy's change of heart that he departs in anger. Ammy sends after him: when he returns he so convicts Ammy of folly as clinging to Cleopatra that Ammy swears never to see her again until he parts from her for ever. Octavia enters with Caesar's letter of assurance to Ammy's proposal: Caesar will lay down his power and live as a private citizen in Egypt; Cleopatra's throne shall be unassailable. The use of Ammy, Octavia, and the children is unbounded. Cleopatra enters and Ammy endeavors to explain to her the situation and its advantages for all concerned. Cleopatra declares that she too has been in correspondence with Caesar, and sends to Ammy a letter from Caesar wherein she is told to place no reliance on his agreement with Octavia, and that he desires himself to secure his safety and his throne if she will send him Ammy's head. Octavia, heartbroken over the duplicity of her treacherous brother, departs with her children and is seen no more. Ammy returns himself to the seat of Cleopatra and will next acknowledges her magnanimity. He takes a tender leave of her and departs to plunge into battle with Caesar. Cleopatra, from a tower of her palace, watches the fight and sees Ammy's defeat. Demetrius, whom he had sent for news of Ammy's welfare, enters and relates how Ammy, on a false report of Cleopatra's death, had attempted to kill himself, and
when told by Demetrius that she was alive, had sent her tender messages imploring her forgiveness. Cleopatra commands Demetrius to bring Antony to her at once, and bids Charmion fetch the asp. Antony is brought in, borne by soldiers. Both Cleopatra and Antony implore forgiveness of each other. He begs her to fly, she protests that life has no more charm for her, but to die with him will be her highest bliss. Antony dies, and after her first outburst of sorrow Cleopatra exclaims, 'I 'who deeply swore not after thee to live, A proof of my true faith I hasten now 'to give.'

Dolabella enters, and, under a seigned weakness and timidity, she extracts from him the secret that within three days she is to be sent to Rome. Cleopatra gives him a letter to be delivered to Caesar. When alone with Charmion, Cleopatra bids her place a throne near Antony's corpse; she then takes the vase containing the aspic, lifts the cover, and looking in, says,

'Well, little thing! how fixedly thou starest! Dost think thy hissing can awaken fright? [sorrow! Here! [throwing her arm into the vase.] Cool thy anger and abate my It hurts not, Charmion! [She returns to the corpse.] Now, my departed friend! for ever we're united. Now I dare call thee husband,—myself thy wife. Nought severs us again; one tomb for both! This thought alone, for me, can sweeten death.'

She bids Charmion bring her crown and summon all her attendants, who enter and group themselves about her with the emblems of royalty—the diadem and sceptre. She says, aside 'What coolness steals so softly through my veins! Is it 'the poison? ah, how gentle!'

She tells her attendants that she has remembered them all and that Demetrius has the gold; even if they are subject to Caesar they must always retain the freedom in their hearts to love and remember her. Dolabella enters and announces the approach of Caesar, who, shortly after, enters. Dolabella, in an aside, says to the queen that she must rise, and not remain seated in Caesar's presence. She keeps her seat.

'Cesar. O woeful sight! Unhappy Antony! Why could I never win thy confidence? Thy hatred was my grief,—at last thy ruin! Unhappy queen! I feel for thy misfortune! Cleop. Had our mischance not been thy fortune's germ I doubt not thou hadst pitied us, Octavius. But, Sir, unpitied I can bear my sorrow.'

Caesar assures her that he is her friend, and she obtains from him the promise that she shall be buried in the same tomb with her Antony; Caesar considers it a trifling request, he was ready to grant much greater.

'Cleop. To thee it may be small, to me 'tis great. Is it no solace in death to be united To him who was the dearest upon earth? Ay,—to that great man, the very last great man This servile world can ever name with pride? Dolabella. [aside.] Ah, Cleopatra! Cleop. What shall I refrain from praising him? Caesar himself can witness to his greatness;
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To it, forsooth, he owes his happy fortune,
The laurel, which adorns him now, was gathered
For him at Philippi by Antony.
That weighty fight saw Cesar but preparing,—
He had a fever then, and could not fight.
Cesar. What insolent derision, thou audacity!
Dolabella. [Aside to Cesar.] Pardon her, Sire!
Her sorrows tempt her to forget herself.
Cleop. Friend, let him rage! he'll learn to honour truth!
He rules now uncontrolled—he'll never hear it more!
Cesar. Insulting Pride! Know'st thou not who I am,
And who thyself art now?
Cleop. For aye, a queen!
Whose fearless daring no soldier can dismay!
Who e'en in death can still avenge an insult.
Cesar. An insult? Thou? From me?
Cleop. From thee, thou tyrant!
Who dared to ask from me assassination;
Who held me as a traitor to my loved one;
Offered my realm as the reward of crime.
How mean the conqueror shows beside the conquered!
How dared their fury of which they were the source
Beside the honourable duel,—
Fraud and deceit by honesty and courage!
Dolabella. What does this mean? Her eyes grow dim!
Charmian. She is dying.
Cesar. Ha! who loves his life speak out, and say
What means this—
Cleop. Spare thy anger! Egypt's queen has finished
Her last duty—she dies and will not basely
—Out-live her glory—Lay me by Antony—
Thou hast pledged thy word—Oh, Charmian—
'Tis ice—death's freezing hand—my heart—
My Antony! [She dies.]

In 1793 JULIUS, REICHSGRAF VON SODEN, published a Tragedy in prose, called KLEOPATRA. Whether or not it was ever acted I do not know. In a short Preface the author remarks that the subject has been already used by the dramatists of many nations, and, among them, Shakespeare stands at the head. From his own study of history the author has been led to believe that full justice has not been done to the character of Cleopatra, in whom he believed that he discerned 'a mingling of coquetry and nobility, of voluptuousness and strength, of weakness, of womanliness, and of regal freedom, which explained all the apparent contradictions of her acts.' In carrying out this conception I cannot say that I think the author is altogether successful. The voluptuous tendency in Cleopatra's nature is emphasized,—indeed, it is more conspicuous than in any other version with which I am acquainted. I can perceive no traces in Cleopatra of unusual strength of character, unless it be the unabashed way in which she unfolds to her maid, Miris, her excellent reasons for changing from the unsuccessful Antony to the successful Caesar. Unlike other Ver-
there is no parting Scene between Antony and Cleopatra. Antony's attempt at suicide is entirely successful; Cleopatra merely hears of his death and applies the asp only when Caesar's steps are on the threshold of the pyramid in which she had taken refuge from Antony, who was seeking to kill her after the desertion to Caesar of the Egyptian army.

The foregoing abstract is all that I had intended to give of this version, which, written in prose, seemed to me to be, in general, of inferior merit. I found, however, to my amazement, that Mörkler pronounces it 'the most noteworthy version in German literature.' In Mörkler's concluding remarks he acknowledges that von Soden has not succeeded in making Cleopatra a perfectly consistent character, but in spite of this he does not hesitate to affirm that 'this drama, together with the lyric effusion of Prince George of Prussia, furnishes the German version of Cleopatra's tragedy which we can, at this day, read with pleasure.' In deference to this opinion I now give an ampliar abstract. The opening locality is Tarentum, where Octavius and Antony are feasting each other before Octavius starts on his expedition against Sextus Pompeius and Antony sets out on the war against the Parthians. The first Scene lies in Antony's house. Cleopatra enters, accompanied by Miris, her maid, and is thrilled by the thought that she is really in Antony's home, against the majestic pillars whereof he may have once leaned, 'this floor, lifeless though it be, has borne the footsteps of the lord of the world, and is proud of it.' (There is a faint reminiscence of Shakespeare here.) 'It does not compare with your palace at Alexandria,' says Miris. 'Palace!' exclaims Cleopatra, 'It was a palace when it enclosed Antony within its walls. Palace, do I call it? It was a temple, consecrated to love and adorned with all its magic. Ah! when he hung upon my neck, our souls lost themselves on our lips! Then!—Isis drew about us a magic circle, and, sundered from all mortal thoughts, Elysium was in us and about us. Prythee, Miris, how did I look when Caesar lay at my feet?

Miris. Like the goddess, to whom we bring our offerings.

Cleopatra. And I am still Cleopatra?

Miris, Assuredly.

Cleopatra. Seest thou wrinkles on this brow? Has time dimmed the glance which prostrated at my feet the conqueror of the world?

Miris. By no means.

Cleopatra. Then have no fear, Miris. Antony is mine! And even if Elysium has thrown wide its gates, or Orcus opened its abyss for him, with a single smile I can call him back, and repel the Fates. The powers of Heaven and of Hell cannot restrain him from me.'

Miris refers to Octavia. 'Silence!' Cleopatra cries. 'By heaven! If you value your life, mention her not again! That humdrum, lackadaisical creature! that alabaster image of simplicity will be frightened off by a single puff of breath from my lips. Aha! that breath has wrought mightier wonders. It has dissolved every nerve of the untamed Antony in love and voluptuousness, and subdued the very tigers. Antony, he knows what it is! ... Know then, Miris, a man is only what the woman makes him. It is woman alone who can evoke this headlong rush of the blood, this all-embracing flight of the imagination,—the sole source of great and exalted deeds. This Antony, Miris, this fearful Colossus, Antony, who covers half the world with his shadow,—by all the gods, dear Miris, when asleep in my arms, I bind him to the bedposts [a feeble attempt to imitate the teasings of Shakespeare's Cleopatra], and then when he awakes, slip away from the sulky hero, with a laugh,
"—if this poor world, whose lord he is, could see him then, what do you suppose it
would think of its fettered demi-god?
Miris. Poor, poor Antony!
Cleopatra. Hush! not even the gods themselves dare hear the secrets of women.
Miris. You are then resolved——
Cleopatra. To take him back to Alexandria with me.
Miris. Why then do you not appear as Cleopatra?
Cleopatra. No, Miris, no. The sheen of purple dries up the tears of pity, and
freezes compassion. All alone, unadorned, with dishevelled hair, like a bride whose
wild war has engulfed the bridegroom, I will appear before him,—like an orphaned
one will I embrace his feet,—with hot tears bedew his warlike thoughts and melt
his wildness into voluptuousness."

They hear Antony coming and Exeunt.

In the next five Scenes Antony learns that Sextus Pompeius is dead and that
Lepidus is arrested; he thereupon vents his rage on Octavius, whom he now hates.
'I hate his eye,' he exclaims (and it is one of the best sayings in the play), 'I hate
his eye; in it I see myself,—and I'll not be doubted! A second self is too much
for me!' Octavia labours hard to effect a reconciliation between her brother and
her husband and is last successful. These are among the best Scenes of the play,
if not the very best. The contrast between Octavius's sedate temperament and
Antony's headlong, blustering violence, yet honest withal, is well kept up. Indeed,
in my opinion Antony is the best character in the play, which, with advantage, might
have been called Antonius, instead of 'Cleopatra.'

With the kisses of his wife and the words, 'Farewell, my sweet Octavia!' still
on his lips, Antony meets Cleopatra. He is astounded at seeing her in Tarentum;
she at once taxes him with treachery and desertion. 'Who was it,' she bursts
forth, 'that in the delicious intoxication of love swore never, never to desert me?
Who? Hast thou forgotten, thou faithless man! the moments when our souls ling-
ered on our wounded lips, when heavenly fire shot through every fibre, and glowed
our beings, and, bathed in this sea of beneficent flames—hah, Elysium itself cannot
outweigh a single moment of such existence!

Antony. Refrain, Cleopatra! refrain! the memory makes me quiver!
Cleopatra. To think that inexorable time has power over such delights! that the
impression of such feelings can vanish like a dream!
Antony. Do me not wrong, Cleopatra.
Cleopatra. No Antony! Thou art more or less than mortal, in that thou canst
forget such feelings. Were I immortal and should lose myself in eternity, they would
be my sole thought. Antony has treated me cruelly. Thou divine Isis, and all ye
heavenly hosts, bear me witness how wholly I gave myself to this man; throughout
the whole broad world I felt, saw, heard nothing but him! Every breath I drew, I
counted lost that did not expire on his lips.
Antony. Thou dear, dear, beloved one!

Antony is on the point of yielding when Ventidius enters and summons him to
the camp; he is about to obey when Cleopatra makes one last and desperate appeal
to him.

'Antony. Cleopatra, what dost thou demand?
Cleopatra. Dear, beloved idol of my soul, what in this wide world can I wish
for, demand, long for but thee? but thyself?
Antony. Sorceress! omnipotent Sorceress! whither would'st thou lead me?


Dramatic Versions—Von Soden

Cleopatra. To these arms, open to thee alone, to this bosom, to be pressed alone to thine, to these lips that glow alone for thee!

Antony. So be it!

Antony breaks off all negotiations with Caesar and follows Cleopatra to Alexandria. Caesar stirs up the Senate to declare war on Antony by setting forth Antony's prodigality in giving away provinces and cities, and by his treatment of Octavia. We have then a wild scene of revelry in the Palace of Cleopatra. Before Antony has slept off his drunken debauch, Ventidius comes to announce that Caesar with his army is at hand. He finally arouses Antony and inspires him with wonted warlike fury. Actium is fought and the battle lost. Antony's despair and humiliation are, as in all other versions, profound. Again, as in former Scenes, his character is well sustained. Cleopatra attempts to console him and so far succeeds that she gains his consent to send a message to Octavius.

'Cleopatra. A wise man bends before the storm and, safe in port, awaits a more favourable hour. Thy name is still formidable enough—

Antony. to frighten children to hide behind their mother's apron?

Cleopatra.—to obtain from Caesar an advantageous arrangement. Perhaps he will let me remain in Egypt, and permit you to retire to private life.

Antony. "Permit?" This word forces blood out at my eyes!

Cleopatra. Only this once! Oh, only this once! Listen to thy loved one!—Like the soft whispers of zephyrs the rest of thy life will glide away! My devotion shall infuse new strength and life into thy veins. Far from the dangers of a hero's path thou shalt repose on my breast, and from my lips thou shalt drink oblivion; I will only live, only breathe for thee.

Antony. In vain do I close my ears. The magic of thy voice dissolves my whole being in love.'

Of course Antony is won; as soon as Cleopatra is alone she murmurs: 'What a pitiful creature a conquered man is! Cleopatra! Cleopatra! Dost thou still really love this shadow of an Antony? Ah, how high above him towers the young, powerful Caesar! No, no, it was Antony that I loved, and Antony is now no more!'

Antony meets Ventidius and by him is again inspired with martial ardour, and with the hope that by attacking Caesar he can regain his lost honour. A battle is fought; at the end of the day Antony is victorious and returns triumphant to Cleopatra, who has a laurel wreath ready for him. In the midst of their rejoicing word is brought that Caesar is advancing to a fresh attack. In the meantime Cleopatra has received a secret messenger from Caesar, and while Antony is absent, renewing his fight with Caesar, she thus reveals her treachery to Mirisi:

'Miris. Caesar sent that offer to you?

Cleop. Ay, indeed, and more too, if I would only deliver Antony up to him.

Miris. Did you promise it?

Cleop. We're not yet fully agreed. But just one glance of mine, a single smile of mock-modesty cast backward over the shoulder will bring this conqueror of the world prostrate at my feet.

Miris. And Antony?

Cleop. Antony?—Alas! Antony is no longer Antony.

Miris. No longer? To whom thou sworest eternal fidelity? Thy terrestrial god?

Cleop. That was Antony, the fortunate Antony; the conqueror of half the world, feared from sunrise to sunset, in all the splendour of the highest earthly height!
APPENDIX

'Miris. Alas! it is the same Antony whom thou lovedst!

Cleop. Miris, Miris, love is the favourite of Fortune. Suppose she deserts him?

Fortune, with her all-powerful wheel, rolls everything up and down, excepting only me.

'Miris. Pardon me, queen, love accepts the man, without any accidental splendour. Thou hast never loved him.

Cleop. By the immortals! I have; but love, like Fortune, has its caprices.

'Miris. Poor Antony!

Cleop. That is just it! No, no, Cleopatra was not made to be the inamorata of a common mortal.

'Miris. Thou wilt leave him then?

Cleop. Is it my fault, if Fortune has left him?... Dost thou not understand my plans?

'Miris. What wilt thou do with Cesar?

Cleop. The fate of his father and of Antony awaits him. When the world becomes too small for these rapacious Romans; when, in the course of their restless ambition, they crush nations, and the immeasurable universe offers no limit to their rapacity,—then it is Cleopatra who sets a limit to them. Here the wild conqueror lays down his arms; his haughty soul becomes entangled in the shifting web of love and luxury, with all its secret, and infinitely varying delights, which I weave about him, sometimes with a sparing, sometimes with a lavish hand; his greatness vanishes, his energy slumbers, he sinks to the level of the common herd. And such a triumph! by the immortal Isis, I would not exchange it for one of Caesar’s fairest victories!

Euphronius enters and adjoins Cleopatra to fly. Antony has been defeated and is on his way hither, more raging than the 'Hycranian tiger' in his threats of vengeance against the queen, who at once takes to flight and escapes. When Ventidius has succeeded somewhat in calming Antony, he brings forward Octavia and Antony's children. Reconciliation and forgiveness rule the hour. Cleopatra, with Miris, has betaken herself to her Monument, and, knowing that she cannot appease Antony in his present mood, confides to Miris that she will send him word that she is dead, whereupon he will come to the Monument in deepest grief, and she, 'blooming, even 'in the grave, with all those charms which were so dangerous to him, will sink into 'his arms, and, with glowing kisses, steal forgiveness from his lips.' Euphronius brings word that Octavia is in Alexandria and is reconciled to Antony. A Scene here follows which is a weak, very weak, imitation of Shakespeare's Scene of Cleopatra and the slave who brings word that Antony is married to Octavia. When the tempest, such as it is, subsides, Euphronius is sent to announce Cleopatra's death to Antony, who is just finishing a highly moral discourse to his children on the wickedness of women, as Euphronius enters. After Euphronius retires, the manner of Antony's death is the same as in Plutarch. Euphronius returns to Cleopatra and reports Antony's despair when he announced her death to him. Cleopatra's exaltation at this proof that Antony still loves her is boundless; all her love for Antony revives in tenfold force, and she revels in the thought of meeting him again. This 'lightening before death,' as it were, is well conceived.

As soon as Euphronius is gone, Cleopatra breaks forth to Miris:

'He loves me! Antonius still loves me! Did he not say "despair"?

'Miris. So I heard it.

Cleop. Ay, "despair"! A frightful word, but to me so sweet! Did he not speak of dejection?
Mir.  Yes, indeed.

Cleop.  Dejection is the twin-sister of love! Love feeds dejection, and dejection feeds love.

Mir.  I heard of frenzy also.

Cleop.  Didst hear it? Frenzy! O this boundary line of passion is merely the highest step of love, the very summit of earthly joy.

Mir.  And all this, Queen?——

Cleop.  Whither leads it? O short-sighted girl!—Do you not know that Antonius will hasten hither? Hither! to gaze for the last time on the remains of his Cleopatra?

Mir.  And then?

Cleop.  Then? Then? O Miris, the gods themselves cannot appreciate the bliss of such a meeting!

Word is brought that Antony has killed himself; Cleopatra drives from her presence the luckless messenger, of whom she demands to know if 'he has not sucked up every misfortune in nature, like a poisonous sponge, only to squeeze it out over her.' Miris brings the asp in a basket of flowers; Cleopatra apostrophises the spirit of Antony; she will 'cross the floods of eternity, as a queen, to him, and by her noble death appease him. But how,' she exclaims, 'if I should not find him? What if this presentiment of another meeting,—this powerful yearning for a reunion,—were a mere phantom? a fancy of the heated imagination? an intoxication of the soul, such as follows a goblet of Falernian?' When Caesar's feet are almost on the threshold of the monument Cleopatra applies the asp to her breast:

'Cleop.  It is done! Drain, thou most faithful of my subjects, drain every drop of blood which still clogs the free soul.

Miris.  Woe's me! Woe's me!

Cleop.  [sinking into her arms.] Peace! peace!

Miris.  Canst thou leave me thus?

Cleop.  Follow!

Miris.  Woe's me!

Cleop.  My fetters—Caesar's fetters! Antony! Farewell, Miris!—Farewell! [dies.]

In 1801 there appeared a tragedy, called Octavia, by August von Kotzebue. In a Preface the author says that for a long time it seemed to him impossible to harmonise the many contradictions in the character of Cleopatra. At last he came to the conclusion that the cause of the evil, from which her actions sprang, lay in the extreme sensuality of Cato. It was fear which led to her first meeting with Antony. She had been sternly commanded to give an account of the help she had bestowed on Cassius. Her sole safety lay in her charms; she availed herself of them; her austere judge became her wooer. Antony at this time was at the pinnacle of his power, without his support her throne would topple; it seemed, therefore, of importance that such a contest should be retained. Added to this, there was an inclination to voluptuousness and debauchery. Fear, Power, and Licentiousness were, therefore, the only ties which bound this impure soul to the hero. Naturally, as soon as these sources of control weakened, or even threatened to weaken, she must be ready on the instant to sacrifice her lover. Thus she showed it in her flight at Actium; thus, also, in her treacherous dealings with Caesar; thus finally in the devilish fiction concerning her death, in order to lead Antony to suicide. As an offset to the black-
ness of her soul, should her heroic death be urged, and the tears shed on Antony's corpse, it must be borne in mind that those tears and that death were only the necessary consequence of Cesar's inexorable will and invincible indifference to her charms.

From clay thus sordid and foul it is hardly to be expected that the dramatist should mould a gracious figure. And, indeed, in the motley group of the Cleopatras who live their little day in the dramatic world, Kotzebue's Egyptian Queen is eminent as the most deceitful, the most selfish, and the least attractive of them all.

Octavia, with her two children, braves the journey to Alexandria, pleads with her brother for peace with Antony, and, after a promise from him of reconciliation, ventures into Cleopatra's very palace and there pleads with Antony; just as she has won him, and she and Antony with their two children are all mingling tears of joy, Cleopatra enters, gazes for a while, unseen, on the group, comprehends it all, and rushes with a dagger at Octavia. Antony seizes her arm in time, and the curtain falls, with Cleopatra casting furious glances at Octavia and struggling in Antony's grasp while Octavia gazes at her with pride, compassion, and scorn. The curtain rises again on the same Scene. Of course Cleopatra has fainted, and of course Antony thinks she is dead. But she revives, recalls the past scene, thanks Antony for having prevented her from hurting that noblest of Roman women, whom she now recognises and of whom she implores forgiveness. Antony pronounces them both to be the noblest of women, whose kindred souls nature intended to be united in sisterly love. 'Embrace,' he cries, 'hand in hand and breast to breast! let me feast my eyes on the divine sight.' 'Dare I venture?' asks Cleopatra, timidly. Octavia says, aside, 'Be still my heart, 'tis for the sake of peace,' and then aloud, 'Come hither; be thy friendly embrace a pledge for the future!' They embrace, and Antony folds them both in his arms! There they both coo for some time while he beams down on them, enraptured. At last Cleopatra begs to be excused in order to provide some refreshment for Octavia. At this repast she offers to Octavia a friendly cup, which is dashed from her hand by Ventidius who has, shortly before, intimidated the purveyor of the poison into a confession of the plot. Antony drags Cleopatra aside, and to him she confesses that it was love for him that prompted her to the act, and so cajoles him that he dashes from her presence to go and fight a duel with Cesar. He leaves the unfortunate Octavia and his children in the power of Cleopatra, after having asseverated to the Egyptian queen, with a most solemn oath, that her life would answer for theirs. After his departure Cleopatra drives Octavia from the palace with the grossest insults, but retains the children, who are, however, shortly rescued by Eros and restored to their mother. To get rid of Antony, whom she now hates, and to prepare the way to subjugate Cesar with her charms, Cleopatra decides on making Antony commit suicide, which she is sure he will do, should he hear that she was dead. Under instructions from her, Charmion tells Antony with befitting outcries and lamentations that Cleopatra has drowned herself in the Nile. Antony obligingly fulfills Cleopatra's anticipations, and, after stabbing himself, expires in the arms of Octavia and of his weeping children. Of Cleopatra's ultimate fate we have no knowledge.

* 1803.* Dr Moeller was the first, I believe, to unwrap the anonymity of the author of this version (that it was a kindness may be doubted), by finding, in the copy
belonging to the Bibliothèque Nationale, a letter, addressed to the printer of the
play, signed 'S. D. Morgues.' In his Preface the author tells us that he has long
observed that the dramas presented on the stage are not lively enough with song and
dance, and that the audience yawns over them. The following tragedy is supposed
to correct this defect. To show us how ebullient is his Muse, and how he lups in
numbers and the numbers come, and how competent he is to enliven a tragedy,
throughout five of the thirteen pages of his Preface, he carcaules in verse. The
setting of the stage for the First Act and Scene will give some idea of the capacity
of Citizen Morgues to carry out his plan: 'The Theatre represents a gallery or hall
of the palace, decorated with everything magnificient or voluptuous that the imagi-
nation can conceive. On the side scenes are pictures of the loves of Mars and Venus
and many mirrors. At the back is a superb throne, enriched with precious stones,
where Cleopatra, as Venus, is seated, with Love as a young child at her side. The
Ambassadors of neighboring kings, each in his national costume, grandees, officers
of State, stand, according to their rank, on the steps of the throne. The rest of the
scene is filled with Loves, Graces, the Pleasures, etc.'

Cleopatra is awaiting the arrival of Antony, and this gay scene has been devised
to raise his spirits, sadly depressed since the battle of Actium. Nymphs sing of his
warlike prowess, he enters, is overwhelmed with the brilliancy of the scene and the
ravishing beauty of Cleopatra, and is about to refer to the disgrace of Actium when
the queen interrupts, announcing that the whole day is to be given up to delight, and
commands the Nymphs, Pleasures, Graces, Loves to bind the hero captive with the
chains of Cythera. Hereupon follow several pages of a 'Song,' composed of such
stanzas as the following:

'Our springtime resembles these roses,
Which have but a day of delight,
The sun all their beauty discloses,
But they die with the advent of night.

So then, while old Time is still flying,
Let us seize all his joys as they pass,
And with raptures, each other outvying,
Find delight in each grain in his glass.'—p. 21.

Under the influence of such sparkling and novel strains, what eye can droop,
or head incline to yawn! But quips and cranks and wanton wiles cannot last for
ever. Lucilius breaks in and the charm is snapt. From here to the end of the
play Plutarch's fine direct prose is converted, or perverted, into dull rhyming
couplets. There are, however, some episodes. After hearing the false report of
Cleopatra's death Antony becomes frantic. The Shades of the victims of his past
cruelty appear, especially Cicero, and he apostrophes them with horror. Another
notable divergence from Plutarch, for which we must give Citizen Morgues all
credit, is the ingenious excuse whereby Cleopatra eludes the vigilance of Octavius
himself, and escapes from his very presence in order to compass her own death and
thereby thwart his plans. Her device, which cannot fail to appeal to the female
heart, is thus contrived: the incident of Seleucus and the false brief has just closed
(but very tamely, in comparison with JODELL) when Cleopatra exclaims:

'Ye gods! and have I lost all sense of shame?
Thus dressed, to venture in the gaze of men?
APPENDIX

Woe's me! my fatal sorrows are the cause.
Disgrace has plunged me to the lowest depths.
All things, e'en shame, are dead within my soul!
'Tis too degrading thus to blush 'fore Cesar!
I can no longer bear his steady gaze.
Permit me, Sir, to leave you for a minute,
My garments' plight enforces my retirement.
Allow me hence to go to re-arrange them.
I'll presently return, and show myself
More nobly vested, and, perhaps, more worthy
A queen disgraced, who blushes at her state.'—p. 99.

These are the last words we hear from her. When next we behold her she is a corpse, magnificently attired, with Iras dead by her side. Charmian is dying, but, evidently with a soul prophetic of the future dispute over the mode of Cleopatra's death, refuses to commit herself by telling Octavius how or from what cause her mistress died.

CÉLÉSÈ, Tragédie en cinq Actes et en Vers, Par M. ALEXANDRE SOUMET, de l'Académie Française. Représentée, pour la première fois, sur le Théâtre Royal de l'Odeon, le 2 Juillet 1824. There is a marked contrast between the present tragedy and its predecessor by Citoyen Morgues; it could hardly be otherwise, considering that one is by a member of the French Academy and the other by a 'habitant de Montpellier.' Its Dramatis Personae are: CÉLÉSÈ, reine d'Égypte. ANTONIUS. OCTAVIUS MARCELLUS, fils d'Antoine et d'Octavius. OCTAVE CÉSAR. PROCULÉS, ambassadeur de Rome. ÉROS, esclave d'Antoine. PHORBE, ministre de Céleste. THÉÔNE, femme de Céleste. We learn from Möller (p. 83) that other plays by Soumet were highly popular, but that the present one was a decided failure, which is conceivable if the standard be the attractiveness of the characters. Cleopatra is selfish and treacherous. Octavius, also, is treachery itself; after professions of fraternal love to Antony and of fidelity to Cleopatra, he confides to Proculeius that both are destined for the Tarpeian Rock. Antony is the least rebellious of the three, but even he, as in a majority of these Versions, is as weak as he is foolish. It cannot be surprising, therefore, that in spite of the dignity of the style and the goodness of the construction, the play was a failure.

Cleopatra appears in the First Scene and strikes the chord which is to vibrate in the last. In obedience to her commands sundry deadly poisons, an enamened dagger, and the asps stand ready for use on a funeral altar in the interior of a pyramid where she has betaken herself after the battle of Actium. In a conversation with her attendant, Théone, Cleopatra reveals her treachery and tells of a secret treaty which she has made with Octavius, whom she hopes soon to see at her feet. Proculeius, the envoy of Octavius, enters and announces to Cleopatra that his master will make her queen of all the East if she will surrender Antony to him. She refuses with scorn to be an assassin and, having always at hand the means of killing herself, bids Proculeius tell Caesar that she awaits his arrival at this sepulchre with a dagger in her hand. Proculeius departs. Antony enters, having, to the astonishment of Cleopatra, recovered from the delirium of shame into which the loss of Actium had plunged him. His self-accusations in having been, instead of a victorious emperor, merely Cleopatra's lover, and the laughing stock of the universe, stings Cleopatra into indignant rage and she scornfully asks him why he does not at once go over to the Roman camp:
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—SOUMET

" 'Tis not the hour thus to speak to me.
If after all, so dearly you love Rome,
Why do you not, forsooth, at once betake
Yourself to Caesar? his camp is close at hand.
You'll thus escape the weary bonds which bind you.
Perhaps the Romans are awaiting you?
Nay and perchance your trembling wife, Octavia,
Will there, among them all, protect you, Sir;
And lictors improvise a noble escort;
Desert! desert! these fatal halls of death!
My guards stand ready to conduct your steps."—p. 13.

Antony declines and asserts that even now he intends to conquer Caesar; he has
friends and soldiers enough to protect Alexandria and Cleopatra. This intention of
fighting for her softens Cleopatra's heart, and the Act closes with a reconciliation.

The Second Act opens with a conversation between Antony and Eros in which,
as in Cleopatra's case, we have an anticipation of tragedy.—Antony reminds Eros of
his promise to kill him, should he demand it. A conference between Antony and
Octavius follows in which there are mutual recriminations and a general airing of all
complaints. Caesar represents the cause of absolute monarchy, while Antony is the
advocate of freedom against tyranny, and each harangues his warriors from his own
point of view. Caesar denounces Antony as a rebel and Antony denounces Caesar
as a tyrant. The conference is broken up by the entrance of Octavia, who utters her
sad complaints and adjures Antony to return to the path of virtue and to Rome.
But her husband listens coldly, until at last Octavius plays a well-devised stroke by
producing the secret treaty made with Octavius by Cleopatra. Hardly has Antony
finished reading it, when Cleopatra herself is announced. Antony takes her with
her treachery, but she defends herself as having done everything solely with a view
to his protection. She confessed to having made a treaty with Rome, but had broken it
when she found it was to be sealed with his blood. Goaded to madness she turns on
Octavia with the declaration that for herself she had sacrificed to Antony all her
fleets, her treasure, her armies, her estates, and all her subjects, merely to uphold his
rights; while in return, he it was who now devised her impending ruin, and at the
words 'your plottings——' Antony interrupts and tells her to respect Octavia's
mourning weeds!; and, proclaiming Octavia to be a model of virtue, asserts that no
one shall insult her in his presence; then commanding his wife to follow him, he goes
out with the words, 'I blush for myself, but I am proud of Octavia.' Cleopatra, left
alone, bewails her fate, but finds comfort, not only in having defeated all hopes of a
treaty between Antony and Caesar, but also in the command which she is about to
issue to her army to renew the battle. She gives one dark hint: 'If some day this
'style in the blood of Octavia—Therefor I am hoping——'

The Third Act opens while the battle is raging, and Cleopatra, with Théone, is
awaiting news of the issue. Brooding over the way in which Antony has left her,
she says,

"Perhaps this triumph, which I so desire,
Will prove the worst misfortune of my life.
And Cleopatra, at this fatal moment,
Can breathe no prayer,—not even for her lover."—p. 35.

