

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

XXVI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy:*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS, } *his Sons.*

DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General:*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR, } *Grecian Commanders.*

DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*
Servant to Troilus; *Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.*

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, ¹⁾ their high blood chaf'd
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep drawing barks do there discharge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, ²⁾
Sperr up the sons of Troy. ³⁾
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — And hither am I come,
A prologue arm'd, — ⁴⁾ but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt ⁵⁾ and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

XXVI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed; and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, ⁶⁾ I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder ⁷⁾ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth, lesser blench ⁸⁾ at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! when she comes! — When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain; Lest Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,) Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women. — But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, — But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but —

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, — When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice; Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense Hard as the palm of ploughman! ⁹⁾ This thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love her; But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; as she be not, she has the mends ¹⁰⁾ in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But, Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium, and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts, ¹¹⁾

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may. —

But, to the sport abroad; — Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war, ¹²⁾

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,

And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; ¹³⁾ he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, ¹⁴⁾ his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: ¹⁵⁾ He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame

XXVI.

Then though my heart's content²⁴⁾ firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflix of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav'st surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd²⁵⁾ and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply²⁶⁾
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,²⁷⁾
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade,²⁸⁾ Why, then, the thing
of courage,²⁹⁾

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding³⁰⁾ fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, —

[To AGAMEMNON.

[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, — which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue, —³¹⁾ yet let it please
both, —

Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect³²⁾

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule³³⁾ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,³⁴⁾
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degrees being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this cen-
ter,³⁵⁾

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate³⁶⁾
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,³⁷⁾
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,³⁸⁾
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere³⁹⁾ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides.)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,

XXVI.

That by a pace⁴⁰⁾ goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.⁴¹⁾ The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:⁴²⁾
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power⁴³⁾ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host, —
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation⁴⁴⁾ he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'T'wixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —⁴⁵⁾
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming⁴⁶⁾

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,⁴⁷⁾
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries — *Excellent!* — 'Tis Agamemnon just. —
Now play me Nestor; — *hem, and stroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels:⁴⁸⁾ as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet; — And at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! — enough,* Patroclus; —
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein,⁴⁹⁾ in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint.)⁵⁰⁾
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁵¹⁾

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice:
Court wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure⁵²⁾
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine:
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears.

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks⁵³⁾
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and Jove's
accord

Nothing so full of heart.⁵⁴⁾ But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows;⁵⁵⁾ that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents; —
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce⁵⁶⁾
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

XXVII.

37 *

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,⁵⁷⁾
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves.)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace⁵⁸⁾ put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.⁵⁹⁾
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,⁶⁰⁾
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,
It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁶¹⁾
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁶²⁾
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directed by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech; —
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are
they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion⁶³⁾ crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort⁶⁴⁾ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion⁶⁵⁾ still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on,⁶⁶⁾ as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. 1)

SCENE I. Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, —
Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?
Ajax. Thersites, —

XXVI.

Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so, — did
not the general run, then? were not that a botchy
core?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I
see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mon-
grel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I
will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration,
than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst
strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strike me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot,
and I had the scratching of thee; I would make
thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou
art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow
as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation, —
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on
Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his great-
ness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that
thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!²⁾
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers³⁾ with his
fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!
Ther. Do, do. [Beating him.]

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!⁴⁾
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou
hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an
assinego⁵⁾ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant
ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou
art bought and sold⁶⁾ among those of any wit, like
a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me,⁷⁾ I
will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by
inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!
Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel;
do, do. [Beating him.]

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.
Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you
thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. Ay, what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for,
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achil. I know that, fool.
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he
utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have
bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones:
I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia

*mater*⁸⁾ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.
This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in
his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you
what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax —
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit —
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the
fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.
Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall —
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour
of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not
voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary;⁹⁾ Ajax was
here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too
lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector
shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of
your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut
with no kernel.
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose
wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on
their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make
you plough up the wars.
Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as
thou, afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach
bids me,¹⁰⁾ shall I?
Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I
come any more to your tents; I will keep where
there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.
[Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all
our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you: — I'll go learn more of it.
[Exit.]

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and*
HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

SCENE II.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and*
HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

XXVI.

*Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is
consum'd*

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war, —
Shall be struck off: —* Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out — *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes, ⁽¹¹⁾
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite? ⁽¹²⁾
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helénus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect ⁽¹³⁾
Make livers pale, and lusthood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive ⁽¹⁴⁾
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespectful sieve, ⁽¹⁵⁾
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath with full consent ⁽¹⁶⁾ bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, ⁽¹⁷⁾ whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd — *Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd — *Inestimable!*) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did, ⁽¹⁸⁾
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans.
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilión stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, ⁽¹⁹⁾ burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste ⁽²⁰⁾ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. ⁽²¹⁾ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity ⁽²²⁾
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent ⁽²³⁾
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, — ⁽²⁴⁾ but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle ⁽²⁵⁾ thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence ⁽²⁶⁾
To their benumbed wills, ⁽²⁷⁾ resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, —
As it is known she is, — these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; ⁽²⁸⁾ yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens, ⁽²⁹⁾
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us: ⁽³⁰⁾
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation ⁽³¹⁾ in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the laby-
rinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it
thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy
satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could
beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn
to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue
of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, —
a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these
two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olym-
pus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods;
and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy
Caduceus; ⁽³²⁾ if ye take not that little little less-
than-little wit from them that they have! which
short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant
scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly
from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, ⁽³³⁾
and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on
the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that,
methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war
for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil,
envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counter-
feit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my con-
templation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thy-
self! The common curse of mankind, folly and
ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless
thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee!
Let thy blood be thy direction ⁽³⁴⁾ till thy death:
then if she, that lays thee out, says — thou art a
fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she
never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's
Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?
Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why,
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served
thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's
Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: — Then tell me,
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray
thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patro-
clus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline ⁽³⁵⁾ the whole question. Aga-
memnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I
am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you.)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match ⁹⁾ and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth. ¹⁰⁾

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, ¹¹⁾

Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center, —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited, ¹²⁾
As true as Troilus shall crown up ¹³⁾ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said — as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll
be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's
end after my name, call them all — Pandars; let
all constant men be Troiluses, all false women
Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say,
amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a cham-
ber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak
of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, and become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make
demand.
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest ¹⁴⁾ in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain. ¹⁵⁾

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent: —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along; —
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.]
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.]
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour, ¹⁶⁾
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading. —

How now, Ulysses?
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted, ¹⁷⁾
How much in having, or without, or in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, ¹⁸⁾ expressly proves —
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting.)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax. ¹⁹⁾

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteeme,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. ²⁰⁾
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made enulous missions ²¹⁾ 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
Which one of Priam's daughters. ²²⁾

I'll through and through you! — And thou, great
siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy! — with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.⁴⁸)

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS and Trojans.]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But, hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live, aye, with thy name.

[*Exit* TROILUS.]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! —
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performance

so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for
it? — Let me see: —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases:
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]