

And, last, eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon* !
This chaos, when *degree* is suffocate,
Follows the choking :

And this neglect of *degree* is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so every step,
Example'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superiour, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation :

And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

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

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

Ulys. 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. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topless deputation 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
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd ;

Which