Phorbas enters, describes Antony's victory, and how he had obtained from the
priests a precious frontlet which only the queens of Egypt were allowed to wear;
Phorbas adds, that, according to rumour, this frontlet was destined for Octavia. Amid the transports of rage into which Cleopatra falls on hearing this, she throws out another dark hint that if she must descend from her throne she will first bathe it in blood. In the next Scene Antony confides to Eros that the frontlet is destined for the Egyptian queen; he will repudiate Octavia and marry Cleopatra, amid general rejoicings and festivities; he is proud, he says, to bear her yoke, and his only wish is to bring the haughty Romans to her feet. Cleopatra enters and greets Antony with ironical congratulations on his approaching festivity, to which she says she has invited a few other guests—certain witnesses whom he does not expect.

‘In crowning her,’ she asks, ‘whom you so deeply love
Will no remorse arise to vex your soul?

Antony. I know how much this day will bring of sorrow;

But——

Cleopatra. ‘Twill see the flow of far more blood than tears.
This festal day is not yet finished, monster!
Didst thou suppose that my quiescent hatred
Would suffer thee to compass my dishonour?
Thou’lt see that I can yet avenge my crown.
My throne in falling will o’erwhelm thee too.’

Antony is thunderstruck and asks what means this frightful misunderstanding, and asserts that he is for ever separated from Octavia, and hopes at the altar of the immortal gods to marry Cleopatra, the sole object of his idolatry. On hearing these words, a pallor overspreads Cleopatra’s features. At that instant Eros rushes in with the news that treachery has opened the gates of Alexandria and that the Romans are even now at the very doors of the palace. Cleopatra confesses that, prompted by black jealousy, the treachery is hers, and implores Antony to kill her as a punishment, and also to save her from Cesar, from Rome, and from herself. Antony leaves her with the bitter hope that her treachery will be successful, and her path to power re-opened when the conqueror greets her, bearing in his hand Antony’s head. When alone, Cleopatra bewails, not so much the loss of her crown, as of Antony, and resolves that she will seek the camp of Cesar; if she once find lodgement there, it will prove fatal to him; then, by his death, Antony may regain power.

In the Fourth Act Antony has in vain sought death in battle, and, when Eros enters and announces that Octavia is approaching, he commands Eros to kill him, and just as he is about to obey, Octavia enters; she pleads with him and finally brings forward his son, Marcellus, who does not know that Antony is his father, but tells how proud he is of him and of his valour, until at last Antony breaks down, reveals himself to his son, and expresses astonishment at finding the voice of nature awaken in his heart; he obeys the voice, and folds Octavia and Marcellus in his arms. Cleopatra has an interview with Octavius in which she temptingly sets before him the grandeur of a vast empire which he could found, with Alexandria as a Capital. Octavius asks if he could possibly ‘abandon Rome and its glorious walls?’ Cleopatra replies that ‘Rome makes heroes, but Egypt makes gods.’ Octavius in turn invites Cleopatra to go to Rome with him and there unfold the grandeur of her vast projects. She assents, after saying in an aside, ‘Tremble, imprudent young man!’ The Act closes with Octavius’s words to Proculeius, in reference to Cleopatra and Antony, that the Tarpeian Rock awaits its two victims.

In the Fifth Act (which takes place within a Pyramid) Cleopatra has discovered
Octavius's treachery, and that he intends to take her as a captive to Rome, where, as she tells Théone, she will be

'Exposed to all the insults of the mob
And lictors will exhibit for a penny,
The queen of Egypt, as a show, in chains!'
(Wherein we have a possible reminiscence of Shakespeare.) She expresses her hatred of Octavia, and decides that Phorbas shall lure her hither and contrive her death. Octavia, with Marcellus, enters the Pyramid in search of Antony; she bids the young boy await her while she explores the passage down which Cleopatra has just disappeared. The lad hears piercing screams; Cleopatra immediately enters with the reeking steel yet in her hand and bids him fly, which he does, shrieking for his father to avenge his mother's murder. A sudden, unexpected, and inexpressible horror seizes Cleopatra, she feels that her hour is come, and thrusts her arm into a vase where lie the asps.

'Tis done! and now can Fate no further harm me!
To mock Octavius and all his cruelty,
I've sent this poison speeding through my veins
Come hither, tyrant! here thou shalt find proof
That I need none to teach me how to die.'—p. 72.

Phorbas enters and tells how Antony has stabbed himself and is even now approaching to behold Cleopatra once more before he breathes his last. Antony enters, Cleopatra tells him that poison already invades her heart. Antony doubts. She appeals to her pallor.

Antony. 'Tis death,—I see 'tis done,—'tis death, indeed.
Thou never yet hast looked so fair to me.
Once more I taste of that delirious joy
In gazing on those eyes, whose brightness fails!
Let me behold thee, and close pressed in mine
Lay thou thy flower-soft hand.—'Tis icy cold!
The tomb unites us, and we are both alike.
'Tis well with me, since we are one in death.

Cleopatra. Hast pardoned me! And dost thou know my crime?

Antony. What sayest thou?

Cleopatra. Know'st thou my victim's name?
Know'st thou the vengeful stroke? My frightful rage—
Antony. Octavia——
Cleopatra. Precedes us both in death.
Canst thou forgive me?

Antony. Forgive thee? monster!
Though death unite us, crime divides us now.
Spare me the sight of thee, as death draws nigh,
'Tis shuddering horror to die in thine embrace! [Dies.

SCENE THE LAST.
Enter Octavius, to Cleopatra and Phorbas. Attendants bearing torches.

Octavius. Egyptians, give your Queen up to my power.
My car of triumph she must follow soon.
Make search for him, my second captive.

Cleopatra [pointing to Antony's corpse.] Look there!
You ne'er before beheld him without fear!


APPENDIX

Octavius. He's dead!

Cleopatra. Give way to joy without constraint.

Octavius. What terror could be stirr'd in me by him?

Does not the universe belong to me?
He has robb'd me of the glory of his pardon;
He was my captive.

Cleopatra. Thou dar'st not believe it.
Thou tremblest yet, e'en after conquering him.
A hero's fall has stricken thee with terror.

Octavius. This is too much; 'tis time that crime be punished.

Octavia's tears and blood you'll dearly pay for.
Lay hold on her! and load her arms with fetters!
Your punishment's a sight I owe to Rome.

Cleopatra. Thou hast cajoled them with it?

Phoebus. Sir, she dies!

The poison——

Cleopatra. Yes, thou tyrant, I elude thee!
Without thine aid I have controlled my fate.
Come, snatch this death from out my painful breast,
Or crown thy memory with a novel crime
And bind to thy triumphal chariot Cleopatra.

[Dies.]

CLEOPATRE was written for Mademoiselle Rachel by Madame Émile de Girardin (Delphine Gay), and acted for the first time in 1847.

The play opens before the battle of Actium (which is unusual in these Versions); Ventidius, Antony's closest friend, is sent to Cleopatra to call her to account for having given aid and comfort to Brutus. In Cleopatra's palace Ventidius meets Diomedes, Cleopatra's secretary, and the two have a long and friendly conference, which reveals to each that they have in view the same end, namely, to keep Antony from falling into the toils of the Egyptian queen, on the one hand, and Egypt from falling under the dominion of Cleopatra's lover, on the other. It is, dramatically, a skilful opening; opportunity is afforded to Diomedes to unfold Cleopatra's character, and to Ventidius to unfold Antony's. Diomedes describes his queen's invincible charm of manner, which disarms all hate and impels instant forgiveness for all misdeeds; she is always a queen, and always a woman; in her frail frame is discerned a great soul, and royalty amidst her weakness. Thus she goes from crime to crime,

'Bravant impunément et le peuple et la cour,
Ne méritant que haine et n'inspirant qu'amour.'

In the description of her love of luxury and pleasure we find what is perhaps the nearest approach to 'custom cannot steal her infinite variety' where Diomedes says,

'Ce bruit, ce mouvement d'une éternelle fête,
Tourbillon de plaisir qui jamais ne s'arrête.'

To this ambitious, unprincipled, luxurious character, Ventidius describes Antony's as an exact counterpart. Some plan must be devised, therefore, of controlling Antony and of converting his love for Cleopatra into jealousy and hate, should it threaten to overwhelm him. An instrument to carry out this plan is found in an Egyptian Slave. This young Slave, as handsome as an Apollo, had fallen wildly in love with Cleopatra, who, in an hour of ennui, had deigned to look on him, and listen to the delirious protestations of his adoration; when at last he exclaimed, 'Give me death.
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—DE GIRARDIN

'if you will, for one moment of love!' she had bestowed on him a smile of assent. 'Poison and the Nile,' concludes Diomedes, 'will this day end the disgraceful amour.' Just as Ventidius discerns the drift of Diomedes and exclaims, 'Marc Antony is jealous... If, rescuing this slave... the interview is broken off by the approach of some one, and the Scene ends.

In the next Scene Charmion appears, bearing a goblet of foaming liquor, a new and deadly poison just received from Thrace, as she explains to Iris, which, as it is now dawn, the young Slave must quaff and 'pay with his life for a moment of bliss.' The young Slave enters and joyously demands the goblet which Charmion hands to him; whereupon, in some impassioned verses, he apostrophises Night, which is about to envelop him, and Death, which he welcomes:

'Je suis prêt à partir pour les rivages sombres;
Prends mon sang et ma vie et mon jeune avenir.
Mais permets qu'avec moi j'emporte chez les ombres
Le souvenir... le souvenir!'

He lifts the cup, drinks, and falls. On the instant Diomedes rushes in, saying to Charmion and Iris that the queen is asking for them, and they depart forthwith. Diomedes is followed by Ventidius and a Leech, who at once takes the young Slave in hand and by the administration of antidotes recalls him to life.

Thus ends the First Act. Although neither Antony nor Cleopatra appear in it, their presence pervades it throughout.

The opening of the Second Act introduces us to Cleopatra, reclining on a couch; before her a High Priest, a Philosopher, a Savant, and an Architect. This revelation of the intellectual side of Cleopatra's character is to be found in no other presentation of her with which I am acquainted. She listens to the High Priest as he expounds the Egyptian religion, and she promises to take part in certain ceremonies; she bids the Philosopher admit to the School, Egiras of Samos, a young student of ability; she exhorts the Architect to hasten the building of the temple of Hermouthus; and asks the Savant how many new volumes have been added to the Library to replace those that were burnt, etc. After the departure of this group, and she is left alone with Iris and Charmion, she tells them how weary she is, waiting for Antony, whom the oracles have promised she should see to-day. By a subtle and Shakespearian touch, which I am afraid was suggested by THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S Une Nuit de Cleopatra, this weariness is attributed to everything about her, the earth and sky, the people and the climate. 'Oh!' she exclaims, 'how slowly pass the weary hours! And how depressing is this breezeless heat!

With no cool cloud in skies for ever clear,
No tear of moisture in the unpitying blue!
The skies have never winter, spring, nor fall;
There's nought to change their dazzling monotone.
And on the desert's verge there hangs the sun,
A huge and blood-red eye for ever open.
This constant brilliance tires my dreaming soul.
Could I but see a single drop of rain
I'd give these pearls, this carcanet, my Iris.
Ah! life in Egypt is a heavy burden!
No, this rich land, so justly celebrated,
For me, young queen, is but a realm of death.
They vaunt its palaces, its monuments,
APPENDIX

‘But what excite most wonder are but tombs.
Where’er one treads, one knows there sleep beneath
The rigid mummies of long ages past.
Call it a land of murder and remorse.
The living toil but to embalm the dead. . . .
Here’s nought but what to me is odious;
All, e’en its beauties, fill me with affright,
Ay, e’en its famous stream, with course unknown,
Whose head is sought in vain, three thousand years.
Its very blessing seems like a misfortune,
Because the sombre secret of its richness
Lies not within the sun’s gift, nor a star’s.
This fruitfulness is born of a disaster.’—p. 152.

To raise Cleopatra’s spirits Charmion and Iras recall the splendour of the voyage on the Cydnus, and rehearse the description, as given in Plutarch. Anthony enters in disguise, accompanied by Ventidius and Diomedes, and listens with delight to Cleopatra’s expressions of disappointment at his failure to appear. At last he reveals himself and explains his disguise as due to the secrecy which attends a meeting at the harbour for the purpose of concluding a treaty. Cleopatra implores him to remain; he is about to yield, when Ventidius whispers to him, ‘The Slave is there; are you no longer jealous?’ ‘The Slave!’ gasps Antony, aside, ‘that one word re-awakes my rage.’ And he hurries precipitately away.

Cleopatra mistrusts Antony’s ‘treaty’ and believes that he is deceiving her. While she is in a balcony, watching the departing ships, the Slave, from below, shoots up to her an arrow bearing the message that Antony is treacherous, is become friends with Caesar, and has left for Rome, to marry Octavia. This resuscitated Slave, through whom Diomedes and Ventidius believed that they could always awaken Antony’s jealousy (and as we have just seen, successfully), and who, they hoped, would prove an implacable foe to Cleopatra, remains, in reality, the queen’s idolater, and becomes her devoted guardian; in the very last Scene of all it is he who, in mercy, brings the asp in the basket of figs. Cleopatra learns from Diomedes that Octavia is beautiful and charming; she thereupon decides that, disguised as a Greek slave, with Diomedes and Iras as her sole companions, she will go to Tarentum and see for herself. She arrives there and is enabled to overhear an interview between Caesar and his sister, Octavia, when the latter will not allow Caesar to utter one word in derogation of Antony’s love for her. ‘But,’ says Caesar, ‘he insults both you and me——’ ‘I feel no insult,’ cries Octavia,

‘Tis in his courage that his virtue lies!
A hero’s love, so properly applauded,
Is cheaply bought by some few bitter tears.
What matters Cleopatra,—nay, any mistress?
He loves them but in moments of delirium.
When reason rallies, I am his delight,
’Tis I whom he then seeks in his chaste home,
To me is all his future dedicated.
’Tis I whom he respects,—and women envy.
’Tis mine alone to follow, and wait on him
Without a blush and fearless of a witness . . . .
Thou seest, brother, that my lot is fairest!’—p. 173.
When the conference is at an end, Caesar retires by one door and Octavia is about to retire by another, when Cleopatra rushes forth with the cry that 'her punishment has been too long and that she is dying.' Iras flies to her assistance; Octavia, who does not, of course, know who she is, pauses with kindly interest and recommends her own Greek physician. Cleopatra gives orders to Diomedes for her immediate return to Alexandria, and in a long soliloquy confesses the power which Octavia possesses in her conscious chastity, 'that grand word which for the first time she comprehends,—that grand word, virtue, which rings so loud.

'This noble dame, oblivious of vengeance,
Appeared to me to be indeed sublime.
My better nature could esteem her greatness;
I loved her bearing of high purity.
I savied her calm front and stern regard...
O Brutus! virtue's not an empty name!
'Tis not a lie, a false illusion,—No!
'Tis an authority, a boundless force,—
'Tis the first step where royalty begins!
It is a precious gift, a treasure all divine!'—p. 177.

All the blame of her past follies she lays on the African sun that sent its own hot fire through her youthful veins. But for this fiery god she would have known love in its purity, and beneath her crown she would have had a loyal and stainless brow, and given to Octavia gaze for gaze.

In the meantime Antony, his love for Cleopatra having revived with full force, breaks loose from Ventidius and discovers Cleopatra, just as she is about to leave Tarentum. Vows of mutual love are renewed and they agree to meet again at Actium.

