

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?

Ulys. 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 *Africk* 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 opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong ourselves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick 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 opinion 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 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 tar the mastiffs on, as twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT