

Bell's,
Edition of
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

As they are now performed at the
Theatres Royal in London;
Reculated from the Prompt Book, of each House

By PERMISSION; with
Notes Critical and Illustrative;
By the Authors of the
Dramatic Censor.

VOL V.
Containing
Twelfth Night.
WINTERS TALE
Jul: Caesar } Coriolanus
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Printed for John Bell, near Water Exchange
in the Strand, and C. Estlinington at York.

— MIDCCLXXIII. —

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act IV.



B. Edwards del.

J. Basire sculp.

I am thy Evil Genius Brutus

March 1. 1773. Published according to Act of Parliament for John Bell in the Strand

Act 2.^d

JULIUS CÆSAR

Scene 1st



Roberts ad invam del.

Published for B. No Edition of Shakspeare, Jan 3. 1776

White sc.

MR. SHERIDAN in the Character of BRUTUS

"It must be by his Death:"

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN:

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,

With PERMISSION of the MANAGER,

By Mr. YOUNGER, Proprietor.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSURE.

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near St. Paul's-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXIV.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE made choice of this subject, he no doubt commendably consulted the genius of his native land, where the spirit of liberty, however impaired, has ever remained a check upon power; and where could he search for more noble examples, more striking assertors of freedom, than among the last Romans, who bravely contended for that choicest principle of political life? Sensible of his bold and important design, he seems to have collected the utmost force of his powers; whereby he has maintained more strength, more dignity, and uniformity, than in any other of his pieces; but as there are none of the tender or more common passions introduced, as it rests upon one great independant idea, the love of our country, it can never be very popular; there must be good sense and very generous feelings, to relish it thoroughly; besides it requires a greater number of good speakers, than generally meet in one theatre.

We wish, however, our senators, as a body, were to bespeak it, annually; that each would get most of it by heart, that it should be occasionally performed at both universities, and at every public seminary in these kingdoms; so would the author receive distinguished well earned honour; and the public reap, we doubt not, essential benefit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,	Mr. Clarke.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	Mr. Wroughton.
ANTONY,	Mr. Smith.
BRUTUS,	Mr. Bensley.
CASSIUS,	Mr. Hull.
CASCA,	Mr. Gardner.
TREBONIUS,	Mr. Perry.
LIGARIUS,	Mr. Holtom.
DECIUS BRUTUS,	Mr. Davis.
METELLUS,	Mr. Cushing.
CINNA,	Mr. Bates.
1st PLEBEIAN,	Mr. Hamilton.
2d PLEBEIAN,	Mr. Quick.
3d PLEBEIAN,	Mr. Dunstall.
PINDARUS,	Mr. R. Smith.
PORTIA,	Mrs. Hartley.
CALPHURNIA,	Mrs. Vincent.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome; afterwards
at an Isle near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in Rome.*

Enter Casca, D. Brutus, and certain Commoners.*

Mob, huzza.

CASCA.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home; Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession? speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Casca. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, Sir, ————— What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Casca. But what trade art thou? answer me, directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a fair conscience; which is, indeed, a mender of bad soles.

Casca. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

* Though ludicrous characters appear very incompatible with tragedy, yet the mob, in this historic piece, are natural, justifiable, and excusably well supported; several characters in the original, to avoid encumbering the Drama, are judiciously blended with others; particularly those of *Floavius* and *Marullus*, in the first scene, are thrown into *Casca* and *Dicius Brutus*.

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me : yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Casca. What mean'st thou by that ? mend me, thou fancy fellow ?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Casca. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters ; but with-all I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Casca. But wherefore art not in thy shop, to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Casca. * Wherefore rejoice !——what conquests brings he home ?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 'To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ;
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 O you hard hearts ! you cruel men of *Rome* !
 Knew you not *Pompey* ? many a time and oft,
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To tow'rs and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat,
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome* :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 'That *Tiber* trembled underneath his banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shore ?
 And do you now put on your best attire,
 And do you now cull out an holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,

* This speech is a noble and very emphatic reproof to the inconsistent fluctuation of popular applause, usually begot by prejudice, and guided by caprice.

That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood ?
Be gone—————

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Dec. B. Go, go, good countrymen. [*Exeunt Commoners*—
Go you down that way towards the capitol,
This way will I ; disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
These growing feathers, pluck'd from *Cæsar's* wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally*.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Antony* for the course, *Calphurnia*, *Decius*
Brutus, *Cassius*, *Casca*, a *Soothsayer*, *Trebonius*, &c.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*————

Casca. Peace, ho ! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*————

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius's* way,
When he doth run his course.—————*Antonius*————

Ant. *Cæsar*, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia* ; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When *Cæsar* says, *do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still ; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the pretts that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue shriller than all the music,
Cry, *Cæsar*. Speak ; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar* :

Cæs. What say'st thou to me, now? speak once again,

Sooth. Beware the ides of *March*.