When the Fourth Act opens, the battle of Actium has been fought, and Antony is the victim of abysmal despair, from which he is, however, aroused by the devotion of his soldiers, led on by an old, scarred veteran named Fausitus. Cleopatra approaches, and is at first repelled, but she throws herself on her knees at Antony's feet and, taking upon herself all the blame of the defeat, begs to be forgiven. She then goes on to describe the delirium of excitement in which she entered on the battle. She saw Antony in his dazzling gold armour and heard his voice; he seemed a being from another sphere, so terrible, so grand was he. She had no thought of fear; she stood on her vessel's prow with flowing hair, her limbs of brass and her soul of fire; she quaffed healths to Neptune, to Jupiter, to Mars, and flung the golden goblets in the deep. She heard the shrieks, the whistling of the javelins, and saw the blue waves with blood incarmadined. The scene was too horrible for one of even her regal race,—her reason tottered; when, of a sudden, a soldier fell wounded on the deck and his blood rushed forth in great gushes. She drew near,—O God! he resembled Antony! In an instant all was forgotten, pride, glory, history, fame; one thought dominated all others: to save Antony's life. She gave the signal to retreat and knew that Antony would obey it:

'Et quand je t'ai revu, quand je t'ai retrouvé,
Je n'ai pas dit : J'ai fui... j'ai dit : Je t'ai sauvé !'

Of course Antony forgives her and folds her in his arms, with a reminiscence of Shakespeare, as he says 'L'Empire ne vaut pas une larme de toi.' A new life is breathed into him and he calls for his armour, but even in that moment he confesses to Cleopatra that his sole enemy is mistrust, yes, mistrust. The faintest suspicion of
a mistrust of her, and the world with all its ambitions fades from him. At this instant Ventidius appears and announces that all Cleopatra’s army has deserted to Caesar; and that there is a secret treaty whereby Antony, also, is to be delivered to the conqueror. Instantly Antony’s mistrust flares up into certainty; he tears himself away from Cleopatra, bidding her ‘Weep! groan!—I know now the value of thy tears.’ Hardly had he left her, and given directions to his soldiers, when the Slave enters and tells him that Cleopatra is dead. His response is ‘Run to those soldiers, tell them—Antony is about to die! Dead! she loved me then, and I maligned her!’ He commands Faustus to kill him; the story of Eros is repeated from Plutarch.

The Fifth Act discovers Antony dying on a couch in the Hall of the Tombs of the Ptolemies. His prayer that he may die in Cleopatra’s arms is granted. Cleopatra bewails her loss, reiterating her boundless love for him and beseeching Isis to lead her to him. Charmion says, ‘Death’s pallor now is creeping o’er his face. Let us invoke him thrice as it is done in Rome.’

She calls, ‘Antony!’ Cleopatra calls, ‘Antony!’ But the third call is uttered by Octavia, who enters unexpectedly. She is no longer the calm woman of aforesight, but she rails at Cleopatra; acknowledges her hate, and hopes to live to see the Egyptian queen her slave and bound to the triumphal chariot of Octavius.

The drama now comes swiftly to a close. While Cleopatra is rehearsing the bittersweet fate which will compel her to enter Rome in Caesar’s triumph, the Slave enters bearing a basket of fruit, and, prostrating himself before the queen, says to her, aside, ‘Rome awaits thee, thou wilt leave this evening, unless, preferring a quick and noble death—Hast fear of death?

Cleop. I?—I fear the shame. A poniard?
Slave. A poniard! These surly guards at sight of any blow thou’dat give thyself, would force on thee their aid.

Cleop. Poison?
Slave. The soul does not yield readily to poison—no, thou wouldst suffer too much pain and be less beautiful in dying. Amid these ruddy fruits some serpents are concealed; their venom lulls you to the last long sleep, sans horror, suffering, or a change of features.

Cleop. [making a sign to the Slave to bring the basket near the throne.] There! Let me give to death an air of triumph! My crown, O Charmion, and my royal robe! [Cleopatra ascends the throne, Isis and Charmion place the royal mantle on her shoulders; she puts the crown on her head.]

Officer. Caesar!
Slave. Caesar comes!
Cleop. Oh! would that he would come!
My noble Charmion, my death will be thine.
[To Iras.] Adieu, weep not.—And thou, serpent of Nile,
Free me! [She thrusts her hand into the basket and is stung by an aspic.]
Already!—the poison’s quick!
I shall again see Antony!
With joy I die—Come, Caesar, and here seek thy prey!
’Tis ready—thou canst bind it to thy car!
Now I rejoin thee, Antony—-[To Caesar who enters.] And I await thee, Caesar!
[At the approach of Caesar the dying Cleopatra raises herself with an effort, extends to him her hand, smiles, and falls back dead.]
Cæsar. Elle m'a trompé!—morte!—Elle et lui!—je respire!  
A ces deux orgueilleux la tombe—à moi l' Empire!' [Exit omnes.

Théophile Gautier, in an Introduction to the collected Works of Mad. de Girardin, referring to the foregoing Version, declares that 'it is the most masculine work that ever a woman's hand created;' and exclaims, 'How magnificent was Mademoiselle Rachel in the rôle of Cleopatra! What dangerous fascination! What viperine grace! what mortal beauty! what unshunnable ascendency!... It is indeed to be deeply regretted that the tragedy had to be dropped from the Répertoire after the premature death of the great tragédienne, who alone could personate the Egyptian Queen as she had personated Marie Stuart, that other seductress whom history condemns and whom poesie pardons. 

Dr William Everett (The Atlantic Monthly, February, 1905), thus praises Mad. de Girardin's tragedy:

'The play is written with great force and beauty of expression, and deserves no inferior place among those we are discussing. It could hardly help being superior to Alfieri's boyish effort,—but it has more dignity than The False One, with less appearance of being hurried for the stage; the scope and field is wider than All for Love, and le grand Corneille must confess his brilliant countrywoman excels him in manliness... The radical defect, to Saxon taste, is the spirit of declamation which dominates situation and poetry. Ventidius, Diomedes, the Slave, Antony, Cæsar, Octavius, Cleopatra, all have to develop their feelings in long tirades—le récit de Théramène. One does not question that Rachel and her coadjutors could have given 'them with immense spirit and feeling; one feels that the point and wit of the French language is here elevated to a dignity worthy of Bossuet and Vergniaud. But in Antony and Cleopatra there is not a single speech twenty lines long; the rhetoric which, in Coriolanus, in Julius Cæsar, in Henry V., in Henry VIII., unless that is Fletcher's, throws all Corneille and Racine into the shade, is laid aside for fear it should mar the dramatic perfection of the character and incidents. 

Walter Savage Landor has entitled one of his inimitable 'Dialogues in Verse,' Antony and Cleopatra; it consists of Twelve Scenes wherein appear about the same number of Shakespeare's chief characters; but they are Shakespeare's characters only in name, nor are they the characters of Plutarch. The fire of Shakespeare's Cleopatra is subdued to a pure, unwavering glow, exquisitely radiant with love for Antony and for her children. Antony's turbulence has vanished; he is the calm, high-souled, broken-hearted, classic hero. The story of the asps is treated as mere gossip. Cleopatra dies of the poison contained in a ruby ring which Antony gives her (in the Scene here reprinted). Her death is not described; she sends the empty ring to Antony; he understands that she has taken the poison and is dead; he thereupon kills himself. Cæsarius is endowed with every charm of a young boy just verging on manhood, and his cruel death, commanded by Octavius, under the stabs of Scopas's dagger, is harrowing; without being similar, there is about the Scene of his death, an indefinable reminiscence of the Scene between Arthur and Hubert. Only those Scenes wherein Cleopatra appears are here reprinted.

'SCENE THE SECOND.

SOOTHSAYER and CLEOPATRA.

Soothsayer. Our lord Antonius wafts away all doubt
Of his success.
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Cleopatra.  What! against signs and tokens?
Soothsayer.  Even so!
Cleopatra.  Perhaps he trusts himself to Hercules,
Became of late progenitor to him.
Soothsayer.  Ah! that sweet smile might bring him back; he once
Was flexible to the bland warmth of smiles.
Cleopatra.  If Hercules is half’d by men below
For strength and goodness, why not Antony?
Why not succeed as lawful heir? why not
Exchange the myrtle for the poplar crown?
Cleopatra.  Antony! is not Caesar now a god?
Antony.  We hear so.
Cleopatra.  Nay, we know it.  Why not thou?
Men would not venture then to strike a blow
At thee: the laws declare it sacrilege.
Antony.  Julius, if I knew Julius, had been rather
First among men than last among the Gods.
Cleopatra.  At least put on thy head a kingly crown.
Antony.  I have put on a laurel one already;
As many kingly crowns as should half-cover
The Lybian desert are not worth this one.
Cleopatra.  But all would bend before thee.
Antony.  'Twas the fault
Of Caesar to adopt it; 'twas his death.
Cleopatra.  Be then what Caesar is.—O Antony!
To laugh so loud becomes not state so high.
Antony.  He is a starr, we see; so is the hair
Of Berenice: stars and Gods are rife.
What worth, my love, are crowns?  Thou givest pearls,
I give the circle that encloses them.
Handmaidens don such gear, and valets snatch it
Sportively off, and toss it back again.
Cleopatra.  But graver men gaze up with awful eyes.
Antony.  And never gaze at that artificer
Who turns his wheel and fashions out his vase
From the Nile clay!  'Tis easy work for him;
Easy was mine to turn forth kings from stuff
As vile and ductile: he still plies his trade,
But mine, with all my customers, is gone.
Ever by me let enemies be awed,
None else: bring round me many, near me few,
Keeping afar those shaven knaves obscene
Who lord it with humility, who press
Men’s shoulders down, glue their two hands together,
And cut a cubit off, and tuck their heels
Against the cushion mother Nature gave.
Cleopatra.  Incomprehensible! incorrigible!
O wretch! if queens were ever taught to blush,
I should at such unseemly phrase as thine.
I think I must forgive it.—What! and take
Before I grant? Again! You violent man!
Will you for ever drive me thus away?

**Scene the Third.**

**Antony and Cleopatra.**

*Antony.* What demon urged thy flight?

*Cleopatra.* The demon Love.

I am a woman, with a woman's fears,
A mother's, and, alas O Antony!
More fears than these.

*Antony.* Of whom?

*Cleopatra.* Ask not of whom
But ask for whom, if thou must ask at all,
Nor knowest nor hast known. Yes, I did fear
For my own life... ah! lies it not in thine?
How many perils compass thee around!

*Antony.* What are the perils that are strange to me?

*Cleopatra.* Mine thou couldst not have seen when swiftest oars,
Attracted by the throne and canopy,
Pounced at me only, numerous as the waves;
Couldst not have seen my maidens throwing down
Their fans and posies (piteous to behold!)
That they might wring their hands more readily.
I was too faint myself to still their cries.

*Antony [aside.]* I almost thought her blameable

[To Cleopatra.]* The Gods
So will'd it. Thou despondest... too aware
The day is lost.

*Cleopatra.* The day may have been lost,
But other days, and happier ones, will come.

*Antony.* Never: when those so high once fall, their weight
Keeps them for ever down.

*Cleopatra.* Talk reasonably,
And love me as... til now... it should be more,
For love and sorrow mingle where they meet.

*Antony.* It shall be more. Are these last kisses cold?

*Cleopatra.* Nor cold are they nor shall they be the last.

*Antony.* Promise me, Cleopatra, one thing more.

*Cleopatra.* 'Tis promis'd, and now tell me what it is.

*Antony.* Rememberest thou this ring?

*Cleopatra.* Dost thou remember
The day, my Antony, when it was given?

*Antony.* Day happiest in a life of many happy,
And all thy gift.

*Cleopatra.* 'Tis call'd the richest ruby,
The heaviest, and the deepest, in the world.

*Antony.* The richest certainly.

*Cleopatra.* And not the deepest
And broadest? Look! it hides all this large sail,
And mine are long ones if not very wide; 
Now let me see if it don’t cover yours 
As wide again! there! it would cover two.
Why smile you so?

Antony. Because I know its story. 

Cleopatra. Ha! then you have not lost all memory quite. 
I told it you. The king of Pontus sent it 
When dying to my father, warning him 
By letter that there was a charm in it
Not to be trifled with.

Antony. It shall not be. 

Cleopatra. But tell me now the promise I must make; 
What has the ring to do with it?

Antony. All, all. 

Know, Cleopatra, this is not one ruby. 

Cleopatra. The value then is smaller. 

Antony. Say not so, 

Remark the rim. 

Cleopatra. The gold is thin, I see. 

Antony. And seest thou it will open? It contains 
Another jewel richer than itself. 

Cleopatra. Impossible! my Antony! for rubies 
Are richer than all other gems on earth. 

Antony. Now, my sweet triller, for thy promise. 

Cleopatra. Speak. 

By all the Powers above and all below, 
I will perform thy bidding, even to death. 

Antony. To death it goes; not until after mine. 

Cleopatra. I kiss the precious charm. Methinks an odor 
Of almond comes from it. How sweet the flower 
Of death!

Antony. ’Tis painless death, ’tis sudden too. 

Cleopatra. Who could wish more, even were there more to wish? 

With us there is not. 

Antony. Generous, pious girl! 
Daughter of Ptolemies! thou hast not won 
A lower man than they. Thy name shall rise 
Above the pyramids, above the stars, 
Nations yet wild shall that name civilize, 
And glorious poets shade their theaters, 
And stagger kings and emperors with applause. 

Cleopatra. I was not born to die; but I was born 
To leave the world with Antony, and will. 

Antony. The greatest of all eastern kings died thus, 
The greater than all eastern kings thus died.
O glorious forger who couldst rivet down 
Refractory crowds by thousands, and make quake 
Scepters like reeds! we want not here thy voice 
Or thy example. Antony alone.
And queenly pride, tho' love were dumb, would do.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

CLEOPATRA. CHARMIAN. IRAS.

CLEOPATRA. At the first entrance of your lord, before
He ordered you, before he spake a word,
Why did ye run away?

CHARMIAN. I was afraid,
Never so in my life; he lookt so fierce
He fear'd his own wild eyes, he placed one hand
(His right) across them on lowered brow, his left
Waved us away as would a hurricane
A palm-tree on the desert.

CLEOPATRA. [to IRAS.] And wert thou,
IRAS, so terrified?

IRAS. Not I indeed;
My lady, never man shall frightened me.

CLEOPATRA. Thou silly creature! I have seen a mouse
Do it.

IRAS. A mouse is quite another thing.

CHARMIAN. [hesitating.] Our lord and master . . .

CLEOPATRA. What of Antony?

CHARMIAN. Octavius . . .

CLEOPATRA. Who? Our lord and master he?

He never shall be mine . . . that is to say . . .

CHARMIAN. What! lady?

CLEOPATRA. I forget . . . 'twas not worth saying.

Charmiان! where hast thou been this last half-hour?

CHARMIAN. In my own room.

CLEOPATRA. So fearful?

CHARMIAN. Far more sad.

CLEOPATRA. Where, Iras, thou?

IRAS. I wanted to report
To my sweet lady what I might espy.

CLEOPATRA. And what have those long narrow eyes espied?

IRAS. All.

CLEOPATRA. 'Twas done speedily; but what is all?

Army and fleet from any terrace-roof
Are quite discernible, the separate men
Nowhere.

IRAS. My heart has told me what delight
Its queen would feel to hear exactly how
The leaders look.

CLEOPATRA. And how then did they look?
Tell me; some might have ridden near enough.
The town to judge by, where the sight is sharp.

IRAS. Merciful Isis! ridden! and so close!
Horses are frightful, horses kick and rear
And whinny, full of wickedness; 'twere rash
To venture nigh them.
There are things more wise.

"Queen of the rushes there are none can see.

are there any wise.

Queen of the rushes, but a wise.

Queen of the rushes, I know none.

They would believe me not, were my reason.

And none can we love for.

If were a prey, none are so unwise.

Queen of the rushes.

An simple child.

That knows not his heart.

In indeed.

Not as thy son.

His better:

I never asked a question.

Tell me how great he would be.

He must then!

What! hast thou seen him?

Aye, and face to face.

Come as our lord is in yours.

Experience:

But he would have it so; just like our lord.

Experience: infinite grace: there shall be unity for them.

I am not good: but asses don't hurt.

Like other things: they feel the sunshine they give.

I have no patience with these.

That boy (Queenie! What can he teach you?"

He must: he only whispered in my ear.

Holding it by the nose.

Whispered? what words?

The kindest.

As: an ass! but what were they?

He said: The kindest creature in the world.

The unique beast: our sires name it is:

And service there in: thus in each speech?

Only what people praise our gracious queen.

Me? thus of me? Thus did thy duty, child:

He might have said as he would express.

The birds have different voices: yet we bear

To hear those sing which do not sing the best.

Lest! I never thought thee had it wise.

And so, he said: those gentle words of wise?

All, and forget to kiss me when I was gone?

I would report them faithfully.

Is there:

Resemblance in him to that worship gone.

I would have broken: but my mother

Seiz'd both my hands?
Iras.  Alas! that image wants
The radiant eyes, and hair more radiant still,
Such as Apollo's may have been if myrrh
Were sprinkled into its redundant waves.
Cleopatra.  He must be tenderer than I fancied him
If this be true.
Iras.  He spoke those very words.
Cleopatra.  Iras! 'tis vain to mind the words of men;
But if he lookt as thou hast said he lookt,
I think I may put trust in him.
Iras.  And see him?
Cleopatra.  I am not hasty.
Iras.  If you could but see him!
Cleopatra.  Call Charmian: I am weary: I must rest
Awhile.
Iras.  My sweetest lady! could not I,
Who have been used to it almost a year,
Help you as well as Charmian? While you sleep
Could I not go again and bid him haste
To comfort you?
Cleopatra.  Is the girl mad? Call Charmian.
[To Charmian.] Charmian! hath Iras tickled thee away
From moping in thy chamber? thou hast sped.
Charmian.  Iras is growing bold.
Cleopatra.  I was bold too
While I was innocent as Iras is.
Charmian.  Our lady looks more flourried than deprest.
Cleopatra.  I am not flourried, I am not deprest.
[After a pause.] Believest thou in Cesar's generosity?
Charmian.  I know it.
Cleopatra.  In what matter?
Charmian.  Half the guards
And half the ministers of state have shown
Signs of his bounty to the other half.
Cleopatra.  Gifts are poor signs of bounty. Do not slaves
Slip off the gold-black pouches from their necks
Unied but to buy other slaves therewith?
Do not tame creatures lure into the trap
Their wilder brethren with some filthy bait?
All want companions, and the worst the most.
I am much troubled: even hope troubles me.
Charmian.  I dare not ask our lady why she weeps.
Cleopatra.  Caesarion, my first-born, my dearest one,
Is safely shielded by his father's name:
He loves his brothers, he may save them both,
He only can: I would fain take the advice
Of Dolabella, fain would venture him
In Caesar's camp: the father's voice and look
Must melt him, for his heart is not so hard
APPENDIX

"That he could hurt so beautiful a child;
Nay, what man's is?
Charman. But trust not the two younger;
Their father will not help them in their need.
Cleopatra. Caesar in his hour will plead for them.
Charman, what ponderest thou? what doubtest thou?
Charman. Caesar I doubt, and Dolabella more;
And what I pondered were your words: It may be
That givers are not always benefactors.
Cleopatra. I have one secret, but keep none from thee:
He loves me!"
Charman. All do.
Cleopatra. Yes, but some have power.
Charman. Power, as most power is, gain'd by treachery.
Cleopatra. Wherein,
In Egypt, Europe, Asia, can I trust?
Charman. Few, nor those few too far, nor without watch.
Cleopatra. Not Charman?
Charman. Bid her die; here, now; and judge.

SCENE THE TENTH.
EROS and ANTONY.

Antony. Eros! I speak thee welcome.
Eros. Hail, our lord!
Antony. Thou hast been ever faithful to thy trust,
And spoken freely, but decorously,
On what concern'd the household and the state.
My glory is gone down, and life is cold
Without it. I have known two honest men
Among the senators and consuls..."
Eros. None among humbler?
Antony. By the Powers above!
I thought but of the powerful, men of birth.
Eros. All men are that. Some sink below their cradle,
Others rise higher than parental roof,
And want no scepter to support their steps.
Antony. Such there may be whom we have all past by.
Eros. Men cast long shadows when their life declines,
Which we cross over without noticing;
We meet them in the street and gave not way,
When they were gone we lifted up both hands,
And said to neighbors These were men indeed!"
Antony. Reflections such as thine had wearied me
Erewhile, and from another even now;
But what is that thou bringest me wrap't up,
Tardy in offering it as worth too little?
Eros. I bring a ruby and a hollow ring
Whereon it fitted.
Antony. Gods of Rome! at last
Ye make me grateful. Thanks, and thanks alone,
Dramatic Versions—Landor

* Have I to give, and one small sacrifice;
  I vow it you before this hour is past.
My heart may beat against its bars awhile
But shall not leave me yet.—Go, Eros, go,
I must lie down and rest, feeble and faint.
But come back presently.

Eros. [after some absence.] How fares our lord?
Antony. Recovered, sound again, more sound than ever.

Eros. And yet our lord looks more like other men.
Antony. [smiling.] We can not always swagger, always act
A character the wise will never learn:
When Night goes down, and the young Day resumes
His pointed shafts, and chill air breathes around,
Then we put on our own habiliments
And leave the dusty stage we proudly trod.
I have been sitting longer at life's feast
Than does me good; I will arise and go.
Philosophy would flatten her thin palm
Outspread upon my sleeve; away with her!
Cuff off, cuff out, that chattering toothless jade!
The brain she puzzles, and she blunts the sword:
Even she knows better words than that word

Cold Cato, colder Brutus, guide not me;
No, nor brave Cassius.—Thou hast brought me balm.

Eros. Our lord may have some message for the giver,
Which will console her.

Antony. She expected none:
I did; and it is come.—Say, lookest she pale?
Spake she no word?

Eros. Alas, most noble sir,
She would not see me. Charmian said her face
Was indeed pale, yet grew less pale than usual
After she gave the ring, and then she spake
Amid some sighs (some spasms too interposed)
More cheerfully, and said she fain would sleep.

Antony. The fondest heart, the truest, beats no more.
She listened to me, she bath answered me,
She wanted no entreaty, she obeyed,
She now commands: but no command want I.
Queen of my soul! I follow in thy train,
Thine is the triumph.—Eros, up! rejoice!
Tears, man! do tears become us at this hour?
I never had too many; thou hast seen
(If thou didst see) the last of them.—My sword!
I will march out becomingly.

Eros. O sir!
Enemies watch all round, and famine waits
Within.

Antony. Thou knowest not the prudent sons
APPENDIX

"Of Egypt: corn and wine have been supplied Enough for many years, pried underground. Thou'rt softened by the sludge of barbarism, Or insolent and overgrown at home, Briton or German would make heed that none What fought for him should persist for the lack Of sustenance: the timid bird herself Will lower round and round until she bring The grain cried out for in the helpless nest. Give me my sword: Is the point sharp?"

Evan.

In vain.

To try it now:

Antony. Come, bring it: let me try it. Evan. O heavens and earth! Help! help! no help is nigh.

No duty left but one: less worthily

Than willingly thus duty I perform. [StoicJason!"

Is falls not: for that blood I see no more.

Cleopatra. A Tragedy in one Act. by G. Conraat (a name assumed, according to MoLLER, by Prince George of Prussia, of whom I know nothing further), appeared in 1868. It is in three Scenes: the first two are skilfully devised to introduce the third and most important. In the first a dialogue between Iahas and Cesarion, who bears a covered basket of flowers wherein lie the sapphirs set forth the resolution of the queen to die, and gives occasion to describe the past glories of the voyage on the Cydnus, their brilliant fetes, Antony's death, and Cleopatra's bearing toward Augustus. In the second we have an ardent love-scene between the Queen and Iulietta, wherein the latter is the impassioned lover. As a proof of his devotion, he divulges the secret that Augustus is resolved to lead the queen in triumph to Rome, for which Iulietta hates him and inspires Cleopatra to fly with herself to some paradise, where, amid perfume and flowers, repose and delight, intoxicated with transports, they can lose and forget the world. The queen promises to give him an answer before the night is over, and calls him her 'beloved one' as, at the approach of Augustus, she bids him a hurried farewell. In the third Scene Augustus enters, calm, distant, and haughty. In the dialogue which follows we find that Augustus represents patriotism, the patriotic, sterner virtues, and simplicity, unswallowed with severity and over-wrangling ambition; Cleopatra represents the poet of life, the sensuousness of art, of love, of sensuous delights, the artist's vision and the poet's dream. The Egyptian queen invites her Roman conqueror to enter this world of happiness which all are struggling to attain. The Spartan virtues are no longer practised: renunciation and submission are a weariness. But Augustus turns a deaf ear to all her allurements and asserts that 'undeterred he will pursue his aims.' Therupon Cleopatra replies:

"But, true it is, and thou shalt still be happy. Before thee shall unfold an unknown life, So full, so fair, like nothing else on earth, Where every pain, and every care is hushed; The might of beauty and the glow of passion, The fairest bloom of shame, and all the svg, To thee unknown, of sweet and magic hours."
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—CONRAD

*All these await thee; and ecstatic joy
Will waft its glowing flames about thy heart.
O haughty victor! thou art mine! Thou canst
Not now withstand me! [She turns toward him, as with the
Augustus. Dare I, Cleopatra, put trust in thee? kearest rapture.
Cleopatra. And dost thou doubt me still? What shall I do
To put far from thee all suspicion?
Dost thou desire my crown? I will exchange it
For my victor’s love. Speak! Dost trust me now?
Must I e’en follow thee to Rome? I’m ready.
Thou dost not shake thy head. Dare I then hope?...
That I did hate thee once, I’ll not deny.
Nay, I have even wished thy death. But now
’Tis far, far different; it is thy mien
That now has vanished me.

Augustus. Art thou so sickle, queen? How else can I
Explain this wondrous transformation?
Cleopatra. Oh, take me with thee! I am wholly thine!
I know,—I feel that numbered are my hours;
Too keen have been my sufferings of late!
My life has been a never-ending fray,
Oh, take me with thee, that my dying eyes
May rest on thine; in gold and purple sheen
My sun will set, if I’m beloved by thee!... [She turns to him, as though
Aside.] He stands unmoved! Disgrace ineffable! inspired.

Augustus. Let’s change the subject. The royal treasure
Appears, together with the Real Estate,
To be important.—How large the revenue?

Cleopatra. [with scorn.] Take what thou wilt.—My sorcery is o’er.—
This grovelling nature is to me abhorrent.
What knows the blind man of the light of heaven?...
Thou praisest virtue but thou show’st it never,
Thou speak’st of Rome, but seekest thine own glory.
From thee will spring the abhorrent rule of lies!
The triumph of vainglorious deceit! [She turns angrily away.

* * * *

Dost thou believe the thought can e’er affright me
Of following thee to Rome? Does there not glow,
E’en now in Roman breasts, the hope
Of seeing me, their foe, in thy triumphal train?
Then take me with thee! Do but make the trial!
I will outshine the conqueror himself,
And every Roman cheer will be for me.

Augustus. I am thy lord. To me is Rome devoted.

Cleopatra. Destruction on thee and on all like thee!
Destruction light on all such grovelling souls!
To rulers, such as thou, the god who guides
The destinies of man can ne’er prove gracious.
’Tis falseness that is gnawing at thy greatness,
APPENDIX

"E'en like a canker at the core of fruits,
Which outwardly are sound and fair to view,
But inwardly we find them half decayed.
Thy laurel crown cannot for long be green!
Naught that is noble canst thou e'er evoke.
To end like Antony is far more grand
Than like Augustus to be living on! [Exit in haste."

Augustus was stirred more deeply than Cleopatra imagined. He confesses that for the first time he now understands her and perceives her hatred of all hypocritical pretence. Her charms of mind and person have subdued him. He will seek her and be to her as a divinity bringing consolation and blessing. He draws the curtain before an inner room and discovers Cleopatra lying lifeless on her couch with Iras and Charmian dead beside her. Dolabella rushes in, and, uttering frantic cries of grief and horror, falls prostrate before the queen's couch. Augustus tries to calm him, and, to soothe him, promises a future of unequalled glory in Rome. Dolabella leaps to his feet and curses Augustus and Rome, who crush all happiness into the dust; then turning to Cleopatra's corpse with the words,

'Only by thee were happiness and life!
Thou diest,—and a world is lost in thee!'
stabs himself. 'A world!' Augustus utters with pain, and the Curtain falls.

As this is one of the latest, it is also one of the best of these Versions. The inevitable fate of Poetry, to be crushed in any collision with the prosaic world of Fact, that awakes too late to find what it has lost, is finely conceived, while the despair of Youth at the deathbed of Poetry completes the brilliant picture.

In 1878 the first performance was given of a version, by Franz Dingelstedt, of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra; it bore the announcement that it was 'freely translated and re-arranged.' There are sundry omissions, combinations, re-arrangements, and trifling additions to smoothe away gaps as far as what, in the version, is Act IV, Scene ii, whereof the Scene is laid in 'Antony's Palace in Athens; it is after the battle of Actium; Antony enters, uttering the soliloquy, 'Hearke, the 'Land bids me tread no more upon,' and shortly after, Cleopatra approaches timidly, in an attempt at reconciliation. Thus far Dingelstedt's drama might be leniently termed a version. From this point onward, I fear, it can be termed with truth only a perversion. Antony is no longer the same character whom we have learned to admire and pity, and although he says that Cleopatra's beck might from the bidding of the gods command him, the words have really no meaning; he shows forthwith that her full supremacy is gone, and that he loves himself far more than he loves her. The same change is apparent in Cleopatra. Two brief sentences of impatient rage suffice with her to dethrone the demi-Atlas of the earth and make her resolve to throw herself on the protection of Octavius and abandon Antony to his fate. The transformation Scene is as follows: When Cleopatra says, 'Oh, my lord! my lord! 'Forgive my fearful soul, I little thought you would have followed them, Antony springs up, and raging above the kneeling Cleopatra, utters, 'Thou knew'st too well, 'vicious [unseelie] woman, That my heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And 'thou should'st tow me after,' etc. Cleopatra throws her arms about him, pleading 'Forgive, forgive!' and sobbing aloud on his breast, whereupon Antony bursts forth,

'What? Tears? Treacherous tears!"
Like those shed by the crocodile of thy Nile!
DRAMATIC VERSIONS—DINGELSTEDT

‘Away, thou venom’d boa-constrictor! [Konigschlangen]
I’ll tear me free from thine embracing coils
Before thou sting’st me! Away! Away, I say! [He dashes out. Eros follows. Cleopatra collapses. But after a pause, she arises, and with a demoniac expression of face, gazes scornfully after Antony, thereby disclosing the growth in her mind of her resolve to desert him.]

When, in the next Scene, Antony orders Thyreas to be taken away and whipped, ‘Cleopatra wrings her hands,’ and when Antony continues to storm against her, she interrupts with, ‘This, to me! darest thou——’ ‘Forsooth, this is enough!’ as she utters this latter exclamation she advances passionately toward Antony.’ Alexas, Charmian, and Irais interpose with ‘O Queen!’

‘Cleop. Back! and dare not to interpose yourselves
Betwixt that man and me! [Then in crushing tones to Ant.] And who, pray, then art thou?
That art so high and mighty,—and to me!—
That dar’st reproach me with disgrace and shame!—
Thou, sunk and lost in deep dishonour! [Ant. collapses on a couch.
I am a queen! But thou art less than nothing!
Where now, Triumvir, bides thy host, thy fleet?
Where, pattern of a husband, is thy wife?
Speak!
Did’st thou not break thy vows, deep-sworn to me,
And, with dishonour, bind thyself afresh
Before from old bonds thou had’st yet been freed?
And now,—or do I dream it?—thou would’st leave
Me here deserted, for another’s arms,
Betrayed, behind my back, for vile advantage?
What! Thou a man, and let’s the stripling Caesar
With help of that gross hypocrite, his sister,
Enmesh thee with his stupid clumsy snares,
Which artfully he throws about thy horns.
What! Thou a hero, and, at battle’s height,
With victory at hand, thou runn’st away,
Deserting armies, fortune, and thyself,
Because——a woman left thee! A Ruler!
Thou! thou, who canst not even rule thy heart!
Thou wretched Roman, learn thou here from me,
A queen from out the thousand-year-old race
Of Ptolemies,—of Egypt’s sacred soil
A worthy daughter,—learn how death is wooed
When one can live no longer without honour! [Exit grandly and with a Ant. [beside himself:] Cleopatra!—After her!—But no,—commanding air.
Too late! We’ll ne’er again be as we were.
And she is right; there’s nought remains but—death.’—p. 107.

Eros here enters with Thyreas. Antony sends by the latter his personal challenge to Caesar.

