

are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander with so flight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk and speak? parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recover'd?

*Cas.* It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'n; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.*