Cæs. * He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. † Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late,
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand,
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance,
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which gives some foil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

* *Cæsar's* contemptuous reply to the soothsayer, bespeaks good sense and suitable spirit: *Julius* should be supported by a bold, martial figure, with graceful countenance, and dignified deportment; a full, distinct, manly utterance.

† In this conversation between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, we perceive the latter, as a deep politician, most cautiously touching the pulse of his undisguised friend's noble feelings. To do their characters justice, *Brutus* should exhibit a striking consequence, though not a weightiness of figure; placid, yet expressive features, with a round, flexible, declamatory voice, rather composed of medium and lower tones, than those of a softer nature: *Cassius* should possess great spirit, volubility, and power of voice; slenderness of figure al'o seems necessary, with peevish features.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself*;
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself,
So well as by reflection; I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That part of you self which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
We'll eia come in laughter, or did use
To smile with ordinary oaths my love,
To every new protector; if you know,
That I do fryn on none, and hug them hard,
And utter scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banking
To all the roat, it should me dangerous.

[Flourish and three shouts

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Come to Cæsar for the ides.

Cas. Ay, do you hear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.

Why do you utter these things so long?

Is it, that you would impart to me?

* This remark is beautiful,

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For let the gods so speed me, as I love
 'The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus* *,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story :
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you ;
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 'The troubled *Tiber*, chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, " Dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now,
 " Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 " And swim to yonder point ?" — Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so indeed he did.
 'The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, " Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink."
 I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder,
 'The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tiber*,
 Did I the tired *Cæsar* : and this man
 Is now become a god ; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever, when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this God did shake ;

* Tho' this speech of *Cassius* is unusually long, yet there is such an exquisite variety of expression and richness of description, that the actor must be very deficient of capability, who does not entertain, if not strike, in it.

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd——“Give me some drink, *Titinius*”——
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper, should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be founded more than your's?
 Write them together, your's is as fair a name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
 Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the name of all the gods, at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of nob'e bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls incompart's'd but one man?
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would ha' brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear ; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things *.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so ; but look you, *Cassius*,——
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonius*——

Ant. *Cæsar* ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights :
Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous :
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much ;
He is a great observer ; and he looks
Quite thro'gh the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no musick :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a fort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;

* There are four lines and an half of the original, succeeding this, transposed judiciously to another of *Brutus*'s speeches, three pages further on.

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar* *.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is de f,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit Cæsar and his train.*

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. † You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd, to-day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

C. s. They shouted thrice, what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again. then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third

* There is much discernment and dignity in this speech; though the rule of physiognomy does not always stand good, nor does an abstraction from amusements always mark a discontented spirit, yet they are in general very prophetic marks.

† A rough, sensible bluntness of expression seems the leading requisite for *Casca*; his description of the treatment *Cæsar* met with from the mob, is cynically and nervously pleasant.

time;

time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblemen houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: what! did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæjar* has it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæjar* fell down; if the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeas'd them, as they us'd to do the players in the theatre*, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues! and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, Alas, good soul!—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no lets.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

* This is not the only place in this play where *Shakespeare* judiciously endeavours to realize his scenes, by making the characters allude to stage action.

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too. *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me, to-night, *Casca*?

Casca. No, I'm promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form;
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words,
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you. To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so*.

Bru. 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
'Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*,
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Cas. Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.

* Here the transposed lines come in advantageously, for the actor's going off.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
 He should not humour me — I will, this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That *Rome* holds of his name : wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And, after this, let *Cæsar* feat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure*.

A C T II.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn,
 and Trebonius meeting him.*

TREBONIUS.

GOOD even, *Casca* ; brought you *Cæsar* home † ?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so ?
Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O *Trebonius* !
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oak ; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heav'n,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Tre. Why, say you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,

* It is well conceived to end the first act with *Cassius's* soliloquy, as it otherwise must be very tedious.

The first act has sufficient business, and that of an important nature ; the characters are unfolded in a masterly manner ; the design of the plot is well produced ; the sentiments are equal to the subject, and the language keeps pace with them.

† Though the second act generally begins here, yet as omens and prodigies are too much insisted upon, in this play, we think it would commence better with *Cassius* and *Casca* meeting.

He held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"That they are natural."

For, I believe, they are portentous things,
Unto the climate that they point upon*.

Tre. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you to meet him there, to-morrow.

Tre. Good night then, *Casca*; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Trebonius*.

[*Exit Tre.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca* by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself,
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

* If so much of prodigies, which for *Romans* are very characteristic, can be reconcilable to modern ear, they are here produced in a still larger assembly of fearful objects.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful night †;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion in the capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean, is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers spirits;
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow,
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ‡.
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
'Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
'Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
" Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
" Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

† This application of the ominous appearances to *Cæsar*, is extremely well calculated to open and promote *Cassius*'s deep design.

‡ This is a most noble speech, if we view it as springing from the bosom of patriotism; the two lines marked " should be transposed, there being as they stand an error in the climax; the second should be first.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*!
What rubbish and what offal! when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*! But, oh grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me,
In *Pompey's* porch.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*! could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; fet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers, as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre.

[*Exit Cinna*]

Come, *Casca*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Are ours already, and the man intire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *Brutus's Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, *Lucius*, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day—*Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so foundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say; what, *Lucius*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit*]

Bru. * It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

* The reflective hesitation of this speech, is truly fine; and the remarks, particularly on the progress of ambition, richly instructive. It requires an actor of very sound judgment, to do it justice.

Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: and to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd,
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder †,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees,
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may:
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And, therefore, think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day †:
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of *March*?

Luc. I knew not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st, awake, and see thyself §:

† This picture of ambition is exceedingly beautiful, and strictly just; it is verified in several stations of life, every day.

‡ The humanity of *Brutus*'s disposition is admirably set forth, in his kind attention to the health and care of his page; this pleasing mark of his character, is with great judgment introduced more than once.

§ Nothing could be more politically conveyed than this insinuating approach to patriotic sensibility; especially where the patriot stood in a degree of peculiar confidence with the enslaver of his country: breking in too abruptly upon the feelings of friendship, might prejudice the most virtuous mind against the most salutary proposition.

Shall Rome—speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome—thus must I piece it out :

“ *Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? what ! Rome ?*

“ *My ancestors did from the streets of Rome,*

“ *The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.*

Speak, strike, redress—Am I intreated then,

To speak and strike ? O Rome ! I make the promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition, at the hand of Brutus !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. [*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good, go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.——

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then,

The nature of an insurrection †.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door.
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir, their faces are buried in their robes :
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark or favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy ‡ !

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,

† A just and beautiful passage this.

‡ This is a striking reflection on conspiracy, worthy a mind superior to concealed transactions.

When

When evils are most free? O then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspiracy,
 Hide it in smiles and affability;
 For if thou put thy native semblance on,
 Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
 Trebonius.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest;
 Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
 Know I these men that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here,
 But honours you, and every one doth wish,
 You had but that opinion of yourself,
 Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
 This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This is *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome, too.

Cas. This *Casca*; this *Cinna*;
 And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
 What watchful cares do interpose themselves,
 Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here †?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, sir, it doth: and yon grey lines,
 That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
 Here, as I point my sword, the sun arifes,
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.
 Some two months hence, up higher toward the north,
 He first presents his fire, and the high east

† Breaking from the main subject here, is prettily and politely conceived, to give *Brutus* and *Cassius* time for a brief previous explanation.

Stands as the capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if that the face of men *,
 The suff'rance of our souls, the time's abuse,
 If these be motives weak, break off, betimes ;
 And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed :
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery : but if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
 Than secret *Romans* that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter ? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 Swear priests and cowards, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive metal of our spirits,
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath. When every drop of blood,
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle,
 Of any promise that hath past from him ?

Cas. But what of *Cicero* ? shall we found him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,

* We do not recollect a more manly and spirited address, than this of *Brutus* ; his declining the security of oaths, is truly sensible ; it being incontestible that men who will break their words seriously given, seldom are bound by more solemn obligations ; it therefore conveys a delicate compliment to the conspirators, as men of determined principles.

And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Ces. Then leave him out.

Cass. I should he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only *Cæsar*?

Cass. *Lucius*, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-face *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
A field of contrivance. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fight together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs*;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*:

We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,

And in the spirit of man there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,

And not dismember *Cæsar*! but alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it—— And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

And, this shall make

Our purpose necessary, not envious:

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;

For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,

When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Caj. Yet I do fear him;

For in th' ungrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*——

* The noble spirit of lament, evinc'd in *Bruce's* call to arms, is admirably expressed in this speech.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do,
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar* :
And that were much, he should ; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Tre. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live and laugh at this, hereafter.

[*Clock strikes three.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Tre. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. The clock has stricken three.