It is not worth while to follow the rest of the version, step by step or Scene by Scene. Caesar in his camp before Alexandria tells Mæcenas that on the morrow the city shall be stormed, if need be; then smilingly adds, ‘And yet I hardly think it.
APPENDIX

'It is not battering rams, but tender fingers
That will throw open wide the gates for us. [All regard him enquiringly.
My messenger, whom Antony had whipped,
Has cruelly revenged himself. He stole
The sole thing Antony had left—Cleopatra.
She sent us, by Thyrseus, full submission
And made an offer of a firm alliance,
For which she asks no further for herself,
Or even for her sons, but Egypt's crown. [All are astonished.
Well, well, that will come round, of course. Meanwhile
No aid to Antony will she supply;
Nay and perchance she'll give him up to us.
Although we arm, there will not be a battle.
I hope Antonius will be taken prisoner.
He'll prove attractive in our Roman triumph.
His exhibition do I owe my city.'—p. 116.

The Scene changes to Cleopatra's palace. Alexas tells Cleopatra that Antony is furious against her, and for safety conveys her to the royal Pyramids. Antony enters;
he has been ransacking the palace to find Cleopatra and wreak his vengeance on her,
—'he is in full armour and beside himself,' and calls:

'Where art thou now, Cleopatra? Thou Fury
Of Hades, where dost keep thyself bestowed?
Triple-turned wanton, I am seeking thee,
To be revenged on thee,—to punish thee!
On thee alone I now am waging war,—
A war for life or death! Thy blood, thy warm,
Sweet, treacherous blood, this do I long to quaff!'—p. 129.

There is not an alarming amount of perversion in Eros's suicide, nor in Antony's attempt to imitate him. As Antony lies in a swoon, Cleopatra rushes in, and with 'a piercing shriek,' exclaims, 'Antonius—dead?' Her outcry arouses Antony, who raises himself, and addresses her,

'Is't thou, Cleopatra? Hast thou from Orcus,
Returned to fetch thy dilatory friend?
Cleop. No. I'm not dead, and neither shalt thou die!
I'll wake thee back to life, e'en with my kissing.
Ant. [looking vaguely about, notices Alexas.] 'Twas he who said just now,
thou'rt killed thyself?
Cleop. He lied.
Ant. Even here in death, more lies,—lies,—lies! [He turns himself from
Cleop. Oh, would that I had followed him! I thought her in disgust.
That I could thus best win my friend again!
Ant. And therefore die! Behold—I do not lie,—
My death is real. My sight begins to swim,—
Where art thou, Cleopatra?
Cleop. Here to beg
Forgiveness on my knees.
Ant. Thou art forgiven...
Already much in life I have forgiven thee,
And now... in death... everything!'
ACTORS—K N I T H. DAVIES 583

Hereupon follows a weak version of Antony's last speech, with omissions and insignificant additions. The Scene of the Fifth Act lies inside a pyramid, with mummies in niches in the walls. Antony's body lies on a catafalque in the middle. Mæcenas falls desperately in love with Cleopatra; she repels him, but appeals to him to discover Caesar's intentions with regard to her future. She learns that she is to be led in triumph at Rome. All the chief features of her death Scene are preserved, as in Shakespeare.

ACTORS

The present play of Antony and Cleopatra is barren, indeed, of adequate records of the few actors and actresses who have performed it. The dates of the revivals may be found in GENEST. Comments on the revivals themselves are, in the Introduction to the play in Irving's Edition, set forth as follows:

Joseph Knight (ed. Irving, Introduction, p. 115): Between 1704 and 1706, according to Downes, four plays, to be acted by the players of both companies—Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields—were commanded at Court. First among these was All for Love, in which Betterton appeared as Antony, Verbruggen as Ventidius, Wilks as Dolabella, Booth as Alexas, Mrs Barry as Cleopatra, and Mrs Bracegirdle as Octavia. Concerning these representations Downes says, with every probability of truth in his favour, 'These four plays were well acted and gave great satisfaction.' On 3rd December, 1718, at Drury Lane, when the management of Cibber, Wilks, and Booth was at the height of its good fortune, an important revival took place. In this Barton Booth was Antony; Mills, Ventidius; Wilks, Dolabella; Cibber, Alexas; Mrs Oldfield, Cleopatra; and Mrs Porter, Octavia. Concerning this revival Colley Cibber says, 'The habits of that tragedy amounted to an expense of near six hundred pounds; a sum unheard of for many years before, on the like occasion' (Apology, ii, 175, 176, ed. 1880).

[Of this same revival we also find the following:

Thomas Davies (ii, 370): In Dryden's All for Love, Booth's dignified action and forcible elocution, in the part of Antony, attracted the public to that heavy, though, in many parts, well written play, six nights successively, without the assistance of pantomime, or farce, which, at that time, was esteemed something extraordinary. But, indeed, he was well supported by an Oldfield, in his Cleopatra, who, to a most harmonious, powerful voice and fine person, added grace and elegance of gesture. When Booth and Oldfield met in the Second Act, their dignity of deportment commanded the applause and approbation of the most judicious critics. When Antony said to Cleopatra, 'You promised me your silence, and you break it Ere I have scarce begun,—'this check was so well understood by Oldfield, and answered with such propriety of behaviour, that, in Shakespeare's phrase, her 'bendings were adorning.' The elder Mills acted Ventidius with the true spirit of a rough and generous old soldier. To render the play as acceptable to the public as possible, Wilkes took the trifling part of Dolabella, nor did Colley Cibber disdain to appear in Alexas; these parts would scarcely be accepted now by third-rate actors. Still to add more weight to the performance, Octavia was a short character of a Scene or two, in which Mrs Porter drew not only respect, but the more affecting approbation of tears, from the audience. Since that time, All for Love has gradually sunk into forgetfulness.] Knight continues:

While Antony and Cleopatra slept for another seventy years Dryden's play was
APPENDIX

revived at Drury Lane, 22nd Mar., 1766, with Powell as Antony and Mrs Yates again as Cleopatra; and once more at the same house, still under Garrick's management, 17th Dec., 1772, with Spranger Barry as Antony, Mrs Barry as Octavia, and Miss Younge, for the first time, as Cleopatra. On the 28th of the following March, at Covent Garden, Mrs Hartley, whose first season it was, made her first appearance as Cleopatra to the Antony of Smith and the Dolabella of Wroughton. With Miss Younge and Smith in the principal parts All for Love was played at Drury Lane on 14th May, 1775, and 13th March, 1776. With Smith as Antony, and Miss Yates from Drury Lane as Cleopatra, with West Digges as Ventidius, and Farren as Dolabella, it was given at Covent Garden 8th Jan., and 5th Feb., 1779.

In Dryden's All for Love, and not in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Mrs Siddons essayed, at Drury Lane, 5th May, 1788, the character of Cleopatra, Kemble being the Antony; Palmer, Ventidius; Barrymore, Dolabella; and Mrs Ward, Octavia. That the performance by Mrs Siddons of a character so suited to her powers was fine may be assumed. Not being in Shakespeare, however, it calls for no further comment than the statement that Boaden (Life of Siddons, ii, 243) says that she showed 'the daring atrocity of crime,' and adds, with sub-acid bastele, that 'the notion of frailty was visually banished.' Campbell (Life of Siddons, ii, 127) suggests that Octavia would under certain conditions have been a better part for the actress than Cleopatra; and says that 'she never established "the Siren of the Nile" among her popular characters.' On 24th May, 1790, at Covent Garden, Miss Brunton played Cleopatra to the Antony of Holman; and on 12th Jan., 1818, at Bath, Conway, the unfortunate actor, treated with so much perverse cruelty by Hazlitt and Theodore Hook, was the Antony to the Cleopatra of Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs Bunn.

In November, 1833, Macready produced at Covent Garden an acting version of Antony and Cleopatra. The great feature of the revival was the scenery by Clarkson Stanfield. [According to Macready's own diary the revival was not eminently successful.]

Antony and Cleopatra was naturally included in the series of revivals of Shakespeare undertaken by the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells. It was first played 22nd October, 1850, with Phelps as Antony, G. K. Dickinson as Octavius, Henry Marston as Sextius Pompeius, George Kenrick as Eocbarbus, and Miss Glynn as Cleopatra. This was one of the most successful of the Sadler's Wells revivals, and elicited much approval. Miss Glynn's performance of Cleopatra was the crowning triumph of her career. In personal appearance she conformed to the requirements of Talfourd, namely, 'a figure of voluptuous majesty, a mingling of dazzling beauty and intellectual command.' In her death scene she was pronounced equal to Pasta.

C. E. Paskor (Dramatic List, London, 1880, p. 158): In portraying the enchantress, Cleopatra, Miss Glynn had occasion to draw upon the entire resources of her art. The variety and fascination of the character she touched to admiration. The caprice, the grace, the pride of the character were exhibited with a power which exceeded expectation. It was evident that she had made a profound and industrious study of the part. The whole portrait was thrown out with decision and force, and richly coloured. Those parts in which dignity and anger were expressed—such as the interview with the messenger after Antony's second marriage—were given with a vehemence and power corresponding to the language she had to deliver. But it
CAPELL’S VERSION

was in the *Fifth Act*, when preparing for her death, that the better phases of the character and the more refined parts of the action tested the fitness of the actress for this assumption. Indignant majesty, compulsory resignation, heroic resolve, and tender memory, were all adequately pronounced. The death itself was a triumph.
—*Athenaenum*, 27 October, 1849.

*Ibid.* (p. 166): After some years’ absence from the stage, in May, 1867 [Miss Glyn] reappeared at the Princess’s Theatre, as Cleopatra, and according to *The Athenaenum* (May 18, 1867), *the triumph of the evening was the assumption by Miss Glyn of Cleopatra*. The witchery of the blandishments, the Asiatic undulations of the form, the variety of the enchantments, the changes of mood, the impetuous passion, and in the end the noble resignation—all these points were brought out with an accuracy of elocution and with a force of genius which left no doubt on the mind that Miss Glyn is as great an actress as ever adorned the English stage.

*Anon.* (*Athenaenum*, 27 Sept., 1873): A man need scarcely be a veteran stage-goer to recollect when Miss Glyn, at Sadler’s Wells, gave an embodiment of Cleopatra, which came as near a realisation of the ‘serpent of old Nile’ as anything modern art can afford. This impersonation was repeated at the Standard first, and subsequently at the Princess’s, with no alteration of Shakespeare’s text. [On the revival referred to in this notice, *Joseph Knight (Intro. op. cit., p. 119)* has the following remarks]: Mr James Anderson appeared as Antony, and Miss Wallis, then almost a debutante, as Cleopatra. The piece had been arranged with a view to spectacular effect, and with no very reverend hand, by Andrew Halliday, and the general cast was far from strong. Mr Anderson’s performance of Antony was picturesque and vigorous, but old-fashioned; Miss Wallis’s qualifications for Cleopatra did not extend beyond good looks and some elocutionary ability, and the production was one of those experiments on the strength of which Chatterton, by whom it was tried, put forward the famous managerial dictum that ‘Shakespeare spelt ruin.’

[For the latest revival, by Mr Tree, see p. 591.]

CAPELL’S VERSION

The *Version* which Edward Capell made for Garrick has the following title:

*Antony and Cleopatra* | an historical Play, | written by | William Shakes-

peare: | fitted for the Stage by abridging only: | and now acted, at the | Theatre-

Royal in Drury-Lane, | by his Majesty’s Servants. | No grave upon the earth shall

*clip it in* A pair so famous, p. 99. | LONDON: | Printed for J. and R. Tonson in

*the Strand* | MDCCCLVIII.* On the next page is the following:

To the right honourable, and worthy of

all Titles, the Countess of

*Why, from the throne where beauty sits supreme*

and countless emanations deals below,

infus’d and fix’d in Woman’s shining frame,

doth so large portion of his wonder flow?

why, but to rule the tread of human woe,

and point our erring feet where joys abide:

But (ah, the pity!) to a traitor flame,

weak, wavering, wild, the heav’n-born ray is ty’d,

and man, confiding man, from bliss estranged wide.
APPENDIX

Daughters of Britain, scorn the garish fire,
exile the meteor to its Pharian grave;
sincerer flames from Virtue's heights aspire,
that brighten beauty, and from sorrow save:
High o'er the rest, see, what fair hand doth wave
a deathless torch; and calls you to the shrine,
where only beauty only bliss entire!
follow the branch of much-lov'd * *'s line,
and from those altars mend, with her, the ray divine.

Ignoto.

Oct. 3d 1757.

In the Textual Notes on the preceding pages, the various readings of this Version, where they decidedly differ from Capell's own text, are duly recorded. To avoid confusion I have designated this Version as Garrick's, abbreviated 'Gar.' It has received the following notices:

T. Davies (ii, 385): Antony and Cleopatra had long lain dormant, I believe ever since it was first exhibited, when, about the year 1760, Mr Garrick, from his passionate desire to give the public as much of their admired poet as possible, revived it, as altered by Mr Capell, with all the advantages of new scenes, habits, and other decorations proper to the play. However, it did not answer his own and the public expectation. It must be confessed, that, in Antony, he wanted one necessary accomplishment: his person was not sufficiently important and commanding to represent the part. There is more dignity of action than variety of passion in the character, though it is not deficient in the latter. The actor, who is obliged continually to traverse the stage, should from person attract respect, as well as from the power of speech. Mrs Yates was then a young actress, and had not manifested such proofs of genius, and such admirable elocution, as she has since displayed: but her fine figure and pleasing manner of speaking were well adapted to the enchanting Cleopatra. Mossop wanted the essential part of Enobarbus, humour.

J. Genest (Vol. iv, p. 544, d.l., 1758–1759): Shakspeare's play, acted six times, was adapted to the stage by abridging and transposing only,—Capell's alteration is judicious on the whole, but might have been better,—for the convenience of representation it was right to reduce the number of characters, but this is done without any regard to propriety—the speech with which Philo opens the play, and the famous description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus (taken from Enobarbus) are given to Thyreis—if a change were to be made it should certainly have been made in favour of some Roman of consequence on Antony's side, not in favour of Thyreis, who was Caesar's freedman, and who had never seen Cleopatra till he was sent with a message to her, as in the Third Act of the play,—what the Soldier and Scarsus say in the Third and Fourth Acts is absurdly given to Diomedes, who was only Secretary to Cleopatra and could have nothing to do with military concerns,—in the Second Act Antony says—'If we compose well here, to Parthis: 'Hark you Ventidius.'" Capell has changed the name to Cænæius, which was wrong, as Ventidius was the person really sent to oppose the Parthians. Garrick revived this play with all the advantages of new scenes, habits, and decorations, but it did not answer his expectation—his own person was not sufficiently important for Antony; and Mrs Yates had not perhaps at this time displayed abilities equal to the representation of Shakspeare's best female character, Lady Macbeth excepted.
J. Knight (Irving Ed. Introd., p. 117): It is melancholy to find, though the fault appears to have been principally attributable to the actors, that this long-deferred production of [Capell's Version] was not a success. After half a dozen repetitions the piece was withdrawn. Why Garrick should not have been a good Antony is not easily seen. He was not, however. Mrs Yates, meanwhile, though popular as Lady Macbeth, won little recognition in other important female characters of Shakespeare, and made no impression as Cleopatra. Few of Garrick's revivals attracted less attention. Davies and Murphy in their biographies leave it unmentioned. Dr Doran, without advancing any authority, speaks of it as the great event of its season, and says, with what almost sounds like disingenuousness, but is only carelessness, that Garrick and Mrs Yates gained 'even more laurels as Zanbi and Mandane in the 'Orphan of China' than in Antony and Cleopatra, in which they gained none at all. Mr Percy Fitzgerald confesses it a failure.