Casca. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once,
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that ; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him : for he loves to hear
'That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
He says, he does ; being then most flattered *.
Leave me to work :
For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Cas. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him :
He loves me well ; and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

* What *Decius* here mentions is not a mark of peculiar weakness in *Cæsar* ; it is almost an universal trap for human nature, and many of the wisest have fallen into it.

Cæs. The morning comes upon's; we will leave you,
Brutus;

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untired spirits, and formal constancy;
And so good morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.

Manet Brutus *.

Boy! *Lucius*! fast asleep? it is no matter—
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia †.

Pr. *Brutus*, my lord!

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your's neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

* This short soliloquy is usually omitted, in representation, but we think it highly meritorious, and therefore have retained it.

† This *Lucius* and *Cypurnia* may be supported by middling abilities; good figures form the chief requisite.

It is highly probable that *Stab. prae* would have lengthen'd and enliven'd them both, had it been the custom of his days to have the female character performed, as now, by women.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do : good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. What, is *Brutus* sick ?

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness ? no, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow,
 Which did incorporate and made us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy ; and what men, to-night,
 Have had resort to you ; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation ?
 To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes ? dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure ? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,
 A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife :

I grant,

I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,
 A woman well reputed ; *Cato's* daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound,
 Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
 Hark, hark, one knocks : *Portia*, go in a while ;
 And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart. [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Cæsar's* palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter *Julius Cæsar*.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-
 night ;
 Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
 " Help, ho ! they murder *Cæsar*." Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
 And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar* ? think you to walk forth ?
 You shall not stir out of your house, to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth ; the things, that threaten'd me,
 Ne'er look'd but on my back : when they shall see
 The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me : there is one within,
 (Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch ;
 That graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead.
 O *Cæsar* ! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,

Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes;

Cæf. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come*.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth, to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[Exit Servant.]

Cæf. The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home, to-day, for fear.
No, *Cæsar* shall not.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth, to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own,
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the senate-house,
And he will say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæf. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæf. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;

* There is true magnanimity of resolution expressed, with nervous brevity, in this speech.

I will not come, to-day ; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
'To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?

Decius, go, tell them, *Cæsar* will not come*.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come :
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt, last night, she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
Wherein so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.
This by *Calpurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. † I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now, the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock,
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“ Break up the senate 'till another time,
“ When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better dreams.”

* The historical character of *Cæsar* is finely supported throughout this play.

† There is deep policy, well managed, in the method *Decius* takes to touch the master-strings of *Cæsar's* feelings, pride and ambition.

If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 “Lo! *Cæsar* is afraid!”

Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem, now, *Calphurnia*?
 I am ashamed I did yield to them,
 I will go:

Enter Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where *Trebonius* comes to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, good *Trebonius*, welcome.
 What is't o'clock?

Tre. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. *Cæsar*, I will;——and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar**;

The heart of *Brutus* yearns to think upon! [*Aside.*
 [*Exeunt.*

* This speech, though seldom spoken, should be preserved; as containing a very pathetic natural reflection.

What we have said of the first act, may serve for the second, with this addition, that the plot still goes on with propriety of progression,

ACT III.*

SCENE changes to a street near the capitol.

Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
 come not near Calpurnia; have an eye to Cinna; trust
 not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius
 Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius.
 There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
 against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about thee:
 for my soul gives warning of conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend
 thee!

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a tutor will I give him this:
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
 If not, the fates which traitors do contrive. [Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee, boy, run to the senate house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
 Why dost thou stand?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have heard thee there and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there—
 O Conscience, be strong upon my tongue;
 Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and tongue;
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly for a; and take good note,

* It being usual to begin the third act here, we conform; but think it would open better with the senate seated, as in the original; especially as this act is too long already, even without this scene.

† This scene, however inferior to some others in this play, presents a lively image of the fears and a premonition which naturally oppresses a female mind, in such a critical situation.

What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards
him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear.
Good-morrow to you. [Exit.]

Por. I must go in—ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize:
Sure, the boy heard me:—*Brutus* hath a suit,
That *Cæsar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE *the capitol; senators seated.*

Flourish. Discovered *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Casca*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, and *Antony*.

Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of his way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thav'd from the true quality,
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;
Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost lend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause,
Will he be falsified*.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar's* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brut. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixt and reling quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament:
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

* *Ben Johnson* invidiously charges *Shakespeare* with having said
"Know, *Cæsar* doth no wrong, but with just cause." Whether he
asserts this from malice, or the mistake of some careless copy, is not
certain.

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number, I do know but one,
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion : and that one am I.
 Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
 That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*———

Cæf. Hence ! wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*———

Cæf. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak hands for me. [They stab *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Et tu, *Brute* ?———then fall *Cæsar* ! * [Dies.