VERSION ATTRIBUTED TO KEMBLE

In 1813 there appeared Shakespeare's Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra; with alterations, and with additions from Dryden; as now performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. Mr Abbot appeared as Octavius; Mr Young as Antony; Mr Barrymore as Lepidus; Mr Egerton as Enobarbus; Mrs Faucit as Cleopatra; Miss Cooke and Mrs Watts as Charmion and Iras; Mrs M'Gibbon as Octavia. The object of the Compiler of this Version (who is said to have been KEMBLE, but without sufficient foundation) is set forth in an 'Advertisement,' prefixed to the Text; very briefly stated, this object appears to have been to weld into one play the beauties of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra and of Dryden's All for Love, after having eliminated from the former the features which tend to render it unacceptable to the public, and from the latter those weaknesses that have caused it to decline in popularity, or, in short, as the author expresses it, 'an amalgamation of wonderful poetical powers.' The various readings, transpositions, and additions have not been recorded in the Textual Notes on the preceding pages of this volume; within a space so restricted it would have been impossible to render them intelligible. In place thereof a description of this 'amalgamation' is here given which will convey an idea of the Version, as a whole, far more clearly than can be conveyed by any Textual Notes. This description is by GENEST. (I happen to have Genest's own copy and almost every page bears witness to the fidelity with which he performed his task.) It is found in his vol. viii., p. 417, et seq. as follows:

First Act does not differ materially from the original [i. e. Shakespeare's]—Modena and Charmian are properly changed to Mutins and Charmion—but Mark Antony should have been altered to Marc Antony, as in the bill—the letter k in a Roman name is unpardonable solecism. Second Act, begins with Shakespeare's Second Scene, but the conclusion of it, in which Enobarbus describes Cleopatra on the Cydnus, is most injudiciously omitted—Capell has transposed it—then follows Shakespeare's Fifth Scene with Cleopatra and her attendants—next comes an unimportant Scene between Antony and Octavia at Athens—this is from Shakespeare's Third Act—Cleopatra, etc., are discovered at Alexandria—the first part of this Scene is chiefly from Shakespeare, but when Antony enters, the remainder of the Act is from Dryden—Dryden's Scene is a very good one, but it is not introduced in this place with propriety—in Dryden's play, Ventidius in the First Act estranges Antony from Cleopatra, after which, naturally follows the Scene in which Antony reproaches her—but the Editor of the present play reverses the order of things, and makes Dryden's
APPENDIX

...
KEMBLE'S VERSION

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hereby made to this Version of 1813, just described by Genest. It refers to a MS Stage-copy of this play, with Stage-directions in the handwriting of J. P. Kemble. This copy has been kindly lent to me by my highly valued friend, H. C. Folger, Jr., of Brooklyn, New York, who bought it at the sale of the library of Lawrence Doyle, of Dublin, at Sotheby's, December, 1898, in whose catalogue it was described as 'J. P. Kemble's copy with MS notes, stage-directions, etc., in his autograph. Note 'on fly-leaf, ‘G. Lamb, bought at Kemble's sale, 1821.' The notes, stage-directions, etc., are unquestionably in Kemble's autograph, which is familiar to me.

The principle which seems to have rigidly guided Kemble in constructing this Version is omission; there are not many transpositions, and no additions of moment. How extensive is this omission may be seen at once from the Dramatis Personae, from whom, as given in Steevens's edition of 1793 (the edition which Kemble would have probably used), Kemble has omitted Pompey, Ventidius, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, Dolabella, Proculeius, Menas, Menecrates, Taurus, Canidius, Euphronius, Mardian, and Diomedes; in all fifteen characters; in reality fourteen. Kemble has a new character, Titius by name, a friend of Antony, and highly accommodating in filling odd gaps. Hereby the thirty-four characters in Steevens's edition are reduced to twenty in Kemble's Version. It is evident, at once, that, by this reduction in the characters, the play is shortened by many hundred lines. In the following description no reference is made to the Scenes where those characters appear that Kemble has omitted; in speaking of Scenes 'in the original,' the Scenes in the Globe Edition are referred to.

The directions for the setting of the stage at the opening of the Play are as follows: 'The Palace in Alexandria should be of the most magnificent orders of the purest Grecian architecture; yet the decorations and furniture of every apartment should remind one that the scene lies in Egypt. Portico of the Palace: Stage open as far back as possible. View of the sea, ships, etc., The Pharos, Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Obelisk, Statues of Hercules, Alexander, Anubis.' At the foot of the page, Kemble, in the spirit of a true scholar, notes his authorities: 'Norden's Antiquities of Egypt. Montfaucon. Mr Knight's Antiques.'

The First Scene opens with a conversation between Thyreus and Enobarbus; after the first ten lines, which in the original are spoken by Philo, but here by Enobarbus, the latter gives the description of Cleopatra and her barge on the Cydnus. When Antony and Cleopatra enter, the Scene continues to the end unchanged as in the original. The first eighty lines of the Second Scene are omitted, and then Shakespeare's Scene continues with some minor omissions to the end. The Third Scene remains unchanged, as do also the Fourth and Fifth, with trifling omissions, and the First Act ends. The Second Scene of the Second Act follows the original, with the exception of twenty or thirty lines omitted here and there together with the description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus which has been transferred to the First Scene in the play. The Third Scene of the original is omitted, and instead the Fourth is retained, and to it is added an abridgment of the first twenty lines of Act III, Scene ii. The Fifth Scene of the original (Kemble's Third Scene) is retained with trifling omissions. The Messenger, Kemble calls Seleucus. Kemble's Fourth Scene of Act II. is composed of the Fourth and Fifth Scenes of Act III. of the original, and after Octavia leaves (III, iv, 31) the Soothsayer enters, exclaiming, 'Antony! Antony! Antony! You, that wish yourself in Egypt.' Antony demands, 'What would you?' and then follows Act II, iii, from line 10 to 'I the east my pleasure lies,' with the omission of a line or two. Kemble's II, v. is III, iii. of the original. Kemble's II, vi. is III, vi.
of the original, or very slightly so. With the same variations as in Art. 322, the beginning of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The following note on the beginning and the ending of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The first sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The second sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The third sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The fourth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The fifth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The sixth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The seventh sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The eighth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The ninth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The tenth sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. The eleventh sentence of Art. 322 begins with 89.9 of the original. 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ACTORS—BEERBOHM TREE

While these pages are going through the press, word comes from London of a Revival there, unprecedented for splendour and sumptuousness, by Mr Beerbohm Tree. The performance is thus spoken of by the London Times, January 4, 1907:

'[Antony and Cleopatra] is one of the classics of what M. Porto-Riche would call the Théâtre de l’Amour. Mr Bernard Shaw would give its theme a less elegant name, “sexual infatuation.” Cleopatra is the irresistible enchantress, Antony the colossal lover, and the whole play must burn to a white heat with their fire. Nevertheless, if you present Antony and Cleopatra at all, you must present it, above everything, as a treatment of “sexual infatuation” in the grand style. And that is just what Mr Tree has perceived and has done. ... [Mr Tree] has the supreme quality of thinking out the master-idea of a play, of disengaging its essential essence, and of comprehending the play “in its quiddity.” To get at the heart of the play, and to exhibit that heart to you, he will boldly lop here and still more boldly add there—and who shall blame him? The pedants, no doubt; but certainly not the great body of playgoers who come to Shakespeare, as they come to any other dramatist, simply and solely to get what pleasure they can out of him,—and whose pleasure is dependent upon the clearness, the unity, of what is put before them. ... Where is that unity in Antony and Cleopatra? Is it in the Imperial Roman motif? No; that is merely North’s Plutarch cut up into blank verse, and taken by itself would be as dull as ditch water. Is it in the Octavia motif, the contrast of the ultra-respectable matron, the pattern of domesticity, with the voluptuous orchidaceous Cleopatra? No; that is a mere additional touch of art. It is in the passion-motif of Cleopatra and Antony, there and not elsewhere; and it is upon that motif that Mr Tree concentrates the whole force of his stage. Hence the scenes in “Caesar’s House” are cut very short indeed. Hence the “camp” scenes become mere cinematographs. Hence the passionate dialogue between Antony and Cleopatra is given all the advantage of scenic magnificence and orchestral illustration. Egypt, not Rome nor Athens nor Misenum, becomes the “hub” of the play. ... A dissolving vision of the Sphinx opens and closes the play. Weird nerve-thrilling Oriental strains are in the air. You hear those same strains even in Rome or Athens—on the Wagnerian plan—whenever Antony’s thoughts turn to the far-away Cleopatra. For example, Antony has just parted, not without conjugal tenderness, from Octavia. He seems, for once, to have in him the makings of a model home-loving husband. But there swiftly enters a messenger—Cleopatra’s trusty messenger—with a scroll. Antony falls on his couch, murmuring “Cleopatra,” and covering his eyes that he may shut out the present scene and dream of her, again to the faint sound of the Oriental music. You will search in vain for any indication of this “business” in Shakespeare; but it is ingeniously, and quite legitimately, invented; it helps the unity of impression. Another example: in the text Caesar describes Antony’s return to Alexandria, how “I’ th’ market place on a Tribunal silver’d.” [etc. III, vi, 4-7; 17-19]. All this Mr Tree actually shows you in a silent and yet extraordinarily eloquent tableau, which will, perhaps, vex text-worshippers, but certainly will delight everybody else. ... One hardly knows which to admire most, the gorgeous interior of the palace in which Cleopatra loves and languishes, or the mysterious cavern-like vastness of the “Monument,” wherein she so nobly dies. Another masterpiece both of stage-carpentry and of stage management is the deck of Pompey’s galley, where the Triumvirs and their officers get so imperially drunk. ... It would be unjust not to mention the name of the designer of the costumes, Mr Percy Macquoid. ... Mr Tree himself makes a fine figure of Antony. He does not fall into the error of showing him
as a mere sensual weakling, "passion's slave." Indeed his voluptuous thrills, even when he is encircled by Cleopatra's arms, seem to lack something of responsive warmth. No doubt Mr Tree will become more demonstratively amorous by and by. Meanwhile you cannot help liking his Antony—which, of course, is quite the right frame of mind. The Octavius of Mr Basil Gill and the Pompey of Mr Julian L'Estrange are both excellent performances—they are proper "Plutarch's men" and speak their lines roundly. Excellent, too, the Enobarbus of Mr Lyn Harding, good to look at and a treat to hear. His "purple patch" describing Cleopatra's galley could not be better delivered. The helpless intoxication of Lepidus on board Pompey's ship loses nothing of its grotesque repulsiveness in the hands of Mr Norman Forbes; Mr Fisher White makes a quite remarkable thing of the Soothsayer; and the unhappy messenger who is so bullied and terrified by the jealous Cleopatra is very cleverly played by Mr Charles Quatermaine.

But Cleopatra herself? Everything in this play depends upon her. It is a terribly exacting part for any actress. She must have beauty, of course, and, what is even more important, she must have glamour. She must be able to run at a rapid sweep through the whole gamut of emotion—from dove-like cooings to the rage of a tigeress, from voluptuous languor to passion all at once, from the frenzy of a virago to the calm and statuesque majesty of one of the noblest death-scenes in all Shakespeare. It is a great ordeal for Miss Constance Collier. One trembled for her beforehand, but quite needless as it turns out, for she not only looks but plays the part splendidly. An occasional touch of our modern "fine spoken" accent, which jars against the music of Shakespearian verse is the only blemish in what is on the whole, as Enobarbus says of the Queen, "a wonderful piece of work."

The Daily Telegraph (28 December, 1906): Never, probably, in his career has Mr Tree given us a more perfect stage adornment than that which he displays in Antony & Cleopatra. The gradation of colours, the delicate shades of violet, and purple, the glittering robes of the Queen, the pomp and ceremony of her court,—all these things, controlled by the practised artistry of Mr Percy Macquoid, add to the pleasure of the eye, and give bodily semblance to the inner meaning of the play. If for nothing else, the production would be extraordinary because of its stage pictures. The first glimpse of the landing-stage of Cleopatra's palace, with the large that draws up to the steps, from which issue the regal pair of lovers; the beautiful gold-bedizened scene, when Cleopatra wreaks her vengeance on the messenger telling of Antony's betrothal; the magnificent tableau of the return of Antony to Alexandria; above all, perhaps, the scene on Pompey's galley, where, in the mysterious dark, lit by the fantastically-coloured lamps at the poop, the triumvir watch the dancing-girls, and themselves join in a mad debauch—these and other pictures prove once more that whatever else we may have succeeded or failed in doing on the modern stage, we have advanced the ordinary scenic artifices to a pitch of success which was not dreamed of by our forefathers. In this, above all, lies the triumph of last night's play, on which Mr Tree is warmly to be congratulated...

Certainly the piece is very well played. Miss Constance Collier, handsome, dark-skinned, barbaric, dominates the scene wherever she appears. Nor has she ever had a better chance, or more fully availed herself of it, than when in the second act she has to prove how close the tiger's cruelty lies under the sleek skin of the cultivated woman. Mr Tree's Mark Antony was a fine, masculine, resolute rendering of a hero ruined by love. There is not much subtlety or complexity in the part.
Antony is the Samson caught by Delilah; a sort of primitive, elemental hero, whose degradation is all the more sure because his intellect is so inferior to his heart. And this is precisely the hero whom Mr Tree so skilfully rendered. Apart from these two principal personages, there were many others who gained a significant success on the boards. Mr Basil Gill was very alert and vivid in the part of Octavius Caesar, saying his lines with that prompt energy which belongs to the nature of the Shakespearean conqueror. Mr Norman Forbes gave adequate presentation of the weakness of Lepidus, an invaluable help in the evolution of the play, keeping the figure within its proper limits, as wholly subordinate, yet illustrative of the increasing degeneracy of the Roman. Mr Lyn Harding's Enobarbus was also a fine performance, picturesque, and varied, done with admirable lightness and no little artistic skill; while Mr Julian L'Estrange, in such brief opportunities as he possessed, gave a firm sketch of Sextus Pompeius. Cleopatra's two attendants, Iras and Charmian, were both excellent—especially, perhaps, Charmian, as played by Miss Alice Crawford, who revealed real dramatic power in the last act, and throughout presented a beautiful picture of Eastern womanhood. Nor ought we to forget the dignified Sooth-sayer of Mr J. Fisher White—a characteristic personage, who at various crises in the story illustrated before our eyes the noiseless steps of on-coming Destiny.

It would be interesting, also, if it were possible, to recount all those clever adaptations and contrivances by means of which so diffuse a play was brought within manageable compass on the stage. We must limit ourselves, however, to one example, where Shakespeare has given a real difficulty to the stage manager. Antony who has tried, very imperfectly, to commit suicide, is lying outside the walls of Alexandria. Cleopatra and her maids have taken refuge in the monument. The problem is how to get the wounded man into the monument, in order that the final scene of death may be enacted before us. Mr Tree solves it as follows. In the gloom of on-coming night the fallen hero, Mark Antony, is carried to the bottom of the walls, and above, at a window, Cleopatra is looking out, to answer the cry of her defeated lover. As the lights go out we see the body being hoisted upwards to the window; then, by a quick change, we are transported to the interior of the monument, and once more see Antony being lifted inwards through the open window, and brought to the couch to receive Cleopatra's farewell. It was a clever bit of stage work, which gave a complete and satisfactory impression without any lack of verisimilitude.

The Athenæum (5 January, 1907): For the first time, so far as records extend, Antony and Cleopatra has been set upon the stage in a manner worthy of the place it occupies in the Shakespearean drama, and its reception,—not that accorded by the first night's public at His Majesty's, but the lasting empire it exercises over the play-going world,—should settle definitely its claims to rank among the great acting plays. . . . As re-arranged by Andrew Halliday, the piece was produced at Drury Lane in 1873. At the Standard it was also given; and in Manchester there was a noteworthy revival. The experiment of Mrs Langtry; that of Madame Bernhardt, which, however, was in Sardou, not Shakespeare; and that, sadly misjudged, of Signora Duse, belong to days comparatively modern. Irving, urged to present the play at the Lyceum, was discouraged by its record of indifferent success. Among these efforts, that of Mr Tree is the most serious,—it might almost be said the sole serious attempt. That in 1873 at Drury Lane came nearest to it in splendour and had a certain amount of imaginative grace. . . . In the case of Antony and Cleopatra it is impossible to regard with favour the restrictions upon scenic display which some
sticklers for the text, and nothing but the text, would have us observe. Here, if anywhere, is to be shown the full splendour of a court in which Egypt strove, if not with Assyria, with Rome in wealth and luxury, when Cleopatra wore, as now she wears, the garb of Isis and accepted her worship, and her regal lover took on him the state and splendour of his ancestor, Hercules. Nowise burdensome is the environment Mr Tree provides. It is on the contrary splendidly helpful and serviceable, as well as pleasurable to the spectator. As regards the mounting, it is not only the best that has been given to this play—it may be regarded as the best that has been bestowed upon any work of the author. . . . A splendid effect is realized in the scene at the portals of Cleopatra’s Palace where the royal lovers arrive at the river front and disembark. Still more superb is that in which, apparelled like Isis, the queen greets her returning warrior. As an example of scenic decoration and pageantry this is unequalled. More sedate in beauty, but still unsurpassable, is that in the Palace in which Cleopatra receives the unfortunate messenger who brings her intelligence of the marriage of Antony and Octavia. Very fine, too, is the picture of debauch on the galley of Pompey. A word of special praise is deserved by the costumes of the Roman warriors, which are perfect. Those of Cleopatra and her hand-maidens ‘beggared all description.’