Bru. Liberty ! freedom !———tyranny is dead——— •

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets———

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
 Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

There is no harm intended to your persons,
 Nor to no *Roman* else. [Exeunt all the senators.

Cas. Leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ; and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Enter *Trebonius*.

Cas. Where is *Antony* ?

Tre. Fled to his house, amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were doom's-day.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures ;
 That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

* This brief exclamation is extremely beautiful, and a most pathetic rebuke to *Brutus*. It has an additional merit also, in preserving the chastity of the historical part.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood;
Then walk we forth, e'en to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace! freedom! and liberty!

Cas. † *Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence,*
[Dipping their swords in *Cæsar's* blood.
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. *How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,*
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. *So oft as that shall be,*
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels,
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel*;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [Kneeling.
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,

† This, and the two following speeches, though seldom delivered on the stage, certainly deserve preservation, as they tend to naturalize representation, in the same manner the mock tragedy in *Hamlet* does; a point our author was justly fond of: As has before been observed, in a former note, page 14, of this Play.

* This address of *Mark Antony's* servant, is so admirably written, that it was never uttered tolerably, without considerable applause.

So

So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman* ;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him, presently. [Exit *Servant*.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much.

Enter *Antony* *.

Bru. But here he comes. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*, dost thou lie so low † ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? — fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank ;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit,
As *Cæsar's* death's-hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master-spirits of this age §.

* As *Antony* has nothing to say in the first act, worth notice, we postponed mentioning his external qualifications, and other requisites till he came consequentially forward : he should rise above the middle stature ; possess graceful, insinuating, yet commanding features ; a medium, mellow, manly tone of voice ; with as much elegance of action and deportment, as natural ease, finely modelled, can furnish.

† *Shakespeare* has here displayed with peculiar beauty, his knowledge of nature ; by making *Antony* address his deceased friend, as if no other person was present.

§ This is a brave, a feeling, and affecting address.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us :
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity for the general wrong of *Rome*,
 Hath done this deed on *Cæjar* : for your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony* ;
 And our hearts of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
 Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand * ;
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;
 Next, *Caius Cæssius*, do I take your hand ;
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours ; now yours, *Metellus* ;
 Yours, *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Casca*, yours ;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all——alas ! what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true :
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

* Though this rather seems to favour of timidity, yet, on consideration, it appears a politic and justifiable concession to the state of things : nature and reason approve double dealing, with irresistible power and villainy. There is another point, also, worthy observation, in *Antony's* professed reconciliation with the conspirators, which no doubt the author conceived morally : which is, that the same fair-ticed reservation of mind they used for the destruction of *Cæsar*, should retort upon themselves.

Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*——here wast thou bay'd, good hart:
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.

Cas. *Mark Antony*——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* :
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this :
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prickt in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body in the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.—— *
You know not what you do ; do not consent [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd,
By that which he will utter :

Bru. By your pardon,

* The real patriot is finely distinguished here, from the pretended one : *Brutus*, conscious that he struck for liberty alone, suspects no ill consequences from *Antony's* having the rostrum ; while *Cassius*, who acted from malevolence and ambition, justly forebodes the real event,

I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And shew the reason of our *Cæsar's* death.
 What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave, and by permission ;
 And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
 Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies :
 It shall advantage, more than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark *Antony*, here take you *Cæsar's* body :
 You shall not in your funeral-speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise, of *Cæsar* ;
 And say, you do't by our permission :
 Else shall you not have any hand at all,
 About his funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators. Manet Antony.*]

Ant. † O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war ;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds ;

† This soliloquy is written with much spirit and elegance, and excellently adapted to *Antony's* situation ; it requires forcible expression, but should by no means rise into a rant, as we have sometimes heard it.

And

And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth.

Enter Octavius's servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O *Cæsar*! [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
 No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place; there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE changes to the Forum.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the rostrum; Cassius with the
 Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied*.

Bru. Then give me audience, friends,

* We have had the misfortune to be present, when the low comedians have rendered the mob totally farcical; that very censurable mode should be carefully avoided—they ought to be seriously and ignorantly clamorous.

And

And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* Let's hear 'em.

2 *Pleb.* Come, begin.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended : silence !

Bru. Be patient to the last.

* *Romans*, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him, I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer ; Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all slaves ; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men ? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman* ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply—

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended—I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the

* This address of *Brutus* is uncommonly nervous, honestly unaffected, nobly argumentative, and appeals to reason alone ; he scorns the aid of prejudiced fallacious passions ; and wishing heads to guide heart, appeal to facts in a fine flow of interrogative oratory.

benefit

benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death †.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home, unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house,

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* glories; which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit*.]

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair.

We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus's* sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus's* sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus*, here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

† This is as noble a sentiment as ever proceeded from the mouth of man, and is expressed with simple unadorned dignity. The different modes of oratory furnished to *Brutus* and *Antony*, are admirably distinguished: the former, relying on a good cause, addresses in a plain, open, though nervous style; uses no circumlocution, nor pays the *Plebeians* any compliment, but that of feeling, like honest sons of freedom, for the good of their country: on the other hand, *Antony*, finding their prejudice in favour of *Brutus* and his purposes, approaches their attention with political caution, offers them flattery with most plausible insinuation, and artfully touches upon those points most likely to overturn their favourable opinion of the conspirators. This scene of *Antony* is exquisitely written, and requires great affability of address, with a peculiar fine flow of expression, to do it justice.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain ;
 We are blest that *Rome* is rid of him.
 2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with *Cæsar* ! noble *Brutus*
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
 (For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 But *Brutus* says he was ambitious ;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 And, sure, he is an honourable man †
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* speaks,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause .
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason—bear with me.

† Nothing can be more artful than the frequent mention of *Brutus* as a man of strict honour.

My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pause, 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse
come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the
crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weep-
ing.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will:

Let but the Commons hear this Testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their Wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will: read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs* ;
For if you should——O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony* :
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
(I have over shot myself to tell you of it)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men !

All. The Will ! the Testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers ; the Will, read
the Will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will.

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

Ant. § If you have tears, prepare to shed them, now.

You all do know this mantle ; I remember,

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervi*——

Look ! in this place ran *Cassius'* dagger through ;—

See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made.—

Through this, the well-belov'd *Brutus* stabbed ;

And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd or no ?

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel.

§ The appeal here made to the passions, is beautifully persuasive,
and the picture of *Cæsar's* assassination, pathetically striking ; the
circumstances attending it are most artfully and affectingly enumerated.

Judge,

Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him :
 This, this, was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down :
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* vesture wounded ? look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar* !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge : about—
 seek—burn—fire—kill—flay ! let not
 a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen ———

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny :
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is :
 But, as you know me well, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend, and that they know full well,
 That give me public leave to speak of him ;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action or utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood ; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away, then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
 Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not, I must tell you then :

You have forgot the Will, I told you of *.

All. Most true——the Will——let's stay and hear the
 Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s seal.

To ev'ry *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, seventy-five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar* ! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar* !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new planted orchards,

On that side *Tiber* ; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs, for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a *Cæsar* ! when comes such ano her ?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never : come, away, away ;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.

Take up the body. [*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

* *Antony*'s mention of a will, then turning off the subject and re-
 turning to it, is admirably judicious : while the violent changes of
 popular affection and resentment, afford a most natural, instructive
 lesson, to make us despise the former, and be cautious of incurring
 the latter.

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. * And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, a small island near *Mutina*.

Discovered Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus:

Ant. THESE many then shall die, their names are
prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

* This speech concludes the third act, much better than the short boisterous scene of popular rage, introduced by the author.

There is more important dignity, in the third act, than we ever remember to have met in any other piece; the oratorical part is incomparably fine.

O7. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads ;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons *.

O7. You may do your will ;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius* : and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so :
Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out,
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

O7. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And lay'd about with many enemies :
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exit.]

* *Antony's* declarations, respecting *Lepidus*, show him to be an interested, ungenerous hypocrite.

SCENE *before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp at Sardis.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Trebonius, and Soldiers: and Pindarus meeting them †.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Tre. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, *Trebonius*, is *Cassius* near?

Tre. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Trebonius*—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Tre. With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling: ever note, *Trebonius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,

* It useth an enforced ceremony.

“ There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
“ But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
“ Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
“ But when they should endure the bloody spur,
“ They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
“ Sink in the trial.” Comes his army on?

Tre. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march within.

† Through this act and the next, *Lucilius*, *Titinius*, &c. are advantageously blended into *Casca* and *Trebonius*.

* This line and the concluding question are, perhaps, sufficient to retain in representation; but the simile is too beautiful to be withheld from the reader.

Enter Cassius and Casca.

Bru. Hark, he is arrived.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when ye do them——

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Casca*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off,
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Trebonius*, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.

[*Exeunt.*]

* SCENE changes to the inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*:
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a cause.

* This scene exhibits a most beautiful and masterly contrast of philosophic firmness, and warm petulance: it is delightful in representation, entertaining in perusal, and instructive in both; the cool reasoner we admire, the vehement one we pity: this interview between the noble brothers, should be stamped as a most useful lesson, upon the minds of youth in general.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speak this;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!—

Bru. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed, for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not, *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a mad-man stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart
breaks;
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,

And

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch,
Under your teety humour ? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do splint you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way—you wrong me,
Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier ; not a better.