The general interpretation is admirable. Looking Antony to the life, Mr Tree shows something more than the inspired sensualist who for Cleopatra’s sake counted the world well lost. With him are well contrasted the forceful, passionate, resolute Cæsar of Mr Basil Gill, and the weak, bibulous Lepidus of Mr Norman Forbes. Eosbarbus, Sextus Pompeius, Eros, the Soothsayer, and other prominent characters find effective exponents. Miss Constance Collier is a splendid Cleopatra, and shows well the forcible passions that underlie the sensual charm and allurement of the queen. The most dramatic scene in the play—her onslaught on the messenger bringing her the unwelcome news of Antony’s marriage—is thrilling in savage, passionate intensity and energy, and was greeted with rapture by the audience. Irias and Charman have delightful exponents, the latter, in the person of Miss Alice Crawford, displaying dramatic power as well as charm. For the first time the play has been adequately set before the public, by which it was received with ecstasy. Whether the magnificence of the production will break the spell under which Antony and Cleopatra supposedly labours remains to be seen. It can hardly, however, be otherwise, since as spectacle and as intellectual entertainment the whole is equally noteworthy.

In 1878 there was a Revival by Miss Rose Ettinge, which had, as it was reported, a successful ‘run’ of many weeks in New York, and throughout the country. Mr G. C. Boniface was Marc Antony; Mr C. Rockwell, Octavius.

There was another Revival in New York in 1889, with a version ‘arranged for acting’ by Mr Kyrie Bellew, who took the part of Antony; Mrs Potter was Cleopatra; Mr Ian Robertson, Octavius, and Mr Henry Edwards, Eosbarbus.

A Version by M. Sardou (never published, I believe) was produced by Miss Fanny Davenport, and by Mad. Sara Bernhardt.
COSTUME—GODWIN

COSTUME

In Cumberland's *British Theatre*, edited by D.—G. [GEORGE DANIEL] the following directions are given for the Costumes:

MARC ANTONY.—Splendid buff shirt and robe—fleshings—sandsals—bracelets—white riband tied round his brows. *Second dress*: Roman shirt—breastplate and lambskean shield—sword and helmet.


LEPIDUS.—Roman toga—fleshings—sandsals, &c.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.—Ibid.

EROS.—Roman shirt—breastplate—lambskean—helmet—sword—robe—arm and leg fleshings.

PHILO and MECANUS.—Ibid.


GALLUS and MENAS.—Ibid.

ALEXAS.—Blue shirt, with gold binding—blue robe—fleshings, &c.


CANDIDUS.—Roman toga—fleshings—sandsals, &c.

EUPHRONIUS.—Blue robe—white beard—sandsals and fleshings.

PROCULENIUS.—Shirt—breastplate—fleshings—helmet, &c.

CLEOPATRA.—Egyptian merino white dress—tiara of jewels in hair—dress richly ornamented with pearls and jewels—robe of tissue, richly studded with stars, &c.—sandsals—robes and crown for last scene.

OCTAVIA.—White Roman dress—sandsals, &c—riband in hair.

CHARMION.—Egyptian blue merino, and robe—fleshings, sandsals.

IRAS.—Buff ibid—ornaments in hair.

[Unless the foregoing 'lambskean' stands for *lamb'skin*, it is unintelligible to me; it is faithfully reprinted.]

E. W. GODWIN (The Architect, 26th June, 1879): *The Costume* of this play may be taken to be somewhat mixed. That the Roman fashions were for the most part accepted wherever the power of Rome had made itself a reality may be safely assumed, but then these fashions were themselves moulded on those of other nations. But fashion, in old as in modern times, belongs to the upper classes, so that while I have little hesitation in clothing Cleopatra and her court in the habit, or some slight modification of the habit, prevalent among Greeks—more or less adopted also by the Roman aristocracy—the poor people, the Clown especially, and perhaps the Soothsayer, might very well exhibit in their dress some tradition of the old nation to which they belonged.* The Ionic chiton, the chlamys, the peplos, the transparent fine linen vest, chemise, or under tunic were dresses which obtained throughout the shores

* The Queen, according to the Text, which follows history in this particular, appeared often ‘in the habiliments of the goddess, Isis,’—the goddess of the Moon; in other words, in a long, transparent, fine linen tunic, and a pallium fastened by a knot in front, a crown of lotus flowers on her head, and a sistrum in her hand.
of the Mediterranean with but little variation beyond that resulting from increase or decrease in length or breadth of material. No doubt, too, the fashionable ladies of Alexandria had their parasols, or umbracula, just the same as the ladies of Athens, Rome, or Pompeii. Broad-brimmed straw hats, with low, saucer-shaped crowns, were also probably worn. Octavia, after her marriage, might appear in the stola and the square-cut white pallium, fastened with a fibula, or brooch, on the right shoulder, leaving the right arm free.

In reference to the Stage Setting, Godwin has the following (op. cit. 26th June, 1875): In the tragedy before us we have no less than thirty-six scenes. Of these, twenty-five are architectural, including the one on board Pompey’s galley, which belongs to naval architecture. The other twenty-four are divided between Alexandria, Rome, Messina, and Athens, or the respective residences of Kleopatra, Cesar, Pompeius, and Antonius, but by far the most important of these are those which belong to the City of the Ptolemies. It is next to impossible to reduce this play to set scenes, for the unities of time and place are quite disregarded by the author. In the first and last Acts a very slight change would enable us to bring these into two scenes, if the fourth Scene of the first Act were carried on to the second Act and the first Scene of the fifth Act omitted, but the second Act carries us in seven Scenes from Pompey’s house at Messina to the house of Lepidus at Rome, thence into Cesar’s palace, thence into the streets of Rome, thence to the palace at Alexandria, thence to Misenum, and finally leaves us floating on the sea. In the third Act (eleven Scenes) we are in Alexandria, Rome, and Athens; now on the plains of Syria, and now on the promontory of Actium. In the fourth Act of thirteen Scenes we are certainly confined to Alexandria and its neighbourhood, but we are perpetually moved about from the inside of the palace to the outside, from within to without the walls, from one camp to the other, until we are brought to rest in that remarkable Scene— ‘the Monument.’ I see no reason why the Scene in the house of Lepidus (Act ii., Scene a) should not be laid in a lesche or under a colonnade before Cesar’s house, and thus serve also for the two Scenes which follow it. Indeed, by the exercise of some little thought and care, the whole number of the architectural Scenes may be fairly reduced, and it is possible without serious mutilation to prevent some of the abrupt changes, as for example that brought about by the introduction of Alexandria in the fifth Scene of the second Act; for there does not exist, as it seems to me, any great obstacle to this Scene forming part of the third in the third Act. I cannot at present see that we can do with less architectural scenery than that set down in the following list, unless the Scenes at Athens and Messina are omitted altogether:

1. The palace at Alexandria—interior.
2. A Monument at Alexandria.
3. Cesar’s house at Rome—a lesche or colonnade.
4. Antony’s house at Athens—interior.
5. Pompey’s house at Messina—interior.

Of the interior of Kleopatra’s palace the play presents us with no less than twelve Scenes, and with one laid outside or before the palace (Act IV, Sc. iii), but all thirteen could reasonably pass in one hall if attention were given to the planning of it. The remains of the temples at Philae, Dendra, and Kalabsche, the relic of the palace at Medinet Habou, and the representations of domestic architecture in the fragments of wall paintings in our museums, are the only authorities available for this important
Scene. The temples and palace, however, that I have just mentioned must be held to be far inferior to the temples and palaces of the royal city. . . .

The evidence of material wealth—a splendour lavish as daylight—would be there [Alexandria]. Whatever marble and basalt, porphyry and serpentine, bronze or silver, or gold or any other precious material could do, we may be quite sure was not lacking. Mechanics would shine like the sun, in construction; multitudes of pillars, and miles of avenue, and corridor, and labyrinth would speak of the mighty mass of labour in the service of Egypt. . . .

The 'Monument' of the play is evidently nothing more than the raised stage at the back of the main stage, so common in the theatres of Shakespeare's time. An Egyptian monument or tomb was constructed on principles which could not possibly admit the poet's idea. But the Greek monument was altogether different. In the one case we find a tomb, an architectural grave, a sepulchre; in the other we have a house, a shrine, a temple. The little memorial of Lysicrates at Athens, and the temple-like Lycian monument discovered at Xanthus, and now in our National Museum, are extreme illustrations of one principle of design. In both the structure consists of two storeys: the ground storey solid and comparatively plain, the upper storey open and enriched with columns, figure sculpture, and other ornamental accessories. Now, although acting on a higher platform than the stage is always made to look more or less ridiculous by modern scenic arrangements, in proof of which assertion I may cite Juliet's balcony as a flagrant example, and although I know of no instance where this division of stage level has been well carried out, yet even in the Veronese and Venetian plays there is no room for reasonable excuse if the Scene results in failure; still less in the play under consideration should the acting suffer, inasmuch as the area of the Monument of Egypt's Queen may be of almost any size.

Antony's house at Athens might be one of the old Greek houses or palaces, with its double arrangement of Andronitis and Gymnocratis, or the men's and women's quarters. The fourth and fifth Scenes of the third Act introduce us to two rooms in this house, but there is no reason why one interior should not suffice for both Scenes, if the proper room be selected, which I take it should be the pillared hall (σαλόν) of the Andronitis, which in a Greek house occupies the place of the Roman Atrium. The floor might be of mosaic, whilst both the ceiling and walls might be painted. Pompey's house at Messina might be either Roman or Greek, or half and half. . . . In Antony and Cleopatra there is not one word about architecture or building; but then we have a description of the Queen's barge.

LIST OF EMENDATIONS ADOPTED IN THE TEXT OF THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION

This List does not include Stage Directions; divisions into metrical lines; mere punctuation, such as changing an / into an ?; nor changes of spelling, such as pos'ned for 'poisoned,' there's for 'there is,' etc. Nor is there included two or three changes in the distribution of speeches, which were self-evident; nor such changes as MALONE'S Servants for the Folio's 'Omnes.' These hardly rise to the dignity of emendations. The Four Folios are considered as one text. The lines are numbered according to the Folio Text; as given on the preceding pages of the present volume.
In the First Scene of the First Act, no emendation has been admitted. In the following passages—

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PLAN OF THE WORK, ETC.

In this Edition the attempt is made to give, in the shape of Textual Notes, on the same page with the Text, all the Various Readings of The Tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra, from the Second Folio down to the latest critical Edition of the play; then, as Commentary, follow the Notes which the Editor has thought worthy of insertion, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the History of Shakespearian criticism. In the Appendix will be found criticisms and discussions which, on the score of length, could not be conveniently included in the Commentary.

LIST OF EDITIONS COLLATED IN THE TEXTUAL NOTES

The Second Folio    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [F.]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1632
The Third Folio     . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [F.]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1664
The Fourth Folio    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [F.]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1685
N. Rowe (First Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Rowe]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1709
N. Rowe (Second Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Rowe II]     . . . . . . . . . . . 1714
A. Pope (First Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Pope]        . . . . . . . . . . . 1723
A. Pope (Second Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Pope II]      . . . . . . . . . . . 1728
L. Theobald (First Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Theob.]      . . . . . . . . . . . 1733
L. Theobald (Second Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Theob. II]     . . . . . . . . . . . 1740
Sir T. Hamner (First Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Han.]         . . . . . . . . . . . 1744
Sir T. Hamner (Second Edition) . . . . . . . . . . [Han. II]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1745
W. Warburton       . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Warb.]      . . . . . . . . . . . 1747
E. Capell          . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Cap.]        (?) . . . . . . . . . . . 1761
Dr. Johnson        . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Johns.]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1765
Johnson and Steevens . . . . . . . . . [Var. '73]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1773
Johnson and Steevens . . . . . . . . [Var. '78]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1778
Johnson and Steevens . . . . . . . . [Var. '85]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1785
J. Rann            . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Rann.]        . . . . . . . . . . . 1787
E. Malone          . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Mal.]         . . . . . . . . . . . 1790
Geo. Steevens      . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Steev.]        . . . . . . . . . . . 1793
Reed's Steevens    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Var. '03]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1803
Reed's Steevens    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . [Var. '13]       . . . . . . . . . . . 1813
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Boswell's Malone (1821)
C. Knight (1840)
J. P. Collier (First Edition) (1842)
S. W. Singer (Second Edition) (1856)
A. Dyce (First Edition) (1857)
H. Staunton (1857)
J. P. Collier (Second Edition) (1858)
R. G. White (First Edition) (1860)
T. Keightley (1864)
Globe Edition (Clark and Wright) (1864)
J. O. Halliwell (Folio Edition) (1865)
A. Dyce (Second Edition) (1866)
A. Dyce (Third Edition) (1873)
J. P. Collier (Second Edition) (1877)
R. G. White (Second Edition) (1883)
Cambridge (Second Edition, W. A. Wright) (1892)

Rev. John Hunter (Longmans' Series) (1870)
N. Delius (1872)
W. J. Rolfe (1894)
H. N. Hudson (1881)
K. Deighton (1901)
C. H. Herford (1903)
C. Wordsworth (1893)

London, 1870
Elberfeld, 1872
New York, 1904
Boston, 1851
London, 1889

These last eight editions I have not collated beyond referring to them in disputed passages.

Within the last twenty-five years,—indeed, since the appearance, in 1864, of The Globe Edition,—the text of Shakespeare has become so settled that to collate word for word, the text of editions which have appeared within this term, would be a needless task. When, however, an Editor revises his text in a Second or a Third Edition, the case is different; it then becomes interesting to mark the effect of mature judgement.

The present Text is that of the First Folio of 1623. Every word, I might say almost every letter, has been collated with the original; yet I am not so inexperienced as to believe that it is absolutely perfect.

In the textual Notes the symbol F indicates the agreement of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios.

I have not called attention to every little misprint in the Folio. The Textual Notes will show, if need be, that they are misprints by the agreement of all the Editors in their corrections.

Nor is notice taken of the first Editor who adopted the modern spelling, or substituted commas for a parenthesis, or changed ? to !.

The sign + indicates the agreement of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

The sign + indicates the agreement of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.
LIST OF BOOKS

When Warburton precedes Hanmer in the Textual Notes, it indicates that Hanmer has followed a suggestion of Warburton's.

The words et cetera, after any reading indicate that it is the reading of all other editions.

The words et seq. indicate the agreement of all subsequent editions.

The abbreviation (sub.) indicates that the reading is substantially given, and that inessential variations in spelling, punctuation, or stage-directions are disregarded.

When Varr. precedes Steev. or Mal. it includes the Variorums of 1773, 1778, and 1785; when it follows Steev. or Mal. it includes the Variorums of 1803, 1813, and 1821.

An Emendation or Correction given in the Commentary is not repeated in the Textual Notes, unless it has been adopted by an Editor in his Text; nor is conj. added in the Textual Notes to the name of him who has proposed the conjecture, unless the conjecture happens to be that of an Editor, in which case omission of conj. would lead to the inference that such was the reading of his text.

Coll. MS refers to Collier's copy of the Second Folio bearing its margin manuscript annotations. When Collier adopted its readings in his Text, it is placed in parenthesis (MS). Coll. '53 stands for a monovolume which Collier issued in 1853, wherein these MS readings are incorporated in the Text.

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<td>E. A. Abbott</td>
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<td>Literary World</td>
<td>A. A. Adee</td>
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<td>Antonio e Cleopatra (Bohn's Edition)</td>
<td>V. Alfieri</td>
<td>London, 1876</td>
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<td>Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question</td>
<td>C. Allen</td>
<td>Boston, 1900</td>
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<td>Differences of Shakespeare's Verification, etc.</td>
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<td>Shakespeare Studies</td>
<td>T. S. Baynes</td>
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<td>The False One (ed. Dyce)</td>
<td>Beaumont and Fletcher</td>
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J. B. R. Boistel: *Amoine et Cleopatre* .......... Paris, 1743
A. C. Bradley: *Shakespearian Tragedy* .......... London, 1905

" *Quarterly Review, April* .......... " 1906
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J. Bulloch: *Studies of the Text of Shakespeare* .......... " 1878
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F. Cohn: *Fünfundsechzigster Jahresbericht d. Schlesischen Gesellschaft f. vaterländische Cultur* .......... Breslau, 1858
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>