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so much in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you,

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me :

For I can raise no money by vile means ;

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold, to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like *Cassius* ?

Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?

When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces*.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not——he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back——*Brutus* hath riv'd my
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus* †.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
'To cast into his teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart,
Dearer than *Plutus*' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better,
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

* A glorious effusion of an open, communicative friendship, here bursts forth in a majestic flow of expression.

† An admirable distinction is here made between flattery and friendship.

Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so*.

Enter Trebonius.

Bru. B'd the commanders, *Trebonius*,
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. Then come yourself, and bring *Casca* with you
Immediately to us. [Exit *Trebonius*.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better—*Portia's* dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'cap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O inappreciable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that you go out with *Mark Antony*

* *Shakespeare* has introduced, after this speech, an odd character of a Poet, to speak in a descriptive manner, which having no reference to the main action, and turning a noble speech into a ill-timed, unprofitable digression, is justly consigned to oblivion. Perhaps his manner of speaking is many times more than of the first love. I think that *Shakespeare* could never have so wretchedly marred the end of one of his fine and noble scenes.

Have made themselves so strong : (for with her death
Those tidings came) *with this she fell distract,*
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with wine.

Bru. Speak no more of her ; give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [Drinks]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius,* till the wine o'erflow the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

Bru. Come in, good *Casca.* Come, *Trebonius.*

Enter Casca and Trebonius.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O *Pertia!* art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you—

Trebonius, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius,* and *Mark Antony,*
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi.*

Tre. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Tre. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony,* and *Lepidus,*
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Cas. *Cicero* one?—

Tre. *Cicero* is dead ; and by that order of Proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Trebonius.*

Tre. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Trebonius.*

Tre. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her in yours?

Tre. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman,* tell me true.

Tre. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell ;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. * Why, farewell *Portia*—we must die, *Trebonius*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Tre. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi*, presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up;
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother—

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note, beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
† There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;

* This short stroke of exclamatory resignation is truly characteristic, and what follows admirably philosophical.

† This beautiful and just remark on the critical state of human nature, claims our warmest approbation, and ought to be held in general, as well as lasting remembrance.

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on : We will along
Ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more ; good night ;—
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose !

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls ;
Let it not, *Brutus* !

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Casca. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt*]

Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call *Claudius* and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius* !

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be I shall raise you, by and by,
On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while, [To *Luc.*
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy ;
I trouble thee too much ; but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty pa't thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music.*

This is a sleepy tune—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy*,
That plays thee music? gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night:
But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition—
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again—

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi*, then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*! *Varro*! *Claudius*! *Sirs*! awake!
Claudius! *Varro*! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, *sirs*, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

* Another pleasing instance of *Brutus*'s tender disposition, charmingly expressed.

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius* ;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Bru. * Sure they have rais'd some devil to their aid,
And think to frighten *Brutus* with a shade ;
But ere the night closes this fatal day
I'll send more ghosts, this visit to repay †.

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Octa. **N**OW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it ; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
‡ With fearful bravery ; thinking by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter Antony's Servant.

Mes. Prepare you, generals ;

* As these four uncharacteristic, bouncing lines are used in representation, by way of sending the actor off with a flourish, we insert them ; though very disgraceful to *Brutus* and *Shakespeare* : we have seen the ghost introduced a second time ; but such an addition is insufferable.

† After so fine, so powerful, so luxuriant an effusion of genius as the third, no author but *Shakespeare* could have sustained the fourth act with such ability.

‡ *Fearful bravery* is rather a licentious expression ; but as it obviously implies affected resolution, accompanied with real timidity, we know not whether it deserves censure or no.

The

The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley*.
Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæsar!*"

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too?

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:
For you have stole their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?

* This parley, among the chiefs, is supported with great spirit: they say much in few words,

Never,

Never, 'till *Cæsar's* three-and-twenty wounds.
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou can'st not die by traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus's* sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cæs. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour;
Join'd with a mocker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still! ———

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

Cæs. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard †.

The

† The following conversation between *Cassius* and *Casca* is sometimes, but very improperly, rejected by the stage: it is a fine picture of that impression which ominous appearances made on the bravest *Romans*, and ever will make on the wisest, and most resolute, where such predictive chimeras are countenanced.

Cæs. *Casca*.

Casca. What says my general?

Cæs. *Casca*,

*This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, good Casca;
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set,
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd:
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands,
While to Philippi were conformed us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads, 'o ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,*

The Gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself ; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below †.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
'Through the streets of *Rome* ?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no ; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of *March* begun ;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O that a man might know

*As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghost.*

Casca. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

† Tho' *Brutus*, by suicide, acts contrary to this noble sentiment, yet does it not lose any of its force ; but must ever appear a gem in reason's eye, though unacquainted with Christianity, in which such a principle is peculiarly suitable.

The

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
 But it sufficeth that the day will end;
 And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Trebonius.

Bru. Haste, haste, *Trebonius*, haste, and give these bills
 Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarm.*]
 Let them set on at once: for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow;
 Haste, haste, *Trebonius*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Casca.

Cas. O look, good *Casca*, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Casca. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
 Who having some advantage on *Octavius*,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
 Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, my *Casca*,
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Casca. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Casca*, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he hath brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
 Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Casca. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
 My sight was ever thick; keep thine on *Casca*.
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
 This day I breathed first; time is come round;
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life has run its compass. Now, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my lord!

Cas. What news ?

Pind. *Casca* is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him :
Now, *Casca*, now ! some light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [Shouts.

Cas. Come down, behold no more ;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah.

In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now, be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilt :
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword—*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee—— [Kills himself.

Pind. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, *Cassius* !
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [Exit.

Enter Trebonius and Casca.

Tre. It is but change, good *Casca* : for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Casca. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Tre. Where did you leave him ?

Casca. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Tre. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Casca. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart !

Tre. Is not that he ?

Casca. No, this was he, *Trebonius* ;
But *Cassius* is no more ! Oh, setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost tirk, to night,
So in his red blood, *Cassius'* day is set ;

The

The sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done,
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Tre. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Casca. What, *Pindarus*! where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Tre. Seek him, whilst I go meet the noble *Brutus*,
 With tidings of this fight.

Casca. Hie you, *Trebonius*,
 And I will seek for *Pindarus*, the while. [Exit *Tre.*
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!
 Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee; didst thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
 By your leave, gods——This is a *Roman's* part.
[Stabs himself.]

Come *Cassius's* sword, and find out *Casca's* heart.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Trebonius*, *Decius*, *Cinna*, and
Metellus.

Bru. * Where, where, *Trebonius*, doth his body lie?

Tre. Lo, yonder, and *Casca* mourning it.

Bru. *Casca's* face is upward.

Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?
 The last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;
 It is impossible that ever *Rome*
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
 Oh, *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
 Thy spirit stalks abroad, and turns our swords
 Into our own proper entrails.
 Come, let us to the field, and yet ere night,
 We'll try our fortunes in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

* The hurry of a battle is necessarily confused, wherefore as little dialogue should be introduced, as possible; the original is accordingly in representation considerably reduced, and the catastrophe brought on with more spirit.

Enter several Soldiers, with Tre. prisoner, meeting Ant.

1 Sold. Here comes the general :

Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Tre. Safe, *Antony* ; *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you

A prize no less in worth ; keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto *Octavius*' tent,

How every thing hath chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Decius, Metellus, and Cinna.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest here.

Slaying is the word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Decius*. [*Whispering.*

Dec. What I, my lord ? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Dec. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Come hither, good *Metellus* ; list a word.

Met. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, *Metellus* ;

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me,

Two several times by night ; at *Sordis*, once ;

And, this last night, here in *Phiippi* fields.

I know my hour is come.

Met. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Metellus*.

Thou see'st the world, *Metellus*, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Alarum.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Metellus*,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Met. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

I

[*Alarum still.*

Bru. Why then, farewell;
 My heart hath joy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day.
 Retire, and let me think a while—
 Now, one last look, and then, farewell to all;
Scorning to view his country's wrongs,
Thus Brutus always strikes for liberty.
Poor slavish Rome, farewell.*
Cæsar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. Oh!

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony and Octavius, with
 Trebonius prisoner.*

Ant. Whom mourn you over?

Met. 'Tis Brutus.

Tre. So Brutus should be found. Thank
 Thee, noble Brutus, that thou hast
 Proved Trebonius' saying true.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all †;
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements,
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world; 'This was a man!'

Octa. According to his virtue let us use him;
 With all respect and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
 So call the field to rest; and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

* The italic lines are not *Shakespeare's*, but not improperly introduced.

† This eulogium of *Antony's* upon a dead foe, is elegant, comprehensive, and generous; might not the piece better conclude here?—But *Shakespeare* probably found the necessity of humouring the multitude, with a rhyme at the end; though by the negligent manner in which it is apparently executed, in other parts of his works, as well as this, it is evident in how contemptible a light he held it.

The End of JULIUS CÆSAR.